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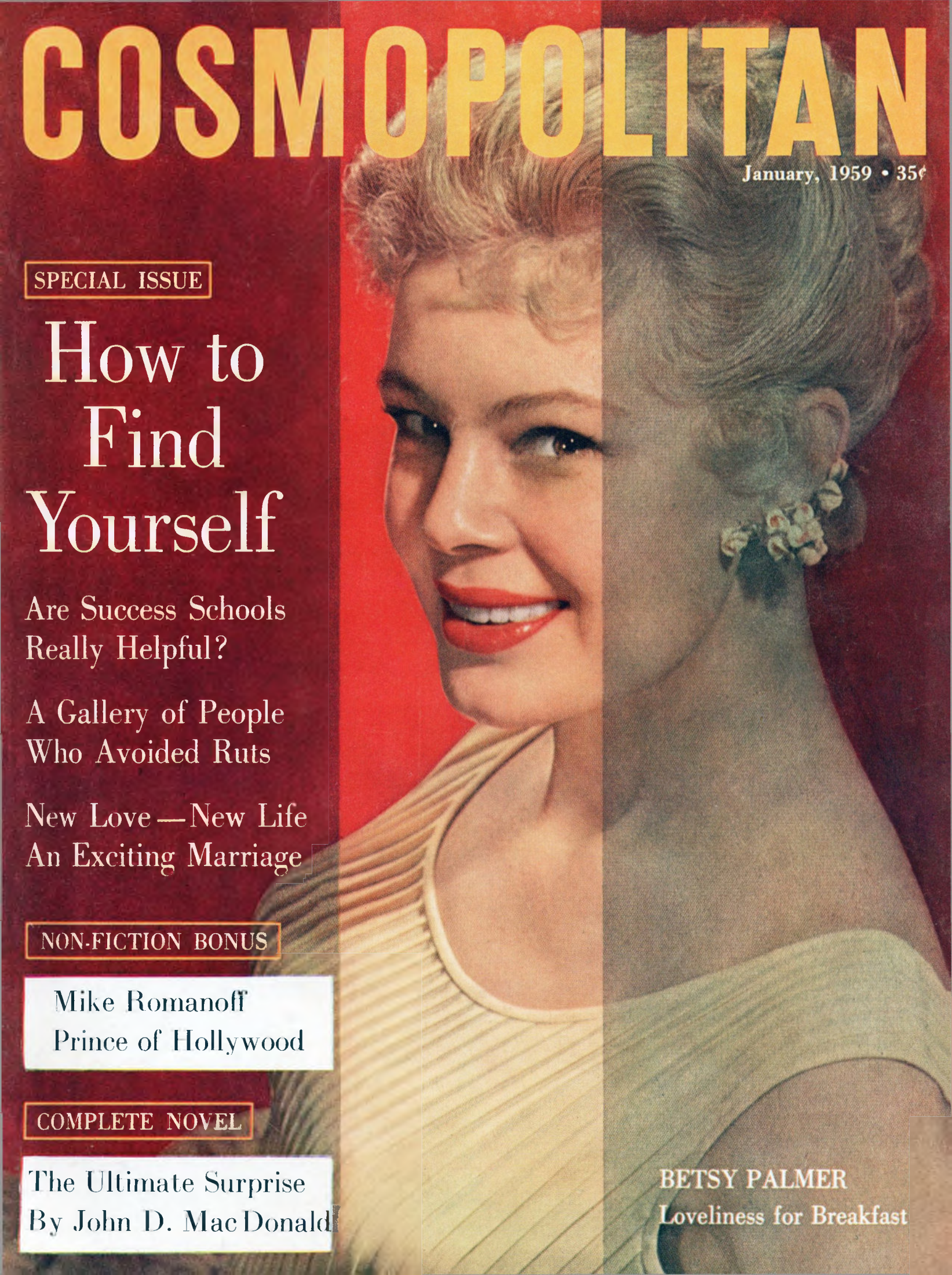

SPECIAL ISSUE

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Are Success Schools Really Helpful?

A Gallery of People Who Avoided Ruts

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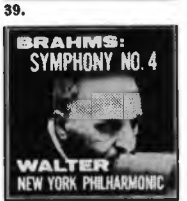

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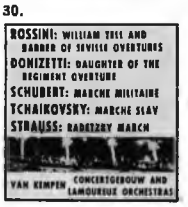

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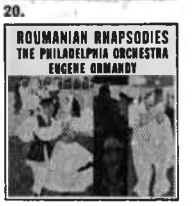

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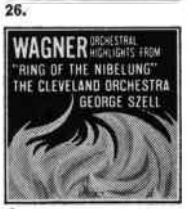

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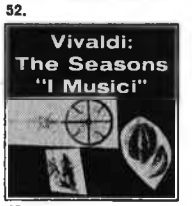

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20. Dvorak: New World Symphony
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33. Levant Plays Gershwin
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39. Firebird Suite; Romeo and Juliet
40. Bach and Vivaldi Violin Concertos
43. Vivaldi: The Seasons
45. Sorcerer's Apprentice; Les Preludes; etc.
47. Grieg Concerto; Rachmaninoff Rhapsody
49. Waltzes of Tchaikovsky and Strauss
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56. Bach: Brandenburg Concertos 1, 2, 3
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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

This is a season of gala events, a time to remember. And for millions of filmgoers there is excitement in the lengthening list of Academy Award contenders. Very opportunely, along comes M-G-M's latest, a picture of prize-winning stature—"Some Came Running."

The much-discussed novel by James Jones, author of "From Here to Eternity", filmed in CinemaScope and Metrocolor, translates to the screen its bold realism and driving emotional force.

Not only does it search out shocking truths from a sleepy small town, but the vitality of the roles seem to inspire the actors to extraordinary performances.

Sinatra

MacLaine

Martin

M-G-M blew the glory bugle on this story, summoning the best of their talent, a fine cast headed by Frank Sinatra, and such top creative men as producer Sol C. Siegel and hit director Vincente Minnelli.

Hyer

The action starts quietly, with almost deceptive calm. A bus groans to a stop. Out steps homecoming Dave Hirsh, a writer without words, a man without a dream, a lover without a woman.

He walks through streets, his presence exposing the whole secret turmoil of greed, lust and ambition that smolders behind the facade of tree-shaded houses.

Kennedy

Sinatra uncoils an electrifying performance as Dave Hirsh; he is tough yet soft, laughing, loving and lost. He can brawl with a bouncer or beat the drums in a nightclub. And he can read the invitation in a charmer's eyes. His character, like a catalyst, touches many lives.

Ginny (Shirley MacLaine) the soiled angel is doomed to love him too much. Bama (Dean Martin) the soft-spoken gambler who is his friend pushes luck too hard. Gwen (Martha Hyer) thrills to his kisses and hates herself for it. And his brother (Arthur Kennedy) takes refuge from marital boredom in an office romance.

Yes, "Some Came Running", some turned away, but everyone knew that Dave Hirsh was in town. And his homecoming is touched with wry humor and salty drama.

The novel was moulded into a magnificent script by famed playwright John Patrick, and Arthur Sheekman. "Some Came Running" is the kind of movie that will keep filmgoers running to wherever it is shown.

COSMOPOLITAN®

JANUARY, 1959 Vol 146, No. 1

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COVER—*About ten years ago a pretty Indiana imp named Patricia Betsy Hrunek went looking for her self via an aptitude test. The result? "You show promise as an actress." Some years and many heartbreaks later—enter Betsy Palmer, a sugar-cookie blonde described by her TV peers as "an angel who makes things sparkle." Most girls would be content to be "sugar and spice and everything nice," but Betsy yearns to sink her teeth into more meaty parts like Kitty Duval, the golden-tressed prostitute of TV's "The Time of Your Life." "After all," Betsy puts it, "if I can't play someone different from me, then why be an actress?"*

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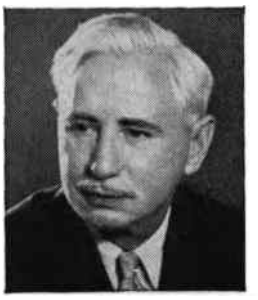

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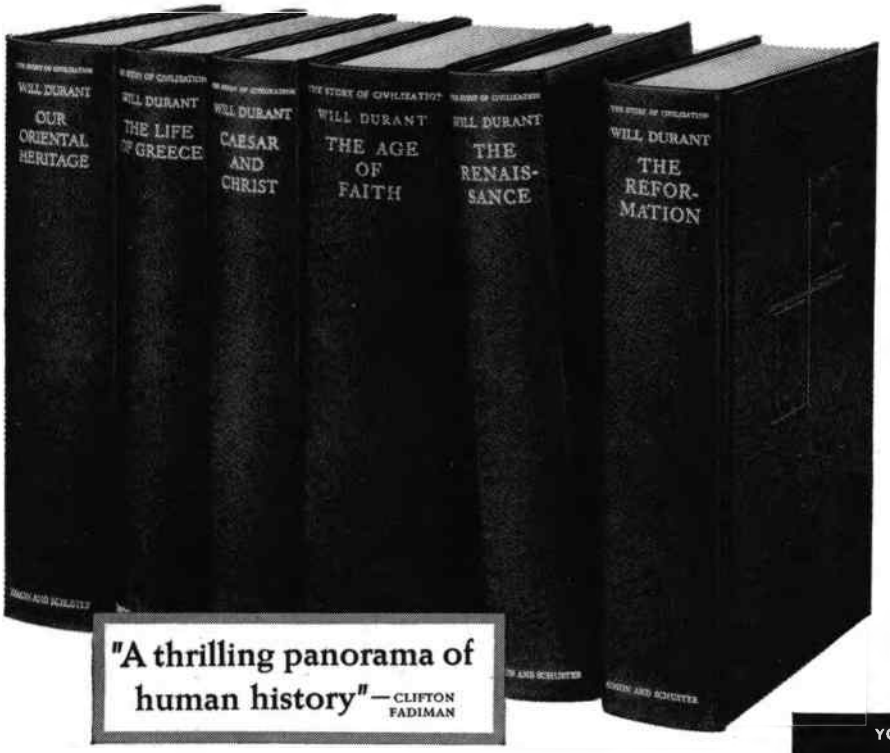

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What Goes On at Cosmopolitan

FAST-SPREADING FRIENDSHIP, FAMILY-SCREEN FICTION, AND SO YOU WANT TO WED A GENIUS

Jack Paar once had the ball taken away from him for all of twelve minutes on his TV show. The man who accomplished this legerdemain was a gray-haired British gentleman named Oliver K. Whiting. Whiting had come over from England to visit the source of his mastery of public speaking—the New York Dale Carnegie Institute, an English branch of which is now headed by Whiting himself. We gather from our discussion with Mr. Whiting that the Carnegie method is spreading through other countries even faster than Coca-Cola, blue jeans, or Dave Brubeck. "They love us in Shanghai," says Whiting. Latest news on the success schools (see page 34) is Carnegie's two-month-old enthusiastically-received branch in Bermuda. It strikes us that if those Bermudians win any more friends and influence any more people, the island might sink through sheer weight of tourists. But using a bit of our own brand of How to Make Friends, we Kept our Mouths Shut.

Ever hear of a sophisticated Western on TV? You will. Joan Caulfield will play the Eastern young lady who journeys to the Wild West to get married. She thinks

Joan Caulfield, Friends, and Spirits

the West, the cowboys, and the redskins have all become civilized, naïve girl that she is.

The story, "The Lady's Choice," by Owen Cameron, is right out of the March 1956 COSMOPOLITAN. We called it "Civilized Man." Ronald Reagan hosts the TV version on the General Electric Theatre sometime in the near future.

Joan Caulfield is a really busy girl in this tale—our fragile heroine (above) has just knocked out that Indian, using her mother's farewell gift—a blackjack. We asked the producer what goes with that bottle of whiskey Don DeFore is pouring into that Indian (Glenn Strange) right on pure TV. "Spirits," the producer corrected us severely. "We pride ourselves on being a family-type show. The bottle of 'spirits' is used strictly as a resuscitation method." Probably cold tea, anyway.

The Character of Genius

Reading about the eccentricities of geniuses (on page 40), we got to wondering about the ladies in the background, the sometimes long-suffering wives of geniuses. Do some of them, perhaps, view their genius husbands in terms of the old French proverb Emerson quoted: "He is a blockhead; he is nothing but a genius"?

What kind of woman should a genius marry? Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "A person of genius should marry a person of character. Genius does not herd with genius."

Holmes' attitude puts us in mind of

Pictorial Parade Inc.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford in 1896 model

the tale once told by a chauffeur of the Ford family, who recalled taking that genius, Old Henry, and his wife for a drive in the country on a day when Mrs. Ford was badly crippled by arthritis. On a deserted rural road, Ford asked the chauffeur to stop, and said to his wife, "I want you to get out and run down the road. Run as fast as you can. It will be the best thing in the world for you." Mrs. Ford glared at her husband and said, "I won't do it!" And that was that. We can't exactly put our finger on genius, but *that's* character. —**H. La B.**

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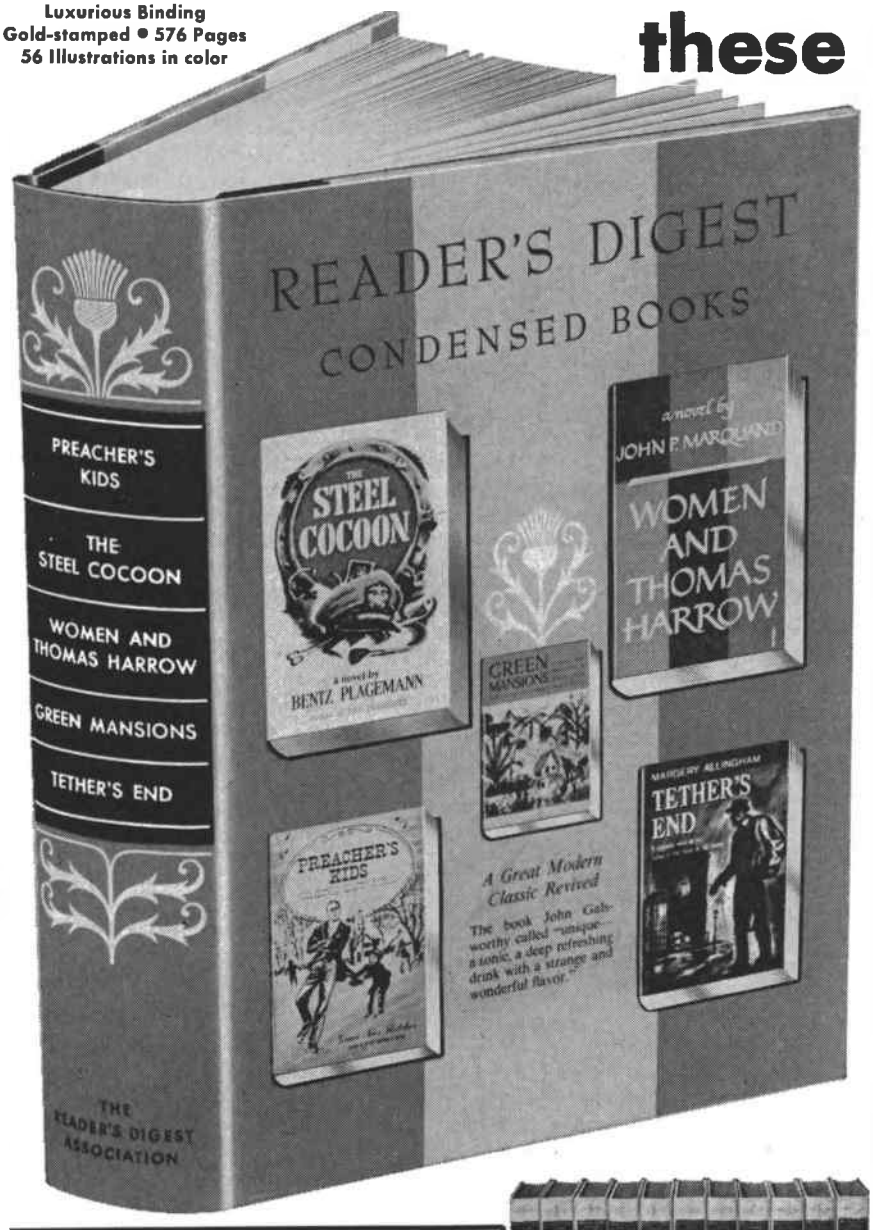

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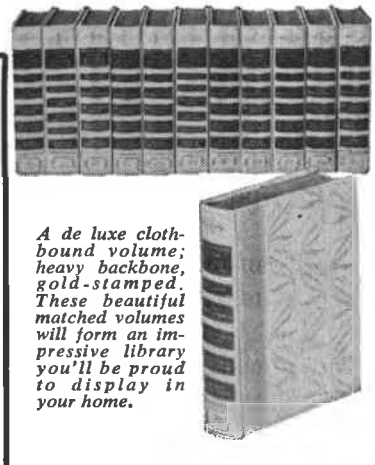

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Entertainment Guided Tour

BY R. E. HEALEY

Helen Hayes and Kim Stanley in a scene from Eugene O'Neill's *A Touch of the Poet*

A Touch of the Poet, Eugene O'Neill's last completed play, is in many ways one of his best. This drama of an immigrant Irish braggart stripped of his illusions of past grandeur and confronted with life's bitter truths should provide a final laurel leaf for America's master playwright.

Just as in his *Long Day's Journey into Night*, O'Neill deals with an Irish family—a self-deluded father; a strong-willed daughter, determined to break with her peasant past; and a loyal wife, who believes her husband's lies by listening to them with the ears of love.

O'Neill again reveals his gift for creating characters who are the victims of their fates and follies. Under the impeccable direction of Harold Clurman, Helen Hayes as the mother, Eric Portman as her husband, and Kim Stanley as their daughter add stature to the stage in one of the finest plays of many a season.

As sparkling as a champagne cocktail, *The Pleasure of His Company* is a merry comedy of manners in which Cyril Ritchard, as a gay international gadabout, returns, after a fourteen-year absence, to his former wife's home on San Francisco's exclusive Nob Hill, and promptly proceeds to use his charm, wit, and urbanity to prevent the marriage of their debutante daughter to a practical-minded young bull-breeder.

The tart-tongued mother, played by Cornelia Otis Skinner, and her slightly stuffy second husband, Walter Abel, are determined that romantic Ritchard and his Continental glamour shall not separate the young couple. Charlie Ruggles, the fey and foxy grandpa, roots for the middle-aged playboy. Back on Broadway after thirty years in Hollywood, Ruggles is a special delight as he delivers such droll lines as "Your mother was a saint who made our home an outpost of heaven . . . that's why I spent so much time in saloons."

Wittily written by Samuel Taylor and Miss Skinner, the play is directed with sly tongue in cheek by Ritchard.

A standout among recent motion pictures is *Separate Tables*, with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster. It is a shining example of a Broadway hit being improved by its shift from the stage to the screen.

Taken from Terence Rattigan's penetrating play, the story deals with the delicate and dramatic relationships between a group of guests wintering at a seedy English seaside-resort hotel which caters in the off season to "the resigned, the lonely and the desperate." Among the clients are: a retired British major (David Niven), who has retired from life as well as the army, a painfully shy young woman (Deborah Kerr), whom he cautiously woos, her martinet of a mother (Gladys Cooper) who ruthlessly sets out to ruin their gentle romance, and a lady of fashion (Rita Hayworth) whose glamour is losing its glow and who seeks to rebuild a wrecked love with her ex-husband (Burt Lancaster), who loathes her.

Capital Punishment—A Protest

Walter Wanger's production of *I Want to Live*, based on actual newspaper stories by Pulitzer Prize-winner Ed Montgomery and the last letters of Barbara Graham, is a passionate protest against capital punishment told in terms of a woman who sinned, suffered and was executed at San Quentin Penitentiary a few years ago while still protesting her innocence. She emerges larger than life in this motion picture, thanks to an honest script, taut direction, and an inspired performance by Susan Hayward. *I Want to Live* has something important to say and states it with the driving force of a documentary.

Mr. Hulot, that bumbling man of good will whose many blunders on the side of the angels invariably result in hearty laughter, is back again in another hilarious harlequinade called *My Uncle*. For those who remember his side-splitting adventures in *Mr. Hulot's Holiday*, and for all the unwitting victims of the electronic gadgets and gewgaws of this push-button age, it is a happy occasion indeed.

Jacques Tati, who created the genial character of Mr. Hulot in that first French film and established himself as a comic artist and pantomimist on a par with Chaplin and W. C. Fields, is even funnier in *My Uncle*, which he also wrote, directed, and produced.

Dispensing with manufactured sight gags and set wise cracks, Tati concerns himself with the follies and foibles of ordinary human beings struggling to survive under the scientific marvels of modern times.

A new and happy addition to daytime television this season is *The Peter Lind Hayes Show*, in which the always engaging Mr. Hayes, a young man of many talents, supported by a changing cast of comedians, celebrities, singers, and dancers, fills an hour with relaxed fun and informal entertainment.

A television production certain to attract a wide audience from coast to coast will be the Old Vic Company's presentation of *Hamlet* on *The DuPont Show of the Month* program over the CBS television network on Tuesday, February 24.

This famed English repertory group won unanimous critical acclaim during a recent cross-country American tour for its modernized staging of the Shakespeare classic, and John Neville, the young actor who plays the Melancholy Dane, has been lauded by critics who favorably compared his performance with those of great Hamlets of the past, including John Barrymore, John Gielgud, and Laurence Olivier.

Theatre lovers are marking this date down on their calendars as an important dramatic event.

For those suffering from Private Eye strain, a recommended cure is the *Perry Mason* program televised every Saturday over the CBS network.

Based on stories by Erle Stanley Gardner, whose mystery books have sold over 100,000,000 copies, this well-written and expertly produced series featuring that famous crime detector Perry Mason has offered entertainment of a consistently high caliber, in the cops and robbers category.

Raymond Burr plays Mason, who always gets his man or woman, with a quiet competence which makes the characters' complicated calculations and deductions both believable and beguiling. THE END

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We don't have to tell you all the products you've wasted your money on trying to gain back your youthful figure are either frauds or too dangerous! You know this. Think back – you tried tablets that were supposed to put bulk in your stomach, you nibbled on cookies, ate crackers, swallowed liquid drops, tried chewing gums, ate candies, vitamin mixtures, went nearly out of your mind with calorie counters, pages of special diets! You got nervous, jumpy as a cat on risky drugs that many doctors condemned because of dangerous side effects! You'll be happy to hear all this is a thing of the past! Amazing new RX-120 contains such an advanced wonder drug it makes all other so called reducers old fashioned. RX-120 is an honest product. It really works! It's backed by more medical evidence than any other product ever sold to take off fat! No other effective product has proven so SAFE . . . that's why the United States Government released it as safe without a prescription in every city and hamlet in 48 states. It's true RX-120 will positively take off up to 49 pounds of excess weight caused by overeating or we'll pay you $14.00. There's no doubt about it. Here's one product you don't risk one cent to PROVE! It really works!

Think of it! You must lose 9 pounds in 10 days . . . 18 pounds in 20 days . . . 27 pounds in 30 days . . . and 49 pounds in 8 weeks . . . or the medicine is FREE. Now here's our unheard of offer–read it carefully. You must lose the minimum number of pounds stated here with RX-120 or we'll give you back every cent you paid for each vial of RX-120 tablets!

PROOF POSITIVE!

You must lose **49 POUNDS** in 8 weeks or we'll pay you **$14.00**	You must lose **27 POUNDS** in 30 days or we'll pay you **$7.00**
You must lose **18 POUNDS** in 20 days or we'll pay you **$5.00**	You must lose **9 POUNDS** in 10 days or we'll pay you **$3.00**

Let's make this perfectly clear. If you take RX-120 for 10 days and don't lose at least 9 pounds, we'll send you a check for $3.00. If you don't lose at least 18 pounds in 20 days, we'll send you a check for $5.00. If you don't get rid of at least 27 pounds in 30 days, we'll send you a check for $7.00. If you don't lose at least 49 pounds in only two months, we'll send you a check for $14.00. Did you ever read an offer like this in your life? No–and you NEVER WILL – because only a good product that does everything claimed could be backed by such a guarantee!

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(1) It depresses your appetite.
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(4) It makes the food you eat stay in your stomach for a longer period.

Just think what this means to you! With this amazingly SAFE formula–that does not have the terrible side effects of other reducing drugs – your body will oxidize fat automatically as you eat less food . . . excess weight will literally vanish into thin air! Yes, your weight goes down, down, down every single day. The exciting part is you don't have to torture yourself with starvation diets! You don't have to take food supplements, habit forming drugs! You don't have to follow long winded reducing plans! You don't have to bore yourself counting calories! You don't have to exercise, spend miserable hour after hour in reducing salons! A whole new world will open up as you discover you can eat and enjoy the thousands of delicious, nutritious low calorie foods! You will live an active normal life–feel better than you ever did in your life–while you TRIM down to a glamorous figure in days, weeks! For now at last you can get RX-120 containing the new doctor tested wonder drug–without a prescription!

HELPS YOU RETRAIN YOUR EATING HABITS!

Doctors tell us that in most cases you are fat because you overeat. It's as simple as that! You may not realize it but fat people have what amounts to an abnormal craving for food. YOUR appetite is aroused by the VERY smell and sight of certain foods. Be honest now. How many times have you started to reduce only to find you just can't stop or even CUT DOWN between-meal snacks? Over-eating soon becomes a deeply ingrained habit you can't break. "But why do I have this craving for food?" you ask. There are many reasons. Good food and lots of it may have been a family tradition. Some consider rich food a symbol of success.

What can you do about it? The answer has been a difficult problem to solve until the development of the wonder ingredient in RX-120. You know how hard it is to change long established habits. You know self-denial is not easy. You know how almost impossible it is to develop a will power of iron! But with new RX-120 you can change your habits – practically overnight. You can eat less without giving up the foods that taste so good. Down comes caloric intake–off comes excess fat. You don't have to rely on strong will power. You don't have to fight yourself every time you're tempted. Now you can take off that excess weight . . . without your ever being conscious of it!

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The Woodpecker Chirps on Key

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In a new Verve vocal album of top pops and show tunes, Woody Herman sings about love with lyrical and tender feeling.

Most music buffs completely overlook the fact that Woodrow Wilson Herman—the Woody—was not only the guiding force behind an incredible succession of exciting Herman Herds, but also a consummate singer. Dating from 1943, when the Herman group moved on from "The Band that Played the Blues" to the forefront as the first really swinging big band modern-jazzmakers, fans have been bickering over *which* of the four Herds was greatest, but have been paying precious little mind to the leader's underplayed and overwhelming vocal gifts.

At long last someone has had the simple good sense to star Woody in an entire album of vocals, with someone else taking over the leadership chores. *Love Is the Sweetest Thing—Sometimes* (Verve MGV 2096, $4.98) presents facets of the Herman lyrical bent never before set forth. Backed up by Frank DeVol and a lush agglomeration of strings, Woody moves into pop tune areas he has skirted before—"Moon Got in My Eyes," "Darn That Dream," "Do Nothing till You Hear from Me"—and into show tunes of the sophisticated variety — "You're Blasé," "Folks Who Live on the Hill," "How Long Has This Been Going On?" and more. Woody has always sung in an earthy, raspy, casual kind of voice, rapping out the old jazz style in an off-hand, lackadaisical way. But here he's singing songs about love—lost, stolen, strayed, requited, and unrequited—and with such lyrical and tender feeling it is a revelation. Bill Harris, the great trombone man of the Third Herd, is here, playing musical encouragement, echoes, and obbligatos behind the vocals even as he did in the good old big band days. Woody is a fine lesson for some of the imitative, unimaginative young men who are purportedly singers today. We recommend that they listen to the ease, honesty, and straightforward respect for melody and lyric with which Woody honors a song. First chair.

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Dilo (Ugh!): Perez Prado. This RCA Victor album (LPM-1883, $3.98) is first-rate. It features Prado's best-selling "Patricia." An electric organ integrated with the usual Latin-American instruments adds special listening excitement.

John Lewis: European Windows. The famed pianist-leader of the Modern Jazz Quartet conducts members of the Stuttgart Symphony Orchestra in his own serious compositions on RCA Victor (LPM-1742, $3.98). A brilliant blend of fine jazz and classical musicianship.

Mindy Carson: Baby, Baby, Baby. A wonderful collection of "baby" favorites: "I'm Nobody's Baby," "Everybody Loves My Baby," "Baby, Won't You Please Come Home," and many more. (Columbia CL 1166, $3.98)

Damn Yankees. Original soundtrack recording from the Warner Brothers movie based on the Broadway hit. Gwen Verdon, Tab Hunter, and Ray Walston star. (RCA Victor LOC-1047, $4.98)

Jungle Mating Rhythms. Verve has a truly unusual disc featuring Chaino with a collection of exotic instruments guaranteed to move even the most civilized with African, Haitian, and Voodoo chants, sounds and polyrhythms. (MGV 2104, $4.98)

Ella Fitzgerald Sings *The Irving Berlin Songbook.* Expertly aided by Paul Weston and his orchestra, Ella pays vocal tribute to the master with thirty-one great tunes dating back to "Alexander's Ragtime Band." (Verve MGV 4019-2, $9.96)

Xavier Cugat: *The King Plays Some Aces.* This collection (RCA Victor LPM-1882, $3.98) is full answer to the question, "What has Cugat got that the others haven't got?" His fine touch is apparent in "Oye Negra," "Linda Mujer," "Chiu Chiu," and other favorites.

Stan Getz *and The Oscar Peterson Trio.* A happy blending of some of the best jazz talent around. The trio includes Ray Brown and Herb Ellis. (Verve MGV 8251, $4.98)

Lena Horne: *Give the Lady What She Wants.* Backed up by the jet-propelled arrangements of Lennie Hayton and Ralph Burns, the dynamic Lena chants of the high cost of loving. (RCA Victor LPM-1879, $3.98)

Dancing with the Smart Set. Meyer Davis and his Orchestra are authorities on this particular indoor sport, and prove it with this bouncy RCA Victor disc. (LPM-1756, $3.98)

Show Me the Way to Go Home. Pianist Chauncey Rittenhouse and his Saloon Salon Four turn back the clock with a happy group of old and not-so-old favorites. Occasional vocals enliven the proceedings. (Columbia CL 1149, $3.98)

Perry Como. Double treat for Como fans, both from RCA Victor. *When You Come to the End of the Day* (LPM-1885, $3.98) is a collection of songs with moving spiritual qualities. Included: "May the Good Lord Bless and Keep You," "Prayer for Peace," "Whither Thou Goest" and the title song. *Saturday Night with Mr. C.* (LOP-1004, $3.98) offers some of his TV favorites. Mitchell Ayres' Orchestra and the Ray Charles Singers are featured on both albums.

Buddy Rich in Miami. Verve made this on-the-job recording of the volatile drummer and his trio, featuring Flip Phillips on tenor saxophone. English jazzmen Peter Ind and Ronnie Ball are on hand to complete the swinging group. (MGV 8285, $4.98)

George Feyer: *Memories of Viennese Operettas.* The very popular pianist lilts through the nostalgic melodies of a bygone era, accompanied by Al Warner on bass and Tommy Lucas on guitar. (RCA Victor LPM-1862, $3.98) THE END

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The D.A. has an airtight case against Mason's client, John Kirby. He even produces a tape recording of the murdered man's last words, naming Kirby the killer. Perry proves that he ISN'T — with a *piano*, a *cat* and a *goldfish*.

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Canker Sore Cure

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE BY LAWRENCE GALTON

Among minor ailments, there are few as annoying as canker sores. Always uncomfortable, they are sometimes exquisitely painful and tender to the touch. They may occur in sufficient numbers to make eating and drinking difficult, and, on occasion, may bring with them fever blisters on the lips.

Strangely enough, although the sores have been blamed on virus infection and on such factors as drinking, menses, poor nutrition, and the use of antibiotics, they often appear in people in apparent good health. Worst of all, canker sores sometimes become a chronic problem, returning repeatedly to plague their victims whenever they become overtired. Many treatments, ranging from gentian violet to silver nitrate cautery, have been tried, but none of these has been generally satisfactory.

Now what looks like a simple, quick, and uniformly effective treatment has been reported by a Harvard physician: dosage with Lactinex tablets, which contain a suspension of lactobacillus bacteria that ferment carbohydrates.

The value of the tablets was discovered by chance. While they were being used to control diarrhea following antibiotic treatment, it was noticed that canker sores which happened to be present in two of the diarrheal patients healed dramatically.

Later, when the treatment was given a trial in a small group of canker sore victims, it produced consistent results. Taken two at a time, four times a day, dissolved in the mouth with milk, the tablets induced rapid healing and even complete disappearance of the sores within forty-eight hours.

In one case, a nurse had required hospitalization after a canker sore outbreak had so severely limited her intake even of liquids that she had become dehydrated. Forty-eight hours after the start of the tablet treatment, all her sores had healed and she was eating and drinking normally.

The tablets also appear to be effective in preventing recurrences. A physician's wife had complained of suffering from canker sores almost continuously for two years after receiving antibiotic treatment for an acute upper respiratory infection. Although no other medication had helped, the tablets brought prompt relief. When the sores returned later, regular use of the tablets was prescribed. Thus far, for two years, they have prevented recurrences without undesirable side-effects.

The same treatment may be useful for fever blisters as well. In one woman, blisters broke out after overexposure to the sun, and spread rapidly over the whole of her lower lip. Within two days after treatment started, the blisters were brought under control and began to heal.

Painful menstruation: Dysmenorrhea, or painful menstruation, is one of the most common and least understood gynecologic problems. According to some estimates, it affects almost 90 per cent of women to some degree. In a preliminary study conducted among employees at a Boston insurance company by two Harvard physicians, Releasin, a newer hormone, was used. Tablets of the drug relieved 93 per cent of the women, in many cases within an hour or two. In particularly severe cases resisting oral medication, injections were used, with complete relief often noted within fifteen minutes to one hour.

Mental disturbances in many elderly people may be relieved by a combination of three drugs—reserpine, nicotinic acid, and pentylenetetrazol. In sixty-five of seventy-five patients, ranging up to ninety-one years of age, who exhibited behavior changes associated with hardening of brain arteries, the oral medication produced significant improvement. Many who otherwise would have needed institutional care could be managed at home with a minimum of attention, reports a Bowman Gray School of Medicine physician. Agitation, restlessness, confusion, aggression, and disorientation were relieved, and improvement occurred in memory, sociability, appearance, and tidiness. The only side-effect was transitory flushing of the skin in two cases. There was a notable absence of the drowsiness, sluggishness, and nasal stuffiness which are common side-effects of reserpine.

Painful facial paroxysms have been controlled by Dilantin, a medication often used for epilepsy. The drug eased pain and stopped paroxysms, usually within twenty-four hours, in all of a small group of patients with trigeminal neuralgia and in one with glossopharyngeal neuralgia.

Abnormal hairiness in many women can be overcome with prednisone, a steroid hormone, reports a team of physicians at Temple University School of Medicine. Excessive hair was found to be associated with menstrual irregularities in some of forty-five women studied; in others, menstrual rhythm was regular. In all cases, prednisone relieved the excessive hairiness and, in those with abnormal menstrual function, it relieved that as well. The study indicates that, while hirsutism may have other causes, in many women it results from changes in adrenal gland function which may be overcome by the prednisone treatment.

For chronic gout, Flexin appears to be helpful. The drug was being administered as a muscle relaxant to a gout patient when its ability to lower abnormally high levels of uric acid in the blood was noted. In other, more recent, cases, Flexin has brought desired reduction of uric acid and has apparently been instrumental in preventing acute gout attacks. Its low toxicity and its ability to reduce muscle spasm may enhance its value in the treatment of chronic gout.

Epileptic headaches: In five children, severe paroxysmal headache turned out to be a manifestation of latent epilepsy. Only one of the children had ever had an epileptic seizure; yet electro-encephalograms revealed that epileptic activity was present in all cases. Anticonvulsant medication brought improvement in the headaches.

For polycythemia vera, "Myleran" has been used with excellent results. In a small group of patients, the drug reduced abnormally high hemoglobin and red blood cell counts, and brought remission of the disease. "Myleran" has many advantages: It may make radiation unnecessary, it is inexpensive, it is easily administered, and it is safe and free from side-effects.

Menstrual myth: Following conception, the menstrual cycle ceases, and the time at which flow would have occurred had not pregnancy taken place is often called the "missed menstrual period." Although it is commonly believed that miscarriage and bleeding are more likely to occur during this period, there is no proof that this is so, a report by a Cincinnati gynecologist notes. In no study yet made has this time proved to have any particular significance. THE END

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

"He Made Me Feel Like A Bride Again"

IT'S hard for me to believe that a few weeks ago I actually thought about leaving my husband! He had become so nervous and irritable — so cross with the children and me that there was just no living with him. He was always "too tired" to do anything — too run-down to have fun with his family. Even our children were puzzled and hurt by his week-in, week-out grumpiness. Frankly we bickered and fought so much I thought our marriage was over.

When Jim finally went to our family doctor, the examination proved there was nothing really wrong. The doctor said Jim's condition was merely caused by an easily corrected *nutritional deficiency* in his diet. You can imagine how shocked *I* was to discover that even though Jim was well-fed, he was actually poorly *nourished* due to a lack of vitamins, minerals and lipotropic factors.

Just when things looked blackest, we learned about the famous Vitasafe Plan through an ad in our newspaper. It told how other people with Jim's condition had been helped by taking just one Vitasafe Capsule a day. Naturally, we sent for a trial month's supply. What a difference it has made! Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules have helped him snap back with increased vigor and vim. I'm so happy, I feel *like a bride* again! Perhaps someone in your family feels tired and run-down because of a nutritional deficiency. Why don't you take advantage *right now* of this sensational trial offer as we did?

A dramatization posed by professional models.

25¢ *just to help cover shipping expenses of this* FREE 30 days supply HIGH-POTENCY CAPSULES

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Choline Bitartrate	31.4 mg.	Niacin Amide	40 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.	Calcium Pantothenate	4 mg.
dl-Methionine	10 mg.	Vitamin E	2 I.U.
Glutamic Acid	50 mg.	Folic Acid	0.5 mg.
Lemon Bioflavonoid Complex	5 mg.	Calcium	75 mg.
Vitamin A	12,500 USP Units	Phosphorus	58 mg.
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units	Iron	30 mg.
Vitamin C	75 mg.	Cobalt	0.04 mg.
Vitamin B_1	5 mg.	Copper	0.45 mg.
Vitamin B_2	3.5 mg.	Manganese	0.5 mg.
Vitamin B_6	0.5 mg.	Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
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Honeymoon Sex Secrets, Neurotic Ambitions, What's Your "Dress Buying" Type, and Imported Spirits

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Honeymoon sex secrets. Interesting disclosures about brides' initial sex experiences have been made by 177 young wives of college students to sociologists Eugene J. Kanin (Purdue) and David H. Howard (Northern Illinois University). Some findings: (1) Taking a wedding trip depended a lot on whether the couple had had intercourse together before marriage—as 77 had, and 100 had not. Of the couples who had not, almost nine-tenths took a honeymoon trip, as compared with less than half of the couples who had had previous intercourse. (2) Although the "first night" is often believed doomed to failure because of exhaustion from the wedding activities, excitement, travel, etc., these were not found to be important factors in the brides' initial sex responses. (3) Honeymoon sex difficulties have been looked upon as having lasting effects, but fewer than one in twenty wives traced any long-term difficulties to the first two weeks of marriage. (4) A bungled first-night intercourse is repeatedly blamed for making the wife frigid thereafter. Yet while first-night sex was reported unsatisfactory by two in five of the wives, the large majority of these said sex relations became fully satisfying within two weeks.

Neurotic ambitions. If your son or daughter wants strongly to go into an occupation for which he or she seems unfitted, make sure it's not because of a mental or emotional disturbance. Vocational guidance expert C. H. Patterson (University of Illinois) points out that persons who aren't well balanced are particularly apt to have unrealistic goals. Often they incline toward the "talent" occupations—art, writing, music, acting

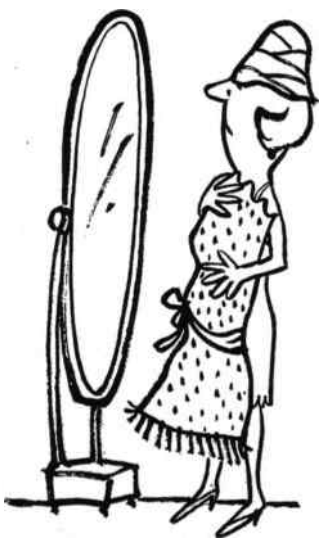
—even though they lack any special ability or aptitude. Others among such unqualified persons may seek to become social workers, psychologists, counselors, etc., where the seeming desire to help or straighten out others actually stems from the wish to help and straighten out themselves. Yet, a problem in all of these cases is whether the person may not be worse off if steered away from what he wants to do into something for which he may be better fitted but which he doesn't like.

Housewives' friendships. There may be much more "back-fence" chit-chatting among lower-level housewives than among those in the upper-level, but the former have fewer true friends. Sociologist James H. Williams (Vanderbilt University) queried housewives in Columbia, South Carolina, as to how many had six or more close friends. Among lower-level women, only 30 per cent stated they had six friends. Among upper-level women, 70 per cent had six or more close friends.

Heart wounds. Although in murder mysteries a person stabbed through the heart dies almost instantly, this is by no means always true in real life. Doctors at the Walter Reed Army hospital (L. F. Parmley, T. W. Mattingly, and W. C. Manion) report that about one in four persons who have been stabbed in the heart lives long enough to be given medical care, and 70 per cent of those who have been properly treated do recover from the wound. New techniques in heart surgery have helped to make this possible.

What's your "dress buying" type? Women dress shoppers fall into three general types, say sociologists John E. Jacobi and S. George Walters (Lehigh University) after conducting a study in Pennsylvania cities. Here are their classifications: Type 1—Women who are most alert to style, dress well, and are fairly sure of their tastes. When buying a dress they are less impressed by the store, label, or brand name than by the quality, fabric, design, workmanship and cut of the dress itself. Type 2—Women who are less sure about styles, often are overdressed, and tend to be "price-minded" (if a dress costs a lot, they are apt to

think it must be stylish and desirable). These women are greatly influenced by the store, brand and label, and by advice of salesladies and acquaintances. Type 3—Mostly those women (many elderly) who care less about style than about the all-around usefulness and durability of a dress, and whose tastes usually are set,



especially as to colors. All three types of women are found in all social classes and income levels.

Heart disease and sex life. Men with heart diseases tend to have more sexual problems than other men. But why? Dr. Edward Weiss (Temple University Medical School) points out that the "coronary age" usually comes when a man's sexual potency is diminishing, so that both a heart condition, and sexual problems can naturally occur together. Also, if a man knows he has heart disease, he is apt to become more than ordinarily inhibited in his sex life, and thus create or aggravate sexual problems. The man who already has sexual difficulties may, in some cases, tend to overexert himself to achieve or prove his potency, and thus may put added stress on a weak heart. With sensible medical advice, sex life and heart condition can be kept in proper balance.

Pre-flight diet. You can prevent much discomfort on any high-altitude plane flight if, in the hours before embarking, you eat only easily digestible and non-gas-forming foods. Air Force health expert Colonel Albert A. Taylor and nutritionist Beatrice Finkelstein suggest that pre-flight meals should be bland and liberal in proteins, but shouldn't include fatty, highly seasoned, or roughage foods, or easily fermentable carbohydrates.

Imported spirits. Puerto Ricans coming to the United States bring with them a strong belief in spirits, which has caused a boom in spiritualism in places where they have settled, such as New York City. It is reported by anthropologist Joseph Bram (New York University) that most of the Puerto Rican mediums are women, who often go into frenzied transports during seances, and not only relay messages from the spirit world to the people present, but sometimes also dispense moral and medical advice to them.

THE END

Wide World

Three Joes at work on a sure thing. Joe E. Brown and Joe E. Lewis confer with jockey Joe Culmone at Tropical Park. Lewis started his career as a singing comic in Chicago speakeasies at age nineteen. His current salary: $250,000 a year.

On Top of the World with Joe E. Lewis

All about liquor, women, and horses from the wildest joker of them all

BY DAVID E. GREEN

At a testimonial dinner, where praise to him cascaded like Niagara, he responded, "Had I known you were going to talk about me this way, I would have done the decent thing and died first."

OF HIS EARLY DAYS he says: "I was known as the Grand Old Man of Kindergarten Six."

"I'VE DONE MORE for Irving Berlin than any singer in the business. I've never sung one of his songs."

"ANYONE who takes me for a damn fool makes no mistake."

WOMEN: "At my age, all women look alike—great!

"I had a terrible dream last night. My girl and Marilyn Monroe were fighting over me, and my girl won."

"MONEY isn't everything. It just quiets the nerves a little.

"There are a lot more important things than money. The trouble is, they all cost money.

"I bought an oil well that is producing five hundred barrels a day—no oil, just barrels.

"I have a new insurance policy. I get fifty thousand dollars if I'm tomahawked in an Indian uprising.

"The most valuable thing in the world is friendship, and the richest man in the world is the one with the most money.

"I've been rich and I've been poor. Believe me, rich is better."

A financial adviser suggested that Joe save a hundred dollars a week, in case there was a depression; in ten years, the man explained, Joe would have over fifty thousand dollars in the bank. "But suppose there isn't another depression?" asked Joe. "Then I'd be stuck with the fifty thousand."

"A COMMIE is a guy who thinks everything is perfect in Russia, but he would rather stay here and rough it."

"I'M A HORSE FOLLOWER, and the horses I follow, follow horses.

"You can lead a horse to water, but teach him to lean back and float and you'll have something.

"Do you think autos are just a gimmick to force down the price of horses?"

About his divorce: "It was the first time a wife named a horse as corespondent."

"LIQUOR improves with age. The older you get, the more you like it.

"I've only been drunk twice this winter—January and February.

"Some people say I drink too much and I resent it. I don't deny it, I just resent it."

JOE BOUGHT A CLUB (the Chateau Madrid), with no money down, in the late twenties. His opening night audience included Al Jolson, George Jessel, Jack Benny, Harry Richman, Jack Pearl, Joe Friscoe, and Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. Two gangsters went backstage before Joe went on and, in the tradition of the times, demanded partnership. Joe lied, saying he already had a partner, Dutch Schultz, the gangland killer. The hoods begged Joe not to mention their intrusion. A few nights later, while he was performing, two men at a front table talked so loudly that every punchline was killed. "Would you two bums mind stepping outside for a coupla years?" was Joe's first line. Then, addressing the bigger of the two, he continued: "You oughta have yourself vulcanized, you're losing air. I'll have the headwaiter hit you on top of your head and bend the point. If they ever put a price on your head, grab it." Then, walking down to the table with the spotlight following, he said to the big guy, "If you had any real dough, you bum, you'd be at Twenty One." The abused one lowered his voice to a whisper: "That's no way to talk to your partner." Yup, it was Dutch Schultz.

A CUSTOMER fell asleep during his act one night. Tapping him on the shoulder, Joe said, "I don't mind your falling asleep, but you didn't say good night."

IN THE EARLY THIRTIES, when Harry Richman was the only big name working in a Miami night club, the owners decided to add Joe E. to the bill. Feeling that his domain was being invaded, Richman introduced Lewis with a flowery speech that was too long and too complimentary—a typical device that usually "freezes" an audience: "And now be prepared to laugh like you've never laughed before. He'll have you in the aisles. Here's the funniest man of all time—Joe E. Lewis." The audience froze defiantly. Poor Joe E. walked laboriously past Richman to the footlights, looked at the unfriendly audience, glanced hopelessly at Richman, who was going off stage, and then, turning to the crowd, pleaded earnestly: "All I want is bread." I was out front, and I have never seen an audience switch so fast from a "We-dare-you" to "you're-our-boy-we-love-you" frame of mind. That is the genius of Joe E. THE END

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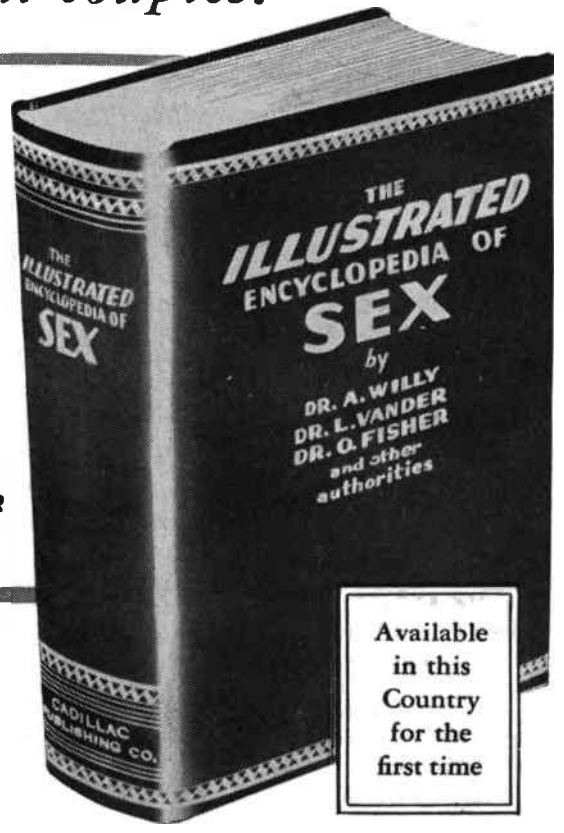
By DR. A. WILLY, DR. L. VANDER, DR. O. FISHER AND OTHER AUTHORITIES



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- How male organs function in intercourse
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- How sexual urge in woman differs from man
- Woman's perfect complete sexual satisfaction
- How to derive perfection in sexual act
- Reactions of man and woman during sexual relations compared
- The truth about sex vitamins that improve sexual powers
- Natural birth control
- New discoveries in birth control
- Woman's fertile days
- Causes of sex drive in women
- Female frigidity, its causes and cures
- Causes and cures for sexual impotence in men
- Abnormal sex organs and what can be done
- How to correct male's premature climax
- Delaying sex life's finish
- Male change of life and its effect
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The Last Time Paris Saw Me

Paris is two cities: the one a monument to empire, art, and guillotine, the other a memory—or a dream—of youth and romance

BY RICHARD HARRITY

There were five of us seated together on the Pan American tourist plane flying from New York to Paris—a young married couple from Ohio, a middle-aged spinster who taught school in Delaware, an elderly lady from New York, and myself. We had all visited Paris at one time or another—the young couple had been there during the last war, the school teacher had spent a summer in a *pension* on the Left Bank, the elderly lady had gone there on her honeymoon a long time ago, and the last time Paris had seen me, my heart had been young and gay and the year had been 1929. Now we were going back for another look at the city of light and laughter and love.

Most Americans separate Paris into two cities—one is the gay and glamorous place filled with lovely sights, and the other, the more cherished one, exists only in the memory. And in trying to revisit the second one there is always the danger of becoming lost in what Hunecker once described as "the pathos of distance." So, to be safe, let's begin with the first, just to make sure that everything is still in its proper place.

The best starting point for a tour of the town is where Paris herself began, on the Ile de la Cité, the largest of the three islands in the Seine which once formed the community called Lutetia, discovered by the Romans in 53 B.C.

Ile de la Cité

In the Middle Ages, it was a mecca for scholars from near and far who made the Ile de la Cité the bright center of European culture. It looks much the same now as it did then, and the medieval buildings that still stand on the Ile de la Cité are monuments to man's search for faith and freedom.

The Conciergerie, once the palace of kings and later their prison, still frowns down on passers-by as it did in the days when tumbrils filled with the condemned clattered over the cobblestones on their way to the guillotine. Inside the somber old building are many reminders of the tragedy and terror of the French Revolution—the staircase Marie Antoinette used during her trial; the Galerie des Prisonniers, where Madame Rolland and Charlotte Corday once sat and chatted of life and death; the cell where Thomas Paine, the Englishman who had a lifelong love affair with a lady called Liberty, was imprisoned, and where he talked with a man named Danton; and the small room Robespierre occupied before he went to keep his last date with destiny.

Close by the Conciergerie is that gem of gothic architecture, Notre Dame, whose gargoyle-guarded towers have looked down on eight centuries of French history. Standing in front of the ancient cathedral, one cannot help but feel the power of the past and see in the mind's eye the pageant of Paris unfold like a fleur-de-lis.

Pope Alexander III laid the first stone of Notre Dame in 1163; Louis IX, Saint Louis, worshipped there early in the thirteenth century; Henry VI, the boy king of England, was crowned King of France in Notre Dame in 1432; Charles VII, the French monarch whose kingdom was won back for him by Joan of Arc, offered thanks for the liberation of Paris there; Marie Antoinette often prayed in the cathedral; during the Revolution it was renamed the Temple of Reason; Napoleon made himself emperor in Notre Dame, when he roughly took the crown from Pope Pius VII and crowned himself; his son, the ill-fated King of Rome, was christened there; Napoleon III was married in the cathedral in 1853; those great marshals of France, Foch and Joffre, lay in state there; in 1944 General de Gaulle knelt in prayer in Notre Dame while enemy bullets flew around him; and the funeral services for General Leclerq, the Liberator of Paris, were held there in 1947.

Except for its shifting tides, the Seine is as changeless as the ancient city it crosses. Frenchmen patiently fish its gentle waters by day, occasionally landing what looks like a minnow; young lovers line its banks in the evening; and at night Anatole France's observation about man's equality under the law still holds true there, for even now neither the rich nor the poor may sleep under the bridges.

Among Paris attractions that still do business at the same old stands are: the Bird Market, near Notre Dame, where on Sundays you can buy almost anything that flies, from a pigeon to a parakeet; the Flea Market, where you can buy anything; and the Cimetière aux Chiens on the Ile des Ravageurs, that best of all possible final resting places for dogs; the Folies Bergère, where the artists give the customers less for their money and make them love it; and the Moulin Rouge, the can-can capital of Montmartre as well as a better tourist trap to which the world has beaten a well-worn path.

On the other hand, the House of All Nations, that international headquarters for lonely hearts of the nineteen-twenties, is now a boys' dormitory, and the restaurant at 32 Rue Blondel, where the talented waitresses once performed coin tricks betwixt serving the drinks, has been converted into a boys' school.

Autre temps, autre mœurs.

The old complaint about the Louvre's being poorly lit doesn't hold true today, but even under the improved lighting, the Mona Lisa's smile is just as enigmatic as ever. On Friday nights, when the gallery of sculpture is illuminated, the Victory of Samothrace and the Venus de Milo, completely isolated in pools of soft light, dazzle the eyes with their deathless beauty. Rodin's Thinker still broods ceaselessly in the Rodin Musee on the Rue de Varenne, and, while I didn't check this personally, I have it on the best of authority that Whistler's Mother has not gone off her rocker.

The Champs Elysées, which starts at the Place de la Concorde, where the guillotine once whirred so fatefully, and ends at the Arch of Triumph, symbol of victory for men of many nations, including Napoleon and Wellington, Bismarck, Foch and Pershing, Hitler, de Gaulle, and Eisenhower, is now, as it was and ever will be, the grandest of all grand boulevards. As I strolled along that sweeping street this time, I frequently stopped and listened in vain for a sound that is a part of every man's memory of Paris—the sound George Gershwin used so tellingly in his *An American in Paris*, that exciting cacophony of taxi horns which has now, alas, been silenced by law.

City of the Heart

But what of the other Paris, the one that only exists in the memory and which you half hope in your heart you'll find again? What were the things that made it so memorable? What do you seek after a long time away? A friendly place you once knew well? Familiar faces? Romance? A favorite view? *continued on p. 19*

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The Last Time Paris Saw Me (continued)

Well, the friendliest Paris spot I knew that other time was a small café on the Rue Rocroy where the food was fine, the prices low, and the company mostly good and gay. I went there this trip hoping to meet some old friends, especially a taxi driver named Paul, who used to let me ride for free up front beside him on the box seat of his cab and who showed me all around the city he knew and loved. His favorite place was Père Lachaise Cemetery, laid out on a gently sloping hill that overlooks Paris, and several times at dawn he took me there and showed me the graves of men who had added to France's glory, such as Balzac, de Musset, and Napoleon's generals. He always ended his tour of the city of the dead by stopping for a long time, cap in hand, in front of the tomb of Heloise and Abelard, those tragic lovers who live on in legend.

The Smoking Dog

Paul was then about thirty-five, a bright-eyed Frenchman with a merry face and the only man I ever knew who was happy when he was sober and sad when he was drunk.

Then there was Silvio, another patron of the café on the Rue Rocroy in the old days, and also a friend. He was a broad-shouldered Italian with a fierce look, who had incurred Mussolini's wrath and who had left Italy just ahead of the Fascist police. Silvio hated Mussolini as much as one man could hate another, and almost nightly in the café he would deliver a philippic against the dictator, warning his listeners of what would happen to them and the world unless Mussolini was stopped in his tracks. Once a month he received some money from friends or relatives in Italy, and when that was gone, the proprietor, a kindly man in his early sixties who liked to listen to what Silvio had to say, gave food and wine on credit. There was much speculation among the other customers of the café as to why Silvio had had to leave Italy. Some claimed that he had tried to kill Il Duce, while others maintained that he was an escaped convict mixed up in all kinds of dark deeds. Silvio himself offered no explanation, always cloaking himself in mystery, until late one night when Paul invited him, the proprietor, and me to go with him in his cab to Les Halles, the city's great marketplace which Zola once called the belly of Paris, for some onion soup.

Paul stopped several blocks away from Au Chien Qui Fume, or the Smoking Dog, the oldest restaurant in the marketplace, since the streets there are filled to overflowing just before dawn with produce brought to Paris by farmers from all over France. As we threaded our way through symmetrical pyramids of fruit and vegetables piled all over the streets, Silvio began another tirade against Mussolini which lasted all the way through our meal. When we had finished our soup, he became confidential, and for the first time talked about himself, and why he had had to leave Italy.

"I was the best soccer player in Italy," began Silvio. "I played center forward on a team in Genoa. Two years ago, my team went to Rome for a game, and just before we were to start, a band played and everyone was ordered to give the Fascist salute. All the other players on both teams raised their arms. I was the only one who thumbed his nose . . . and here I am in Paris."

When we left Au Chien Qui Fume, a couple of hours later, the pyramids of fruit and vegetables were all gone, and the great marketplace, which had fulfilled its function of providing for the belly of Paris, looked as desolate as a vacant lot after a carnival has moved on.

Snows of Yesteryear

The café on the Rue Rocroy is now under new management, but the present proprietor, a pleasant man in his late forties, had also known Paul.

"Paul married a widow in 1935 or 1936," he said, "and during the war he was killed fighting with the infantry."

He had never heard of Silvio, who, I earnestly hope, is at this time the manager of the best soccer team in all of Italy.

I did not ask about the lovely ladies who had made the café seem such a romantic place, because Villon answered that old query once and for all a long time ago with an even more tantalizing question—"Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

A Poem in Stone

"We do not serve meals now," the new proprietor told me, "since the average person cannot afford to eat out very often in Paris these days. When you used to come here, a dinner with wine cost six or seven francs, but now we must charge at least six hundred. We do prepare dinner for ourselves and anyone we wish to have join us, however. Would you care to have dinner with us tonight?"

I quickly accepted. There were nine of us at table, the proprietor, his wife, who did the cooking, the barmaid, a man from Czechoslovakia who had left Prague just ahead of the communists, and two young couples who supplied that old romantic air I remembered.

The food was as fine as it ever was, the wine first rate, and the talk was merry and gay. It was good to be reassured that the old café was still a friendly spot where you could find good companions. In fact, the only thing which seemed to have changed in the place was I.

I got up the next day on the right side of dawn and went to Père Lachaise Cemetery in memory of Paul.

Then I climbed up that hill in Montmartre which is crowned by Sacre Couer and, standing on the steps of the church, I looked out over the city of Paris, that poem in stone where each lovely line scans and the eye is enchanted at every turn, and I wondered if it would still be the same the next time I returned.

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BY CAROL CARR

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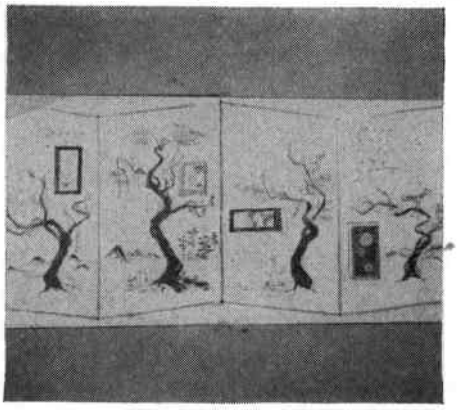

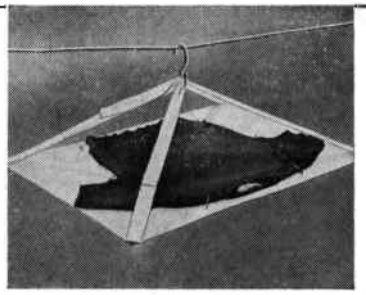

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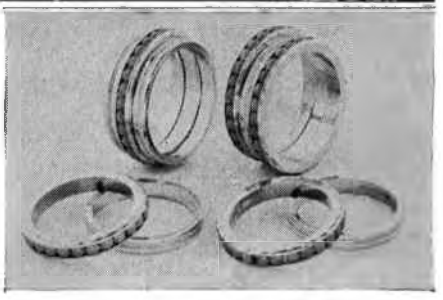

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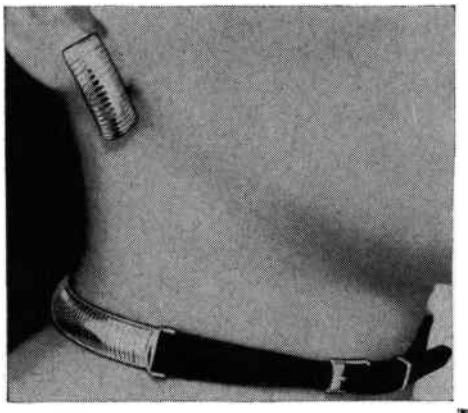

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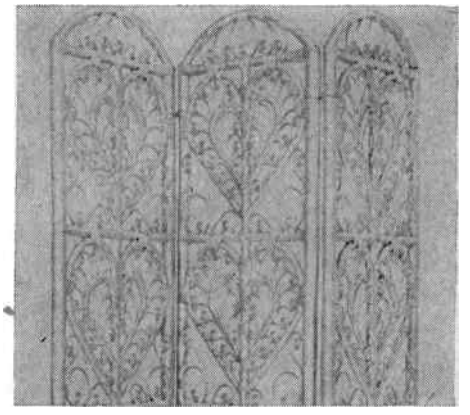

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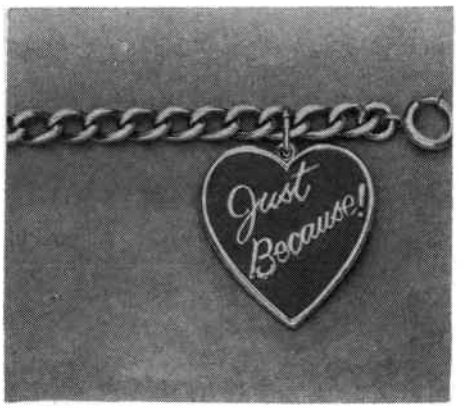

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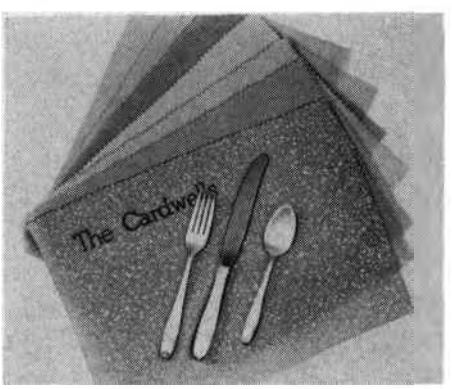

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What It Means To Find YOUR SELF

The mental picture you have of your body may be radically different from the figure you see in your mirror. Are you aware that you also probably have an image of your personality that has little connection with the real you? These false images can disrupt your marriage, your health, and your career

BY T. F. JAMES

The words "your" and "self" are not separated in the title of this article by typographical accident. They are purposely divided because in this special issue, and particularly in this article, we want to focus your attention on this vital aspect of your personality. We also want to startle you into realizing that the division is scientifically sound. You, and the self which is the cumulative result of your years of life, *are* separate. You, the observer, are capable of judging, appraising, liking, and even hating this self. You can talk about it as if it were an object or a person outside you.

But do you really know what you are talking about?

Do you, for instance, know that your self-image includes a body-image that may be radically different from the figure you see in the mirror? Are you aware that you also have an image of your psychological self that probably has little or no connection with reality? Do you know where these images came from? Do you realize their influence?

The answers to these questions are crucial. Understanding the psychology of the self can mean the difference between success and failure, love and hate, bitterness and happiness. The discovery of the real self can rescue a crumbling marriage, recreate a faltering career, transform victims of "personality failure." On another plane, discovering your real self means the difference between freedom and the compulsions of conformity.

Particularly interesting is the fact that more and more psychiatrists and other

specialists in emotional therapy have begun to see self-image psychology as the key to the emotional problems of relatively "normal" people. As analyst Allen Wheelis of San Francisco points out, most people seeking help for emotional problems today are no longer classical Freudian cases, convulsed by phobias and driven by weird compulsions. They are not crippled by their troubles. They go about their jobs, they try to function as husbands and wives and parents, but they want to find out why they do so with uneasiness, uncertainty, unhappiness. People with these kinds of problems do not fit into old-fashioned psychiatric terminology. Attempts to label them wind up as meaningless mouthfuls like "reactive depression in a decompensating narcissistic compulsive character with paranoid, hysterical, and some psychopathic tendencies." Small wonder that enterprising and progressive therapists went in search of something better and found the psychology of the self-image.

Let us see how the idea works, beginning with some examples of the amazing misconceptions people have of the way their bodies look.

False Body-Image

The story of a middle-aged woman we shall call Margaret Blair is appropriate here. Of more than average means, she spent lavishly for her clothes, but she was the despair of fashion consultants in every store on Fifth Avenue. Her husband, a mild-mannered man, was also invariably distressed by her choices, but he paid the bills and said nothing. One day in her apartment elevator Margaret met a five-year-old girl who lived several floors above. "Do you know who I am?" Margaret said, by way of making childish conversation.

"Oh yes," said the tot. "You're the lady my mommy says wears such silly dresses."

The remark shook Margaret badly. Upstairs she studied her wardrobe and began, for the first time in years, to question her judgment about her clothes. She stared at herself in the mirror, she held up dress after dress, but she could not break through; she saw nothing wrong. Troubled, she asked her husband, and he said, with obvious understatement, "Now that you ask me, I haven't liked anything you've bought in the last ten years."

Finally, Margaret steeled herself to confer with a fashion consultant whom she dealt with regularly. "How old are you, Mrs. Blair?" the woman said.

"Forty-three," Margaret replied.

"Your dresses," said the consultant, "would look well on a girl of twenty. But on a woman of forty-three, who is just a little overweight . . ." She shook her head.

With the rush of emotion that always accompanies revelation, Margaret Blair understood what she had been doing. Although her mirror had offered frank testimony that she was wrong, she had persisted in seeing herself as a gay, girlish sylph of twenty. There were psychological reasons for this, of course. Because she had married young, and had children in their teens, she had a vague fear of becoming old too soon.

This is, of course, by no means the only misconception which may distort a person's body-image, though it is one of the most common. Many other women suffer an opposite confusion. They see themselves as "old" once they pass forty, and feel they are no longer physically attractive. As a result, they relinquish all interest in style, and usually buy nothing but somber-colored dresses, when, in the words of one salesgirl, "with a little effort they could look thirty-five for another ten years."

One of the most frequent distortions has to do with size. Psychoanalyst Paul Schilder, who has exhaustively researched the psychology of the body-image, has dozens of examples of how the image can shrink or expand. This explains why we see large, heavy-set girls dressed in bright colors or flaring styles that only accentuate their bulk. They see themselves as delicate, Audrey Hepburn-like sprites. Every department store clerk can tell countless stories about women who resolutely refuse to admit that they wear a large size in shoes or dresses.

By far the largest problem in body-image psychology, however, is the tendency, for women in particular, to have an unattractive mental portrait of themselves. No one is physically perfect, but the hunger for perfection seems to make most American women brood over their less appealing features. In one study of college coeds, no less than 90 per cent reported that they were deeply dissatisfied with some aspect of their looks.

Figures and Flaws

Sometimes the flaw which seems so disfiguring is completely illusory. One New York psychiatrist tells of a beautiful girl who was ashamed to put on a bathing suit because she was convinced that she had ugly feet. "Neither her feet, nor any other part of her anatomy," reported the doctor, "could be justifiably called ugly." The most lamentable part of this distortion is that, often, the false image eventually becomes real. "Everyone," says one well-known fashion expert, "knows some woman who, by harboring ill thoughts of herself, actually makes herself homely. She has an idea that her mouth is not a pretty one, and she cannot smile for fear of calling attention to it. Or her nose is too large, she thinks, and she lives behind this nose instead of living with it. The eyes and mouth, which could overrule the nose with their color and merriment, never get a chance."

It's Done with Mirrors

By now, you are probably anxious to find out how you can dispel your illusions and find the image of your real self. First, let us check how clear your body-image is. Simply close your eyes. Do you get a sharp, distinct image of yourself in clear focus? Or is it only a blur? Can you see yourself in profile, and from the rear? If you get a blur, you have, ready-made, an excellent device which too few women know how to use creatively: the mirror.

A well-known fashion model, Jean Patchett, has suggested an added wrinkle for really thorough mirror-gazing. She advises every woman to buy or borrow a full-length, three-way mirror, and to try on every dress in her wardrobe while standing before it. The three-way effect has great psychological potency. The front view in the mirror is only the same familiar image, but the images in the other mirrors are once-removed, and suddenly you are seeing yourself as others see you: from a variety of angles. Do this long enough, and often enough, and you will be able to walk into a store and tell at a glance whether a dress on the rack is your style. When you can perform this feat, you can be sure you have achieved absolute honesty—and confidence—about your physical self. Thereafter, dressing for the real you can become an exciting challenge. And, more important, it can liberate you from a slavish devotion to the latest fashion, or anxious dependence on the opinions of others. And, when dressing as an individual, you will find that you have a far better chance of winning compliments.

One of the notable beauties of the day, wife of a Broadway producer and regularly included in the list of "best dressed" women, would probably be described as thin or bony, if she dressed without care. Instead, she deliberately wears slacks, slender sports skirts, simple shirts, sweaters, and plain, robelike dinner dresses, all of the utmost simplicity and elegance, all consciously emphasizing the long, slim, cool effect. "Stick a couple of straws in my ears and a slice of lemon in my hair and I'd look like a Tom Collins," she says, with her honest humor. But she is one of the most attractive women in America.

The road to mental self-discovery is

somewhat more complicated, but even more rewarding. Our body-image is a relatively simple affair. Our psychological image is like a many-faceted diamond —each facet is an aspect of our character, based upon an assumption about life. The modest person, for instance, does not seek praise because he has been taught that it is improper and unnecessary—duty done is its own reward. The kind man believes that people will reward him with kindness.

More than half the women in one survey said they were dissatisfied with their looks

The story of Frank and Ellen Simmons is probably the best example of the power of the psychological self-image. These two young people came to a family casework agency in a Midwestern city with their marriage on the brink of collapse. Accusations exploded on both sides. Frank saw his attractive wife as a shrew. Ellen saw her earnest, hard-working husband as a cold, loveless egotist. Gradually, in a series of interviews, a more realistic picture emerged. At the root of their problem was a conflict of basic images. The son of a taciturn farmer, from boyhood Frank had had drilled into him the idea that a man should keep his troubles to himself, that he should not, above all, tell them to his wife, since women are weak, and it is a man's job to protect them from worries and anxieties. With the best intentions, therefore, Frank kept money worries, office problems, and other difficult aspects of his life strictly to himself. Unfortunately, Ellen had a completely different concept of a woman's role in marriage. She felt that a wife should be a confidante, a tower of strength on whom a husband can lean in troubled moments. She saw Frank's reticence as a sign that he did not really love her.

As the counseling progressed, both Frank and Ellen realized that each was simulating character traits which he considered appropriate to his role but which he did not, in fact, possess. Frank admitted that there were times when he wanted, badly, to discuss certain office problems with Ellen. For her part, Ellen admitted that she was not really interested in the complexities of Frank's business, and that the few times he had talked about it, she had been bored stiff. She also faced up to the fact that she admired her husband's strength and independence. Slowly, both saw that they were attempting to live up to images that had been impressed on their minds in childhood, in Frank's case by his stern, old-fashioned father, and in Ellen's by her aggressive, opinionated mother. Result: a *rapprochement*, in which Frank realized that there were certain kinds of problems a man could profitably discuss with his wife, and Ellen saw that she could not turn the man she had married inside out, and did not really want to, anyway.

Dr. Frederick J. Gaudet, head of the Stevens Institute of Technology Laboratory of Psychological Studies, tells another illuminating story. Not long ago a young widow, whom we shall call Helen Gates, came to him for vocational advice. In the battery of aptitude and I. Q. tests and oral interviews that every person receives at the Testing Center, she displayed high intelligence and a particular gift for expression. Like the expert counselor he is, Dr. Gaudet was as interested in what she thought she wanted for herself as he was in the testing results. At first she had no clear ideas. Then, furtively, she said, "I know I can't be a teacher—"

"Why not?" said the counselor.

The question struck the girl as ridiculous. To be a teacher required a college education. "People like me don't go to college."

Casually, Dr. Gaudet encouraged her to talk about her past, and a picture emerged, which, incidentally, explained why so many of our highest-I. Q. students never see the inside of a college. To Helen's parents, college was reserved for a certain level of society. When the young girl expressed an interest in it, she was told, "That's not for people like us." An image of herself was formed in Helen's mind, which good grades at school, and even her secret yearnings to teach, could not alter. She was, of course, not aware of it as her self-image. It was an assumption which she accepted as part of her life, as she accepted the color of her eyes. Even when Dr. Gaudet showed her the results of her tests, and assured her that she was excellent college material, she was extremely dubious, and she needed repeated reassurances before she got the courage to apply to a local university. She consistently ranked near the top of her class during her school career and is now an excellent high school teacher in a central New Jersey township. Incidentally, she has been married again, to a fellow teacher. Her first husband, who was killed in the Korean War, was a longshoreman.

Another story, from the casebook of a New York psychiatrist: A man whom we shall call Arthur Fell came to see the psychiatrist after suffering a severe attack of anxiety. The strange circumstances of the attack were what prompted him to seek help. He had learned, only an hour before, that he was being promoted from copywriter to account executive in his advertising agency, with a formidable raise in salary. He was trying to decide whether he should refuse the promotion.

"Not Quite Good Enough"

Probing into his past, the analyst elicited a picture of a boy with an almost impossibly demanding father. Nothing he ever did was good enough. His marks in school were always high, but his father would demand that they be the highest. He was goaded into an athletic career for which he had no aptitude. Gradually the image of a person "not quite good enough" was formed. Every time he found himself in a job in which there was a genuine chance for advancement, he would manage to deprecate and distort his considerable talents, and the promotion would go to someone else. Ironically, his desperate need to do his best (which, in his eyes, was never quite good enough) consistently drew the attention of his

superiors. In advertising, he distinguished himself as a copywriter who learned everything about an account, from the history of the product to the birthdays of the company's executives.

Gradually, as he saw the source of his feelings of inferiority, a remarkable change began to take place in Arthur Fell. He accepted his promotion, and did an outstanding job as an account executive. But more important, for the first time, he began to develop creative, highly individual ideas about the advertising business. When the somewhat conservative agency for which he worked disagreed with him, he picked up his attaché case and went out and formed his own agency. He is now on his way to becoming a wealthy man.

Youth Is Vulnerable

A pattern emerges from these stories. It is obvious, first of all, that our self-image is formed, primarily, by experiences in the early years of our lives. The facets of the image, especially the distorted ones, are more difficult to recognize than the reality of the physical image, because often they are unconscious, almost automatic, reactions. Moreover, it is not enough merely to detect the distorted facet. Insight and escape from the distortion occur only when we recognize its source. Finally, once we escape the distortion, a new, creative, individual personality often emerges.

Sometimes a single twisted view can be carried over into adult life, to distort an otherwise normal personality. Wendell Johnson, in his excellent book, *People in Quandaries*, tells of a girl named Doris who was painfully awkward and clumsy. An exploration of Doris' past soon brought out the answer: when she was a child, she had suffered from myopia, and had really been clumsy. The adults in the family foolishly talked about it in front of her, and soon the little girl accepted the label as part of her personality.

Another child may accept, as his own self-image, the image of an older, influential person, especially if the adults around him encourage the idea by making such statements as "Doesn't he remind you of Uncle Bill?"

Another self-image may be related to social position—take for example Helen and her inability to see herself as a college student. Another may have its roots in an intellectual notion. Mathematics teachers, in particular, often feel that a good portion of the gifted students who show no aptitude for the subject are victims of a false image. The moment they have difficulty with numbers in their early schooling, one or both parents will say, "Oh, I could never do math," and the image of an intelligent person who can handle every subject but mathematics is accepted and begins to grow. Dr. Frederick J. Gaudet, whose work at Stevens Institute of Technology has brought him into contact with the national problem of encouraging more gifted people to go into science and engineering, points out that another important factor in the development of a self-image can be the opinion of a young person's own group. Various studies have shown that the average teenager today sees the scientist as a weird combination of oddball and monster. A young boy who inclines toward science is confronted by this image; often he recoils from it, and from science; or if he pursues a scientific career, his personality may be tinged by this image.

Beyond these kinds of images, there are a host of distorted psychological patterns a child may acquire from his parents. Dr. Camilla Anderson, in her excellent book, *Saints, Sinners, and Psychiatry*, offers a striking paragraph of examples. "The child . . . who has learned that the only way to get approbation is to wait quietly and passively until it is forthcoming will continue in this manner. If he has learned that the most satisfactory relationships with people are to be had through nonassertiveness or through sharing or through flattery, or through being clever, these will be his assumptions and patterns. If he has learned that adults or older people give security but one's contemporaries are hostile, or if he has learned that the only sure way to get anything is to grab, these will be his patterns. If one has experienced no satisfaction in interpersonal relations but only in things or in doing, his later patterns will be such as to confirm and live out these assumptions. If one has learned that to be female is to be penalized, that promises are not kept, or that sex is bad, or if one has learned that it is no use to try, or that men are a soft touch or that they are unresponsive, or that women are cruel, then such assumptions and such patterns will be part of one's later character."

Proverbial Inferiority Complex

Serious as these specific self-image distortions can be, they fade into insignificance beside the one distortion which afflicts millions of Americans: inferiority feelings. Just as some people have the idea that their body-image is ugly, countless others have an image of themselves as mentally inferior, worthless, helpless, bad. Psychiatrists, led by the late Harry Stack Sullivan, have thrown a great deal of light on the dynamics of this problem, but other researchers, and emotional counselors, especially a Midwestern psychotherapist named Carl Rogers, have made even larger contributions.

Analyzing the recorded dialogue of his troubled clients, Rogers found that people with emotional problems almost always had a poor opinion of themselves. They made an amazing range of deprecating remarks about their talents, personalities, intelligence. They weren't "good mixers," they declared; they lacked "brains" or "drive"; they had "bad tempers."

Researchers who have analyzed Rogers' cases with graphs and charts have confirmed his basic insights. People in emotional difficulty, they found, invariably begin their counseling interviews with a large proportion of "self-disapproving" statements. The reasons vary

"Significant people," especially your parents, influenced your self-image. Insight can change it

greatly. A girl may hate her mother. A man may see himself as a failure in life. But as their therapy progresses, these self-disapproving remarks begin to diminish, and *self-approving* remarks begin to increase. They begin to like, or accept, themselves more and more as they understand the reasons for their feelings, and, more important, discover that their judgment of themselves is not wholly accurate. The girl realizes, for instance, that she loves her mother almost as much as she hates her. The man understands that his sense of failure was imposed on him by his being forced to compete with an older, more gifted brother, and looks to the future with new optimism.

If you have a low opinion of yourself, meeting new people makes you anxious and hostile

Identity Brings Security

Psychologists, using batteries of tests, have uncovered other important facts about self-deprecation. In his Ph.D. thesis at the University of Rochester, Frederick S. Hauser demonstrated with groups of college students that a person's opinion of himself is directly related to his security and anxiety. If a person thinks well of himself, he feels little anxiety in his everyday life. If his opinion is poor, situation after situation, from meeting new people to taking examinations, threatens him. Hauser also discovered that a stable self-image increases a person's feelings of security. Dorothy Stock, in the *Journal of Consulting Psychology*, reported evidence that a person's opinion of himself has a strong influence on his opinions of his friends and relations. Elizabeth Shearer, in the same journal, showed that persons who respect and accept themselves tend to respect and accept others.

What are the roots of this feeling of inferiority? Do parents impose it on their children deliberately? If anything, they strive to create a feeling of superiority. Unfortunately, in their efforts to encourage superiority, too many American parents achieve precisely the opposite result. Most of us tend to see our children in a competitive light. Sons and daughters are compared, in looks, intelligence, athletic ability, even personality, with each other and with other children in the neighborhood, and the children themselves quickly learn the rules of the game and play it even more fiercely. The smallest achievements, such as the ability to play hopscotch, and the largest, most impressive accomplishments, such as musical achievements or success in school, all play a part in the American child's basic struggle to rate himself. Within the family, the same competition for status is the prime force in creating the child's image of himself. Almost every gesture, certainly every gift, every word of praise or blame, becomes part of the child's concept of himself as superior or inferior. "In our culture," says Gardner Murphy in his monumental book, *Personality*, "the concept of competitive self-enhancement is clear in almost all children by the age of three or four. Terms of scorn and show off, on the one hand, or of hurt feelings and bitterness on the other, indicate that the competitive nature of selfhood has been brought all the way home."

Ironically, children of bright, highly ambitious parents are most likely to be victimized by an inferior image, because throughout their early lives they must often struggle to achieve the highest goals. Once contracted, feelings of inferiority make diseaselike progress. (Wendell Johnson calls people trapped in good-bad or superior-inferior dilemmas victims of "verbal bacteria.") The principle of the vicious circle is constantly at work in all self-image psychology. The idea of inferiority, especially when it is reinforced by the intense emotions involved in parent-child relationships, breeds inferior performance, which reinforces the inner conviction. And so forth into adulthood, where we find the man shunning responsibility, deliberately avoiding jobs with a chance for rapid advancement, because he assumes such things are not for him.

Drags Others Down With Him

He may, of course, mask this assumption in a dozen different ways. Responsibility may make him "nervous." He may heap scorn and contempt on ambitious and successful men, declaring they all wind up with ulcers, or die before their time. People with inferior self-images are not very pleasant company. Inferiority is not religious meekness and humility. These are virtues of people who are conscious of their worth, but choose not to assert it. The person in the grip of an inferior image sees himself as second rate and bitterly tries to reduce everyone to his own level.

At this point you may wonder whether all this is not another way of saying that the old "inferiority complex" described by Alfred Adler is bad medicine for everyone. But there is an important difference between the inferiority complex and the inferior self-image. In Adler's examples of those who fought inferiority complexes, the source of the inferior feeling was usually external—a poor physique, a stutter, poverty. But the inferior self-image is an invisible inner conviction which the person usually cannot even verbalize. A person with an inferior self-image is pinned beneath it, while the man with the inferiority complex is fleeing before it. The man with the complex may achieve remarkable things, goaded by the phantom at his heels. But the man with the inferior self-image accepts his fate, however unhappily, and is completely unaware of *why*.

We have already seen, in the story of Arthur Fell and others, how a new individual can emerge from the self, once the fog of inferiority is dispelled. European psychoanalysts, as Dr. Rollo May of Columbia University points out in a recent essay, are becoming more and more interested in this *potential* self. They are beginning to see that often it exists, like the outline of an image on a photographic negative, within the self. Instead of looking back into the person's past, to explain anxiety, as the Freudian analysts do, these therapists declare that the *future* is a major source of our uneasiness. The man who knows, however dimly, that he has talents which he is not

realizing, that he could shape his life differently if he had the emotional resources to make independent decisions, can be prey to the most shattering anxieties. But if a man can break through his distortions, and truly understand himself, what an enormous difference it makes in every area of his life. His originality, as you will see in the stories of people who refused to tolerate ruts (page 30), can make him rich. It can lead him into a new, satisfying life of dedication to a great ideal. It can give him a longer, healthier life. When we look at the amazing number of vigorous, distinguished men in their seventies and eighties we now have in America, we see a basic pattern. Throughout their lives they have never been afraid to grow, to develop new talents. That is the most exciting idea in the psychology of the self. Once you dispel the distortions which prevent growth, each year becomes an exciting adventure in developing new talents, new traits of character. The number of facets on the diamond, in other words, is never complete. The final number is up to you.

Are there techniques for probing your self-image? There are many. Psychologists have devised batteries of tests which reveal your attitudes and character traits. Counselors, especially those trained in the client-centered approach of Carl Rogers, are expert at helping you create a psychological mirror in which you can discover your real character and feelings, and shake off feelings of inferiority and other distortions. Success schools, described elsewhere in this issue, can give some people an awareness of their real selves. You can even do some probing on your own.

A Psychological Detective

Probably the best way to begin is to write down a list of the important people in your life, and an estimate of how they influenced you, for good or for bad. At the top of the list, for most people, are parents. But not necessarily. A favorite uncle or aunt, even a friend of the family who visits frequently, can play a vital role in forming our attitudes. Sometimes a person outside the family, such as a teacher, can become a parent substitute when a father or mother fails to help a child obtain a coherent self-image.

A second very fruitful technique requires a certain amount of psychological detective work. Over the course of several weeks, try to recall at the end of each day how you acted on the job and at home. What you should look for is feelings of discomfort in the various situations which arose in the course of the day. You will discover something important about yourself, if you can pinpoint those situations. Analyzing them, you will be able to see that when a certain set of psychological factors were present, or absent, you felt threatened. In other words, you will have found one of your psychological needs, and, as we have seen, your self-image is composed of constellations of such needs. Gradually, as you find one trait after another, a coherent picture of yourself will emerge.

You can start this kind of analysis right now, by asking yourself questions that probe into your customary patterns. Here are a few samples: Am I comfortable only when I do my duty? Do I have to feel I have done the best I could? Is it possible for me to stand up for my own rights? Do I have to see to it that I waste no time—that I am always busy? Do I have to be inconspicuous? Am I comfortable only when I am regarded as modest? Do I have to feel that everybody likes me?

Discovering a need does not mean you can automatically dispense with it. The goal of self-awareness is modification. If you find you must always be busy, now you need not yield to the compulsion every second of the day; or you can busy yourself in less exhausting ways. If you understand why arguments make you nauseous, you can avoid them most of the time; but if there comes a moment when it is absolutely necessary to stand up for your rights, then an upset stomach is worth while.

Another way to probe into your hidden self is to draw up a list of your basic assumptions, ideas such as that mothers should always love their children, that the man is head of the house, that women need special protection, that illness entitles a person to sympathy. The point is not whether these assumptions are true or false. They are statements of attitudes, and, as we have seen, many emotional conflicts between people are rooted in clashes between opposing attitudes.

We cannot, through self-analysis, achieve a complete picture of ourselves. Certain parts of our image will always elude our conscious mind, because they are associated with memories or experiences we would prefer to forget. But however much or little we expand our awareness, we are bound to profit from the knowledge. If you feel you want a more thorough exploration of your personality, seek the aid of a competent counselor. A good family social agency can estimate the depth and complexity of your problems, and help you decide how much therapy you need. Many people can profit enormously from a visit to a trained vocational counselor. While these experts do not practice therapy, their psychological tests and counseling sessions are specifically designed to give a person a clearer picture of himself, with all his emotional and intellectual assets and liabilities.

Courage Comes from Honesty

Whatever method you choose, the goal of self-discovery is worth the effort. The fundamental result will be self-acceptance. The idea has nothing to do with passive resignation. Rather it means that we know not only our real assets and our liabilities, but, most important, we know our real goals. No one who finds his real self fails to discover ambitions which can carry him further than he ever dared to dream when he groped in a tangle of false images which distorted his personal and business lives. With the courage which comes from honesty, we can reorganize our energies to avoid such emotional roadblocks in the future, and give ourselves a better chance for success and happiness. THE END

Many women see themselves as a girlish twenty-one when they are a matronly forty

People Who Avoided the Ruts of Life

These men and women have one important thing in common. They have found what is truly individual in themselves and made it vital in their lives. Some have flamboyantly made millions, others have dramatically changed the course of history, while some have quietly dedicated their lives to making life easier for others

BY EUGENE D. FLEMING

A twenty-nine-year-old editor of a large corporation's house organ suddenly quits his $9,600-a-year position, takes a job driving a cab three nights a week, and begins to write a novel. A thirty-seven-year-old housewife with three children enrolls in an evening course in archaeology and starts to save for a trip to Greece. A forty-year-old teacher learns to fly and buys an airplane on time. What inspired this unconventional behavior in these basically conventional people? A single realization. They became acutely aware of an important, but socially obscured, psychological principle: Life can be indescribably rich when you do the things you really want to do, ignoring the always-cogent arguments that insist it would be foolish or useless to do them.

This takes courage; and, in most cases, it also takes a loving person's encouragement, to supply the extra thrust of will power needed to rise above the accepted and comfortable (but too often sterile) routines of existence. The house organ writer would never have conquered his self-doubt and quit if his wife hadn't convinced him of her faith in his talent and her willingness to do without certain luxuries so he could try to fulfill his dream. He may fail as a novelist, but at least he will then be able to direct his full energies toward a business career, unhindered by the crippling frustration of never having been able to indulge his real ambition. Nor would the archaeology-loving housewife, who had never gone to college, have taken her interest seriously if her husband hadn't persuaded her it was worth while, and not at all silly, if only because she really wanted to do it—a compelling reason in itself.

Counterfeit Contentment

The attraction of the ordinary, the regular, can be overpowering. It offers the drug of contentment, and, moreover, it has the implicit endorsement of those millions and millions of people who spend their lives in much the same way, without, apparently, any deep dissatisfaction. But, as those who transcend the ordinary have discovered, there is a vast difference between rubber-stamp happiness and the continuing satisfactions of pursuing a self-appointed goal, either as the work of a lifetime or as a passionate avocation.

Again, there are many people who have made humdrum jobs come vitally alive and interesting simply by approaching every task creatively, constantly striving for new and more effective work methods of their own. Innovation is the mark of every successful business man and woman. The business records of top executives are filled with proofs of their originality in handling one task after another. On a lower level, one can cite a young salesman who perfects a sales talk or, on the executive level again, a company president who reorganizes the management structure of the entire firm. The salient fact is that neither the salesman nor the president uses a rule book. When they abandon the rule books, however, they replace them with faith—pride, actually—in themselves. This is the essential ingredient of success in any field.

Few people have more faith in themselves and their convictions than those who dedicate their lives to the sometimes lonely job of helping others. Neither dreamers nor ascetics, they are the research scientists, whose findings may not prove useful, or may go unrecognized until long after the scientists are dead; the teachers, who rarely see the finished product of their labor; the social workers, whose task, even in a progressive society, seems overwhelming. In a world much concerned with material possessions, these people (and many others) have chosen to forsake the acclaimed symbols of status and to go their own way, contributing all they can to better the lot of an imperfect humanity. Their main consideration in life is the job they're doing; income is secondary, sometimes incidental. On the following pages is a gallery of people who have shunned ruts as others flee from disease. Whether their profit is in dollars, or fame, or profound inner satisfaction, their stories speak for themselves.

Ernest Hemingway

Paris Match

Ernest Hemingway, both in his living and in his writing, has always prized his integrity above all else, has always lived and written with strict adherence to his own private code of courage, honesty, and truth as he saw it. In the Paris days of his early twenties, he often refused good newspaper assignments and lunched on five sous' worth of potatoes in order to write his stories his own way. He was wounded by a mortar explosion in the First World War, was in the front lines of the Spanish Civil War as a correspondent, and again as a correspondent in World War II saw more of the European campaign than many a foot soldier. During the liberation of Paris, he negotiated huge allotments of ammunition and alcohol and personally liberated the Ritz Hotel, posting a guard outside to notify incoming friends that he had control and that there was "plenty of stuff in the cellar." Because of his own rigid standards, he is his own severest critic and ruthlessly edits his books. Professional critics do little more than annoy him. After *Across the River and into the Trees* was panned by most of them, Hemingway retorted: "I have moved through arithmetic, through plane geometry and algebra, and now I am in calculus. If they don't understand, the hell with them."

Jonas Salk

Pictorial Parade Inc.

When a reporter once asked Dr. Jonas Salk if he had ever felt like giving up his polio research, on which he had worked sixteen hours a day, six days a week for over six years, seeking the right conclusion from a welter of 144 million tabulated and evaluated points of information, the intense, single-minded researcher replied, incredulously: "What?" On another occasion, when asked who owned the patent on the vaccine, he answered with matter-of-fact directness: "The people . . . could you patent the sun?" A man with a highly developed sense of privacy regarding himself and his wife and three sons, the forty-four-year-old scientist is happy to be out of the glare of national publicity and left to the quiet excitement of his laboratory, where he is now probing the dread mysteries of cancer in the same meticulous manner that characterized his polio research. After his freshman year at the New York University College of Medicine, Jonas Salk, who had just turned twenty, was so interested in research that he took a year "off" to work on protein chemistry. When someone inquired why he wanted to do research when so many other, seemingly more promising, paths lay open to him, he replied simply: "Why did Mozart compose music?"

Leila Hadley

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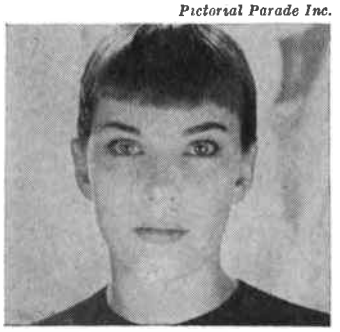


Tired of bills and routine, bored, restless and yearning "to be a stranger in a world where everything I saw, heard, touched and tasted would be fresh and new," twenty-five-year-old divorcee Leila Hadley abruptly decided at lunch one day a few years ago to chuck the security and artificial glamour of her New York publicity job and do what she had always wanted to do. Straightway she booked passage to Hong Kong for herself and her six-year-old son, Kippy. For the next two years she traveled from one exotic land to another, all the way around the world. Much of the trip was made on board a small schooner manned by four Californians in their late twenties who had been sailing the Pacific for three and a half years on their way around the globe. At first, they refused to take her and Kippy along. Finally, however, they relented when a New York magazine editor in Singapore convinced them that the rest of the voyage with her aboard would make a unique book. On board she did her share of the chores, stood watch, scrubbed decks, cooked. "Life aboard the *California*," she writes in her book, *Give Me the World*, "transcended all the movies I had seen." Later she married one of the crew, now lives with her husband and three children in southern Africa.

William Larimer Mellon, Jr.

Wide World

William Larimer Mellon, Jr., forty-eight, son of the co-founder of Gulf Oil and great-nephew of financier Andrew Mellon, could have been one of the men controlling his family's multibillion-dollar industrial empire. Instead, he chose to become a doctor and serve the medical needs of 250,000 backward natives deep in the jungles of Haiti. Eleven years ago, while at his ranch in Arizona, "Larry" Mellon read a magazine article about a man whose reputation was vaguely familiar to him. The man was Albert Schweitzer. Fired by the example of the great humanitarian, Mellon, who had quit college after freshman year, studied for seven years, became a doctor at the age of forty-six. While in school, he had discovered the Artibonite valley in Haiti, where the people had only the most primitive medical facilities and were ravaged by disease and malnutrition. Here, with his own money, he built and staffed a completely modern $1,500,000, seventy-five-bed hospital, the upkeep of which costs him another $150,000 yearly. Dr. Mellon intends to stay at the hospital with his wife Gwen (who became a medical technician while he was studying medicine) and their four children, until the natives can take over. Then he will move on, "to wherever we might be useful."

(continued)

People Who Avoided the Ruts of Life (continued)

Robert M. Brown

In 1948, when he was twenty-nine years old, Robert M. Brown earned close to $20,000 a year as secretary-treasurer of the import-export firm he helped found. Now an assistant professor of American Civilization at Fordham University, with a salary of $5,400, he happily asserts, "I'm a lucky guy." Money, obviously, has nothing to do with it. Flat broke after a year's sabbatical in Spain, financed in part by mortgaging the house he bought while in the chips, he explains: "I've got a wonderful wife, four healthy kids, and I'm doing what I want to do." Business, he decided, was not only "too sterile, too humdrum," but was endangering his outlook on life, which he wanted to keep "fresh and stimulating, full of wonder and curiosity." A convert to Catholicism, he is richly imbued with a "troublesome" drive to make religion meaningful in his life, which entails, to a large extent, instilling his students with his own zestful appreciation of life, and life's best interpreter, art. Reared on a Texas ranch, and a former college athlete, Bob relishes the great outdoors, spends summers with his family in a $100-a-season converted barn in the wilds of New Hampshire, fishing, writing criticism and fiction (one unpublished novel to date), and "just enjoying the hell out of life."

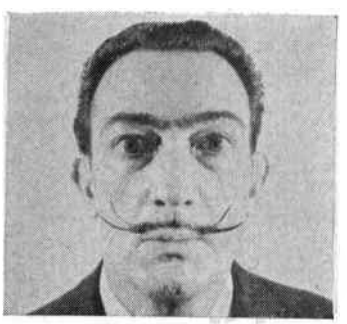
Maria Callas

Tempestuous, flamboyant Maria Callas clawed her way to the top of the opera world with a ruthless ferocity that awes her enemies and has left her with few professional friends. From her earliest childhood in Manhattan's poor upper west side, she has always seen herself as pitted against a world of enemies. It was then, as a fat, lonely schoolgirl, that she made an important discovery. "When I sang, I was loved." The next twenty years of her life were spent in a relentless pursuit of that love. But despite long hours of practice, by 1947, the twenty-four-year-old, two-hundred-pound Callas, rejected by opera managers in Italy and the United States, regarded herself despondently as a failure. Then she met and married Italian millionaire Giovanni Meneghini, twice her age, who persuaded conductor Tullio Serafin to coach her. Under his tutelage, she whipped through one role after another for the next four years, began winning critical raves, and gradually rose to her present eminence. Once firmly established on two continents, Callas rewarded Serafin by dismissing him for recording *La Traviata* with another soprano. Says he: "She is a devil with evil instincts." Says Callas, who thrives on opposition: "You have to defend yourself."

Winston Churchill

Historian, journalist, soldier, painter, orator and statesman-politician nonpareil, Sir Winston Churchill never did get the knack of seeing things from the narrow perspectives of lesser men. In an early military career, embarked upon because his father, a brilliant Chancellor of the Exchequer, thought he wasn't bright enough to study law, Churchill learned to love the heart of the conflict, fought in India and the Sudan. During World War I, he was First Lord of the Admiralty, later saw trench warfare at first hand as a lieutenant-colonel in France, and continued to haunt the firing line when appointed Minister of Munitions. On D-Day of World War II, it took much persuasion to keep Churchill, then sixty-nine, from landing with the troops. Never one with any great regard for rules, including those of health, when Field-Marshal Montgomery once boasted to him that he was 100 per cent fit because he didn't smoke or drink, Churchill retorted, "I *do* drink and I *do* smoke and I am 200 per cent fit!" Now in his eighties, and ailing, he still has energy to write and paint, which he has described as "like fighting a battle. . . . It is the same kind of a problem as unfolding a long, sustained interlocked argument." As the saying goes, "Old soldiers never die."

Salvador Dali



Painter Salvador Dali, whose long, wax-curled mustache is heaven-pointed "to pick up inspiration," is acclaimed by some critics as a master, dismissed by others as a charlatan wasting extraordinary technical facility on artistic tomfoolery. Everyone agrees, however, that he is the foremost eccentric alive. Early in his career, he arrived at a London lecture wearing a deep-sea diving suit, carrying a billiard cue in one hand and leading a pair of Russian wolfhounds with the other. Another time he "enchanted" a Virginia estate by suspending grand pianos on steel cables from the limbs of oak trees. The self-appointed "world's greatest painter" was expelled from art school in Madrid in 1926 for flatly refusing to be examined by his "inferiors," the professors. Noted for painting such things as flexible violins and tear-dripping telephones, he has made his works more comprehensible in recent years, and two, the strikingly beautiful *Crucifixion* and *Last Supper*, are the most popular works in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art and Washington's National Gallery. As to his oddball antics, Dali coyly says: "The only difference between myself and a madman is that I am not mad." Translation: He attracts attention to his paintings, critical and otherwise.

Photos by Pictorial Parade Inc.

Andy Tiritilli

As a boy in a tough Chicago neighborhood, Angelo (Andy) Tiritilli learned the value of help through the lack of it. As a result, he has been more concerned with the giving rather than the taking—except for one lapse. After five years as a corrective therapist, faced with rising living costs and with a wife and baby daughter to consider, he finally became fed up with the frustratingly low $5,300 ceiling on his job. For once, receiving rather than giving became uppermost in his mind, and he determined to take any job that paid well. Fortunately, he reflects, a sympathetic job counselor in a Trenton, New Jersey, employment agency steered him to the nearby headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America. After close scrutiny of the job of Scout executive, he took it—at a pay cut of $1,300—because, he says, it was the kind of work he knew he'd like and because it promised a career in giving that would reward capable work with a decent salary. Now thirty-three and a district Scout executive in Elizabeth, New Jersey, what more does he want of life? "Well," he says, "in my half acre of the universe, since surveys show four of five boys want scouting, I'd just like to see that the 80 per cent in my district who want it, get the benefit of it. That's enough for now."

Dumas Milner

When Robert Ernest (Dumas) Milner was a child, he refused to trudge down the road to Mrs. Tolitha McBride's one-room school house. Dumas' father reckoned that if he wouldn't go to school, he would plow cotton. Dumas remembers it very well. "He gave me an old gray mule that wouldn't gee and wouldn't haw, and for two days that mule pulled me all over the hill, me crying all the time." Right then and there, Dumas resolved he would leave the farm and become "the richest man in the whole damn state of Mississippi." He did; and he has. As the biggest GM dealer in the South and possibly the nation, and as the owner of a score of businesses which include a twenty-five-story office building in Cincinnati, hotels, motels, a household manufacturing company (Pine-Sol), an oil prospecting firm, several insurance companies, and an interest in a singer "just like Perry Como," Milner today is personally worth somewhere between fifteen and eighteen million dollars. At thirteen, he sold mail-order suits to high-school classmates. At twenty-five, he owned a car dealership. After the war he sold war surplus goods, built up the capital that financed his empire by such deals as buying a boatload of tractors for $833,000, reselling it for $998,000 before the boat docked.

John Lyman, Jr.

As executive director of the New Jersey Association for Mental Health, forty-one-year-old John Lyman, Jr., oversees the raising and spending of $325,000 a year and the operations of fourteen county organizations, guards against furtive mistreatment of mental patients in public institutions, plugs constantly for the revision of nineteenth century state laws on the care of the mentally ill. Traveling an average of fifteen hundred miles monthly in a beat-up 1951 Ford, he sets up courses of instruction for doctors, police, teachers, and other groups that come into contact with the mentally ill, spends countless hours recruiting volunteers and channeling innumerable telephone pleas for help. Yet, though harassed by pressures of an urgency few businessmen could stand, John Lyman is a happy man. In high school, he decided to spend his life helping people. Following college, graduate school, Army service, he became a top-flight case worker and agency administrator before switching to his present job. He has turned down personnel jobs in industry paying more than he now earns because "they did not fit in with my ideals." Married, with four children, he says: "I've always wanted to do a little more in this world than just help John Lyman."

DeWitt and Marjorie Stettin

Biochemist Marjorie Stettin is devoted not only to her work at the National Institute for Arthritis and Metabolic Diseases, but also to her boss, who happens to be her husband, Dr. DeWitt Stettin, Jr., associate director of research at the Institute. Although, as top scientists in their field (he is a highly respected administrator, editor of four journals, and winner, in 1957, of the prized Banting Medal for work on diabetes), they could easily command from private industry much more than the "comfortable living" which is a result of their combined incomes, neither has ever considered any work other than pure research. Both agree they enjoy the "fun" and freedom of research so much that they would "do it for any salary." The record bears them out. When they married in 1941, Dr. DeWitt Stettin, then thirty-two and an M.D. as well as a Ph.D. in biochemistry, was earning $1,800. Mrs. Stettin, not yet a Ph.D., made $1,000. Mother as well as researcher, Mrs. Stettin, aided by a full-time housekeeper, has, remarkably, never missed more than a few weeks away from the laboratory for the birth of any of their four children. Weekends, however, are family-centered, and every morning, science must await the tying of little Mary's pony-tail. THE END

Photos by Maxwell Coplan

STUDENTS WATCH INTENTLY as instructor John Elliott demonstrates memory "crutch" at Dale Carnegie evening class. Among the alumni are Major Alexander de Seversky, Gov. Joe Foss. Lowell Thomas is a big booster.

What Success Schools Really Can Do

Whatever you're after—self-confidence, dreams of glory, better grooming, or new selling techniques—schools like Dale Carnegie, American Management Association, Powers, and Nancy Taylor are selling it. At a cost of from $100 to $850, what are you actually getting?

BY E. M. D. WATSON

One evening last October, three television announcers and three priests stood up in a classroom in San Francisco and explained their reasons for being there. The announcers wanted to be more relaxed. The priests wanted to get rid of what they called their "unctuous" or "holy" way of talking. Of the thirty-eight other men and women in the class, some were in search of more confidence, some wanted to learn how to make more money, some wanted to get over their fear of public speaking.

Meanwhile, on the tenth floor of the Hotel Astor in Manhattan, ten men sat around a table and listened while the manager of a small Midwestern manufacturing plant said to the red-faced vice-president of a million-dollar corporation: "Let me tell you how I feel about you. You're yellow. You don't really have to cut off heads to handle your new program. You're a sadist."

That same evening, in New Orleans, a well-groomed woman instructor was showing a twenty-nine-year-old socialite from South America, a thirty-nine-year-old housewife, an eighteen-year-old schoolgirl, and twenty other women how to walk gracefully ("*not* posed"), explaining how to choose the correct wardrobe (for business and social life), and giving advice on social relationships ("any contact with any other person is a social relationship").

This is what's going on in such mushrooming "success" schools as the fantastically expanding Dale Carnegie Institute, where the TV announcers and priests are among some seventy thousand people currently taking courses. After fourteen weeks (at about $150) they will, supposedly, be able to rise confidently and give a speech that will net them popularity (and more money); handle people with a skill that will bring them better business relationships (and more money); and free themselves from emo-

tional problems that hamstring them—thereby enabling themselves to clamber more nimbly up the ladder to greater success—and more money.

The red-faced V.P. at the Hotel Astor was one of the dozens of vice-presidents attending American Management Association's fast-expanding "Executive Action" course. Only four years old, the course has seven hundred graduates: 173 corporation presidents, 245 vice-presidents or executive vice-presidents, 110 treasurers and comptrollers. The rest: personnel directors, sales managers, engineers, four chairmen-of-the-board. Cost of the course: $750 if your company is a member, $850 if you're on your own. Purpose: "To promote the individual's effectiveness." What A.M.A. is actually selling is much the same as what the Dale Carnegie Institute is selling—the idea that, by knowing *yourself* and by mastering various helpful techniques, you can make your personality work for you to your greater success.

Success-seeking Secretaries

A similar aim, "personality development" and consequent success, is the big push behind the bigger-than-ever business of "charm" schools or "personal improvement" schools for women. Typical of these are the Nancy Taylor schools, which last year graduated a staggering total of twenty thousand students, most of them would-be secretaries out to learn how to get ahead in business.

Like the Powers schools, which now number twenty-seven, the Nancy Taylor schools stress proper grooming, make-up, hair styling, posture, and weight. They believe that industry now expects four things of a woman: that she be "personable," though not necessarily beautiful; that she be "poised"; that she speak in a "well-modulated" voice; that she be "refreshing." Moreover, claim the schools, business leaders today insist, "We want women who are feminine—we don't want them female." Believing that the importance of speech is often overlooked, the schools even tape-record each student's voice at the outset of the course, then begin speech correction immediately.

With such nebulous desires as "to be liked" as their goals—and sometimes desperately in search of poise, confidence, and more money—women flock to the Powers schools, whose graduates include practicing women psychoanalysts, housewives on local political committees, young women medical doctors, grandmothers, career girls. Their goals are much the same as those of thousands of people who take the other "success" courses, whether at Dale Carnegie schools, at recreation centers, in adult education classes, or at the A.M.A.

These desires are part of human nature. In 1912, Dale Carnegie started his first Y.M.C.A. course; that course, which he arranged to teach on a commission basis, was destined to hit the jackpot because it offered help for human needs. Son of a Missouri farmer, Dale Carnegie was too slight to make the football team but discovered that he could get equal prestige through debating and public speaking. A by-product was increased confidence, out of which grew his unique conception of how people can become more effective. What Carnegie was actually selling: better human relations.

He declared that "personality and the ability to talk are more important than a knowledge of Latin verbs or a sheepskin from Harvard." The thousands who poured in to listen and profit, he claimed, were men who "had seen some of the most important deals won by men who possessed, in addition to their knowledge, the ability to talk well, win people to their way of thinking, and 'sell' themselves and their ideas."

He liked to point out that Benjamin Franklin, tactless in his youth, became so adroit at handling people that he was made American Ambassador to France. He believed, with philosopher William James, that man has a "craving to be appreciated."

Recognizing a man's need for self-esteem, he often quoted Alfred Lunt, who said before a performance, "There is nothing I need so much as nourishment for my self-esteem." With the heavy accent on human relations, Carnegie liked to talk about Charles Schwab, who once said that his salary of a million dollars a year was paid to him chiefly because of his ability to deal with people. And Carnegie often mentioned the comment of John D. Rockefeller, Sr.: "I will pay more for the ability to handle people than for any other ability under the sun."

Carnegie had hit on the thing that people are really after, but it was not until 1936 that a two-year survey revealed just how right he was. The $25,000 survey, made by the University of Chicago, the American Association for Adult Education, and the United Y.M.C.A. Schools, revealed some facts that dovetailed with Carnegie's beliefs: people are interested first in health, and second in social skills—getting along with and influencing other people.

A Best-seller Is Born

But three years before the study was made, Leon Shimkin, now chairman of the board of Simon and Schuster, took the Carnegie course in Larchmont, New York. He was so impressed that he prevailed on Carnegie to write a book, *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, expounding his ideas—and the same year that the intensive and expensive study was published, Carnegie's book became a best-seller.

Though all people want to satisfy their human desires, the idea that there is a "how-to-do-it" for everything, that self-help is the solution to many problems, is a peculiarly American idea.

Americans, it seems, want something and they want it fast. They want abilities they can use immediately—in business, in social contacts, at home. Nowhere else in the world are there such "success" school programs as exist in the United States.

In attempting to explain this phenomenon, the American Management Association—now three times as big as it was in 1953, and fifteen times as big as it was in 1948—states that the American businessman is "possessed of a peculiar zeal for efficiency, an eagerness to learn, and a pride in accomplishment." Moreover, the American tradition and the fluid social structure of democracy lead the average person to feel that he will be able to rise if he has ability.

An Antidote for Depression

During the Depression, in the 1930's, many people turned to the success schools. But since then, the schools have become even *more* sought after. The A.M.A. explains the fact this way: "Once you get a taste of success and the excitement of succeeding, you want more."

Women, now that they have had a taste of what success schools offer, definitely do want more. In fact, it was they who asked the schools to give them a taste in the first place. In the 1930's, many mothers approached the John Robert Powers model agency with this plea: "I don't want my daughter to become a model, but I do want her to learn poise. May she come here?" Thus, in 1938, Powers expanded its course to fit the needs of both models and young women in other positions who wanted the benefits of a finishing school. Ten years later, pressure from business girls and career women resulted in the establishment of night classes. Today, women make up more than one-third of the nation's workers, and competition among them means that "that extra edge" of poise and ability is getting a bigger-than-ever play. Moreover, the jobs now held by working women are far different from those available to them in the earlier 1900's. More women are holding responsible positions in government and business. Of course, not every woman can be a Mary Roebling, who last October became the first woman ever elected to the board of governors of the American Stock Exchange. But even as a secretary, the female employee is often the company's ambassador. She is the first person heard on the telephone. She is generally the first person seen by visitors. She determines the initial impression the company makes on outsiders. Management's demands for more than technical skill in its women employees literally forced the Speedwriting organization to seek a self-improvement plan for women. This search resulted

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The shrewd philosophy that nets the schools millions: "By knowing yourself and various techniques, you can make your personality work for you to your greater success."

in the Nancy Taylor success schools. "The whole idea was far afield for us," says the Speedwriting company, "but we had no choice."

Do such schools really do you any good? Do you learn to handle yourself so well that it pays off? Or are you wasting your money?

From the average man, an outfit like the Dale Carnegie Institute is likely to rate a scornful remark—even though Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People* was on the best-seller list for ten years and has outsold every book published except one—the Bible.

"You can't change a personality in a fourteen-week course" is the most typical comment. Moreover, the average man is sure he cannot profit from the "corny," self-help Carnegie approach. Why pay money for plain common sense? "Moreover," say the scoffers, "the kind of man who thinks he needs such a phony course is the kind who's never going to get places, no matter what kind of course he takes." Often, this attitude affects the man who *does* get up his nerve to take the course. Admits the Carnegie Institute: "Some of our students arrive with the covers of their textbooks turned inside-out so their friends won't know. Or they start out by using false names." Typically, one president of an advertising agency is currently quaking for fear his sophisticated clients will discover his guilty secret.

Industry Is Sold on Humanity

But to the surprise of skeptics, who are becoming fewer every year, management and industry take some courses seriously enough to pay money for them. Management is increasingly alert to the results of surprising studies which have shown that even in engineering, only 15 per cent of one's financial success depends on technical knowledge. The other 85 per cent depends on personality—the ability to get along with people. Failures, according to one industrial psychologist, are "due to what we may broadly call 'personality factors.'" And, suggests Thomas T. Holme, Professor of Industrial Engineering at Yale, 90 per cent of the problems which confront business organizations are *human*—only 10 per cent are technical. Moreover, adds Professor Holme, some executives would put an even *higher* percentage of their problems in the "human" category.

If you can't recognize the problems that are causing you to fail, or keeping you from moving ahead as fast as you'd like, the company you work for is likely to take the initiative. Sixty-seven companies, recognizing the truth of William James' statement, "The average man develops only 10 per cent of his latent mental ability," now send their people to the Carnegie Institute. Who pays the fee? Some companies, like Coca Cola, which requires its employees to take the course, pick up the tab. Others, like General Motors, whose 24,000th employee recently graduated from the Institute, pay half the cost; the student pays the other half. Still another method is used by Henry Blackstone, president of the Servo Corporation of America. Blackstone, who took the course four years ago, suggests that his men take it, has each man pay for it out of his own pocket, but adds, "Bring back your certificate, and the company will reimburse you." If the employee doesn't make the grade at Carnegie, hard-headed Blackstone believes the man is not a social operator, and can't motivate, lead, and inspire other people.

Newest firm to consider the course is American Tel. & Tel., for it believes it will pay off. Other companies have the course conducted in their offices or club rooms. Some of them: Abbott Laboratories, Curtiss Wright Corporation, Carrier Engineering Corporation, Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, New York Athletic Club, Foote, Cone and Belding, Johnson & Johnson, the New York Credit Men's Association, the Sun Oil Company, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Corporation.

But how does the man who puts up his own cash to give himself that extra jolt feel about the results? Those who are still on the way up the ladder are usually shy about revealing where they got their new impetus. But the men who have made it to the top don't quibble about giving the course, which Lowell Thomas once described as "as real as the measles and twice as much fun," its due. Some go overboard. Major Alexander de Seversky took the course once, came back three years later for a second time around. His explanation: "If it did that much for me once, it could do it again." A big booster is Robert F. Quain, General Manager of the Conrad Hilton Hotel in Chicago. Quain claims the course sparked him out of being a room clerk at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York, kept him moving up. Like John M. Fox, President of Minute Maid Corporation, who graduated years ago, Quain is still tossing bouquets.

A Boost for Politicians

Men in politics who couldn't afford quaking knees when they got up to speak are not bashful about Carnegie. Governor Joe Foss of South Dakota, hero of Guadalcanal, who shot down twenty-six Japanese planes and won the Congressional Medal of Honor, is a big booster, admits that the first time he stood up to lecture, his legs almost gave way. "I would rather have faced twenty-six Jap planes all at once than a roomful of people." Among others: six senators, a handful of governors and lieutenant governors. Says the Institute: "Sometimes we get tired of reading testimonials."

Just how far up you go in the financial world, claims the Carnegie Institute, depends on your concept of your abilities. "We give a man a new vision of himself." One salesman, a would-be student, said he wanted to learn to speak with ease at a P.T.A. meeting—but that he was doing all right financially: he had reached his earning peak and was now satisfactorily making his $8,000 a year. With a widened concept of his abilities, he has reached $78,000 a year in earnings, and is still on the way up.

Applying what Carnegie calls a "positive" approach, some men cite actual figures to show how the positive approach paid off. Insurance salesman Joseph B. Hussong, of the Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company, lists his pre-Carnegie sales volume as: 1952: $219,300; 1953: $313,100; 1954: $324,600; 1955: $383,700; 1956: $480,600. The year after he took the course—1957—he sold insurance to the tune of $1,022,000. "A mighty profitable investment" is how Hussong describes his payment of $150 for tuition. In Wall Street, selling on the New York Stock Exchange, Alfred J. Roach, formerly a $6,000-a-year man, became, in 1958, one of the six men who made over one million dollars in Mutual Fund

cash sales. As Roach sees it, this is ". . . due to the techniques based on motivation that I learned in the Dale Carnegie Sales Course."

Though many cast a jaundiced eye at such "techniques," which are popularly believed to be a glad-hand, insincere set of rules to win friends and influence people, the Institute insists it actually offers sales and leadership effectiveness through a positive, sincere approach. Says John Mason, Public Relations and Advertising Director, in explaining one of the effective keys: "Some people concentrate on their liabilities. They are negative—and they are wasting their time. They should be working on their assets. And we show them what their assets are."

Also important is the self-confidence a man develops in public speaking. Mason himself, a writer for King Features for eleven years, took the Carnegie course after he had been asked to make a toast at a wedding reception for a hundred guests, and found he couldn't do it. "I flubbed it. And I had memorized the toast for two weeks."

Let Your Voice Be Heard

The man who *is* able to get up and make a speech actually does, it appears, have a better-than-the-next-guy's chance to rise in his organization. Million-dollar corporations, selling products similar to their competitors', are beginning to count more on public relations. Says one major corporation, "The only 'extras' we have to sell are *personality* and service."

At one of Ethyl Corporation's installations, the local "management club," composed of supervisory personnel, sponsors a program in which its members address various groups on such diverse topics as astronomy, music, literature, and how to care for your car. In Oklahoma and Texas, Ethyl has, on occasion, loaned supervisory personnel as substitute teachers for several days. Within Ethyl Corporation, public speaking courses are a part of the training for some of the company's employees. Agrees Science Research Associates: "The one way to make a difference in competition today is in *people*."

Ethyl will pay up to two-thirds of the cost of many courses which will benefit employees in their jobs. In addition, the Corporation sponsors selected personnel in specialized courses in business schools and in American Management Association courses for executives.

Many firms—Sylvania, Vick, Bankers Trust, United States Steel, Ford Motors —send their executives and junior executives to A.M.A. to iron out their emotional problems and then start going up like a gas balloon, but many an executive takes the course on his own. Some know what their problem is. Some don't. "But," says Harold Schmidhauser, Director of A.M.A.'s "Executive Action" school, "if a

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POWERS STUDENT Sandra Denison concentrates on standing gracefully, will also study "inner development." Carnegie's course for women includes "How to Become a More Interesting Woman"; "How to Manage Your Money."

Industrial psychologist: "Some people I send to success schools have wonderful changes in personality. Others become a pain in the neck."

man feels a need and is there to fulfill it, it serves a purpose. It makes him say what he feels. That's the beginning."

What hampers executives most, prevents them from really operating in their business, even keeps them from getting help, is pride. "Unfortunately, executives are seldom aware of the necessity of improving themselves," points out Dr. Francis Bradshaw, psychologist with Richardson, Bellows, Henry and Company, management consultants. "Often, the deeper the rug on the floor, the less the humility." Once the executive *does* recognize a need, it's the business of the A.M.A., in sitting-around-a-table talks, to ferret out why he acts as he does, and where he's off base.

Discussion Leads to Discovery

There is no teacher. "We don't teach," says Schmidhauser. "*You* learn." As the men discuss their problems around the table, anything can happen. A food store supervisor complains that he has to be a "private eye" with his employees. In discussion, it is discovered that the manager has been brought up since childhood to be suspicious of everybody. Actually, he is wasting his time and energy spying on his entire staff—there are only two people who need help because they can not be trusted. Later, he learns from his men that before his A.M.A. course he was referred to not as a "supervisor" but as a "snoopervisor."

At another meeting, a junior oil executive says curiously to a bank president, "I know first impressions don't really mean anything—but you strike me as an impeccable snob. You're dressed like a slick article." Replies the startled bank president, "That's the first time anyone has ever told me I was dressed to kill." And, newly aware that the suave, snobbish impression he makes has been harming his interests, he buys a new wardrobe.

Tender feelings sometimes get brutal treatment: "I think you're an apple polisher"; "You're pompous—if I worked for you, I'd stop listening after six sentences." A common failing in many an executive—the too-frequent use of the word "I . . . I . . . I . . ." in discussing his business relationships—is noticed by others at the table: "Has it occurred to you that there are other people in your organization besides you?" an irritated listener will ask.

Commonly taken aback is the corporation vice-president who boasts that he hires only people who do exactly as he tells them—and then complains that his people have no initiative. Under such circumstances, he is asked, "How long can a man show initiative?"

"We are not interested," says Schmidhauser, "in suggesting the kind of people they should hire. We simply want executives *to recognize what they're doing.* To know their objectives. If you want dependent people, don't expect initiative."

At another session, a young executive may brag that he knows exactly what his boss wants. It is pointed out to him that he is conforming, limiting himself. "A man who thinks he knows what his boss wants is producing only 30 per cent of what he *can* produce." And it is also pointed out to the top man of a corporation that he can get the other 70 per cent out of his junior executives by creating an atmosphere that encourages freedom of thought. Today, the boss who builds high dependency among his people is not considered a good manager. Believes Schmidhauser, "Ninety per cent of our behavior is defined by our attitudes. It is not better skill that is necessary, but better attitudes."

Most men, no matter what their position, have a common problem that blocks them from being totally effective. Yet they seldom recognize it. The A.M.A., like Carnegie, works on this problem—the problem of communication. Typical is a New Jersey plant manager who, in discussion, says in disgust, "I'm going to quit my firm. They just don't understand my needs. Every time I ask for a piece of machinery, they automatically halve what I need." A steel company executive, sitting beside him, inquires, "Just *how* do you ask for what you need?" It is revealed that the plant manager isn't identifying his real needs —neither defining why he needs machinery, nor discussing its planned use and production potential.

Some men find it nearly impossible to communicate at all, no matter what their technical skill. "It's usually the insult that opens up the clam," says Harold Schmidhauser. "You're an obstructionist." "Just whom are you afraid of?" "Stop using fifty-cent words that don't mean anything—try a two-bit word that does." Such remarks often flush the clam into the open. One man has good ideas, it is discovered, but is not making the effort to sell his ideas. As for the treasurer of one company, it takes seven months for him to learn to be a "self-starter" in circulating budget information that he has never before given until asked.

Not by Ability Alone . . .

No matter how much ability you have, the *way* you handle it, says A.M.A., helps determine your success. "The eager-beaver who is gunning for somebody else's job," says Schmidhauser, "is not going to get it by badgering and high pressure. He may have the ability for that top job, but his methods can make it impossible for him to achieve it." To a man like this, one of the group commented, "I don't doubt your ability—but judging from the way you act, I don't understand how you can even *keep* your job."

A.M.A. admits that it can't always solve a man's problems. "Sometimes people spend the $750 or $850 fee for the course, and nothing takes place. Once in a while, a man ends up still completely negative."

What a man learns about himself may not always indicate he should take a higher-rung job, even if his company wants him to. One research engineer, whose company wanted to move him to a manager's job, sent him to A.M.A., footed the bill, and explained, "He needs to learn to get along with other people." What the research engineer learned instead was that he didn't really enjoy the prospect. "Let's face it," he finally told his company, "I just don't like people." He is now happily employed in the firm's research department.

What A.M.A. and Carnegie believe is important to your success is your *inner* feeling about yourself. While success schools like these concentrate on straightening out the *inner* you and providing techniques that will make you cannonball ahead, most of the women's career, success, or charm schools take another completely valid psychological tack—that the *outer* you looms large in giving you confidence in yourself. They make

"A...E...I...O...U," chant Powers girls, echoing instructor. Harsh or nasal voices, wrong pitch, uncultured accents are often women's biggest liability. Some schools now begin each course by tape-recording student's voice.

no bones about how much the outer you affects a woman.

A University of New Mexico survey revealed, startlingly, that of four thousand office employees who were dismissed from their jobs, 89 per cent were fired because of unacceptable character and personality traits. Success schools believe that improving one's appearance and developing poise lead to self-respect and a better personality, The Nancy Taylor schools, now operating in 225 cities, point out that the U.S. Navy Department has introduced their course in Washington, D.C., for its female civilian personnel.

Meanwhile, Dan River Mills, Western Electric, Coats and Clark, and American Airlines are sending women employees to the Powers school for the last word on what Powers calls not "make-up" but "make-down"—naturalness rather than artificiality in using cosmetics—hair styling, dress, and just about all the other plus-features that give a woman an edge on other women.

These schools offer so varied a program that they hardly know what to call themselves. Powers, plagued by the confusion between the school and the model agency, doesn't like to call its school by any special name. "It's not really a finishing school. And the word 'charm' is beaten up. We don't call it a 'personal improvement' school, either—'personal improvement' sounds dull."

Whatever the schools call themselves, working with the "outer" you—poise, posture, speech—counts considerably, psychologists agree, in giving women confidence. "With more confidence," says one psychologist, "women are likely to be less anxious, therefore less hostile." And hostility is often a major handicap. "Even the *way* a woman says something is important," points out the director of the Powers school, in discussing hostility. "Even 'Good Morning' can sound like 'Drop Dead.'"

Post-Graduate Problems

While the outer you is getting the crash treatment, and the inner you confidence is growing, the success schools find themselves coping with special problems. In New York, where 60 per cent of the girls who attend the Nancy Taylor schools are just out of college, the problem is to make the girls leave their nostalgia for the college campus behind them—and with it their white socks, blue jeans, and their on-campus mix-master hairdos.

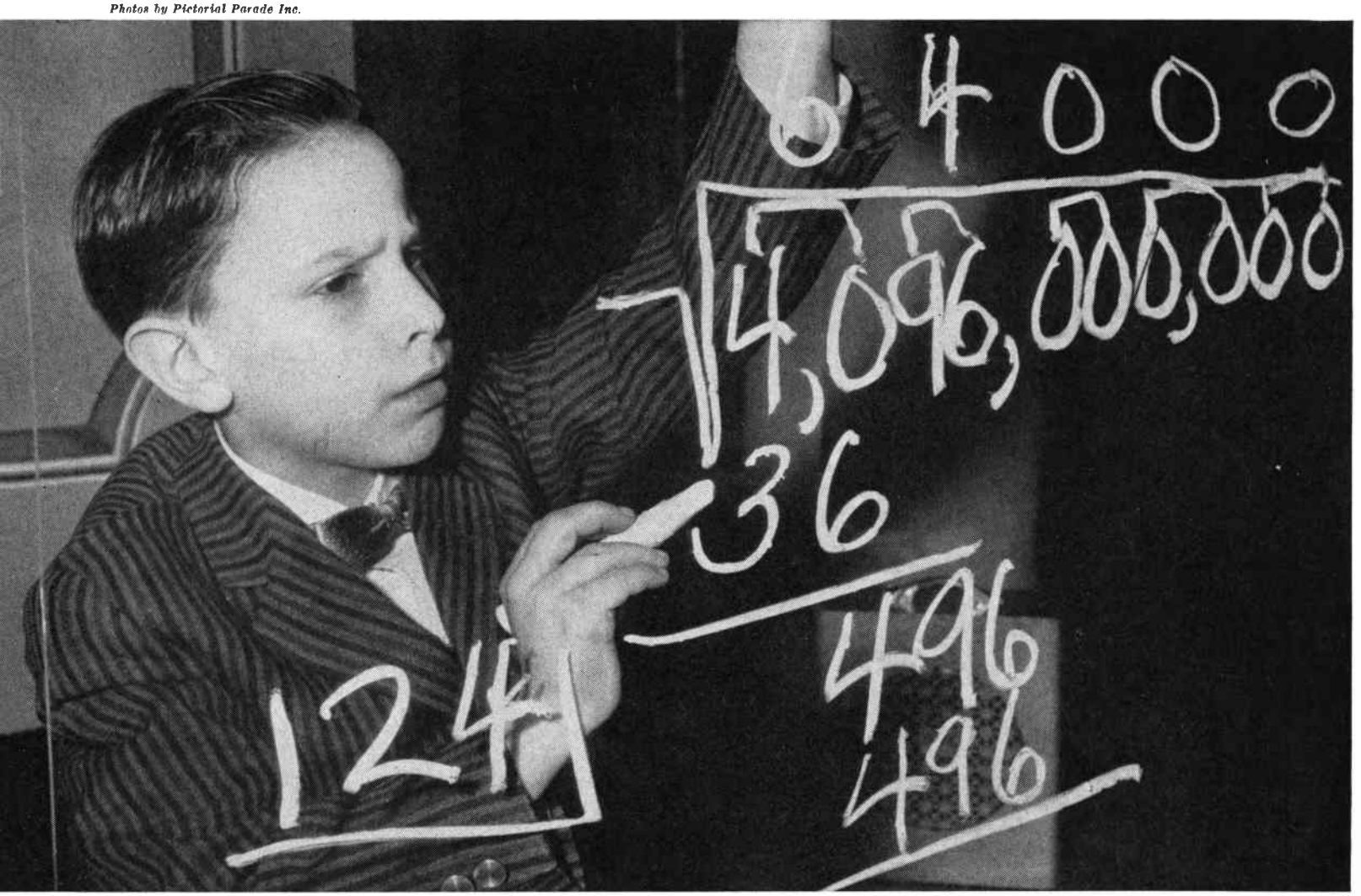
Whether a woman is sixty-five or sixteen ("We have all ages," says Powers), and whether she is seeking a career ("Technical qualification is not enough," says Donald Sheff, director of the Nancy Taylor schools; "most companies want a 'total person'") or wants a more rewarding social life ("Self-confidence is vital," says Powers), she will find a success school ready to fill her needs. They are springing up so fast that there's one around every corner, willing to spruce up your face, your speech, your personality.

Latest, starting this year, after a ten-year pilot program to squeeze the last bit of know-how out of experience, is the Dorothy Carnegie Course for Women. Dorothy Carnegie, president of the school, which was founded by her husband, states its goal thus: "Every area of personal development."

Though such subjects as clothes selection, make-up, "handling your money," and "getting along with men" are part of the schedule, the crux of the course will still be what all the schools are really selling—human relations. Dale Carnegie once said, when writing *How to Win Friends and Influence People:* "The ideas I stand for are not mine. I borrowed them from Socrates. I swiped them from Chesterfield. I stole them from Jesus. And I put them in a book. If you don't like *their* rules, whose would you use?" THE END

The Care and

Photos by Pictorial Parade Inc.



ROBERT STROM won over $242,000 on TV quiz shows. He learned to read at three, taught himself touch typing at four. Here he is shown behind plastic pane on which he wrote solution to algebra problem which won $64,000.

Henry Ford turned down a dinner invitation with the King and Queen of England, Lincoln lay flat on the floor and read to himself aloud, Dylan Thomas conducted a lifelong search "for naked girls in wet mackintoshes." Here is what to expect if you discover a genius in your own family

Feeding of Genius

BY JOE McCARTHY

A recent study of young married couples who live in new suburban home developments points out that one of the big social problems of this group is keeping down, rather than up, with the Joneses. A wife who is caught reading Plato or who makes the horrible mistake of serving tea from a silver service, and a husband who buys a second-hand Lincoln instead of a new Ford or a new Volkswagen, are regarded as a little bit queer. It is said that a certain coolness springs up from the neighbors if you try to raise chinchillas in your garage, or even if you merely neglect the cutting of your lawn because you prefer to loll in bed on Sunday afternoons listening to symphonies on the radio.

Suburban Black Sheep

A community so quick to put a stamp of disapproval on any deviation from the ordinary and so-called conventional mode of behavior would have been no place for Albert Einstein, Mark Twain, Eugene O'Neill, Henry Ford, or Abraham Lincoln. These great men, like most geniuses, never worried about what the neighbors would think. Einstein, for example, did not allow anybody to cut his hair because he felt that sitting in a barber's chair was a waste of valuable time. Every six months or so, when it began to hang down over his shoulders, he would borrow his wife's scissors and snip a few inches off the ends of it. Mark Twain dressed completely in white, winter and summer, drank a mixture of hot water and Scotch whiskey, and, at the height of his career as America's most popular author, spent fourteen years working in secret on a book about Joan of Arc that he published anonymously.

Eugene O'Neill, considered the greatest American playwright, was a highly unusual fellow. He was married for several months to his second wife, Agnes Boulton, before he remembered to let her know that he had a former wife and a son. When Miss Boulton tried to introduce her husband to her two sisters, he hid in a closet. In her reminiscences of O'Neill, *Part of a Long Story,* Miss Boulton recalls one day when she and O'Neill were in a New York hotel room with their bags packed, waiting to go to Grand Central Terminal to board a train for Boston. Just as they were about to leave the hotel, O'Neill decided to put off the trip until the next day. The following afternoon he was still unable to face the journey. A whole week passed by, with O'Neill never leaving the hotel room and his wife making five trips to Grand Central to change their Pullman reservations. "Don't get so worried—there's lots of time," he said to her. Finally he pulled himself together and they caught the train.

Henry Ford, the industrial genius who made a billion dollars with an assembly line that turned out Model T Fords at the rate of 1.6 per minute, was once invited by President Franklin D. Roosevelt to have dinner at the White House with the King and Queen of England. Ford sent back word that he and his wife couldn't make it because her garden club was meeting that day.

The bird baths at Fair Lane, Ford's secluded estate at Dearborn, Michigan, were electrically heated. He had a theory that birds might not fly south in the winter if they had access to unfrozen water. Ford went to considerable trouble on one occasion to ship five hundred British birds of various species from London to Dearborn. He sent his secretary, Ernest G. Liebold, to New York to meet the birds when their ship arrived. It was a Sunday, and Liebold had to search all over Manhattan for a bird doctor who could examine the feathered travelers and swear that they were healthy enough to enter the country. Finally, Liebold got the birds through customs and immigration channels and brought them to Michigan. "Now what shall I do with them?" he asked Ford.

"Take them to Fair Lane and turn them loose," Ford said.

Liebold did as he was told. Only a few of the five hundred birds from England were ever seen again.

Ford had many odd ideas. He kept a glass filled with salt water and rusty razor blades on his bathroom shelf. Every morning he dipped his comb into it and combed his hair. He claimed it prevented his hair from falling out. For a while, he was also convinced that granulated sugar was ruining people's stomachs, because under a microscope it resembles broken glass. One of his chemists made the mistake of showing him that sugar dissolves instantly when a drop of liquid is added to it. Furious because his theory was disproved, Ford fired the chemist.

Another employee who did something which displeased him lived in a Ford-owned house. Instead of asking the man to move out, Ford had the sewer system of the house stopped up. The belief that hard physical exercise cured all illnesses was another one of Ford's theories. He did a lot of running and bicycle riding even in his later years, and if a gardener or a carpenter at Fair Lane complained about not feeling well, Ford would see to it that the man's work was doubled the next day.

Abraham Lincoln, as a lawyer in Springfield, Illinois, was a moody and eccentric character whose strange ways puzzled his friends and neighbors. He disappeared on his wedding day, leaving the minister, his veiled bride-to-be, and the guests waiting for hours in vain, and was found the next day in a state of mental breakdown muttering incoherently. After he finally married the same girl, Mary Todd, almost two years later, their continual battles were the talk of the town. She was often seen chasing him from their house with a broomstick, and Lincoln eventually arranged his law practice so that he was away from home, at circuit courts, for six months of the year.

A Passive Papa

At times when he was home, he often fell into deep reveries, paying no attention to what was going on around him. When one of his three sons was a baby, Lincoln frequently walked up and down the street in front of his house, pulling the child in a small wagon. More than once, the baby fell out of the wagon and Lincoln went on walking thoughtfully, never noticing that the wagon was empty. As his boys grew up, he spoiled them outrageously, never correcting or punishing them. One day he was playing chess with a Supreme Court judge when young Robert Lincoln, speaking to his preoccupied father and getting no answer, kicked the chess board into the air, scattering the pieces. All Lincoln said was, "Well, Judge, I reckon we'll have to finish this game some other time."

Lincoln's appearance made people stare at him. His bushy hair was seldom combed and stood up in an unruly fashion on his head. When he was having his picture taken in Chicago, the photographer pleaded with him to slick up a little. He said, "A slicked-up Lincoln wouldn't be recognized in Springfield."

Lincoln's prodigious reading habits are well known—he would lie for hours flat on his back on the floor with an upside-

(continued)

down chair tilted under his head, reading newspapers and books—but not many people realize that he always did all of his reading aloud. He said the words made a double impression on him when he heard them at the same time as he saw them. His law partner, William Herndon, remarked that sharing an office with Lincoln while he was reading something could be quite "disconcerting." It was also Herndon who said, "If he ever had a happy day, I never knew of it."

Off-beat Temper of Genius

It seems, as a matter of fact, as if practically all of the world's unusually gifted people have led unusually unconventional lives. Few geniuses have held responsible jobs. Before he became a Nobel Prize-winning novelist, William Faulkner was a shiftless dreamer who had failed in an attempt to manage the small campus post office at the University of Mississippi. Giving up the position, he muttered, with relief, "Now, I won't be at the beck and call of every son of a bitch who happens to have two cents." James Joyce lived on handouts from friends while he wrote *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake*. Luckily, Marcel Proust had a family income to support him during the last fifteen years of his life, which he spent in a sealed, soundproof, cork-lined room, wrapped warmly in sweaters, mufflers, and long woolen stockings, because he was allergic to both steam heat and tree dust. On the rare occasions when he did go out, Proust would sit at a highly fashionable party in a long, fur-lined overcoat.

Maurice Utrillo, one of the finest Modern painters, was a drunkard at the age of thirteen, and in and out of asylums for the rest of his life. He spent so much time in the police station in the Montmartre section of Paris that he kept a supply of paints, brushes, and canvases there. Once he asked a friend to lock him in a second floor room of a Montmartre hotel so that he could stay sober long enough to get some painting done. After a few hours, he broke a window, jumped through it to the street, and rushed to the nearest bar.

The great Feodor Dostoyevsky, whose *The Brothers Karamazov* is regarded as one of the world's greatest novels, was an epileptic, disastrously addicted to gambling and extravagant spending. Napoleon Bonaparte, Woodrow Wilson, and Isaac Newton were all lonely men who had no close friends and enjoyed solitude. Pablo Picasso's weird life is divided sharply into a series of contrasting periods in which both his paintings and his personal way of living went through complete changes. Picasso changed from a Montmartre Bohemian, to a highly respectable artist with a country chateau, a Hispano-Suiza, and a wardrobe of impeccably tailored London clothes. Then he became a Bohemian again and later a Communist.

Two of America's most gifted humorists, Robert Benchley and Ring Lardner, also led very eccentric personal lives. In his biography of his famous father, Nathaniel Benchley tells us that Dad seldom visited the Benchley home in the highly respectable New York suburb of Scarsdale. Because of his work as a drama critic, the elder Benchley took rooms in a hotel near Times Square with the understanding that he would spend weekends in Scarsdale. Soon his appearances at the family's house became limited to Sundays. Then it got so that Mrs. Benchley and the children were traveling from Scarsdale to Manhattan on Sundays to have lunch in the city with Dad.

Lardner once sat for three days in the same chair at the Friars Club in New York without moving or sleeping, occasionally ordering a meal, glancing at it, and sending it back to the kitchen uneaten. He went there one night after the theatre to have a few drinks and remained until daybreak. Then, because he did not want to appear on the streets in the formal evening clothes that he was wearing, he sat on through that day and into the next night, sometimes talking to somebody or listening to singing or piano playing, but most of the time merely remaining silent. A second day and then a second night passed by. Lardner often said that he could not endure to have anybody tell him a joke or a funny story unless the person was Irvin S. Cobb or a famous wit from Charleston, West Virginia, named Riley Wilson. On the third day in the Friars Club, a man came up to him and said, "Did you hear the one about the—" Lardner stood up abruptly and left.

And then there was Dylan Thomas, acclaimed by people who profess to know about such things as the outstanding lyric poet of the twentieth century. A robust Welshman, given to riotous living, Thomas died in New York six years ago from acute and chronic alcoholism at the age of thirty-nine, after having made a series of college campus lecture tours that are still talked about with astonishment in literary circles. At one reception in his honor, Thomas approached the distinguished writer, Katherine Anne Porter, whom he had never met before, picked her up, and lifted her until her head was an inch from the ceiling, and held her in that position for several minutes. When a serious professor asked him why he had come to America, he said, "To continue my lifelong search for naked girls in wet mackintoshes."

To make a sharp turn from lyric poetry to network television, two extraordinary human beings who behave much differently from the way their neighbors do are young Robert Strom and Teddy Nadler, the big money-winning TV quiz champions. Bobby Strom is eleven years old, and he carries such a frightening amount of scientific knowledge in his head that a woman who used to live in the same apartment building with him in the Bronx says she felt nervous riding in the elevator with him.

As of last June, Bobby had won $242,000, most of it on *The $64,000 Question*. He has also won an award for designing an electronic computer that tells whether or not syllogisms are true. Bobby knew how to read and write at the age of three and taught himself touch typing at four. Among the questions he has answered correctly on television are:

Given the equation "y equals $8x$ cubed," differentiate dy over dx, using the binomial expansion method.

To what star cluster or nebula did the French astronomer Messier assign number 13?

One of Bobby's school classmates has described him as a fellow who is not stuck up but has a hard time trying to catch a basketball. If he is rather inept at sports, it does not bother his father, a high school vocational teacher, or his mother, who was a Phi Beta Kappa in college herself. The Stroms have an older son, Steve, who is nearly as bright as Bobby. The family lived until recently in a two-bedroom apartment. The parents gladly slept in the living room so that each of the boys could have a room to construct gadgets and conduct scientific experiments.

Drowning in Knowledge

"We never tried to force information into our kids," Mrs. Strom says. "They just have a real need to constantly drown themselves in knowledge."

And drowning himself in knowledge does not seem to have done Bobby any harm. After winning his first $64,000 on television, he had his usual bedtime snack of milk and cookies and went soundly to sleep. A recent report on a study of gifted children, conducted by Dr. Ruth Strang of Teachers College, Columbia University, says that mental giants are no longer as unpopular among their high school and elementary school classmates as they used to be, and favorable comments about Bobby from boys and girls in his class seem to bear this out.

Teddy Nadler, the human encyclopedia who has won $252,000 at this writing, is something else again. Whereas little Bobby Strom—like the genial Charles Van Doren and the fabulous Elfrida von Nardroff—has managed to display superior knowledge without rubbing less en-

dowed people the wrong way, Nadler seems to irritate. It is significant that Nadler, with his marvelous photographic memory, was never able to rise above a $1.98-an-hour laborer's rating in his civil service jobs before television discovered him.

Nadler says he remembers everything he ever read or heard, even the dialogue in movies that he saw thirty years ago. During the war, he was made a temporary clerk in the U.S. Army's medical supply depot in St. Louis. His record on the job was good. Filling an order for medical supplies, he would take one look at a requisition sheet with twenty-five items on it and then go to various parts of the warehouse, picking up each item, without referring again to the order sheet. Yet after the war he was dropped back again into the labor pool. When he went on *The $64,000 Challenge* for the first time, Nadler was in a crew of workers whose job at the depot consisted of loading office furniture and heavy cartons onto trucks. Evidently he had failed to make the right impression on the right people.

Members of Nadler's own family have said that one of his troubles in failing to make friends is his rather annoying habit of displaying too much factual knowledge. In addition, Teddy Nadler is shy, highly insecure, and a worrier who becomes defensively arrogant from sensitiveness. Back in 1940, he took a ribbing from acquaintances about how much reading he did. To get back at them, Nadler stopped reading completely for fifteen years. Even after that long layoff, he could answer anything that was put to him on *The $64,000 Challenge* in 1955.

Nadler is an odd one. Toots Shor, the New York saloon keeper, who competed against him a few years back on the *Challenge* show, remembers that every week, backstage, Nadler was only concerned about one thing—whether or not he was going to get the free carton of cigarettes that the sponsor gave out to the contestants. He never allows his wife to leave his three young sons with a baby-sitter. He never owned a book until two years ago despite his love of reading —and even then he did not buy one; an encyclopedia was given to him after one of his television appearances by somebody he met in New York.

Sooner or later in any discussion of geniuses, prodigies, or bright children, the name of William James Sidis comes up. Sidis was the famed wonder boy of fifty years ago who was ready to enter Harvard at the age of nine. His father, a Harvard professor, filled newspapers and scientific journals with accounts of how he had force-fed Willie with advanced intellectual nourishment as a child. He knew the alphabet at six months, learned to read at two, and had mastered four languages by the time he was five.

Harvard held young Sidis at arm's length until he was eleven, when he stunned teachers with a learned discussion of four-dimensional bodies. He had a nervous breakdown at twelve but returned to college and was graduated, *cum laude*, at the age of sixteen with the Class of 1914. He made an ominous statement at the commencement exercises: "The only way to live a perfect life is in seclusion. I hate crowds." But he breezed on through Harvard Law

FORMER QUIZ KID Vanessa Brown is now a motion-picture and TV star.

School, and at the age of twenty, he was teaching mathematics at Rice Institute in Texas. Then he quit and dropped out of sight.

In 1924 Sidis was discovered running an adding machine for a New York firm, for $23 a week. He said he was tired of thinking. The *New Yorker* magazine found out in 1937 that Sidis was an obscure bachelor clerk in a Boston office and did an article about him, describing him as a nervous man who spoke rapidly, nodding his head jerkily, uttering an occasional curious gasping laugh, and having difficulty expressing himself. Sidis sued for invasion of privacy and lost. In 1944 he died, alone and forgotten.

An observer commented at the time that Sidis had really been a great success: he had achieved total victory in his lifelong rebellion against his father's ambitions for him. The late Lewis Terman, a Stanford University psychologist who had intensively studied a group of fourteen hundred precocious children and had watched them grow up, said that the unhappiness of Sidis was exceptional in such a gifted person. Dr. Terman's studies show that unusually smart youngsters, as a rule, show superiority in social adaptability and in leadership as well as in studies. "I think Sidis was ruined as a boy because his father gave him too much bad publicity," the psychologist said.

A recent check-up on what has happened to the Quiz Kids who were famous on the radio in the early 1940's supports Dr. Terman's contention. Most of them have done very well. Probably the most talked-about Quiz Kid was Joel Kuppermann, the little marvel who, as an infant, did mathematical calculations with the beads on the sides of his play pen instead of chewing on them like other babies. At five, Joel was given a book on arithmetic and wrote this note to the publisher:

"You made a mistake in an answer on page 123. The second problem is 392, not 492. 3,136 divided by 8 is 392, not 492. I am five years old but I play with numbers. My grandfather has teeth that he takes out to wash, but he is smart. With love,

Joel Kuppermann"

As Simple as Einstein

Earl Wilson had some difficulty interviewing Joel when he was seven and a half, and a big star on *The Quiz Kids* show. During the interview, which took place in Lindy's restaurant on Broadway, Joel stood up on his seat, turned his back toward Wilson, stabbed his hamburger with the handle of his knife, and played patty-cake with his ice cream, shaping it and smoothing it with his hands. Orson Welles, who met Joel in Hollywood around the same time, said of him, "He amazes me. He's as unaffected, as unspoiled, as simple as Albert Einstein."

Kuppermann turned up again in New York a while ago at the age of twenty-one, seeking a few extra dollars on *The $64,000 Challenge*. He has been doing graduate work in philosophy at Cambridge University in England, in preparation for a teaching career; he is a polite, quiet-mannered young man. "I may have been a brat," he says with amusement, looking back on his Quiz Kid days, "but I wasn't really a spoiled brat."

Other Quiz Kids have grown up impressively. Vanessa Brown has become a successful actress, John Lucal is a Jesuit priest teaching in a high school, Harvard Fischman is a television production executive, and Richard Williams is a political economist with the State Department. Claude Brenner is an aeronautical engineer; Van Dyke Tiers is a research chemist.

All of which seems to indicate that if a small child or a large adult in your family doesn't seem to be acting exactly like all the other children or adults in the neighborhood, there's no need to get panicky about it. Maybe he's a genius.

THE END

Photos by George Joseph

FOR THE PANEL SHOW "I'VE GOT A SECRET": *bare shoulders, a genuine smile, the gift of gab. Betsy thinks her latest movie,* The Last Angry Man, *in which she stars with Paul Muni and David Wayne, means her big break.*

BETSY PALMER

Patricia Hrunek, the girl who was working for the B. & O. Railroad in 1945, has since played TV's understanding wives, a prostitute, and "a mother to practically every child actor under age seven." Her dream: "Why can't I play a psycho?"

BY MARTIN SCOTT

Until last November 1, the subject of this article was giving all us morning TV watchers a little sweetening for our cereal. Breakfast time in most families, taking the new education and the lack of inhibition of the young into account, is a matter of gulp-slap-"Eat your cereal"-yowl-scream-"Go up-stairs and put on your other shoe"-grunt-groan-whap-bam-slam-"If you don't hurry you're going to miss that train"-etc.: an amalgamation of a bullfight and a Washington's Birthday sale, with all participants behaving with the sweet charm of subway guards. It was a great relief at breakfast time to glance at the TV set occasionally and see the serene charm of Miss Betsy Palmer, and to hear her soft, contained voice, and to reflect that on the Garroway *Today* show on NBC, at least, *someone* was managing to behave like a reasonably well-adjusted human being.

Then, last November 1, it all snapped off abruptly. Miss Palmer had had it; she was no longer going to share her breakfast with anybody but her husband, Dr. Vincent J. Merendino, whom she describes as "an old love bug" (she is given to such odd phrases). Betsy came to this decision herself, and it was some decision to make. For one thing, it meant giving up a salary that ran into the area just beyond $1,000 per week; for another, it meant that the continual, far-reaching exposure on *Today*, which was enough to establish any personality as a TV star, would have to give way to her brief once-a-week appearances on the CBS-TV panel show, *I've Got a Secret*, and to such occasional appearances in dramatic shows as her agent might line up for her.

For an actress, this decision was almost unheard of. It was as though John Foster Dulles suddenly had decided to abstain from air travel.

Betsy Palmer is an actress in every cubit of her 5 foot 7¾ inch ("I'm a big girl"), slightly-dyed-blonde-topped body—which weighs 130 pounds and is thirty-two years old. She uses actressy slang ("Wait'll I light a ciggie-poo-poo"), and has the "up-ness" of the seasoned actress, meaning she is always ready with a fast comeback or a humorous comment about herself ("Here comes the old bag now," she will say, entering a room for an interview). "She is a thoroughly competent professional in every way," says her former teammate on *Today*, Jack Lescoulie—who should know, since he has been working with professionals a long time. Garroway himself has admired her ability to ad-lib; Gary Moore, emcee of *I've Got a Secret*, says, "She is a wonderful performer."

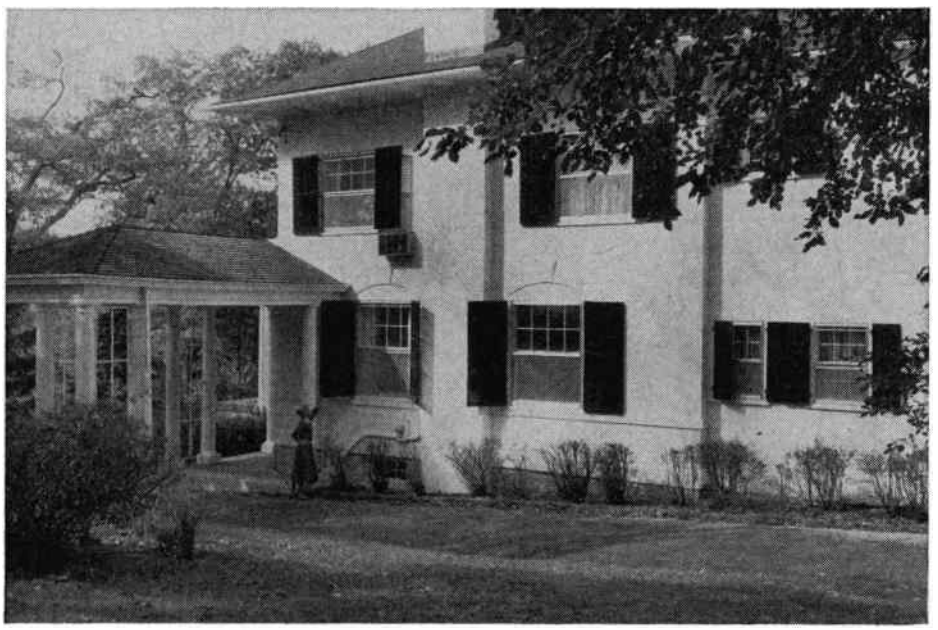
However, it is more important to Betsy to be a woman than an actress, and this is what led her to pull herself off the air. The *Today* show required her to get up at 3:30 A.M., shower, and put on make-up ("Thank God, that doesn't take me more than five minutes"), gulp a glassful of instant orange juice, then drive her two-seater Thunderbird from her home in Englewood, New Jersey, to the NBC studios in New York City for a rehearsal at 4 or 4:30 A.M. This meant that she should have been in bed by around nine o'clock the night before, but because her husband, a gynecologist, usually got home after seven-thirty, she seldom was in bed at nine. She liked to cook a meal for him and then sit around and talk with him—she is very domestic, for an actress—and before she knew it, it would be midnight.

"I was becoming peevish and snap-

(continued)

"THEY'RE KOOKY," *says word-coiner Betsy of co-panelists Bill Cullen, Jayne Meadows, Henry Morgan, emcee Gary Moore. "Kooky": screwy, endearing.*

Social life? "Well-balanced." Business? "Sounds Pollyanna-ish but I enjoy it tremendously." Marriage? "My doctor husband delivered a baby on our wedding night. But marriage is nice"



FOR PRIVACY, *Betsy and her husband purchased this twelve-room house in Englewood, N. J., last April, are remodeling it. Betsy was architect, decorator.*

IN NEW KITCHEN, *she is gleeful over home-baked cake brought by local contractor. Called "sweet, all-American girl," she ruefully admits the label fits.*

pish," she said not long ago. "I just could not keep it up and continue to function as a human being. There wasn't enough of me to go around. We don't devote much time to social life as it is—we like to stay at home—but, then, there wasn't even enough time for what little we did have. A couple of times I was so tired I wound up in tears."

Then too, she admitted candidly, there was the matter of vanity. One morning she looked in the mirror and saw what appeared to be newly grown toadstools under her eyes. "I thought, 'This could become chronic,' " she said. "I thought, 'They're not going to want you at all if you look like The Sea Hag's Sister.' "

Dr. Merendino, whom his wife sometimes refers to affectionately as The Mafia Quack, and who is nine years older than she, had said nothing about his wife's crisis. "I think he was just mentally shaking his head," she said.

"So, I quit. I'm glad I quit. Life is too damned short to go through that."

And that, friends, is why breakfast time has reverted to wham-slap-bang-"Stop getting your hair in your oatmeal."

This does not mean that we have seen the last of Betsy Palmer. She is still very much a part of the *Secret* panel, she is still under contract to Columbia Pictures for one picture a year, and she will continue to work in TV as an actress.

Betsy has been an actress most of her life. She was born Patricia Betsy Hrunek on November 1, 1926, in East Chicago, Indiana. Her father was a chemist; her mother operated a business school. She went to grade school in East Chicago, attended Roosevelt High, and for a time, planning to become a Girl Scout executive, she attended her mother's institution, East Chicago Business College. She was not exactly a tomboy, but she was a cut-up, addicted to practical jokes. Her mother, who could not bring herself to discipline her daughter in the manner she needed, packed her off to DePaul University. There she became the queen of practically everything, and it was there that she decided to become an actress; she had had some success in school plays.

Her first acting job as a professional was with the Lake Geneva Stock Company; the director suggested that Palmer

was easier to say than Hrunek, so she changed her name (her father is a Czech and she is proud of her Slavic ancestry). The following year she worked at Chevy Chase, near Chicago. One of the guest stars was Imogene Coca, who took an interest in Betsy. She advised her that Chicago was no place for a girl who wanted to go into show biz. "Go to New York," said Miss Coca, and off Betsy went.

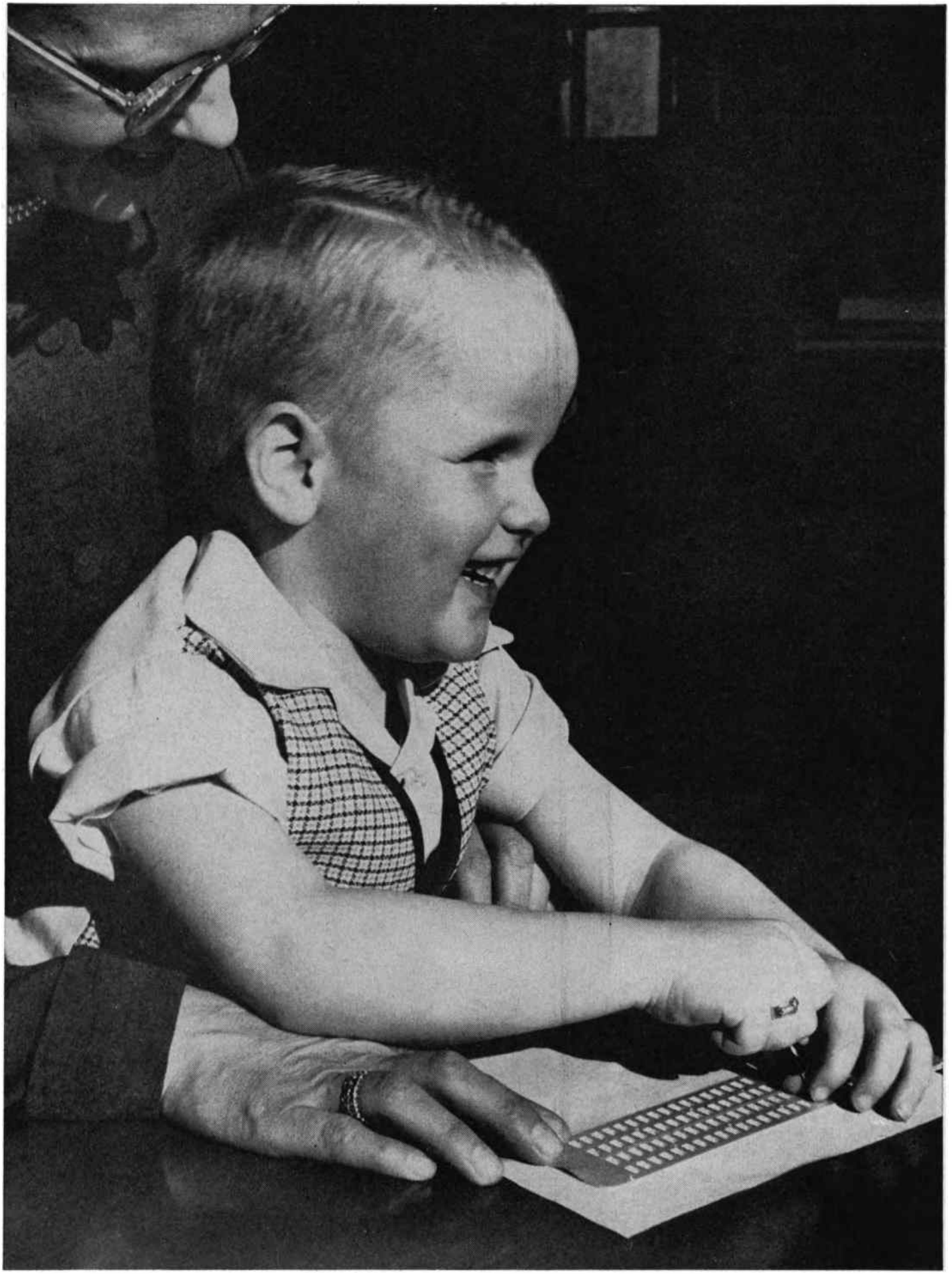
Her life in New York was no different and no more distinguished than that of any other aspiring actress. It consisted primarily of wearing out shoes in an unending quest for work, of warding off the passes of the cigar-smokers in the casting offices, of telling herself that the big part was just around the next glass door. In 1955 she landed a small part in a play called *The Grand Prize*, with John Newland and June Lockhart. A Columbia scout spotted her, signed her up, and transported her to Hollywood. Her first part was in *The Long Gray Line*, with Tyrone Power. She had the lead female part—that of the Navy nurse—in *Mr. Roberts*, and she also appeared in *Queen Bee*, with Joan Crawford. Between two of these movies she went back to Broadway to do the play, *Affair of Honor*, with Dennis King. One gets the impression that while she was not exactly lost in the shuffle at Columbia, she was well down in the deck; most of the energies of the late Harry Cohn, head of that studio, were then being directed toward the buildup of another Chicagoan, Miss Marilyn Novak.

In 1953, having come down with a bad case of laryngitis, Betsy went to see her doctor in the East. He happened to inquire, while he was poking around in her throat, if she had a steady fellow. She shook her head, being unable to speak, and he invited her to cocktails with a friend of his, Dr. Merendino. Their courtship lasted about four months, two of which Betsy spent away from him, working. Shortly after she returned from a picture-making assignment in Hollywood, they were married. They moved into an apartment on Washington Square. Recently they bought an old Georgian House in Englewood, New Jersey, which Betsy is redecorating. This is both a delight and a challenge to her.

In this house she cooks and putters, preferably the former. She makes the Italian dishes her mother-in-law has taught her, and experiments with the Czech concoctions her father likes. Last Christmas she roasted a goose and saved the grease to make pastry, an evidence of her practical peasant turn of mind. These days, even when she is in rehearsal for a dramatic show, she gets up in the morning to make breakfast for, and eat with, her husband. Her loveliness at breakfast time is now his exclusive property—the lucky stiff. THE END

ON "TODAY" SHOW, *Betsy drank coffee with Jack Lescoulie, Dave Garroway. Real breakfast consists of oatmeal—she calls it "porridge"—raisin bread, milk.*

BETSY GREETS WEEKEND GUESTS, *Frederick Knott, author of "Dial M for Murder," and wife Ann Hillary, who arrive with luggage on roller skates.*



ABOVE AVERAGE IN I.Q., Timmy learned quickly to read Braille. He was first blind child in Tacoma to go to public school. Now, forty-eight attend. With his mother's help, state funds for handicapped children have tripled.

Strength of Adversity

When her son was born blind, Bethel Schneebeck vowed she would give him a normal life. But how? She knew nothing about training a blind child. Worse yet, the law decreed that Timmy would be taken away from her at six, to receive his schooling in a state institution. Her answer to this challenge has changed the lives of hundreds of blind children in her state

BY JANE COLLINS PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

"Nobody needs to hold my hand," said six-year-old Timmy, jamming both fists into his pockets, as our party started to climb the crooked mountain trail to Lake Mowich.

Timmy wasn't being impertinent. He was showing us that he wasn't helpless, even though he is blind.

Timmy is the third child of Bethel and Edwin Schneebeck. He was a premature baby. The doctors said he couldn't possibly live. By some miracle he did.

Fostering Independence

His independence is the result of courageous and intelligent effort on the part of his family, especially his mother, since that day nine years ago when the doctor told Bethel and Ed that their child would be totally and permanently blind. Retrolental-fibroplasia, the dread scourge of premature babies, had taken its toll.

On that day, as they stood outside the doctor's office, the broken-hearted parents looked at each other. Bethel bit her lip to keep back the tears, but she said firmly, "Somehow, Ed, we must give him a normal life."

The very next day, Bethel Schneebeck began searching for the ways and the means to carry out her resolution. She called her doctor's office for the names of parents whose children were also victims of retrolental-fibroplasia. He gave her the names of four mothers.

On Friday she gave a luncheon and invited these mothers. Within the year their number had grown to twelve, and the Tacoma League for the Blind had been founded, with Bethel elected as its president.

This was only the beginning. But it is typical of Bethel Schneebeck's determined and intelligent approach to the task of providing Timmy with the opportunity to lead a normal life—which resulted in opening the door to a normal life to all blind children in her state of Washington.

She searched the medical library—reading and studying everything she could find about premature babies, about retrolental-fibroplasia.

She visited the State School for the Blind at Vancouver, Washington. One of the things she learned there was that the parents of a blind child must first be educated themselves. They must learn not to mourn the lack of eyesight, but to accept it and make the most use of other, normal physical senses. They must help the blind child build up his self-esteem and confidence. The child is whole in his own image, and the parents must not create a mutilated-body image for him. If they accept him as he is, others will, too.

Thus, when Bethel and Ed went to Colorado to introduce Timmy to their families, Bethel dressed him in his prettiest baby clothes. Proudly she introduced him to the relatives gathered around. ". . . and doesn't he look just like David?" she said. Immediately the family began to find the baby's similarities to his eleven-year-old brother.

Bethel learned also that the greatest emotional challenge to the parents of a blind child is allowing him freedom. "This was the most difficult part," she said recently. "I constantly fight the urge to do things for him, to protect him. We all do." Yet the family searched for ways to give Timmy his freedom, to broaden his life, to make it more meaningful. Bethel instigated inquisitive adventures. Timmy began feeling his way through the kitchen cupboards, the medicine cabinet, the bureau drawers.

One afternoon a ten-year-old neighbor girl came in to find Timmy rattling around in the buffet where the Schneebeck's finest china was stored. She dashed into the kitchen to tell Bethel. "Honey," Bethel said in her quiet voice, "you see, Timmy must get the same feeling we get in our world of sight, for only then will he have understanding. If he doesn't learn that dishes are stored on shelves, he may think they hang on the ceiling."

Each thing Timmy learns requires infinite patience and foresight of his parents. When Timmy was learning to crawl, Bethel and Ed spent hours at opposite ends of the living room floor, baiting him, to give him incentive and direction. "Otherwise," Bethel said, "how would he get the courage to venture out on his own?"

Bethel says that sometimes people think she is cruel in allowing Timmy to make his own mistakes. Like the day a caller came while she was scrubbing the basement steps. When Timmy walked up, she stopped him and had him touch a pan of soapy water in the middle of the stairs. "You must remember it is here," she told him. When he started back down, she held back the caller, who started up the steps to assist Timmy. Timmy ambled down, splashing into the water.

Bethel picked him up and sat him on the bottom step. "Timmy, you were careless. You forgot to *think* when you came back down. Remember this . . . as you go through life, there won't always be someone around to take the pans out of your path."

Timmy wiped his eyes and said, "I'll remember. I won't do that again."

Helping Timmy Learn

The entire family, including Judy, now sixteen, and David, now twenty, have helped with the multitude of things Timmy must learn. During the years of Timmy's growing up, there have also been four foster children in the Schneebeck household. They, too, have helped. Together, all of them have put the world in the palm of Timmy's hand. And through him, their own lives have been enriched. They are impressed by what Timmy can do, not by what he cannot do.

Timmy began taking swimming lessons when he was two. By the time he was five, he had mastered diving and could swim across the pool.

During Timmy's early years Bethel Schneebeck wasn't idle. Constantly she was working against a deadline, the age of six, when a blind child must go away from home to the State School for the Blind.

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She was determined that Timmy must not go . . . that she would find another, better way.

She searched out the names of leaders and agencies who work with the educational and medical needs of the blind child, and wrote to them. She wrote to Helen Keller. The tenor of her inquiries was always the same—"How can I keep Timmy's life moving in a normal pattern? Can children who are blind possibly work in the public schools with sighted children?"

When Timmy was still very young, Bethel left on her first tour—to contact personally those leaders and agencies with whom she had been corresponding. She traveled by night and conferred by day. On this and later tours, she talked with the late Dr. Robert Irwin, internationally known onetime Executive Director of the American Foundation for the Blind; Dr. Berthold Lowenfeld, Superintendent of California School for the Blind at Berkeley; and Mr. George F. Meyer, Executive Director of the New Jersey State Commission for the Blind.

Her search took her to the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, the Perkins Institution in Boston, and Boston Nursery for Blind Babies, as well as to many other agencies in twenty-six states. She learned that in the East more and more blind children are gradually being trained along with sighted children in public schools, private schools, nursery schools, and other educational institutions. She gathered pictures and material. She talked with Miss Miriam Norris, of the University of Chicago, who for five years had studied twelve blind children in the public schools. Miss Norris had come to this conclusion: It is no longer necessary to segregate the blind child. There is every indication that he can work with the sighted child in the school environment.

This was also the conclusion Bethel Schneebeck reached. She was now ready to approach the public schools with her findings.

First she contacted the Superintendent of Schools in Tacoma. He assured her he would consider anything that meant progress in the school system. Mr. Carl Ferguson, Head of Special Services in the schools, became interested and attended the meetings of the Tacoma League for the Blind.

Bethel decided also to take her findings to the state legislature. Although it wouldn't be in session until the following March, she began to make preparations.

"HEY DAD, LOOKY!" Timmy explores roots of upturned tree on beach vacation. He laughed at ocean breakers which frighten most blind children. Swimming teacher wanted Timmy in his class as an inspiration to his sighted pupils.

Meanwhile, she continued to encourage Timmy in normal activities. She gave him roller skates, and later a pogo stick. He became part of the crew on the family cruiser and was given certain duties to perform. At no time has Timmy had special privileges or been spared his fair share of responsibilities. He has been treated as are the other children in the family. The children in the neighborhood take him for granted, and include him in all their activities. It is not unusual to hear some pal call, "Timmy, go get your roller skates," or "I bet I can jump farther than you on my pogo stick."

Timmy seems to have little fear. Perhaps this stems from the confidence his family have in him, from their lack of over-protectiveness.

On a recent camping vacation at the ocean, no one showed undue concern when he climbed over the masses of drift on the beach . . . and up over the twisted stump of a great uprooted tree. High above everyone, he called, "Hey Dad, looky!"

He squealed and splashed in the ocean surf as delightedly as the sighted children. The unpredictability of the rolling breakers, which usually terrifies a blind child, holds no fear for Timmy.

Bethel tries always to give Timmy a full concept of things. Like the time he asked, "Mother, how do you see a sunset?"

She sat down and held him very close. "Timmy," she began, "a sunset is like standing by the fireplace; it is warm and cozy . . . like when you wiggle your fingers down into your little puppy's warm fur and nestle his softness against your cheek . . . like when you snuggle in your daddy's strong arms. . . . It is a good feeling, Timmy . . ."

And like the time he wanted to see the Daffodil Parade. The night before the parade, Bethel took him to the place where a float, covered with chicken wire, was being stuffed with daffodil blossoms, so he could feel the flowers and know how the floats were made. Timmy had a great time at the parade. When the long line faltered along the way, as often happened, his mother stepped out with him and let him inspect whatever was near.

Timmy has felt his way through the local newspaper office, a candy company, the vocational school, a lumber mill, the Seattle-Tacoma Airport. He knows how potato chips are made and has slid down the shiny short cut that firemen use in the fire station.

In March, when the legislature met, Bethel was there. She is embarrassed now at her temerity in standing before that august body. She had taken with her some 8″ x 10″ photographs of blind children mounted on 20″ x 30″ colored posters. She passed these around the senate, explaining, "I want to introduce to you the blind children of your state. I am only begging understanding of the special needs of these children . . . of their limitations and potentialities . . ."

PILOT DOG, THUNDER, is of a breed of collie developed by Dr. Lee Ford for blind children. Before Timmy, pilot schools refused to admit children under sixteen.

There was absolute silence in the great marble and velvet room as she continued. "How would you feel if your six-year-old child were snatched from you and made to spend years among strange people in strange surroundings? Think how much more confusing life is for a little child who lives in the dark, to whom familiar, loving voices and accustomed surroundings are the sole ties to security."

She left, not knowing whether she had made an impression or not. She attended dozens of luncheons and dinners with members of the legislature and invited many more into her home.

It wasn't all encouraging. Bethel recalls one legislator who remarked, "She's a mother with a special problem and it isn't nearly as great as she thinks it is."

But Bethel Schneebeck did not consider it a special problem, nor her own exclusively; for by now parents of many other blind children had joined her crusade. The Tacoma League for the Blind was firmly founded, and one in Seattle had been formed. Many parents, having seen what Timmy was doing, brought their blind tots out of their sheltered play pens into normal activities.

Despairing parents of blind babies began to contact Bethel. She received many letters and long distance phone calls, taking time always to give understanding and hope.

Bethel took her crusade to the governor of Washington. Each biennium when the legislature met, she was there to speak. She brought the needs of the blind child to the attention of as many in authority as possible, hoping that when the budget for the program for the handicapped was presented to the legislature, the members would be aware of the existing situation and of the need for improvement.

Actually there has been no change in existing laws regarding the blind in Washington State. But because of the efforts of Bethel Schneebeck and other interested people, the total program for the handicapped child has been tremendously improved. The allotment has

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Their minister says, "When Timmy lost his sight . . . God gave his mother a wisdom and understanding impossible to explain."

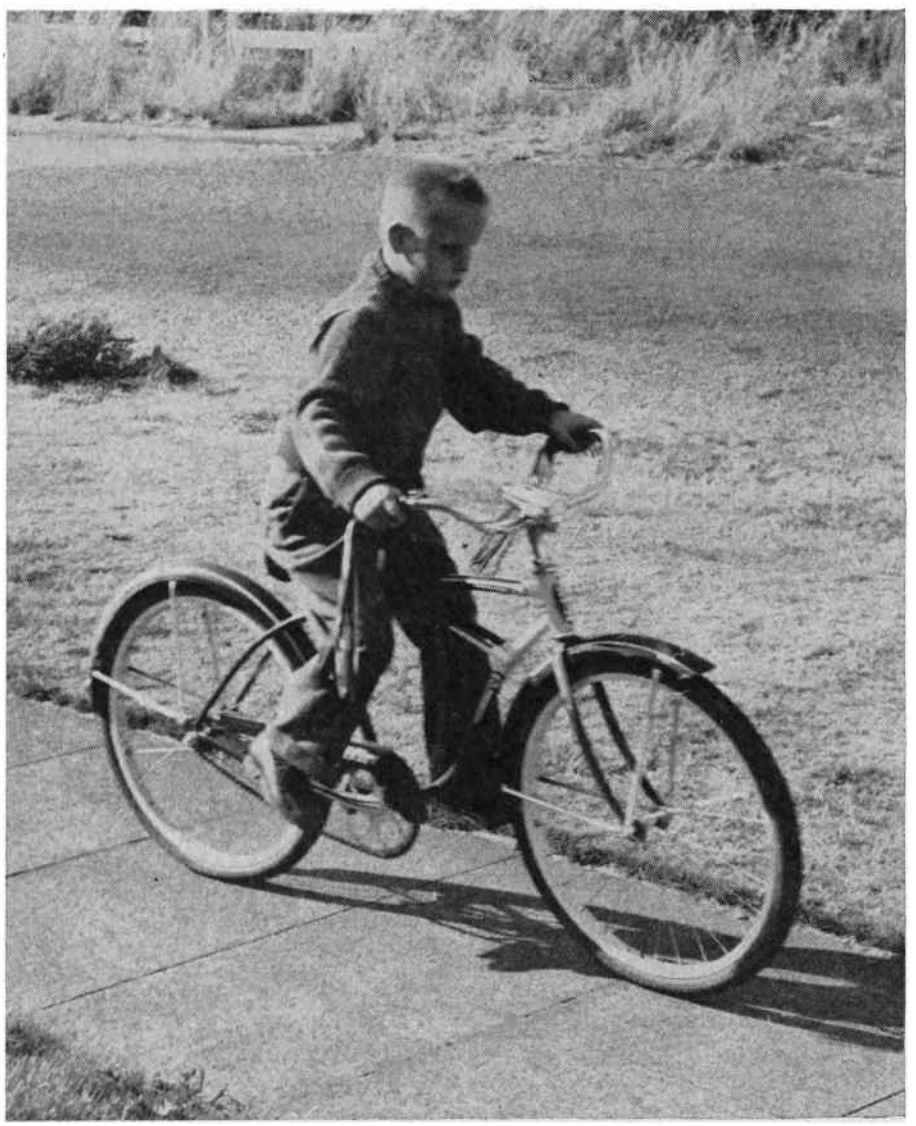
grown from $1,425,000 in 1951-53 to $4,560,000 for the current biennium.

Through her efforts too, the county Easter Seal Society, with the help of its state fund, furnished $5,000 per annum for a counselling program. A counselor not only assists in getting the blind child into the public schools and kindergartens, but helps parents adjust to their child's needs.

At last, Bethel Schneebeck's dream seemed within reach. Timmy entered a private nursery school for two years, then enrolled in kindergarten at the regular age of five. He was an experiment: the only blind child in a public school in the state of Washington. If he were able to work satisfactorily with sighted children, other blind children would be admitted.

It worked. The program for integration of blind children in public schools was officially adopted the following year. Twenty-three blind children were accepted on various grade levels in the Tacoma Schools. By the time Timmy reached the third grade, there were forty-eight enrolled.

This does not mean there will not always be a need for the State School for the Blind. It is essential for those children whose handicaps are too severe for them to integrate with normal children, and for those children whose home environment does not allow them to make progress.



RIDING BIKE, Timmy "uses radar." Note to mother from summer camp said: "Hurry and send permission to ride a horse." He is also expert on pogo stick.

Timmy is now nine years old and in the fourth grade. Not only has he adjusted like any normal-sighted child; he has proved himself capable of assuming a useful place in society.

"Timmy will never be a burden to society," said Dr. A. L. Schultz, Director of Camp Ta-ha-da-Wa, a boys' camp where Timmy spent two months last summer. "This is the result of the good basic preliminary training and discipline received through his mother's common sense and concern for him."

Last summer Timmy went through the Coca Cola company plant. Bethel arranged this when the plant was closed down between shifts so he could feel the stilled machines. After his visit, Timmy longed for a Coke machine—and for Christmas he got one. The machine is completely his responsibility. He sells Coke to all the children and teenagers for blocks around, and handles the money. Once a month he cleans the machine and when the supply runs low, phones the company for refills.

Timmy has a bicycle, too. When he was six he asked for a small bike with guide wheels. At eight, he came to his mother and said, "I can't be riding a baby's bike. Do you think I could get a big bike without guide wheels like the other kids?"

"How will you know when you come to the curb?" Bethel asked.

"Oh, I don't know, just use my radar I guess," he said.

Accomplishment, Not Perfection

Timmy isn't given a thing until the desire for it is present. Only with the desire will come accomplishment. With the blind child, the important thing isn't that he reach perfection, but that he gain a sense of accomplishment.

Timmy is an active member in Tacoma's Little Theater group, taking part in the children's productions; he is always the first to learn his lines. When he is through with his part, he goes off to explore the building. He knows every crack and corner, every switch and button. The revolving stage intrigues him;

it didn't take long for him to master its mechanics.

He has also explored his church. During the handwork period of Sunday School, he is off adventuring. He has inspected everything, including the belfry, the organ, and the furnace.

Timmy is also a Cub Scout, participating fully in their program. He dreams of the day he will be an Eagle Scout like his idol, big brother David.

A Pilot Dog for Timmy

Of all the remarkable things Timmy has done, handling his pilot dog is perhaps the most astonishing.

Dr. Lee Ford of Tacoma breeds a strain of champion short-haired smooth collies, which she hopes may come to be accepted as pilot dogs for blind children. She gave Timmy his dog, Thunder.

Timmy has shown Thunder in five dog shows; Thunder received her championship in January, 1958. This is a real accomplishment, as it is not easy for a sighted adult to handle a dog to championship in the show ring. Timmy's sister, Judy, assists, but does not touch boy or dog in the ring; she merely walks ahead of the team, snapping her fingers to give them direction.

Together, Bethel and Dr. Ford worked for the placement of Timmy and Thunder in a guide dog school. The only school in the nation which would accept a boy so young (usually children must be sixteen, and are assigned dogs at the school) was Pilot Dogs, Inc., in Columbus, Ohio.

Thunder needed special training before she and Timmy could begin to train together. The dog was sent alone by air to Columbus. On Thunder's crate was this placard: "This dog is people—handle with love."

Timmy went east two months later. Since the school requires that an older person share a minor's training, Judy accompanied Timmy.

Because Timmy was a child, Bethel hadn't anticipated his having to go through the final gruelling test for graduation. But no exception was made for him. That graduation day is seared in Bethel Schneebeck's memory more vividly than anything in the preceding years.

The test came on a Saturday afternoon in Columbus, a city of 560,000 people, then swelled with a convention crowd. Timmy and Thunder caught their bus for the intricate trip that had defeated many sightless adults in the past.

Timmy knew, of course, that his mother, Judy, his trainer, and Dr. Ford were someplace around, but he had no idea where. He alighted with Thunder from the crowded bus on the third stop after a certain turn, which it was necessary for him to remember.

NINE-YEAR-OLD Timmy and his mother have become so famous they received a letter addressed only, "The mother of the blind boy, Tacoma, Washington."

Then he had to cross Main Street at a congested intersection. The pilot dog doesn't read traffic lights. The blind person must depend on his ears, which he is trained to do; Timmy must always listen to the torrent of traffic and not step into the street until it moves in a parallel direction. Helplessly, Bethel watched him pushing on through the careless crowd. To these strangers, if they noticed at all, Timmy was just another passer-by.

Judy said later she had never seen her mother's face so grey. "It was all I could do to keep from running to help Timmy," Bethel said later. "Even after all those years of discipline."

The test next took Timmy to the big dime store. He had to go to the back of the store, turn right to the exit, cross the street again. A left turn would lose him in a maze of counters in the basement. Timmy made the right turn . . . and was on his way. . . .

Bethel's hand covered her mouth as Timmy and Thunder again faced the lights controlling the fast-moving traffic. One more block to go . . . then catch his bus home. He walked to the corner, then eight steps back. He asked a man standing nearby if the next bus would be the Sullivan.

As the bus approached the school stop. Timmy rang the buzzer. Timmy and Thunder stepped off. They walked up the street like two old cronies. Timmy was swinging his arms and singing, "Purple People Eaters."

. . . And Bethel knew that all the effort, all the heartaches had not been in vain. One small blind boy had magically opened doors to normalcy for other blind children in years to come.

But people who know Bethel Schneebeck know that it is the little blind boy's mother who has opened the doors. Opened them by the magic of faith, of hard work, of unquenchable hope and courage. Perhaps that magic is best expressed by her minister, who said:

"When Timmy lost his eyesight . . . God somehow gave to Bethel Schneebeck a wisdom and inner understanding that is not possible to explain." THE END

Drawings by Reese Brandt

"That painting is a superior example." The snob never says what it is superior to, as he doesn't know.

Intellectual Snobs

A witty authority on the American social scene now delicately dissects the intellectual snob (a variety that makes the purely social snob look like a fumbling amateur) and explains how you can outsnob him

BY RUSSELL LYNES

"Snobs," said Herbert Agar, "talk as if they had begotten their own ancestors." To this neat aphorism one might add, "Intellectual snobs talk as if they had forgotten more than they ever knew."

Most social snobs are merely irritating or tiresome or ridiculous. The intellectual snob, however, is dangerous. It is he (or, just as often, she) who gives the pleasures of the mind a bad name. The damage done by the snob is subtle but far-reaching. He puts the intellectual on the defensive, but, more important than that, he makes the acquisition of knowledge for its own delight socially unacceptable. One intellectual snob can do more harm to the cause of culture than a carload of Philistines.

Snob is a badly abused and often misconstrued word, and before we track the intellectual snob to his lair (which, unfortunately, is often no farther away than one's living room), it would be well for us to be sure that we know whom we are talking about. There are many definitions of the word *snob*, and there is some disagreement as to its origins. Its earliest meaning was merely "cobbler" or "shoemaker." How and why its meaning changed over the years remains a mystery. There is a story that at Cambridge University in England some centuries ago the registrar put after the names of young men of noble birth the abbreviation *Nob*, and after the names of commoners *S. Nob*. The *S.* stood for the Latin *sine*, meaning without. Thus commoners were known as snobs. According to another version, all Cambridge undergraduates were known as *nobs* and all townsmen as *snobs*. The word was also used about a century ago as we use *scab*, to mean strike-breaker. However it has been used, it has never been a compliment.

"Ain't a snob a fellow as wants to be taken for better bred, or richer, or cleverer or more influential than he really is?" wrote Charles Laver, who was evidently (from his language) something of a reverse snob, or anti-snob snob. This comes as close to a definition as we are likely to get.

That Cultured Air

The intellectual snob is, perhaps, one of the easiest of all snobs to identify. The airs he puts on are cultural ones, and he knows when to put them on and when to take them off. He will put them on in company that he thinks he can impress by his superior familiarity with the world of art and literature and even science, but when he is with people who, he suspects, know more than he does, he merely nods knowingly and smiles the intimate smile of one who is also on the inside.

There is a handy set of rules for identifying the intellectual snob. First, you will find his manner condescending. He can dismiss a comment by someone else merely by raising his eyes to the ceiling, as if to say. "How can you be so *gauche* and insensitive as to think such a thing?"

The Bearded Bohemians

You cannot positively identify the intellectual snob by his or her clothes, because they will vary distinctly according to the particular kind of intellectual he is trying to emulate. In general, however, he tends towards the slightly Bohemian in his attire, and in the past few years he has found it suitable to grow a beard. Women, on the other hand, trend towards the artsy-craftsy—handmade jewelry and ballet slippers. But it would be a great mistake to think that outward appearances are a sure guide to intellectual snobbery. It is difficult to distinguish between the real intellectual's inattention to details of dress and the studied indifference of the intellectual snob.

A somewhat surer method of telling the intellectual snob from his prototype is the way in which he uses the names of famous people. He is almost always a name-dropper. The selection of names varies, of course, with the particular brand of intellectualism that is affected. The literary snobs go to some trouble to know which of the new literary figures have been discovered and praised by the genuine and searching critics. It is not necessary to read their works; it is enough to know their names. Book reviews provide the literary snob with all he needs to know to establish the effect of intimacy with the fashionable young writers. With older and better-known literary figures he adopts a somewhat different technique. "Wasn't it Uncle Tom Eliot who said . . .?" he will ask, and then make some observation which may or may not have anything to do with Eliot (T.S.). The literary snob never says, "What was the name of that fellow who said . . .?" It is more important to him to be able to drop the right name than to know what the right name thought.

Still another identifying mark of the intellectual snob seems to be the way in which he applies the rule that it is bad hat to use a common English phrase or word if there is a foreign or technical one to take its place. A saloon becomes a *bistro* and a boarding house a *pension*. Instead of "spirit of the times" he says *zeitgeist*, and for "phony" he always uses *ersatz*.

The intellectual snob of the art, literature, or music variety makes it a point to learn the vocabulary of professional criticism, which makes it unnecessary for him to look at, read, or hear the works themselves. To the uninitiated the language of criticism, like any trade jargon, is often extremely puzzling; for this reason it is made to order for the snob. You will find that he likes to talk about novels that are "written on several levels" and of the *matière* and *impasto* of paintings. He speaks of color harmonies, nuances of brushwork, and "happy accidents," and he will say of a painter, "I think his pictures lack plasticity." By observing painters and professional critics, the snob learns the special mannerisms which must be employed in looking at pictures. First he observes the painting from a distance; then he gets as close to it as possible to examine the "paint quality"; then he stands back and views it as a whole again. If the picture should by any chance be an early Renaissance work and not identified by a label, the art snob will ask, "*Trecento*?" instead of "Fourteenth century?"

Bluffing *con Brio*

The same over-elegant use of language is typical of the snob whose affectations take a musical turn. Since the language of musical dynamics (now there's a nice word for you!) is Italian. the music snob often sounds like a one-man Neapolitan street scene. "I admired his *pianissimo*," he will say, "but there was something limp about his *glissando*." When the music snob's *tempo* gets *allegro* (that is, when he gets to talking fast), you are likely to be subjected to something that sounds like a rapid reading of the menu of a pizza joint. If, of course, you happen to know more about what he is talking about than he does and you ask him a direct question, you will find him a master of the evasive answer. If you say, "How can a *glissando* be limp?" he replies, "Merely a figure of speech, old man, but you see what I mean." By contrast, the man or woman to whom music is second nature is likely to make some such easy, direct statement as: "It's a nice piece but he played it too fast."

Identifying snobs is an exercise anyone can indulge in, but let me warn you, as one who has played this game in print before, that it has a way of turning on you. It is awfully easy to fall into your own trap and find yourself being snobbish about snobs. If you are willing to take this risk then let me give you a few more clues to identifying the particular kind of snob with which we are especially concerned.

You will notice that an intellectual snob will almost always leave a difficult book in an especially conspicuous place on his living room table. He will sometimes go so far as to put a bookmark in it to show that he is really reading it. David Reisman's *The Lonely Crowd* used to serve this purpose well, though the real intellectual

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snob will by now claim to be *re*-reading it, since it was published in 1950. The art snob will not be satisfied with books of reproductions; if his budget permits it, he will have Malraux's *The Voices of Silence* or Sir Kenneth Clarke's *The Nude* at hand. You will find that the intellectual snob is almost always scornful of best-sellers, which he refers to as "trash." He reads them, however, or pretends to, because it is part of his pose to be conversant with "what the public is being subjected to in the name of literature." There are, of course, groups in our society in which to have read the best-sellers is a mark of intellectualism. There are other groups in which to have read them is, to fall into one of my own traps, *infra dig.*

It is possible, though somewhat risky, to draw conclusions from which book clubs people belong to. Some clubs are a good deal more specialized than others; The Seven Arts Book Club, for example, is a far cry from the Literary Guild in its selections and in the tastes of its readers. I think you will find, however, that a fairly good rule of thumb for identifying the intellectual snob is his scorn for any and all kinds of book clubs. He is even lofty about the loftiest of them all, The Reader's Subscription, which is edited by W. H. Auden, Jacques Barzun, and Lionel Trilling, three men of unquestioned intellectual accomplishment. His line is "Only the stupid let other people pick their reading for them."

There is little to be gained from making lists of identifying characteristics for a series of sub-species of intellectual snobs. It is not, after all, the outer characteristics of the snob that distinguish him so much as his inner attitudes. However, a few more examples may point the way to still other types that you can identify quite easily for yourself.

Trying to Outsnob Each Other

Take, for example, that sub-classification of the historical snob who might be called the Early American snob. In general he does not believe that any ideas worth his attention have been generated in this country since the battle of Lexington. He dismisses the Revolution as a minor diversion resulting from British incompetence, and he believes that architecture and household taste in this country stopped with Williamsburg. He is always looking under the furniture to see if it is "authentic," and a dowel to him is a symbol of "integrity," whereas nails, unless they are hand-forged, are dishonest. He talks of pewter utensils as though they were the culmination of craftsmanship instead of the best our poor ancestors could afford in place of objects made of real silver. He is the sort of man you would like to take a candle-snuffer to or clout with a warming pan.

There is no great difference, as you will see, between him and some species we've already looked at except in the terms in which he lords it over you. It is interesting, however, to see an Early American snob try to talk with a Functionalist snob who thinks that all reasonable taste started in about 1930. The elevation of their noses becomes stratospheric. Conversation between them is impossible, of course, because they have no common language. While the Functionalist is talking about cantilevers and "clean lines" and free-form tables and flush doors, the Early American snob talks an obbligato of birds-eye maple and "original brasses" and candle molds. "What has become of beauty?" the Early American snob wants to know, and the Functionalist is likely to reply, "How can you put up with all that ornamental claptrap?"

The Functionalist snob, if he knew about the latest kinds of design, would realize that he is out of date by ten or twelve years. If the Functionalist snob is a lame duck, Functionalism is a dead one. The really *avant garde* snob peppers his talk with reference to "organic" architecture and "Japanese influence." A truly expert *avant garde* snob disparages modern architecture and design, not because it is too abstract, but because "nobody has really had a new idea since the twenties." This is very *avant garde* indeed, but it shouldn't put you off; the chances are that this particular snob hasn't had an idea since the twenties himself, if indeed he ever had one then. It should be evident by now that the intellectual snob has parrot blood and that his gray matter is nothing but blotting paper.

The Isms and the Wasms

Art snobs may be divided into two categories: Abstract snobs and Old Master snobs. The former talks about "distribution of masses" and "elements abstracted from nature," and he has nothing but contempt for even the most remote suggestion of realism in a canvas. Interestingly, you will find very few Abstract snobs among Abstract painters; they are more interested in art of every sort and of every period than they are in artistic clichés. In his book *Modern Art USA*, Rudi Blesh has a chapter called "Isms and Wasms." This delightful terminology might be applied to art snobs—they divide themselves quite readily into Isms and Wasms—and can easily be transferred to the two species of jazz snobs; Those who date acceptable jazz from Brubeck, and those who believe that jazz came to a sorry end several decades ago with the collapse of the New Orleans and Chicago schools. In the area of "serious" music there are those who make a show of believing that anything after Bach is purely romantic claptrap and who delight in the clean contrapuntal styles of the seventeenth century madrigalists.

Snobs call Somerset Maugham "Willy." The ultimate in this kind of snobbery is to refer to Marilyn Monroe as Mrs. Arthur Miller.

These are "Wasms," obviously, but, less obviously, the Wasms and the Isms are very likely to be the same people. To them it's Bach-and-before and Bartok-and-after. The really expert music snob is apt to look down his nose at everything that was composed in the nineteenth century, which means that he foregoes Brahms and Wagner and a good deal else besides, including most opera. It is necessary, therefore, to set up a special category for opera snobs, which you can do if you like. But now it is surely obvious that it is the snob beneath the skin that matters more than the particular façade he happens to hide behind.

Snobbery, of course, stems from insecurity, and the snob is invariably a person who wants to be identified with a group that he can't quite make. To hide his insecurity he puts on a slipcover of affectations which he hopes will make a good outward impression and conceal the rickety structure underneath. He is driven by a desire to escape from the group in which his background or fortunes have placed him. In the case of the intellectual snob, it is his misfortune that his ambitions outrun his brains. He substitutes shadow for substance, a bold front for a timid heart. He throws his weight around; however, since he is lightweight, he fools only the most susceptible and naïve members of his audience. He is really more to be pitied than scorned.

The Anti-Intellectual Snob

At the beginning of this cursory examination of the intellectual snob I said that he gives honest intellectuals a bad name. He does. I also said that he harms the cause of culture more than a carload of Philistines. This is only partly true. The intellectual snob is likely to put off a good many honest people by his pretentiousness, and in this sense he is an enemy of art; however, whatever his motives he is likely to pay more than lip service to the support of cultural enterprises, and in this sense he is one of the mainstays of the arts in this country.

In order to maintain the illusion of being an intellectual, the snob buys a certain number of concert tickets, long-playing records of rarely performed music, and even an occasional book. There is, of course, no way of estimating how much of the support of the arts in America stems from snobbery, but surely it is a significant factor in the financing of symphony orchestras, museums, experimental theatres, and art galleries. It is a well-recognized fact that opera in America has had to rely on the bank accounts of people who want to be seen regularly in their Grand Tier boxes on Thursday nights. Whether this is social or intellectual snobbery is a nice question; the distinction is often a difficult one to draw, for the intellectual snob is trying to establish a special place for himself just as surely as is the purely social snob.

Let me describe one mutation of the species *intellectual snob* that suggests that there is a new reverse-twist to his line. It has lately become fashionable to assume an attitude of bored intolerance towards those who are discovering the delights of the mind. The person who exhibits this affectation is, one would like to hope, the final deadly flowering of the intellectual snob, for he has become snobbish about himself. His pose is not that he dislikes intellectuals, but that he has passed through intellectualism to some more refined state of grace.

"Of course," he says, "every intelligent man has his intellectual phase, but really, my dear fellow, one discovers that intellectuals are such a bore."

The sad fact is, to be sure, that he is sometimes right. THE END

"THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS and suburban living weren't it, I decided." At 4,500-foot altitude, Lonnie and Rose, with four-year-old Billy, six-year-old Nancy, and the Gosses' dog team, tussle in the snow while on a picnic.

New Love–New Life in the High Sierras

The middle years are a time of burgeoning energy and romance for Rose and Lonnie Goss, a rugged couple who, after previous unhappy marriages, fell in love and married in 1950

BY C. ROBERT LEE PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

Rose Goss told, with a twinkle in her eye, the story of how she and Lonnie first met. Eight years, two babies, and many, many snow storms had not dimmed the memory.

"I was a home-agent for the University of Nevada Extension Service, taking graduate work through the University of California summer workshop. The workshop was being conducted in the Sugar Bowl Ski Lodge. The Sugar Bowl is a delightful, high-mountain meadow, tucked away in the precipitous Sierra Nevada Mountains of Northern California, near Donner Pass.

"The University had hired Mr. Lonnie Goss and his string of horses to take eight of us to Anderson Peak. It was to be an all-day pack trip for the purpose of photographing the cony. This little animal was believed to be extinct, but Lonnie had seen one a month before.

"The late August sun was warm on our faces, but the air was crisp and clean with the feeling of fall everywhere.

"Since I had the only horse who didn't know the trail, Lonnie advised me to walk the horse when the trail became narrow and steep. The trail was almost a catwalk. With the horse nudging me from behind, I was scared, but tried very hard to hide it. Next, we crossed a large snow drift that had managed to survive the summer. Everyone was really scared now. The horses were sinking up to their bellies. Even Lonnie seemed to be having trouble but he soon got us all safely through.

"We tied the horses at the foot of An-

derson Peak and started to climb over the boulder-strewn trail to the top. Halfway up, one of the girls became hysterical with fear."

Lonnie spoke up at this point in the story. His pride was apparent as he said, "Rose volunteered to take the girl down to the horses. She had to slap her to quiet her. The way Rose handled that situation caused me to keep an interested eye on her. Rose managed to get the girl down and quieted, and then she joined us at the top.

"On the way down, Rose fell from a large boulder, twisting her ankle and skinning her knee." Lonnie smiled. "One of the male teachers had been sticking pretty close to Rose all day, but when Rose couldn't walk, I moved in and took over." Rose proudly added, "I was surprised when Lonnie, who only weighed 160 pounds, picked me up as if I were a feather and carried me back to my horse. Lonnie was deeply tanned except where his felt hat had left a white ring just below his sandy hair. Lean and strong he was, with laughter in his heart. It's not surprising that I was pleased and excited when Lonnie asked me out to dinner several nights later."

Lonnie also remembered. "I wasn't too comfortable about that woman. She was very attractive, well-educated—mmm, and those devilish green eyes! I just had to find out what made her so different from all the other women I had ever met. So I did the logical thing—I asked her to have dinner with me at Donner Summit Lodge. I even wore a white shirt and tie! I didn't realize it at the time, but I was half-hooked already. Especially when she only limped on her twisted ankle when I was looking."

The First Date

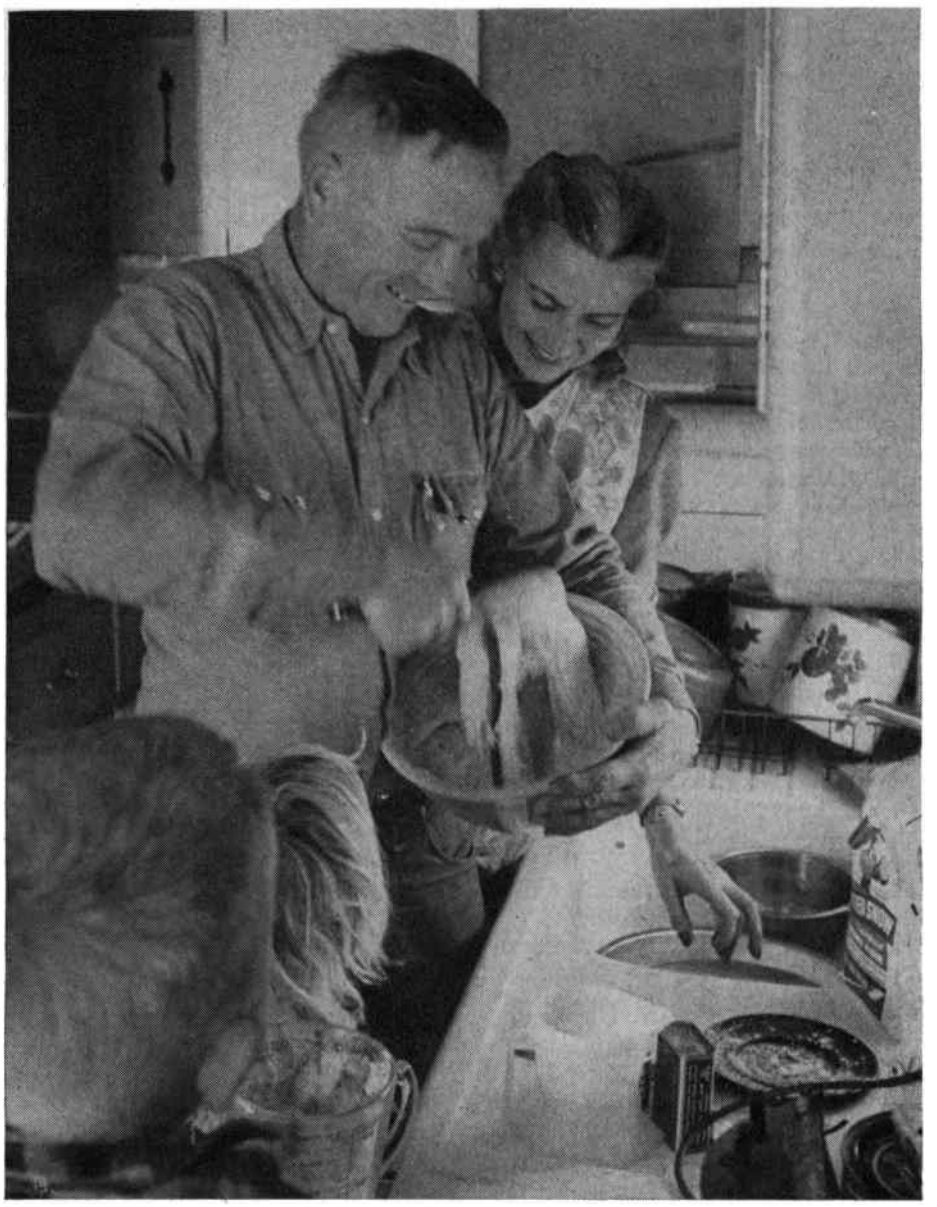
Lonnie and Rose learned a lot about each other that first night. Rose had been born on a farm in Colorado. Her mother died of cancer when she was nine and her father was killed in a farm accident when she was fourteen. Rose was a 4-H Club member and, because of the influence of the home-agent, she decided she wanted to be a home-agent, too. She lived with an older sister until she began college. She paid her expenses through college by working as a cashier in a grocery store. An older brother and sister also helped her. In her senior year she won a Max Fleischman scholarship for outstanding work in her field of home economics. Rose graduated from the University of Nevada in the spring of 1942. She became a full-fledged home-agent in the spring of 1944 and served the University of Nevada Extension Service for seven years.

Lonnie's folks raised cattle on a 240-acre ranch in Kansas. His mother died when he was seven and his father when he was nine. An uncle took him in, but after a year, Lonnie ran away to old friends of his father's who were very kind to him. Lonnie was later to regret leaving them after a year. "They were the nicest people I could ever hope to have had as folks." Lonnie drifted from farm to farm, always working to earn his room and board and going to school when he could. When he was fifteen, he enlisted in the Navy for four years with the help of an uncle who signed papers stating that he was eighteen years old.

A Telephone Courtship

Out of the Navy in 1924, Lonnie went back to Dodge City and worked as a cowhand; then he went down to Texas and the Mexican border country. With the help of his experience in the Navy, he became an oil-rigger during the oil boom in Oklahoma. In the ensuing years, Lonnie became Chief Renovator for the Bank of America in Sacramento, California, and had his own paint contracting business. Longing for the high-mountain country, horses, and cattle, he started a pack-horse service. He also went into partnership with Gene DeSchone with a small herd of cattle in 1932. In 1942, he took the State of California test for a real estate license. Lonnie was modestly successful in the real estate business but was lonesome for mountains, horses, and cattle. Outfitting himself with two pack-horse strings in 1944, he spent the summer around Yuba Pass in the Sierra Valley of Northern California. In 1945 he went to Donner Summit and established a most successful summer packing and guide service. He worked as a tow-truck operator in the winter.

"During the next four months," Rose continued, recalling her courting days, "Lonnie and I didn't see very much of each other; but we certainly made a lot of telephone calls between Elko, Nevada (where I lived), and Donner Summit,



"I'M FIFTY-TWO, but I feel more like thirty." Lonnie, in the kitchen of the thirty-five-foot trailer, helps bake cake to celebrate $190 made with dog team.

(continued)

"$475 A MONTH, and I get the use of a new Chevy sedan." But Rose's job as home agent for three counties means long hours, much travel, monthly reports.

California. Several close friends of mine invited Lonnie to their home in Wells, Nevada, for Thanksgiving dinner as a surprise for me. It was a very happy Thanksgiving for us both. We were invited to spend the rest of the weekend with them, which we did. During this time, Lonnie and I talked about the fact that we had both been married previously. The years following our divorces (about five years in both cases) had given us an understanding of human failings.

"On our way back to Elko, Lonnie proposed and I accepted with a happy, happy heart. We were married in Carson City, Nevada, on December 26, 1950, in a quiet civil ceremony. Bud Horick (the owner of Donner Summit Lodge where we had our first date) gave us a surprise wedding present—one full week's lodging, complete with luxurious dinners and champagne, free of charge. We had a wonderful honeymoon.

Brave Wife, Proud Husband

"While I was training a replacement for my job in Elko, Lonnie rented a house for us in Soda Springs, on highway forty. Dick, Lonnie's oldest boy (seventeen), helped Lonnie move my furniture from Elko. It was the first of February and there were about six feet of snow on the ground. Lonnie had to go to work as soon as they arrived at Soda Springs. Dick hauled every piece of furniture (except the stove and refrigerator) one hundred yards up a steep hill on his toboggan. We still don't see how he did it. Since we hadn't rented the house until January, we didn't have fire wood; so Dick also hauled about twelve cords of oak fire wood up that hill on his toboggan.

"The first summer we were married, Lonnie had an opportunity to take a job as a timber-cruiser for one of the landowners on the Summit. His job was to oversee and mark timber for three logging operations. I—a green horn and a dude if there ever was one—was left with the pack-string. Usually we would arrange the trips so that we left in late afternoon, and then Lonnie could pack the horses and sometimes go in with me. But one time he simply could not get away.

"Two older fellows from San Francisco wanted to pack into Paradise Lake to hunt lions. Lonnie did manage to pack their two-week supplies. A number of unexpected events prevented us from starting until two in the afternoon. I rode Lonnie's horse, Jim, because he knew more about the trails than most people (certainly more than I, since I had been there only once before with Lonnie). Jim didn't approve of starting on the trip that late and tried to go home at every cross-trail. We finally arrived at Paradise Lake just at sunset. I literally dumped those fellows and started back with the five horses behind me. Jim kept to the trail pretty well until he tried to take a short cut and veered off. First thing I knew he stopped suddenly and I was looking over a cliff, into the emptiness below. How I ever got that string of horses turned around without their getting tangled in the trees, I will never know. I had been frightened, but I managed to give Jim a good piece of my tired mind. He seemed to understand and we were soon back on the main trail. As the moon came over Castle Peak, I was relieved to see Lonnie directly ahead of me! He took part of the string and we double-timed it back to the barn. We unsaddled the last horse about one-thirty in the morning. Lonnie had been worried and was half-mad at me for being late; but I have learned since that he was pretty proud of the fact that I had made the trip to the lake over an unmarked trail and back—for he tells the story every chance he gets.

"Christmas tree packing that fall was one of the most interesting and fun-filled times we have had. Also, it was one of the least profitable. We started by buying a seventeen-foot house trailer from friends in Elko. We made a down payment and arranged to pay the balance after we had sold the trees.

"We moved the house trailer, the horses, an old horse truck, our old 1938 Olds sedan, and a Dodge power-wagon truck belonging to our tree buyer just below the Summit on the Mt. Rose road. We were between Lake Tahoe and Reno.

Foul Weather Friends

"There was an old barn used in the days of the Virginia City water flumes, and the lovely valley was surrounded by rugged peaks and golden aspen trees. I wanted to move into the valley, but Lonnie was against it because of the danger of being snowbound. Paul Norboe, the fellow we were packing for, promised that if we could get into the valley he would get us out, no matter what. He was being very gallant, and I am sorry to say he was to regret that statement.

"Big Bill Swing was helping Lonnie cut and load the trees. Bill was six feet six inches tall and had to stand twice for a shadow. He was so tall he had to bend over to stand in the trailer. Bill was never excited or in a hurry. We were having beautiful weather until one morning we got up to find a raging blizzard and two feet of snow on the ground. It snowed all that day. Every so often we would have Bill wind up the vent to up-periscope, and he would stand and look out the vent in the roof and tell us if it was still snowing. The storm slackened occasionally. After two days, Lonnie and I heated water on the stove and took a bath, while

Bill was out giving the horses some hay. I told Bill we would take a walk while he took a bath, but he said it wasn't necessary. A short time later, Bill went out and was gone for quite a while. Lonnie was concerned, so he went out to see if Bill was all right. He found Bill standing in the middle of a mountain stream taking a bath.

"Finally, it stopped snowing. We were outside, floundering in the hip-deep snow, when we heard the big TD18 Caterpillar coming down the hill. Paul Norboe stepped off the Cat, and we gave him a very warm welcome.

"Cat" in a Storm

"Over supper that night, Paul told us how he had had to get a special escort from the highway patrol to bring the Cat over on Sunday.

"The next morning, we hooked the power-wagon on the front of the trailer and the Cat in front of the power-wagon. I rode on the Cat with Paul. He told me to look back and hit him on the arm if anything went wrong. The road was narrow and winding. The trailer and truck started to slide into the trees. In my excitement I nearly knocked Paul off the Cat. We had to move several trees to get the truck back on the road. With Paul moving rocks in front of us, we finally made that nerve-racking mile. Paul certainly was a man of his word. We parked the trailer at Incline Beach Park on the north shore of Lake Tahoe.

"The next two weeks were sunny and warm. In fact, it was so warm that we were cutting trees in our shirtsleeves and eating our lunch in the shade. One afternoon, hearing Lonnie shout from the top of a hill, I hurried up to meet him, and as I reached the top, I saw the reason. Five minutes before we had been standing in the sun, and now we were staring into the face of a howling blizzard that was sweeping down on us from the north.

"We hurried back to the truck, where we had stacked about three hundred and fifty trees. Bill Swing was already there, throwing eight-foot silvertips on the truck as if they were matchsticks. I pitched in to help Bill while Lonnie packed the smaller trees on our twelve horses.

"After we had tied the horses in line, the lead horse refused to face into the storm. So Lonnie had to walk in front. They started down the six miles to the main highway, the lead horse's head in Lonnie's back. Each horse's head was bowed low to escape the blowing snow. Lonnie looked like an animated snowman as he headed over the hill with his hat pulled down so low that he could see only his feet. By the time Bill and I had finished loading the truck, our light clothes were sheets of ice. If we closed our eyes, our lashes would freeze together. The truck had no windows and no heater. Our lashes had just begun to drip a little by the time we caught up with Lonnie at the foot of the peak.

"We quickly unloaded the horses and gave them their hay and grain in the dark. Then we dashed to the trailer for dry clothes. No food had ever tasted better than the stew I reheated, from the night before. Every time we hear someone complain about the price of Christmas trees, we smile knowingly and remember those six painful miles.

"That storm finished the Christmas tree season, and we headed for our nice "warm" house at Soda Springs. By the time we arrived, we were in the middle of another raging blizzard. We parked the cars at the service station across the highway and started up the hill.

"We thanked the Lord for lanky Bill, who broke the trail, struggling through snow that came to his armpits. Somehow, Lonnie and I managed to follow him.

A Home Freezer

"When we opened the door, we were greeted by long, black oilstreamers of soot hanging from the ceilings. As we stepped into the living room, our feet went out from under us. The oil heater had sooted up and gone out. The water that was left lightly running to keep it from freezing in the pipes had overflowed the sink because of a frozen drain. The kitchen and living-room floors were like

"USING A PONY AND A DOG SLED to haul hay for the cattle sounds funny. But we found we had to use any kind of means on a ranch like this." The Gosses' 160-acre ranch has no house. They hope to start building in 1960.

(continued)

"THEY'LL HAVE A LOT TO REMEMBER." Lonnie breeds, trains, and sells full-blooded Huskies, will enter two dog teams in 1960 Olympics at Squaw Valley, California. Nancy had her first dog-sled ride at age of three months.

skating rinks. The house was literally a deep-freeze.

"We finally got the heater working. Then we spent the rest of the evening mopping up water. It is only since that night that Lonnie and I have truly appreciated our electric blanket.

"The next morning, we realized the damage to our newly painted and papered rooms and to my beautiful, hand-painted window drapes. The night before had been bad enough, but this was too much. Discouraged, Lonnie and I decided then that we would not spend the winter on Donner Summit. We had to wait until we got rid of the trees. Also, Bob and Billy Goss (Lonnie's two younger boys) were looking forward to spending their Christmas vacations with us. They lived with their mother in Nevada City during the winter and usually stayed with us most of the summer.

Eleven Days of Snow

"A few days later, Lonnie hurt his back loading our trees, and spent the next six weeks in bed. Dick, Bob, and Billy arrived several days before Christmas and were hardly settled when it started to snow again. For four days and nights it snowed. When it stopped snowing, Bob and I squeezed out of the little door in the attic, and proceeded to dig down to the front door.

"The boys were a couple of days late getting back to school because the rotary snow plow had covered our car with seventeen feet of snow. We dug the car out from the back and used the tunnel as a snow-garage for the rest of the winter.

"We took the boys back to Nevada City, California, which was forty-five miles away. We were the last people to get back to the 'Hill,' because the famous storm of 1952 was in process and highway forty over Donner Summit was to be closed for twenty-eight days.

"The first storm lasted for eleven days. We read just about everything in the house and played Canasta (Lonnie wouldn't let me win very often). No matter how bad it was, everyone managed to get over to the Soda Springs Hotel as often as possible, to see if everyone else was all right.

"One night, as we were sitting around the fireplace listening to the rafters creaking under the weight of the snow, Lonnie started reminiscing. He said, 'Did I ever tell you about the first horse I bought Bob—for his fourth birthday? It was an unbroken, mustang mare, and Bob was as anxious as a four-year-old can be for me to break her so he could get to riding. He and Dick were sitting on the fence watching as I saddled the mare. I forgot to check the length of the stirrups because they were heckling me so much. That little mare stood there like an old horse, so I crawled on. She started to buck before I found that I couldn't reach the other stirrup. I stayed with her for a while but she finally unloaded me on my head. I got up kind of groggy and the first thing I heard was Bob disgustedly saying, "Hell, and all this time I thinked you was a cowboy!" ' "

Nine-Year-Old Bronco Buster

"Dick and Bob spent every summer with me," Lonnie continued. "Billy was a little too young for our high-mountain pack-trips, so he stayed mostly with his mother. All three of the boys were high-spirited as young broncs. I never will forget the summer that Bob was nine years old. The director of Camp Pahutse (a Boy Scout camp west of Soda Springs) bought three unbroken burros and wanted me to break them to ride. An unbroken burro can be maddening, and the director had tried everything he knew, with no luck. I told him that I didn't have time, but Bob could do it. They didn't believe me because Bob was very small for his age—having had rheumatic

fever for a number of years. But he had spirit and determination, and he knew how to handle burros.

"They brought the burros in and Bob started to work with them. Two of them he broke rapidly, but the last one bucked like a wild horse. He worked and worked with that burro, but it bucked him off three times a day. (The rule was that if he was bucked off three times, he had to quit for the day.) The Pacific Gas and Electric crews were working on the Summit that summer and had seen some of his attempts. They asked Bob if he would try again on Sunday when they didn't have to work.

You're Never Too Young

"Word traveled fast that Bob was going 'to ride that burro or burst.' I decided to help Bob as much as I could and the first thing I did was to offer him five dollars if he would ride the burro until it stopped. We fixed the equipment up real good, along with a tail crupper, to keep the saddle from sliding forward. There must have been forty or fifty people there. Bob crawled on and really gave them a show. The tail crupper broke and the saddle slid up around the burro's neck. I thought sure Bob was going off, but he reached up and grabbed those two long ears, and rode that burro until it couldn't move.

"The audience started clapping and throwing coins. By the time he had picked up all of them he had seven dollars and sixty-seven cents. He, of course, collected an additional five dollars from me. You can believe that I was proud of my little guy. The burros were broken so that the greenest dude could handle them.

"When Billy was only twenty-two months old, he had the honor of leading the Sierra Valley Calpine Rodeo parade. We practiced going around the track about a week before the rodeo. Billy couldn't guide the horse, but he had learned how to balance without falling. We made a small pair of stirrups and tied them to the saddle horn. Billy rode in a man's saddle with his feet in the small stirrups while clutching the saddle horn.

"When the rest of the parade left the track, Billy unexpectedly went by the grandstand again by himself. When the crowd gave him a standing ovation, he threw his arms up like a big cowboy and waved. It seemed there were hundreds of people who took Billy's picture afterwards."

Rose was always eager and pleased to hear Lonnie reminisce about the boys and the fun they had together. She had heard what a wonderful father Lonnie had always been, from the people who lived on the "hill" (Soda Springs, Donner Summit, and Kingvale, California).

Rose continued, "We heard some unusual noises coming from the attic. We climbed the stairs to find that Susie (our Australian shepherd) had presented us with nine noisy puppies.

"The next day we decided to try to get out of the house. We had not been outside for four days. We knew the house must be completely covered. The front door was completely snowed in where Bob and I had dug it out.

"We checked the little attic door and found the snow was packed in solid. Next, we brought some old blankets and spread them on the attic floor and started digging a small cave outside the door. The snow on this side of the house was windpacked, so the danger of a cave-in was minimized. Lonnie started digging, piling the snow on the blankets. When he could kneel in the cave, he passed the snow he was digging inside to me. When we finally saw the light, we had dug up eleven feet to find it was still snowing.

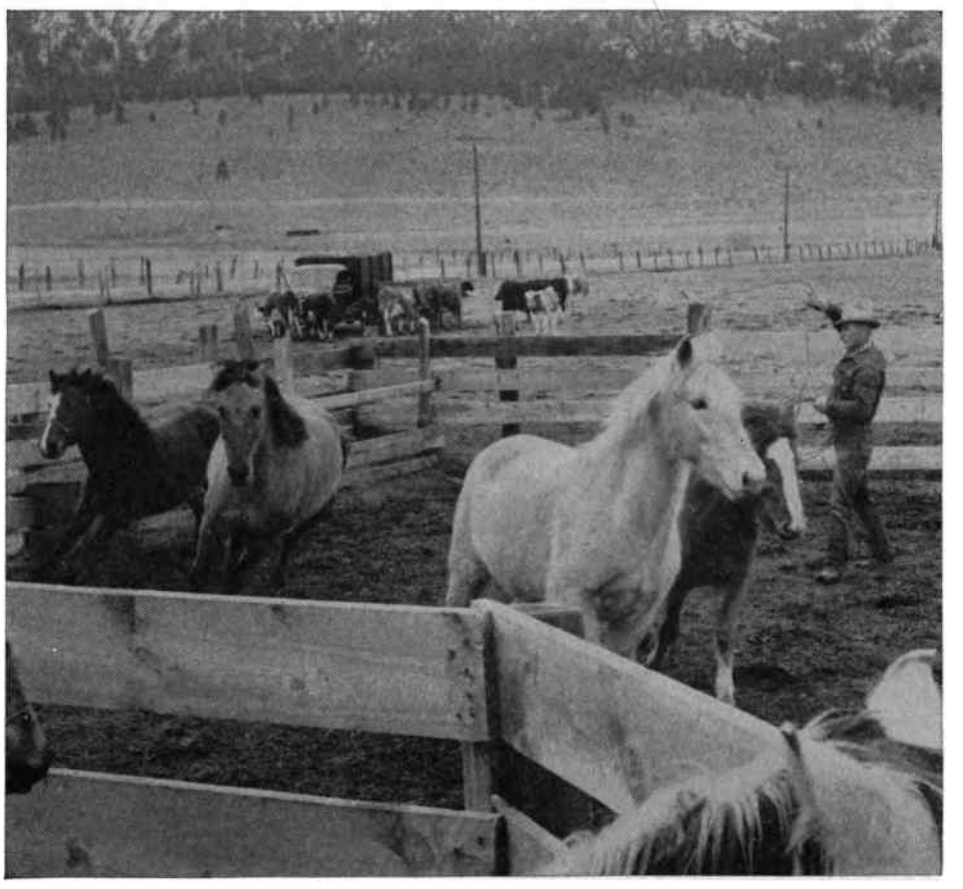
"Lonnie dug a large vertical shaft so that as I threw the snow out the little attic door, he could then throw it over the top. We just couldn't leave all that snow on the floor to melt. Lonnie made a lean-to over the opening in the shaft so we wouldn't have to shovel out the shaft in order to get back into the house, because the wind was blowing snow back into it.

"The Soda Springs Hotel became the focal point of our lives. We gathered there for news, and those who were worried for fear their houses would cave in moved into the hotel as non-paying guests. We moved in for one night, but moved back because we were worried about Susie and her pups.

"That evening we heard on the radio that the 'City of San Francisco' streamliner train was marooned ten miles west of Soda Springs. The next morning Lloyd Van Sickle (world-champion dog musher) and Dr. Nelson arrived on the train from Truckee. The train was able to come up the east side of Donner Summit to within a mile of Soda Springs. That was where the snow sheds no longer sheltered the tracks.

Learning to Mush

"When Dr. Nelson and Van Sickle arrived in Soda Springs behind the dog team, everyone in town was there to welcome them and wish them luck. They were taking medical supplies and food to the snowbound train. The storm hit us with renewed force and was at its peak for three days. Van left Dr. Nelson at the snowbound train and fought the storm all the way back. He was completely exhausted when he reached the hotel.



"I GO FOR WORK OUTDOORS." Buying unbroken mustangs and breaking them to the saddle is one of Lonnie's "extra" jobs. New sideline: Shetland ponies.

(continued)

"Lonnie cared for the dogs and housed them in the basement of the hotel. Everyone brought spare food for them. One of Van's dogs went lame, so Lonnie went out and got Rusty (a stray dog we had all been feeding). We improvised a harness for him and drove him around the basement to get him used to it. The next morning Lonnie helped Van hook up the team and load more food and medical supplies for the second trip to the train. By the time the dog team was three miles down the road, Van said he put Rusty in the lead, and he was a natural right from the start. Rusty turned out to be a great lead dog. We still have him.

Spills from a Dog Sled

"In the ensuing months we became good friends with the Van Sickles. One sunny Sunday Van was giving Lonnie and me lessons in how to drive a dog team. Van had nine of his best dogs hooked up to a light racing sled. Lonnie hadn't gone fifty yards when the sled hit a bump and threw him. He managed to hang on to the bottom of the sled, ploughing up about thirty yards of snow before they stopped. Van was laughing all the while. We ran to the sled. Van was very serious by now and he shouted at Lonnie, 'You darn fool, why didn't you let go?' Lonnie was trying to get the snow out of his mouth and I could see the fire in his eyes when he said, 'You just gave me a ten-minute lecture on why I should never let go!'

A Team of Our Own

"When my turn came, I was speeding along faster than I should have been, feeling very proud of myself, when down I went. My arm caught the anchor rope and I hung on with all I had. The dogs jumped the railroad tracks and we all ended in a soft, deep snowbank. Van and Lonnie came rushing up, madder than hornets. Van exploded, 'You little screwball—are you trying to kill yourself?' It was at this point that Van decided we were crazy enough to have a dog team of our own. He spent many, many hours helping us select dogs and train them; he also helped us build a dog sled and harnesses. We shall always be grateful to him for his help.

"In the spring of '52 I became pregnant. I suffered none of the possible maladies of pregnancy.

"In April, we leased a service station at Kingvale, four miles west of Soda Springs on highway forty. We also agreed to operate a coffee shop across the road from the station because a nice, rent-free cabin went with it.

"The coffee shop turned out to be all work and no pay. Help was impossible to get, and expensive. It was really easier for me to do the work myself, but Lonnie and Dr. Nelson didn't approve.

"The morning that Nancy was born I had just finished breakfast for fourteen men from the P.G. & E. crew when Lonnie caught me. I left the kitchen and a few minutes later the labor pains started. Nancy was a beauty who looked a month old at birth.

"The cabin turned out to be a mistake, as we later learned. With the cabin snowed-in we couldn't hear the chains on the highway and didn't watch the storms. If we had lived at the station then, as we did the rest of the years, we would have known when the chain controls were on and would have been on the job in a matter of minutes. Kingvale Park was the place where the first chain control went on, and it usually happened at night. Just in case you don't know about chain controls, it's when the State Highway Patrol says you cannot travel the road without chains on the rear wheels of your vehicle.

A Year of Hard Work

"We kept the coffee shop until after Easter Sunday, as we had promised. Nancy spent the greater part of those months in the big chair in the lobby of the motel where the coffee shop was located. She was an extremely good baby. She never missed a day outside and refused to have her face covered. She had her first ride in the dog sled when she was three months old.

"As soon as we could, we moved into the seventeen-foot house trailer which was parked at the station. Lonnie was gone most of the summer with the pack-string, so Dick came up to help me run the station. That fall Lonnie packed Christmas trees above Lake Tahoe and above Washoe Valley. I closed the station two days a week and went to visit him in a motel in Carson City, Nevada, where he stayed with his crew. I cooked Lonnie's and Nancy's birthday dinners there, as well as Thanksgiving dinner.

"Our second child, Steven (or Butch, as we've always called him), was an impatient baby, and instead of going to San

"THIS LOOKS SOCIAL—but it's business." As part of her job as home-agent, Rose goes to Genna, Nevada, to show Homemaker's Club some cooking tricks.

Francisco as we had planned, we went to Reno to St. Mary's Hospital just in time for him to be born on December 21 instead of February 1, when he was due.

"Butch and I came home on Christmas day. Nothing agreed with Butch. He had diarrhea and cried constantly; an hour's sleep was very good.

Warming Up the Huskies

"Chain controls were going on from ten to twenty miles west of Kingvale, so we missed most of the chain business. The dog team kept us going that winter, even with all the doctor bills for Butch. With a little racing sled and the team, Lonnie made a hundred and ninety dollars over Washington's Birthday. I can remember how thrilled we were as we counted all the odds and ends of change that came to that total. Truly a bright spot in a dismal winter.

"We had a lot of old lumber that wasn't being used, so I got very ambitious one morning, because I felt sorry for the dogs sleeping out in the snow at night. I pressured Lonnie into helping me build seven doghouses. He kept mumbling something or other about Husky dogs liking snow, but I had made up my mind that those poor creatures needed protection.

"Two days after we finished the houses, it started to snow in the morning. By the next morning there was two feet of fresh snow on the ground. I rushed out to see how the dogs liked their new cozy houses. I noticed large irregular lumps of snow on the tops of their houses. I whistled and the lumps moved and shook themselves. They barked and wagged their tails. (They slept on top of the houses in the winter and lay on the shady side of them in the summer.) Lonnie was gentleman enough not to say, 'I told you so,' but he did stand in the door of the trailer and laugh until a well-aimed snowball got him in the ear.

"Butch continued to howl and finally ruptured his navel. The doctor wanted Butch to heal without surgery so he strapped a ping-pong ball over his navel. It healed beautifully. We also finally found a formula that agreed with him. What a happy day that was for everyone—sleep at last.

"That summer of 1954, Bob worked for us at the station. We had a very good year financially. The children were growing and healthy. The only problem was keeping them out of the station driveway and off the highway. We had a big, wonderful Russian wolfhound that decided to keep Nancy out of danger. A stranger couldn't even get near Nancy unless Lonnie or I was there. It was uncanny the way she took over.

"Butch hung in his swing on the gas pump island and waved to all the customers. He was a jolly little guy.

"That fall, Christmas-tree packing was a tremendous success; so, right after Christmas, Lonnie went to Sacramento to buy us a new home. He came back with the wonderful news that he had bought a thirty-five-foot house-trailer with two bedrooms and a bath.

"NEXT YEAR I hope I can quit my job. I want to create the kind of home we want for our children." Rose kisses the children goodbye before leaving for work.

Marooned in a House-Trailer

"When the roads cleared, we started for Sacramento to bring our new home to Kingvale. Things went very slowly in Sacramento. It took a long time for the electric brakes to be put on our truck. The papers were not properly prepared, so that took more time. We left late in the afternoon and could see the storm clouds beginning to gather over the mountains.

"We pushed hard, but you can't make much time with a house-trailer. We didn't stop to eat. I had brought baby food for Butch and Nancy. When we arrived at Baxters, the 'chains advisable' sign was up. It wasn't snowing, just blowing. We were tired and very anxious to get home, so we decided to go on without chains. We got about halfway up the next hill and couldn't go any farther. The road had suddenly become a sheet of ice.

"Lonnie had to get out and put on chains. It was dark and there was a strong wind blowing. There wasn't too much room for the trucks to pass us—the children were fussy and I had to hold the electric brake to keep us from rolling back down the hill. The tension was terrible. I kept imagining we were rolling and that Lonnie was being caught under a wheel. We finally got on our way again, stopping at Carpenter Flat

for gas. Our friends there had to see the inside of the trailer, so that was more time lost. Then there was Airport Hill—we made that, although we were sure we wouldn't.

"By this time it was snowing so hard the windshield wiper wouldn't keep the snow off. We were hungry, tired, and scared. We finally made it to just west of Cisco, where Lonnie had spent the past weekend towing cars, trucks, and a house-trailer out of the ditch. Lonnie knew of a wide spot where we could get off the road, which we did. He said resignedly, 'This is it, we can't make it.'

"We kept the motor running for warmth, finished the children's baby foods, and sat watching it snow, snow, snow.

"The children and I hitched a ride with a State Highway snow-plow to our station. The plan was that they were to stay with friends at the motel across the road. I was to drive the tow-truck back and get Lonnie and the trailer. The snow was halfway to my knees as I carried the children over to the cold, bleak station.

"The next day we had a privately owned rotary snow-plow cut a swath out of the snow. We backed the trailer in and connected the water, electricity, and telephone. We were really living, with two times the space we had before, and a bath to boot.

The Search for a Ranch

"The rest of that winter, summer, and fall was good financially. Christmas-tree packing was going along nicely and we were starting to think about renewing our lease, which would expire in December. We made certain requests of the owner to which he would not agree. I think we both knew all along he wouldn't and were secretly wishing to have a good excuse to start looking for that little ranch in Nevada.

"We made arrangements to park our trailer and our accumulation of possessions on a large ranch in the Carson Valley of Nevada. We had been wintering our horses there for the past three winters—looking with longing eyes to the day we could have a ranch in this beautiful valley surrounded by snow-capped mountains. The ranch was located about forty miles south of Reno and two miles east of the eastern foot of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. We were at an altitude of 4500 feet. The peaks of the Sierra Nevadas to the west were eleven thousand feet.

"It could snow for days up there and all we would get was wind, rain, and maybe a few snow-flurries. It was indeed a pleasure not to fight the battle of the big snow storm any more. No more snow shovels. Hallelujah!

"We vacationed from December 15 until April 1. During that time we made frequent trips to Reno to see old friends. On one trip I went to the University to see a friend, and while there met the new State Home-Agent Leader. In late March the Agent Leader called me to ask if I would consider accepting the vacant job of Home-Agent of Douglas, Ormsby, and Storey Counties. The ranch was located in Douglas County. The job paid $475 per month and the use of a new Chevrolet sedan.

"Lonnie and I talked it over and we decided that I should accept, which I did on April 1. We also leased the ranch we were living on and bought the cattle for it on April 1.

"Lonnie operated this ranch for eight months. In the meantime, we were looking around for a smaller place that we might lease with an option to buy. In November we found just such a place only two miles away. Lonnie wanted to make sure we were going to have plenty of water before committing us to buy.

"The 160-acre ranch had no house. There was a small, two-room cabin which had no water or sewer system. Therefore, our rent was only $137.50 quarterly.

"Lonnie, after a lot of digging, installed a septic tank. We had a well, but no pump. He also built a fully insulated pump house, complete with a water pressure system and a three hundred gallon reserve tank. Our water system is freeze-proof and has been thoroughly tested during the past winter. Lonnie has added two corrals, a large metal dog pen and a large metal tool shed (in addition to tools, we have it loaded with dog harnesses, pack and riding saddles, horse blankets, and anything else we couldn't find space for elsewhere).

"We are now living in our thirty-five-foot trailer. We have two bedrooms and a bath, living room and kitchen (all small, of course). The trailer is equipped with an electric water heater, refrigerator, a gas (bottle) range, and an oil furnace. We also have another refrigerator and a six-foot deep freeze which we keep in the cabin. We feel this will serve us until we can build a new house.

A Versatile Man

"Lonnie buys and sells cattle, milks a few cows, and sends the surplus cream to the creamery. He also buys and sells horses, and hay. Christmas-tree cutting and packing in the fall is also a regular activity for Lonnie. He has a winter pasture for boarding horses from the high-mountain country. He hires out to neighbors during haying season. He breeds, raises, trains, and sells full-blooded Husky dogs. He keeps the dogs in training for emergencies (we're registered with the Air Force), as well as for family recreation and the enjoyment of our friends. Lonnie plans to have two good dog teams to enter in the 1960 Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley, California. Lonnie admits he is getting a little old (fifty-two) to stand the pace of training a racing team, but feels he can provide stiff competition in the freighting events.

"We have also started in the Shetland pony business with the addition of Toby and four mares.

A Happy Family

"Our life together has been wonderful fun, hard work, and sacrifice. We feel very grateful that we are finally starting to realize our dream. When we build our house, we will at last have a chance to 'stretch' (a trailer can get mighty small).

"We hope that in a year our income from cattle will enable me to quit my job so that I can create the kind of home Lonnie and I both have always wanted for our children.

"When I say 'our children' I include Lonnie's three boys by his previous marriage. Dick is twenty-five. He and his wife, Mary, have a two-year-old son. Dick is a logger at Seely Lake, Montana. Bob is twenty. He and his wife, Donna, have a daughter one year old. Bob works in a lumber mill at Nevada City, California. Billy, age twelve, lives with his mother in Sacramento. We visit him and he visits us quite frequently.

"The boys have spent many of their vacations with us and we've always been cramped for space except the first year we were married, when we lived in the big house at Soda Springs. It would be nice to have a place large enough so that they could all come home at one time whenever they feel like it. They are more than welcome."

Lonnie started reminiscing and said, "The boys have always been very loyal to their mother. Rose wanted very much to prove herself worthy of their love and respect. We Gosses can be stubborn at times, but I knew she was more than equal to the task. The boys now call Rose 'Mom' with great affection.

"It wasn't just her delicious apple pie that won the boys over, either. More probably, it was the time she put on 175 pairs of chains singlehanded during a storm on Donner Pass, and the gracious way she used her magical little screwdriver to adjust the carburetors on their jalopies. She could and did hunt, fish, ride, ski, snow-shoe, and shovel snow with them (and me) until they were ready to quit. Then, while they were resting, she would disappear into the kitchen and whip up a delicious meal."

With a sparkle in his alert, blue eyes, Lonnie ended by saying, "You'll never hear me complain." THE END

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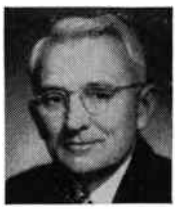

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Goya's Artistic Violence Makes an Exciting Movie

On screen in *The Naked Maja* Ava Gardner makes a spectacular, tempestuous Duchess of Alba, mistress of the great Spanish artist, and subject of his most famous painting. Offscreen her performance is even more spectacular

BY JON WHITCOMB

ARTIST TO ARTIST. Whitcomb meets Anthony Franciosa, who portrays Goya.

Four years ago, in December, 1954, Ava Gardner left Los Angeles for voluntary exile in Spain. She has made Europe her base of operations ever since. Still under contract to her home studio, M-G-M, Ava has made her last three pictures abroad—*The Barefoot Contessa* in Italy, *Bhowani Junction* in India, and *The Sun Also Rises* in Spain, Mexico, and Paris.

As a permanent foreign resident, Ava is not subject to income taxes. Compared to that of stateside stars, who pay the government as much as 91 per cent of their income, Ava's financial situation is comfortable. She earns around $7,300 per week forty weeks a year, and, considering the modest wages of household help in Spain, her living expenses are low enough to enable her to put most of it in the bank. Ava's fortune is currently estimated to be in the neighborhood of two million dollars. But her dream of finding peace of mind in Europe has never come true. Headlines follow her everywhere, and her life is a running battle with the press.

Columnist Hedda Hopper was refused admittance recently to the Roman movie set where Ava has been working on her latest picture. Says Miss Hopper: "She's unprintable. I just ignore her." Writer Joe Hyams, who spent three weeks with Ava gathering material for articles in 1956, reports, "I discovered that the sight of a pad and pencil threw Ava into a state of shock. The only notes I got were taken from miniature tape recorders hidden in places like the glove compartment of my car, or on the seat beside me in my tobacco pouch." For the next year she refused to give any interviews.

When United Artists invited me to Rome to meet Ava on the set of *The Naked Maja*, a film about the life of the great Spanish painter Goya, I wondered what sort of reception might be waiting for me. The picture was being filmed at night, and I arrived at Rome's Titanus Studios around 8 P.M. There was a crowd of about a hundred people milling around outside the gate, hoping to get work as extras. Robert Gordon Edwards, publicity chief of Titanus Films, met me at the commissary, where we had spaghetti and meat balls under electric fans. I told him that I was anxious to see Miss Gardner in her role of the Duchess of Alba, and had no desire to disturb her privacy or to offend her in any way with unfortunate questions.

"Good thing you brought that up," he said. "I might as well warn you now: don't mention Walter Chiari or Frank Sinatra. Just keep those two names firmly in mind. Otherwise—no rules. She looks fine, she's all recovered from her accident, and you probably won't be able to see the scar on her cheek. If you remember, Ava's crazy about bullfighting. She was visiting Angel Peralta's breeding ranch near Madrid and insisted on getting into the ring on a horse. It threw her, a young bull kicked her in the face, and she was pretty badly messed up. She has escaped some bad auto smash-ups, but this must have been the first time the possibility occurred to her that her fabulous face might be ruined. She put on dark veils and tore off to plastic surgeons in London and New York. Everything's fine now—it hardly shows—but she had a real scare. Here she comes now."

Ava swept in, dressed as the Duchess of Alba in a low-cut black gown, flanked by two young men, the picture's Spanish choreographer and her personal press agent. Becoming bangs covered her forehead, topped by a towering chignon of the Goya period, and her make-up was startlingly white. After introductions, the three sat down for dinner. Ava said she was homesick for Madrid. Permission to shoot the picture in Spain had been refused by the Franco government, she explained, because descendants of the Duke of Alba objected to the script, based on the historical assumption that Goya used the Duchess as the model for his famous nude portrait, a controversial canvas which hangs in Madrid's Prado Museum. Ava's face was smooth and unmarked, with the faintest of shadows, very little more than the hint of a dimple, marking the spot where her cheek had been split open in the bull ring. She seemed to have no lipstick on at all, but her eyes were heavily accented.

"This is how the women made up their faces in those days," she said. "Tons of eye make-up but no emphasis on the mouth. They did everything with their eyes." She spoke of her next enterprise, a co-starring role with Gregory Peck in *On the Beach*, Nevil Shute's novel about survivors of an atomic war, scheduled to be filmed during the winter in Australia.

Between my first visit to the set and the second, the following night, I studied a sheaf of clippings I had assembled

about Ava, ranging from studio press releases to newspaper clippings and magazine articles. In addition, I read an inch-high pile of mimeographed information on the picture, including a synopsis of the story. *The Naked Maja*, I gathered, would be a sort of Spanish *Gone with the Wind*, based mostly on the legends about Goya, since there is little definitely known about him. Ava, said the studio, accepted the role of Maria Teresa Cayetana, thirteenth Duchess of Alba, before she ever saw the script. History casts the Duchess as a mixture of strumpet, lady, and tramp, kind to her servants, callous to her lovers, but—most important—exquisitely beautiful.

The Artist and the Street Girl

The script is full of juicy Technicolor possibilities, passionate love scenes, extravagant court costumes, violent fights, evil intrigue, and galloping royal coaches streaking down midnight roads in the primitive eighteenth century Spain of Charles IV and Napoleon. Above all, it has a romance between two famous star-crossed lovers, one a duchess, the other a peasant who paints her in the nude when she plays at being a *maja*, or street girl. The film offers a considerably romanticized version of the known facts about Goya and Alba. In real life, Goya was stone deaf and aged fifty-six when he met the Duchess, who was forty. Tony Franciosa, who plays Goya, exhibits a striking resemblance to some of the artist's earlier self-portraits.

Franciosa went to Spain last year in February, months before shooting began, to do some private research on Goya. A conscientious actor, he wanted to make the artist sympathetic and interesting, as Kirk Douglas managed to do in an earlier film about Van Gogh. He tracked down every museum where Goya's work hangs and read all the books about him. "Goya was pretty mysterious," Tony told me. "None of the sources agree on anything about him. Some say he was part rascal, part opportunist. Others say he was simply a social climber, crazy about royalty. His paintings offer the best clue to what kind of a man he really was. In the film we've had to take certain liberties with the facts. The deafness has been omitted, and I'm playing him as a man of thirty-four. I like Henry Koster, our director. Very intelligent man—his experience shows. He leaves actors alone. You know, Goya was a true genius; any picture about him should be a great one."

It was my second night on the Titanus lot. Edwards was waiting for me at the gate at midnight, and we began to walk up the long hill to the administration building. On the way, he reminded me of the taboos about Chiari and Sinatra. I said I had them firmly in mind. When

AVA AGREED to play Duchess before she saw the script. The most beautiful woman of her time, Alba was famous for her cruelty to her lovers and her charity to the poor.

we reached the building, he led me up a flight of stairs to a pleasant living room on the second floor. It was furnished with sofas, comfortable chairs, and a record-player sitting on the floor in a small sea of long-playing albums. Many of them were by Sinatra. On a coffee table lay a pocket lighter in a gold case. In a few moments the star came in, her hair and make-up ready for her role as the Duchess. From the neck down she was dressed as though for a college campus, wearing a pink shirt with a black sweater tied around her waist. Her press agent, David Hanna, was with her, and to my surprise, so was one of the two taboos, Walter Chiari.

"Nothing Ever Works"

Ava produced a cigarette. I reached for the lighter, but she shook her head. "Damn thing won't work," she said. "Nothing ever works around here." Just then Ava left the room to take a phone call. I tried the lighter. The flint was too loose, and after I had tightened it, the lighter worked perfectly. I presented it to her when she came back. She accepted it without comment and threw it on the table. "David, you bring the liquor," she said, "and Walter can carry the records and the hi-fi." Hanna collected a bottle of Old Grandad and another of Haig & Haig. Chiari said, "That's what I'm for, I'm just a porter." The caravan moved down the stairs and embarked in two automobiles for the trip down the hill to Ava's trailer. On the way, Ava's curt mood seemed to improve, but when she sat down in front of her dressing table, her first remark was, "The light in here is awfully bright tonight, or else I'm just awfully low." At the end of the trailer, Chiari set up the phonograph. Hanna opened up a portable bar and began mixing drinks.

We stayed in the trailer for a long time, possibly two hours. Hanna, who was not drinking himself, cheerfully went on mixing drinks for Ava and the visitors who dropped in from time to time. At intervals the whole party moved outside to sit in camp chairs at a wooden table. Once I found myself alone at the table with no one to talk to. I remembered the pad of paper in my pocket, so I took it out and managed to write down Ava's remark about feeling low. But the light overhead was a single, dim electric bulb, and I put the pad away. Her vocabulary was colorful, similar to that of an angry truck-driver, or an umpire who has just been hit by a pop bottle.

Some of the Spanish dancers in the picture dropped by, and one girl did a few flamenco dance steps. Ava brightened instantly, clicked her fingers like castanets, and did a few measures herself. This made her thirsty, and she called for a bourbon.

It must have been around 2:30 A.M. when a messenger arrived with the news that Franciosa had wrenched his shoulder in a duel scene and the doctor had ordered him off the lot for treatment. Ava was wanted for close-ups and would have one line of dialogue.

"What's the line?" she asked.

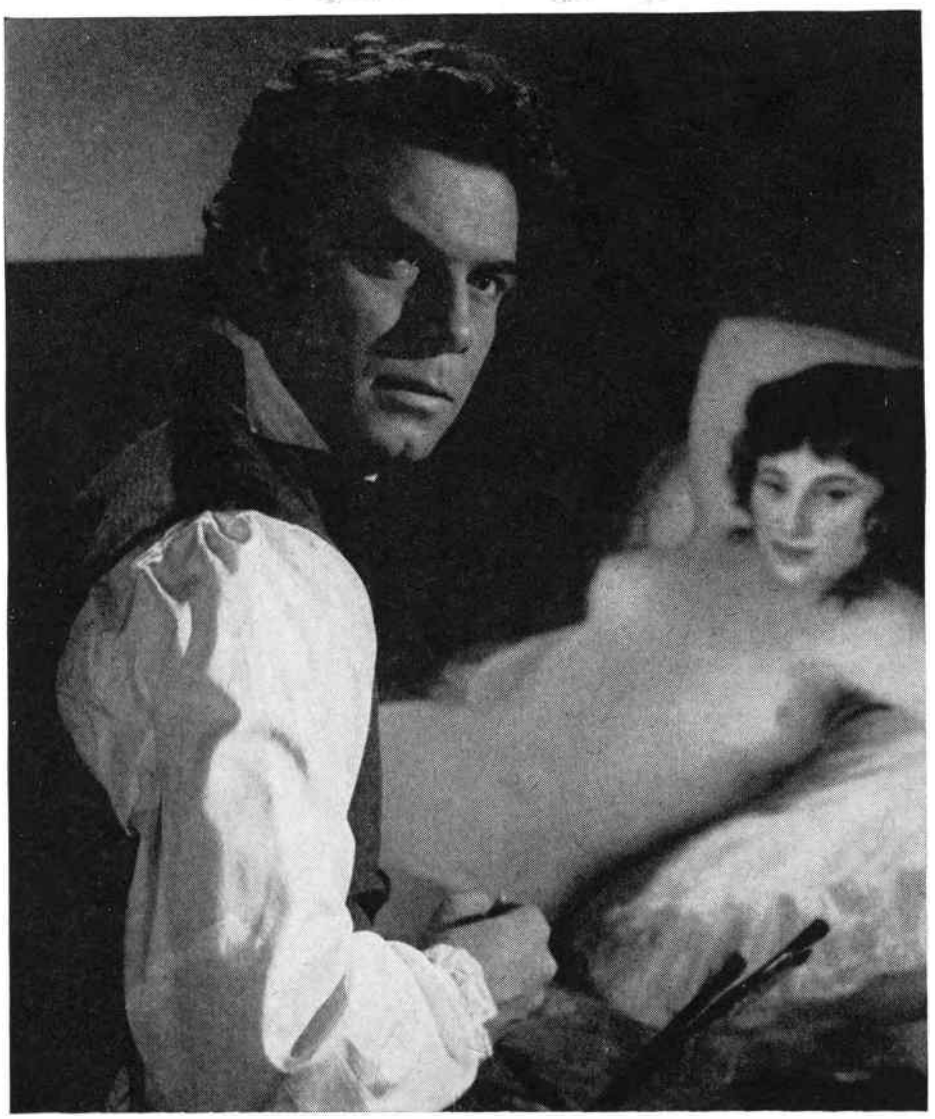
The messenger said it was "Not now."

Here Chiari spoke up. "Ava, I have a wonderful idea," he said. "Why don't you just say 'Not now' *now* and we'll all go home?" I thought that was a moderately funny remark, and after all, Chiari *is* an Italian comedian. We left the trailer while Ava donned her costume, and I added the quote to my collection of one sentence and a note about a couple of phonograph records that Ava had asked me to send her from the States. "Get in touch with a friend of mine, Dick Jones at Capitol Records," she suggested. I wrote it down: "Dick Jones, Capitol Records." It's important to keep track of what was written down that night, in view of what happened later. I've kept the two small scraps of paper. They're pretty crumpled now, but maybe someday I'll paste them up in a scrapbook.

Some Fragmentary Notes

On the set, Ava appeared in the spotlight in front of the cameras. The lens was in close, but even so, Ava was flanked by a crowd of supporting actors on both sides and at the rear. My notes are fragmentary here, and merely say "Ava chewing gum," "Renata," and "You're all looking in different directions." I think the last two refer to Koster, who called for Renata Mouro and placed her in the scene at Ava's right shoulder. He had trouble getting the group to focus together on the off-screen action. He kept waving one hand and asking them to look at it. By four o'clock, the star had said "Not now" several times, and the director announced that the shot was finished.

The company was dismissed for the night, and I accepted Ava's offer of a



FRANCIOSA, AS GOYA, works on painting of Duchess, now known as *The Naked Maja*. Goya also did clothed version. Both hang in the Prado museum in Madrid.

PLASTIC SURGERY almost completely erased scar on Ava's cheek caused by a violent encounter with a bull.

lift into town. With Chiari and Hanna, I piled into Ava's chauffeur-driven Cadillac, and we left the studio. I enjoyed the ride. Ava told several funny stories about Sinatra. I cannot recall any of them now, but they were not bitter. They sounded almost fondly reminiscent. Once she made a curious remark. "You know," she said, "the other night, I wasn't quite sure who you were. I had an idea you were some kind of a newspaper creep." We were all laughing like bosom friends when the car drew up at the entrance to her apartment.

Ava asked me in for a night-cap. The sky was very pale as we went through a garden and into an elevator. The apartment was on the top floor, a big terrace with red stucco walls at one side overlooking the square. A wooden barrier blocked the view from the square upwards, a device for privacy which made it hard to see anything looking down unless you squeezed past the ends of the baffle. Inside, the place had big rooms and cool tile floors. An ornate grand piano dominated the living room. Ava and the two men busied themselves in the kitchen, helping the maid mix drinks. As the sun came up, we lay back in deck chairs on the terrace, watching starlings wheeling overhead and laughing as Chiari told jokes in his quaint English.

Ava motioned me to the railing overlooking the square. It was a tight squeeze between the barrier and the red-painted walls. Traffic was getting brisker as the sun rose higher, many people were hurrying to early morning jobs and the square was now fairly busy. Ava then disappeared for a moment and I marveled at her vitality. She had been entertaining steadily, but was neither drunk nor sleepy.

When Ava came back into the room Chiari announced that he had tape recorded the whole session, and played the tape back for us. Amid considerable jollity, Ava and I then discovered that we were both smeared with red paint from the stucco walls of the terrace. "Let's have that jacket," she suggested, "and the maid can brush it off." As I retreated to a bathroom to wash up, my coat disappeared into the kitchen.

Incriminating Evidence

I was gone perhaps ten minutes. When I returned to the living room, something very strange had happened to the atmosphere. The temperature of the penthouse had dropped to zero. Standing in a huddle were Ava and the two men. With one motion, they looked over their shoulders at me. Ava was shaking something white and crumpled in one fist. Without a word, she and Hanna ran out of the room. Chiari walked over to the tape-recorder and began to yank out tape by the handful. When he had pulled it all out, he crumpled it up in his big hands and stood there, looking at it. Hanna came back and held out my two crumpled sheets of memo paper, which had been lifted from my jacket pocket.

A Condemned Spy

He said, "Is this your writing?"

Unnecessarily, I looked them over. "It certainly is."

He left the room. Chiari stood looking at the tape, shredding it in his fingers.

I began to understand. I was a condemned spy.

The hurricane broke. Ava stormed into the room, her face aflame with rage. "Get out!" she screamed. "And take your notes with you!"

For a moment, I expected her to spit at me. Then I remembered where the elevator was, and walked down the blue-tiled hall. The door was open and I got in. As Hanna began to close it, I managed one last question.

"What's this all about?" I asked.

He just looked blank and shrugged his shoulders. THE END

Prince of Hollywood

No one in filmdom can match Mike Romanoff's regal charm and royal dignity. Mike's incredible rise to fame as Hollywood's poshest restaurateur is living proof that to some of the human race aristocracy comes naturally. His story is also, in its unique way, an American saga. Where else could a man literally become the non-existent Prince he impersonated for over forty years?

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

Last year, Twentieth Century-Fox announced it had bought the right to make a film of the life of Prince Mike Romanoff, who is neither a prince nor named Mike Romanoff. To Mike's acquaintances, a cast of characters that includes nearly all the famous people in the world, this seemed to be a wise move on the movie company's part, since this is an era when we like our stories wild, fantastic, and improbable, and it is reasonably safe to say that no picaresque hero, no soldier of fortune, and no legendary international playboy, past or present, has ever led a life as wild, fantastic, and improbable as Mike's.

Today Mike is not only a successful businessman but also, incongruously enough, the social arbiter of ultra-snobbish Beverly Hills, one of the wealthiest communities per capita in the world. In addition to the Beverly Hills restaurant, he also owns Romanoff's-on-the-Rocks in Palm Springs and Romanoff's-San Francisco. He has a young, beautiful wife and more friends than he possibly could count. Those who dine regularly at Romanoff's are the elite of the movie colony; the impression is wide-spread that even if one can afford his prices, which make those of some of New York's better boîtes resemble the Automat's one cannot get in and get seated unless one is somebody (that is nonsensical, incidentally; a bum can dine in Romanoff's, as long as he can pay and behaves himself).

Meeting Mike today, it is hard to believe that in bygone days he made a career of posing as His Imperial Highness, the Prince Michael Alexandrovitch Dmitri Obolensky Romanoff, nephew of the last of the Czars. It was an impersonation that was so magnificently impressive it even impressed him. Mike seldom drank, but one night in New York he did have so much to drink that his friends decided that only milk could help him. They were in a hotel room, and dispatched a bellboy into the night. Raising the bottle shakily to his lips, Mike looked at it, and then astonished everyone by suddenly dashing it against the wall.

"What?" he cried. "Grade B milk for a Romanoff?"

When the wealthy Pittsburgher, Paul Mellon, son of the Ambassador to England, invited him to be a guest at a society wedding, and later asked him to leave (people were always inviting Mike places and later asking him to leave), Mike retaliated by taking Mellon's expensive suitcase with him when he left. A friend noticed the suitcase some time later in Mike's room in New York, where it was resting briefly, en route to a hock shop.

"What does P. M. stand for?" Mike was asked.

"Prince Michael," he said, imperturbably.

At the height of his Romanoff illusion, Mike was constantly on the wing in Keystone-coppish flights from immigration authorities seeking to deport him. One day, enjoying a drink in a Manhattan speakeasy, he was told by the proprietor, Jim Moriarity, that a man from Ellis Island was outside waiting to grab him.

"You can get away through the kitchen," Moriarity told him solicitously.

"A prince escape through a kitchen?" Mike said, drawing himself up to his full five-five.

"Your uncle, the Czar, did," Jim observed.

"That's different," said Mike, and made his getaway.

Even his dog was an impostor in those hilariously frenzied times. He had a collie which, when he was Prince Michael, was named Michael; when he was posing as the artist Rockwell Kent, the dog was called Sport. Prince Michael Alexandrovitch Dmitri Obolensky Romanoff and Rockwell Kent were only two of the names Mike used at various times. He also claimed he was the man who killed Rasputin and, when less exhilarated, the son of the man who killed Rasputin. He posed as Count Gladstone and Count de Rochemonde, and as a variety of captains— Captain Chitterin, Captain Shaughnessy, and Captain Dmitri. He liked the name William, too: he was both William Rockefeller and William K. Vanderbilt. All told, he used seventeen or eighteen aliases.

Mike made a career, when a young man, of getting philanthropic millionaires to send him to various colleges; for brief spells he was enrolled at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. He logged some time in overseas schools, as well: he claimed to have been at Eton, Oxford, and Cambridge, and once, pointing to a line in his old-leather face, he called it a scar from a wound sustained in a duel at Heidelberg in which he killed a man. It seems probable he is the only veteran of World War I who served, simultaneously, as a British lieutenant on the Western Front, as a Cossack colonel on the Eastern Front, as a Foreign Legionnaire, and as a member of Allenby's forces in Palestine. It is even possible that he was all those things, since there is no good reason to believe that he would not have plied his trade of im-

MIKE POSES *for a royal portrait in his Hollywood restaurant. He resists movie folks' casual styles, refuses to let anyone in without a necktie.*

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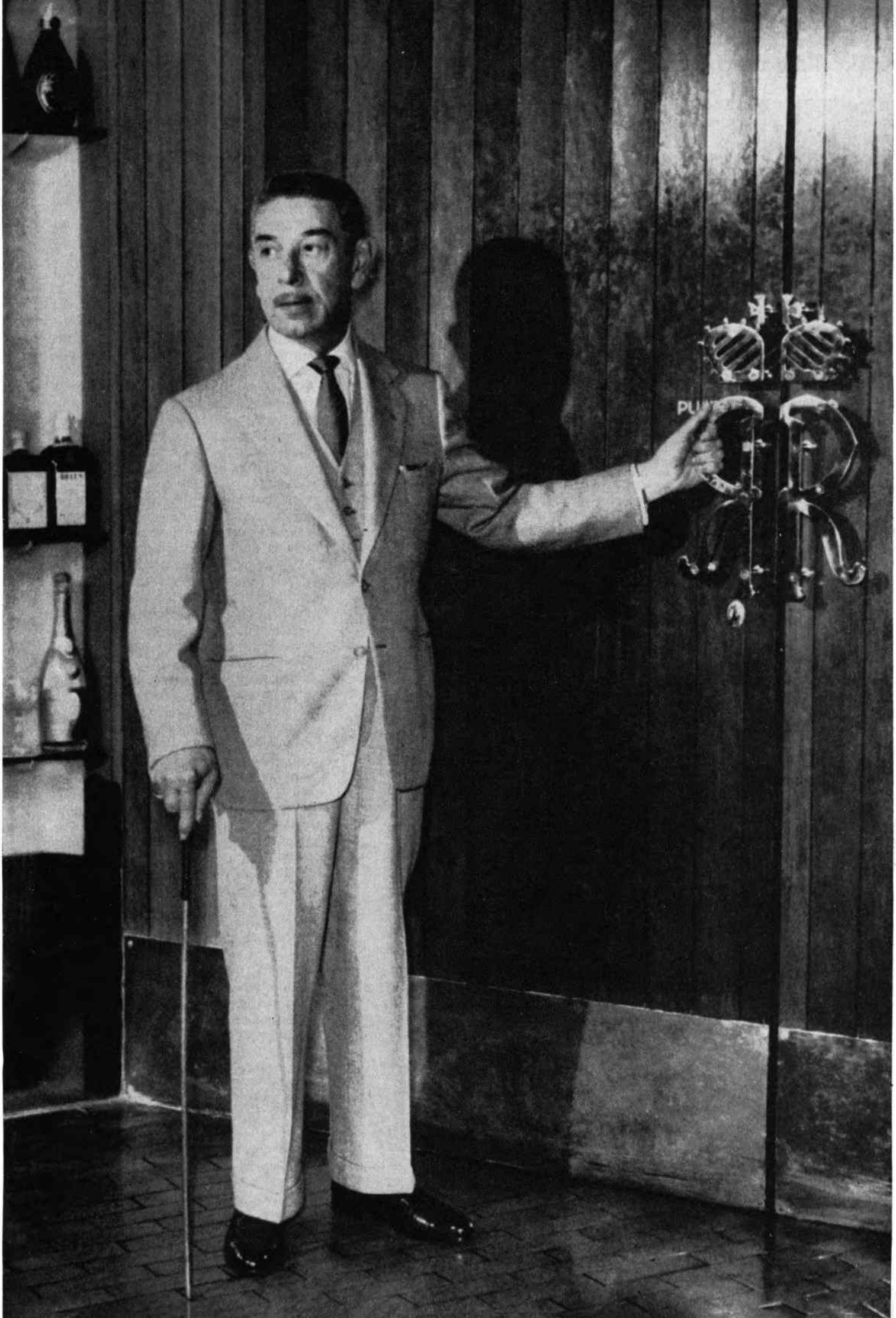


Pictorial Parade Inc.

THE LAST OF THE ROMANOFFS
recalls his days as a Cossack colonel. One of his favorite roles: a British leftenant, complete with Oxford accent.

postor as assiduously in wartime as he did in peacetime. No member of the F. B. I., the Immigration Service, Scotland Yard, the French Sûreté, or Interpol has ever been able to produce any kind of record of how Mike passed his time during 1914-18. Mike used to declare, when he was not chronicling his various tours of military duty, that he really was in prison for killing that fellow-student at Heidelberg.

A few years ago, a new and impressionable acquaintance said to Mike, "Come on, Mr. Romanoff, are you really a prince?"

Mike was in one of his moods—customary for him these days—of utter candor. "There's been a lot of discussion about that," he conceded.

There never has been any discussion about Mike's charm, which is instantly acknowledged by anyone who is in his regal presence for more than five minutes. He may have been an orphan shortly after he was born, but he was born a gentleman. His manners are impeccable, and his Oxford accent (cultivated, but so well cultivated it is faultless) is a delight to the ear; but besides having those two vestigial Chesterfieldian traits, he is kind, considerate, and thoughtful. Skeptics sometimes say that he is now atoning for his wild youth, but the fact is that even when he was a rogue he was kind, considerate, and thoughtful. Once, in Paris, he met a publicity man named Frank Getty, who had put him up and fed him some years before in New York. Getty was broke. Mike, who as usual had got to Paris by stowing away, arrived with twenty dollars hidden in the toe of a shoe. As soon as he heard Getty was having a bad time, he took off the shoe and gave him ten dollars.

Such gestures made his friends not only love him but, on occasion, go to rare lengths to let the rest of the human race share their love. On one of his many voyages as a stowaway, he carried a "to-whom-it-may-concern" written by the humorist Robert Benchley, urging anyone who picked Mike up not to prosecute him. "He is engaged in important research for a book he is writing about stowaways," the letter said. It was common for people whom Mike had deluded to introduce him to new victims. Some were touched by the fact that he had deigned to hoodwink them. Typical is the testimony of H. Michaelyan, a New York art dealer, who took Mike to law when he sold a painting for him, and then was tardy in forwarding the check.

"He is a remarkable man," Michaelyan said. "I believe his name will go down in history." He added wistfully, "Perhaps mine will go down in history with his."

What's in a Name?

As H. Michaelyan predicted, the name under which Mike Romanoff will go down in history is Mike Romanoff, but as Mike himself has said, over the years there has been considerable discussion, even violent controversy, as to what the name actually was or, for that matter, is. People who devoted years of their lives, as well as thousands of dollars of taxpayers' money, to this knotty problem invariably wound up asserting that they were uncertain. Mike himself, at sixty-eight, appears to be not too certain.

The Immigration Service, concealing its apoplectic frustration behind governmentese which converts rage to controlled poetry, says he was born in Vilna, Russia, in 1890 and was brought to the U. S. by his parents at the age of six. Mike himself later claimed—or, sometimes, *didn't* claim—that he was sent to Hillsboro, Illinois, with a group of New York City orphans in 1904. Alva Johnston, who wrote six articles about Mike, five in one magazine and one in another, said in the series that Mike was sent west at seventeen, and in the one-shot that he was sent west at fourteen. This does not reflect upon Johnston as a reporter; it only makes him one of that incalculable assemblage to whom Mike told one story one minute and another the next. Not long ago, seeking to pin Mike down, a friend asked him which version was true. "Oh, dear boy," said Mike, "why bring up all that?"

Early Training for His Career

Before being deported to Hillsboro, Mike had rattled in and out of six different orphanages, the superintendents of all of which breathed audibly with relief upon his departure. In Hillsboro he was placed in the care of one Judge Kronk, who was kindly but exacting. Mike's name at this time was Harry Gerguson, and because of it he effected his first imposture. The name sounded funny to his schoolmates, for some reason, and Mike changed it to Ferguson. Shortly thereafter he changed his residence, as well. The Judge demanded too much work, and Mike ran away to sleep in the churchyard of the Presbyterian church.

Sympathetic Hillsboroites took pity on the boy in the churchyard, and a bank vice-president took him in, thereby becoming the first in an endless succession of rich men who were generous to Mike, sometimes willingly, sometimes not. Mike eventually left Hillsboro for good and went back to New York, where he stayed briefly with an uncle, Joseph Blomberg, who sent him into a factory to learn buttonhole-making. Then he was sent to Litchfield, Illinois, where he chiefly distinguished himself by punching the school superintendent in the nose. According to one version, the superintendent brought this on himself by questioning Mike's oft-voiced assertion that he was the son of the late Prime Minister of England, William Gladstone. Years later, in the summer of 1956, he told his friend Humphrey Bogart, who used to play chess with him in the restaurant every day at noon, that he had returned to Hillsboro in 1923, wearing a monocle and carrying a cane, posing as a British army officer. He delivered a lecture on World War I and was given a gala welcome by the community. Bogart later mentioned this to a friend, who asked Mike about it in the summer of 1958.

"I wonder what could have made Bogey invent that tale?" Mike said.

Mike first went abroad in 1914, or possibly 1913. As previously noted in this jumbled narrative, no one has ever been able to find out exactly what he did do between '14 and '18, but at one time during this period he posed as one Willoughby de Burke. Finally the British government lost patience with him and asked him to leave. He went promptly to Paris, where he decided that the title of Earl, which he had used on occasion in England, was not high enough. "Attracted by the vacancies in the Romanoff household," Alva Johnston later wrote, "he became a Romanoff." Rich, gay

Americans around the Ritz Bar lent him sums of money, and Mike suddenly realized he had struck gold. He promptly returned to the United States.

Now began the long, extended cat-and-mouse game that was to go on for nearly thirty years. Mike arrived on the *President Adams* carrying papers from millionaires introducing him to other millionaires as an authentic prince of the royal house of Russia. He kept these concealed as he told the authorities at Ellis Island that he was Harry Gerguson. The unfeeling officers insisted that he had been born in Vilna. Mike said his memory was bad; there were those eight years he had spent in prison in Germany, after all, and an experience like that could affect a man's mind. The officers took a dim view of this prison term and decided to deport him. Mike nipped out of Ellis Island one night and began a series of reunions with old Ritz Bar friends who were now patrons of New York speakeasies. He was wearing a silk hat, and said he had experienced some difficulty keeping it on his head as he swam across New York harbor.

Rich Little Poor Boy

Seventeen days later, Mike, ensconced in a suite he somehow had persuaded the management of the Hotel Belmont to give him, received the press. He complained that he could find no gainful employment; although he was willing to work at any menial job, when he went seeking employment people laughed at him. They did not believe that a youth who had been used to $100,000 a year for walking-around money could be serious about wanting to find work. Again the rich were sympathetic, and Mike's life became one long round of long country weekends, champagne, and caviar. "Ah," he would say of the latter, "this is a close approximation of the kind we had at home."

Mike always went first-chair, even when he had been locked out of his hotel room. He perfected the art of sleeping in his clothes without wrinkling them; he was then, as now, one of the best-dressed men in the country. He smoked only Royal Yacht, a Dunhill tobacco that sold for around ten dollars a pound, a taste he said he had picked up from the Prince of Wales. Once, strolling into Dunhill's to buy around a half-ton of this mixture, on credit, naturally, he was surprised by S. J. Ballinger, the manager, who had known him—and prosecuted him—in England some years before. "Ah, Mr. Ballinger, this is a pleasant encounter indeed," said Mike, hastily changing his order to a small pouch of tobacco, which he paid for in cash. Ballinger later became Mike's friend, since Mike converted any number of millionaires to Royal Yacht for the sole purpose of filling his pouch from their humidors. Ironically, there is a Dunhill's shop next door to Romanoff's in Beverly Hills today. It moved into the neighborhood because, like the owners of the other expensive shops nearby, the management hoped that some of Mike's wealthy trade would stop in on the way to or from Romanoff's.

"How nice to be neighbors," Mike greeted the manager. "I've been a Dunhill's man for decades."

Noble Manners

This was a typical Romanoff ploy. His manners would make Amy Vanderbilt seem like a fishwife. It was always his habit, even when confronted by the most irate and obdurate policeman, to conduct himself with the polite restraint of a vicar at a garden party; once, when he talked the authorities at Ellis Island into letting him go to Manhattan "to pick up a few belongings," he so overcame the accompanying officer with charm, as well as booze supplied by friends, that Mike had to see to it that his guard got home safely.

In 1927, Mike went to Hollywood, where he was enthusiastically welcomed by the many celebrities who remembered him from his New York speakeasy days. He was wined, dined, and introduced to the wealthy widow of a Chicago meat packer, who was delighted to let him introduce her into the upper circles of the colony. Presently he sought more gainful employment, and was hired as technical director for a film called *The Desired Woman*, principally because he convinced the producer that he had been with the British army as an officer in the Sudan. A reviewer for the New York *Times*, Mordaunt Hall, who had also been a British army officer, later declared that the picture was almost totally inaccurate, but that did nothing to harm Mike's status. He promptly sold a scenario to another studio. "It was not picturized," Mike's Boswell, Johnston, later wrote, "because it was found that Mike's idea had been plagiarized from him twenty years earlier by John Galsworthy." Even that did not prevent Mike from being hired again as a technical director, this time for an epic about life in Russia during the days of his ancestors, the Czars. The job would have been an unnerving experience for the ordinary impostor, for there were any number of genuine Russians in the studio at the time and Mike always had been plagued by an annoying inability to speak his native tongue. Approached by people who knew Russian, he would declare that it brought him too much mental anguish to speak the language. Nevertheless, Mike was so equal to this occasion in the studio that he made the real Russians look like impostors. One was Theodor Lodijensky, who had been a general in the Russian army. Lodijensky, angered by Mike's *savoir faire*, hired a private eye to assemble a dossier on him, a job that took roughly nine minutes. He pre-

Jack Albin

FRANK SINATRA, *one of many stars who are Romanoff fans, chats with Mike and wife Gloria, whom he married in 1948. Charlie Chaplin, James Cagney, and Humphrey Bogart were among backers when he opened restaurant in 1936.*

(continued)

sented his evidence to the head of the studio, and Mike was called in. Mike did not even glance at General Lodijensky's papers. He confronted the General coldly and said, "Ah, yes—I believe I remember you. Were you not a restaurateur in New York? Did you not have a small, rather grubby place in Fifty-seventh Street known as The Russian Eagle?"

The General was guilty on both counts.

"I thought as much," said Prince Michael. "I believe I used to buy my liquor from you."

By now the General's face was a deep, imperial purple. "This man," he shouted, "is accusing me of being a *bootlegger*!"

A Royal Coup

"Not at all, dear fellow," said His Highness. "A Romanoff never degrades himself in a controversy with an inferior." He inclined his head and strolled from the room.

To the considerable indignation of Mike's friends, the General had the last word. He gave his evidence to a Los Angeles newspaper. Mike, exposed in all his royal glory, deemed it wise to return to New York.

Before his second trip to Hollywood in 1931 he had a series of blithely harrowing adventures both in New York and in various cities of what he used to call "The Interior," meaning all U. S. territory outside New York. In one, he sold a wealthy Cleveland lady a painting out of the famed Romanoff Collection, for $1,500—the trouble was, it already belonged to the Cleveland Museum of Art, and the lady and her chauffeur had a terrible time convincing the authorities it was hers. She was nearly arrested when she tried to claim it. Shortly thereafter, Mike turned up in Woodstock, New York, where he became a kind of man-of-all-work in the home of Rockwell Kent, the artist. This proved to be valuable training; when Mike got back to Hollywood it enabled him to pretend to be Rockwell Kent for several weeks, in which time he permitted a number of bookstore proprietors to give him autographing parties. At one party Mike met a couple named Robert and Katharine Barrett, who were writing a book about Patagonia. As Kent, he generously offered to do everything for them: illustrate the book, write a preface for it, design the jacket, and, presumably, chew the wood pulp for its paper. They wired this intelligence to their eastern publishers, and, as it turned out, Mike had done his impersonatee a good turn. The real Rockwell Kent was hired for the job. Also, as Kent later said, his books never had enjoyed such good sales in Hollywood.

Back to the Aristocracy

Mike was not satisfied to continue posing as Kent on the West Coast. His aristocratic sensibilities found the portrayal of a commoner distasteful, or at least not lucrative enough. He reverted to his old role, and again was exposed by the furious General Lodijensky. Mike returned to New York, but by then the impostor business was getting harder and harder, even for a man of his massive resourcefulness. He took the boat for France and his old headquarters, the Ritz in Paris, where the management refused to readmit him until he settled an enormous bill he had skipped out on during the early 1920's.

"Nonsense, my good fellow," Mike said condescendingly to a hapless assistant manager. "Don't you know that all bills in France are canceled after seven years?" The management gave him a suite.

An Expensive Taste

After approximately a year of adventurous masquerading, he stowed away on a liner bound for America by claiming to be a newspaperman assigned to do an interview with Andrew W. Mellon. Again, in New York Harbor, he skinned away from the immigration authorities, but this time his princely tastes got him into trouble. He was arrested in Dunhill's as he was about to charge up some of his favorite Royal Yacht.

Now, miraculously enough, the law, which always had appeared to detest the Prince, came over to his side. A federal judge, John C. Knox, who must have been an extraordinarily decent man, detected the good qualities that Mike had labored so long to conceal. The judge said that Mike "never had a chance." Although he did sentence Mike to three months in jail for perjury, he ordered the immigration authorities to stop harassing the poor orphan. Mike had been guilty of perjury, in fact, but it was honorable guilt. He had told the immigration men that he had come into the United States through Canada, solely to protect the friends who had helped him get off the ship.

Both the judge and the prosecutor, U. S. Attorney William B. Herlands, had private conferences with Mike in which they urged him to go straight. He agreed. Since then he has not had the slightest difficulty with the law. That was twenty-six years ago. There remained, however, the problem of getting by. Mike soon decided that he had better leave New York, where the temptation to be a prince was almost too strong for him to resist. He thought he would like to go to the country; he had fond memories of his Illinois adolescence, and while preparing to impersonate Rockwell Kent at the latter's house he had discovered that he had a green thumb. When a friend of his bought an estate near Fredericksburg, Virginia, Mike was charmed by the chance to manage it. Even in these bucolic surroundings, however, he was not quite himself, whoever that was; the word around the neighborhood was that a Professor John William Adams, of Yale, had taken the farmhouse to devote his middle years to writing a book called *The Philosophy of History.*

Jack Albin

MIKE LIGHTS UP *for Lauren Bacall during a party given for Tennessee Williams. Mike and her late husband, Humphrey Bogart, were close friends. Bogart is the only man he ever allowed to enter his restaurant without a tie.*

In 1936 Mike turned up in New York again and told friends that he was heading for Hollywood, so that he could make his fortune as a technical consultant and eventually retire to Virginia to finish his scholarly book. There were several advances made, and several false (although well-meaning) starts. Presently a couple of drinking companions staked him to an old automobile and he made his way west. He arrived in Hollywood like a hero. The people of the films like nothing better than a flesh-and-blood illusion, and Mike had become a kind of Paul Bunyan of the charming con men who from time to time had worked the colony. A friend, Leo Morrison, took him to a gambling casino called the Clover Glub, and when it got out that Mike was in town the place was packed. The management offered him a deal: if he would come in every night, having previously mentioned to people that he would be there, he would be permitted to win from time to time. This plan appealed to Mike. "He was the best floor show in Hollywood simply by being himself," a friend recalls. In order to get a working wardrobe, Mike made a deal with James Oviatt, a haberdashery proprietor, who outfitted him in the style to which he felt he should be accustomed, and permitted him to pay his bill at a few dollars per month. Oviatt later said that he had never had a customer who paid him with such regularity. Indeed, Mike always has been scrupulous about repaying loans.

The Clover Club eventually closed, but when it did, several other restaurants invited Mike to make nightly appearances. They offered him percentages for the big spenders he might bring in.

The Emperor's Dining Room

Mike declined these offers. He had other plans; apparently the atmosphere of the Clover Club had appealed to him. Forgetting that he once had contemptuously dismissed General Theodor Lodijensky as "a restaurateur," Mike began inviting the people he knew to invest sums in the restaurant he wished to open. He sold stock at fifty dollars a share, and within a short time he had sold enough to open his place. Among his early investors were John Hay Whitney, Robert Benchley, Charles Chaplin, Humphrey Bogart, and James Cagney. All told, he managed to raise around six thousand dollars, after which he talked a real estate man into building him a place. His silverware came from a hardware store, and for opening night he borrowed $210 to use as change. The place was an instantaneous hit, and in less than a decade Mike was thinking of expanding. This time he asked John Hay Whitney for a loan a bit larger than the $310 the millionaire had put up in the first place. Whitney sent him a check for $2,000 and a note saying, "This is the least I can do for my emperor."

Pictorial Parade Inc.

AMONG NOTABLES *who helped Mike lay cornerstone for restaurant in 1951: Ronald Coleman and wife; Gable and wife, Lady Ashley Cooper; Joseph Cotton. Mike now also owns "Romanoff's" in Palm Springs and San Francisco.*

The restaurant, now located on South Rodeo Drive just below Wilshire Boulevard, is a superb one. It makes the rest of the elaborate Hollywood places look like beaneries. It is beautifully appointed (in the bar are a half-dozen photographs and drawings of the proprietor as a hobo prince), its service is swift and quiet, its food is first-class. About the only objection one might make to it is that it is one of the few places in its price bracket where the customer is wrong more often than he is right. Mike operates it in an Olympian manner. Although he has mellowed, there were days when he refused to bow to the Hollywood elite. Not even millionaire Howard Hughes can get into Romanoff's without a necktie. The one man who could was Humphrey Bogart—and he only in the waning months of his life, when he was dying of cancer.

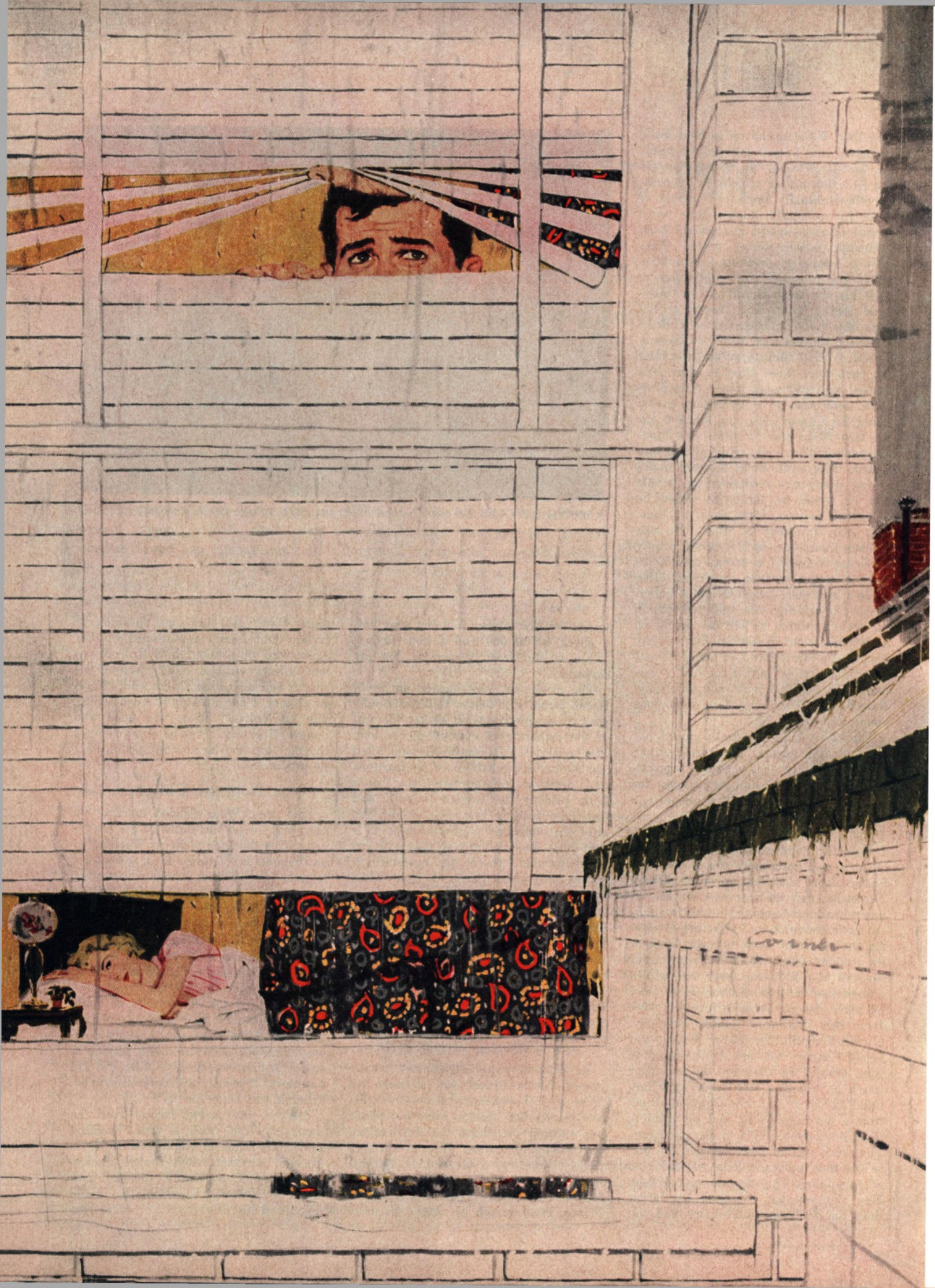
The Prince Takes a Wife

In 1948, a young, dark-haired woman named Gloria Lister went to work for Mike as a bookkeeper. He was so impressed by her ability, over and above her striking prettiness, that he married her shortly thereafter. Mike is not precisely domesticated these days, but his life is more settled than it used to be. He has not entirely forgotten his days as Prince, even though he rarely discusses them. Once, not long ago, speaking of Irving Paul Lazar, a pint-sized literary agent who rides about in a Rolls-Royce and affects various other symbols of wealth and high birth, Mike said, "He is so elegant, I am thinking of bequeathing him my crown." There are some who believe Mike will never be able to forget that he once convinced many people that he was of royal birth.

Noblesse Oblige

Last year, Mike decided to clear up once and for all the status of his American citizenship. He went to Washington and lobbied in Congress for a special act to make him a citizen, a process that often is necessary when the records and/or officials are confused. To the surprise of no one, he was successful, and a few months later his old friends, the immigration authorities, invited him to take the oath of loyalty to the United States. As he was going through the ceremonies, a clerk called for all persons of noble birth to renounce their titles of nobility. Mike, to whom this was a solemn occasion, naturally did not move. The clerk stared at him expectantly. Mike still did not move. Presently the clerk whispered, "Hadn't you better do it?"

Mike's eyes grew large. Then he shrugged. And, with a wide, beaming smile, His Imperial Highness the Prince Michael Alexandrovitch Dmitri Obolensky Romanoff, nephew of the last Czar of all the Russias, raised his hand and renounced his title. THE END



Cosmopolitan's Special Fiction Section

SOMETHING FOR A RAINY DAY

He woke up broke, jobless, and mad at everybody in the world—nothing left but two hundred dollars in the teapot and a lovely, reckless wife determined to spend it all in one wild splurge

BY BEN MASSELINK ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

He had moped for a day, and now the second day was even worse. It was raining. "Ohhhhh!" George moaned, first hearing the rain, the rain having wakened him; then, opening one slow eye, he saw it blurring the window. "Now it's even raining."

Louise, warm and wormlike, stirred next to him. "Hmmmm?"

"It's raining," he said.

"Go back to sleep," she said.

With a theatrical sigh, George fell back on the pillow. He lay rigid and stared at the ceiling, hating the rain, hating this day, hating the ceiling, loving his wife.

As he had not done in three years, and especially on a weekday, he threw back the covers and bounced out of bed. He usually had to be prodded by his wife. Now the bitterness prodded him. The fury stirred around and around inside him, and whipped him into violent activity. In the bathroom he brushed his teeth so vigorously, it was as if he wanted to brush them right out of his head. He parted his hair with a comb, and wished it were a scalpel.

Now what to do? He stood in the bedroom fully dressed. The frantic speed which had governed his mornings for the past three years was still with him. He could not shake it. It was like a narcotic coursing through his veins. Even though it had no place to go, his body rushed through the early morning ritual from force of habit.

Make the coffee, squeeze the orange. He could have eggs this morning. He could have ten dozen eggs and fry them one at a time. He had time. He had time to eat steadily for forty, fifty years. But all he wanted was orange juice and coffee. His stomach had not yet heard about this new type of retirement plan.

A tall, thin man of twenty-eight, he walked out of the bedroom and into the kitchen.

Squeeze the orange. "Where are the oranges?" he shouted angrily, hating it that his wife was asleep when he could sleep, too—never having hated it before when he couldn't sleep and had to go to work. "Where are the damned oranges!" he shouted again, even after he had found them under the sink.

He heard Louise moan in the bedroom. He grinned wickedly, and savagely sliced an orange in two. The water in the whistling kettle had just started to hum. He dumped coffee into the dripolater. He squeezed the oranges as if they were the small heads of all the bosses in all the world. The kettle hummed louder. Now, right now, he should take off the kettle before it started to whistle. Before its penetrating scream tore the house apart and shattered the glass and cracked the mirrors and caused unseen dogs to howl. But he didn't. He let it stay on the burner.

"Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!" So loud, so penetrating that it entered his ear like an ice pick and kept going and going and going, "eeeeeee!" out the other ear.

"*My God!*" Louise stumbled into the kitchen and turned the gas off under the kettle. It was very quiet. "What are you trying to do?" she asked, yawning and rubbing her eyes.

"It's raining," he said.

"I know that."

Ah, she was lovely. Sleep soft, sleep warm. Her lips were sleep-swollen. He took her, as warm as a bug, in his arms. "What are we going to do?" he asked her sleep-smelling ear.

"Certainly not sleep, I can see that."

"Aw, baby," he said to her straw hair.

"It's raining," he said bitterly. "Go back to sleep," she murmured.

"I love you so, and we were going up so high, and now everything has exploded and we stand looking down at the ruins."

"My!" She grinned. "The copywriter speaks."

"That's the way it is."

"It's not the end of the world, you know."

"Why isn't it?"

She glanced out the window. " 'Course I can't really tell with the rain, but I don't think it is. However, for all we know, the ark might be loading now." She turned to the stove. "I'll fix you some eggs."

"I don't want eggs."

The eggs went down like wet cotton, and the toast was as appetizing as a folded, paper napkin.

"Wow!" He stood up and pounded his chest. "Breakfast like that makes you feel alive! Alive, I say!" He fell grumbling into a living room chair. She brought him the paper.

"Good. The morning disasters," he said, looking briefly at the front page. He turned to the want ads, bending over the small print.

"Here's one for a shipping clerk. And a skip tracer. I remember taking that course in college. Skipping traces, elementary and advanced. Or was it tracing skips? And here's another opening for a honing machine operator, and one for a master plaster pattern maker. Hold on here! At last I've found the job! An electrical harness designer. I design this electrical harness, see, for this horse, and the horse hates it. It tickles."

She stood in the kitchen, washing the dishes, smiling fondly at her bitter husband.

"I could be a skin mill operator or a poodle clipper," he went on. "Someone wants them. Or an RE salesman. Lots of them needed."

Louise looked at him with soft, blue eyes. "Now, George, stop it."

"Stop it? What do you mean? Don't you want me to get a job, make money, bring home the bacon? That's it!" He rattled the paper and peered at the small print. "Our problem is solved. Here's an opening for a bacon salesman. Instead of trying to sell it, I just bring it home." He let the paper slip from his hands. "Aw, nuts."

She came over and sat on the arm of his chair and kissed his forehead. "Aw, baby, don't fight it so. Tomorrow you'll feel better. Tomorrow it'll be sunny and you'll go out and find another job."

He grunted. "Louise, face it. I won't. Look at the paper. Six billion unemployed."

"Oh, not six billion! My goodness!"

"Well, somewhere in there. People are laying off people all over the world." He jumped to his feet and started pacing the room. "And just when I thought we had it made. We were climbing and climbing but hadn't quite reached to where I wanted to be, but almost, the summit was in sight, and then somebody tripped me with the hook end of an umbrella and I went tumbling all the way back down to the bottom."

"But you can climb up again."

"Climb? Crawl, you mean. Never make it in forty years. Won't even get where I was two days ago. Damn. Those years were the cream, baby, don't you see? If I didn't make it then, why I never will." He sighed. "I wanted to be with the big fellas like my boss. He goes to Twenty One and Escargots for lunch, and the waiters know his name."

"George, promise me you won't get mad if I tell you something."

"Sure."

"I bet. Anyway. Now I'm not saying for sure that this is the reason, because now that this recession is on, no one can tell . . ."

"Go on, go on. What are you going to say that's going to get me mad?"

"Well. You undersell yourself."

"What?"

"Now wait a minute, be quiet, let me finish. It's true, George. Take right now. You're thinking negative."

"Well, my goodness, why shouldn't I be? What normal guy who just got fired wouldn't think negative?"

"You lack confidence. You're a good advertising man. Well, talk it up. No one else is going to do your talking for you. Be grand. Be splendid. Go to those elegant cafés once in a while even though you can't afford it. That's the way things are done. People are impressed by that. Now, you know this to be true: You're out of a job and no one wants you. It's sort of a poor, beaten look people have when they're not working, and the way it should be, employers should put out their hands to help them. But they don't. They like the look and smell of success. Instinctively they recognize it and they want it. Believe me, as soon as you get one job, I bet you'll have offers for three more. That's just the way things work. Take a guy and a girl. A guy doesn't want a girl who falls all over him. But the girl who stands slightly aloof, grand, splendid. why she's got guys falling all over her. It's wrong, I know, but that's just the way things are."

George just looked glum.

"Let's get out of this house of gloom," Louise said, standing up.

"In the rain?"

"We can go to a movie."

"A movie in the daytime, even in the rain, makes me feel soiled and lonely. What a sense of dusty guilt there is in sitting in the darkness and watching successful people making love by sunny swimming pools."

"Well, what'll we do, then? We can't sit around and mope all day like we did yesterday."

"Let's look at TV." He grinned evilly. "On how to make kumquat jelly and Linda's Other Life and be spiritually stimulated by stimulating spiritualists." He paused and gazed at the ceiling. "On a rainy day," he said dreamily, "you want one touch of glamour. You want to sit in some elegant bar all done in burgundy and brocade and be served sensational drinks born in Bali by a dignified, very old waiter. And then have him bring you small, spiced things in silver chafing dishes."

Her face brightened. "Well, we could do that. Be elegant. We've got the money."

"Baby, you've gone nuts. We've got a couple hundred dollars in the teapot, sure, but that's it, that's all of it."

"We were saving that for a rainy day," she said with a smile.

"Yeah. Big joke."

"Let's not feel poor, sweetie. It beats you down to feel poor."

"Face it. That's what we are. Poor. Out of a job, out on a limb in the rain."

"Something has to be done to get you out of this black frame of mind."

"Go bake an arsenic pie like Mom used to bake."

"I'm going to get dressed."

"For what?"

"I don't know. Just to get dressed."

"I don't know why I got dressed." He looked down at his shirt and tie. "Awful habit, dressing. Maybe I could get a job at the YMCA pool."

He sat there moping, the paper scattered around his feet as he imagined his life to be. She went into the bedroom and paused in front of the mirror, not seeing herself. One fingertip went to her lips. She smiled. She quickly sat down on the unmade bed and reached under the telephone table for the classified section of the city directory.

He heard her talking through the closed door and he thought that she was talking to him. "What?" he said.

George went into the bedroom. She was slipping a new dress over her head. "Where you going?"

She grinned. "To put up some kumquat jelly."

"Oh, is that your kumquat jelly dress? I've never been in the house before when you put up kumquat jelly and didn't realize that you had to have this special dress for it."

"It's mandatory. It gives the jelly that indescribable something."

There was a dignified knock on the front door.

"Now who could that be?" she said.

"Probably your lover. Doesn't know that the old man is out of a job and hanging around the house, barefooted, bearded, cackling and eating mustard greens and hog backs."

She pressed past him and walked out into the living room. He stood in the doorway and watched her neat hips and her trim legs. She opened the front door. A man in a dark uniform stood rigidly there and removed his billed cap.

"The police!" George gasped. "They discovered the theft of the paper clip."

"How do you do," Louise was saying. She shook the cop's hand. "I'm very glad to meet you."

"The car will be at the Eighty-third Street entrance, madam."

"Very well."

The man vanished. She shut the door.

George stood there with his mouth open.

Louise said gaily, "Put on your jacket, dear, and I think you'd better wear a hat and a raincoat too. It always looks better in restaurants when you have something to check, don't you think? It doesn't look as if you'd just run across the street, breathless, for a ham sandwich."

He stood there, speechless. She opened the door, and, smiling, turned toward him. "Aren't you coming?"

"I don't know. I guess I'm coming. The suspense is prodding me." He put on his raincoat and hat and they took the elevator down to the lobby and went out the Eighty-third Street entrance. There at the curb, stretching from New York to Detroit, as black and shiny as a patent leather shoe, crouched a low limousine.

"Who died?" George asked.

Snapping open a large black umbrella, the chauffeur rushed to the steps and took them over to the car. "Sir, madam," he said softly and opened the rear door of the limousine. George watched Louise, round-hipped and lovely as she bent over, be swallowed by the long, black car.

"Hey, wait!" he said, following her inside, turning around like a dog before he sank back in the soft seat. "What is this?" He looked around the beige interior, which was as well appointed as a sultan's bedroom. Already the big car was purring softly toward Fifth Avenue.

"Get ready to start feeling rich," Louise said, wallowing in the seat.

"Who's paying for it? Don't answer that. Now, according to all the TV stuff I've seen, you're supposed to have been socking some of my paycheck away all these years so that by this time, when I'm out of a job and it looks hopeless, you can produce this money from the sugar bowl and we can open our own advertising agency and make millions and buy this car." He looked over at her. "But that isn't it, is it?"

"No, it isn't," she said. "It's the two hundred dollars in the teapot."

He groaned. He sank back in the seat and stretched out his legs. They didn't reach the back of the front seat. He opened one bleak eye. The rolling room was enormous. He pushed himself to his feet and stood crouching. He held out his arms. "Shall we dance?" Immediately he fell back in the seat. "You must be mad," he said.

"Well, it's raining," she explained. "And if we walked to lunch, we'd get wet."

"That's logical. That's good thinking. Let me see, now, I'm a little behind here. Let's run through it again briefly. Two days ago I was fired. Yesterday . . ."

"You moped."

"Yes, yesterday I moped. Man needs one good day of moping. Calms the blood. And today it was raining and we ate Band-Aids for breakfast and decided it was hopeless. We are broke and out of a job. We will have to scrimp and save and put up kumquat jelly until I find another job, which I very much doubt that I can. Now. Now, we are riding in a limousine which must cost all of ten dollars an hour, easy."

"Twenty-five," she said. "With chauffeur."

He jerked upright and reached for the door. She pulled him back in the seat. "Sit back and enjoy it, sweetie," she said. "It's too late now."

The limousine pulled up to the curb. Leaning forward, George peered out the window. "Oh, my God!" he said, seeing the red and white striped awning and the doorman coming toward the car. "Escargots. The most expensive place in town."

"Of course," Louise said. "You yourself said that on a rainy day you wanted one touch of glamour."

"A touch! This is a blow!"

The car door was open. Louise was pressing something into his hand. "Louise! Five bucks!"

"For the nice man." She jolted him in the ribs. Grinning nervously, George stepped out. The doorman's soft white glove ate the five dollars. He touched his cap and bowed. "Madam, sir."

"In about two hours, Charles," Louise said to the chauffeur. He nodded, and the long black car sizzled away down the wet street. George stood in front of the café and gawked up at the buildings as if this were his first time in New York. Louise nudged him. "Inside, hick."

Inside it was dark and quiet and wine red and smelled like spiced money. The check girl took George's coat and hat. He would have to buy them back later. "Name, please?" a bowing man asked.

"Toliver," Louise said. "I called about an hour ago."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Toliver." He looked at his list. "Right this way, please."

It was rich and warm and wine red and white linen and sparkling silver and discreetly tinkling crystal. It was all like a cask of jewels thirty feet beneath the Mediterranean. The diners were distinguished. George didn't dare look at them as he and Louise followed the maitre d' to their table. He held the chair out for Louise, and George saw her hand him something and he bowed graciously and snapped out two enormous menus. George looked at the menu. It was as large as a circus poster and not as funny. It was all in French. He couldn't read a thing except the date.

"I guess this stuff is all free," he said. "There are no prices."

He heard Louise purring French to the old, dignified waiter. "Escargots . . . Filets de Sole Saute Meuniere . . . Coq au Vin de Bourgogne . . . Filet de Boeuf en Croustade . . ."

The waiter brought the bottle of wine around for George's inspection. He didn't know what he was supposed to do. The waiter stood by George's side holding the bottle of wine, the white towel slipped seductively aside to reveal the label, like a nurse showing off a baby to a proud father. George grinned foolishly. The waiter poured the champagne.

They ate snails which had been force-fed to death with garlic buds. They ate Dover sole which had thrown up their fins in despair and drowned themselves in a golden sauce. With the gin and the wine in him, George found the courage to look around the elegant café.

There they were, the giants of New York. The account executives and the vice-presidents and the chairmen of the boards. The actors and actresses, the writers and the editors.

Suddenly he slid down in his seat. "Hey!" he whispered to Louise. "There's my boss; I mean my ex-boss."

"Sit up, dear."

"I don't want him to see me."

"Why not? He's nothing to you any more. Sit up. You look like a school boy caught at a matinee."

They ate a chicken that had died while drinking red wine, and a tiny filet all covered with mushrooms.

"Why, hello there, Toliver." George felt the firm hand on his shoulder and gulped at the familiar voice.

He nodded guiltily. "Hello, Mr. Knight."

Mr. Knight's eyes swept over their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table, the remains of the chicken, the beef, the bottles of wine. "May I present my wife?" George stumbled to his feet.

Louise gave the ex-boss a cool hand and a cool smile.

Knight stood by their table with a puzzled look on his face. He seemed to be at a loss for words. "Enjoy your lunch?" he asked.

"It's up to its own good standard," Louise said casually.

The waiter brought a great blue flaming dish of cherries.

"Yes, hmmm," Mr. Knight said. "Never seen you here. Didn't think you knew about this place."

"Why, we practically discovered it," Louise said. "But that was years and years ago. Years."

Mr. Knight backed away. "Well, nice to have seen you again. And it was a pleasure meeting you, Mrs. Toliver."

"Whew!" George said, after he had left. "I'll never get a job there again, that's for sure."

"What makes you say that?"

"Did you see him look at all the bottles and this stuff we're eating? And you telling him that we've been coming here for years. That was just great. Two hicks out of their class, is what he thinks."

"We are not hicks! We're dressed as nicely as anyone here. I think he was impressed."

They drank tar-black Italian coffee laced with cognac. Louise lifted up her tiny cup. "To our last supper."

George grinned for the first time. The tight white look of fear was gone from his face. "I can't say that I didn't enjoy it, because I did. It was the finest . . ." Discreetly, the waiter slipped the bill upside down on the table. George turned it over. "Holy cow, Louise!" he cried. "Eighty-four bucks. Look at this!"

"Shhhh! Now they will think we're hicks. Here." She handed him five twenties. "Leave all of that. And here's a five for the busboy. I have already taken care of the maitre d'."

Arm in arm they walked proudly out of the café.

It was still raining. Mr. Knight stood under the marquee glaring at the sky. The doorman stood at the curb and blew his whistle at the deaf cabs.

"Huh!" Knight said, when he saw them. "Devil of a time getting a cab in New York in the rain."

"May we drop you off someplace?" Louise said grandly.

Their long black limousine sizzled to a stop at the curb. Charles leaped out, opened the door, and gathered them under his umbrella. Knight stood there with his mouth open catching the rain. George touched his elbow. "After you, sir."

Louise sat between the two men. Knight sat there and stared straight ahead and didn't say a word.

"Sit back and relax, Mr. Knight," Louise said, pressing him back in the seat. "We're not going to eat you. Where can we drop you off?"

"Oh. Ah. Yes. The office. Yes, the office."

Leaning forward, George tapped on the window and gave Charles the address of the office.

"Say, ah, Toliver," Knight stuttered. "Damned fine of you to give me a lift like this. I appreciate it." He looked at the cubic acre of air inside the limousine. "Damned fine car, too."

"In the rain, especially," Louise said. "Cars always seem to ride so much better in the rain, don't you think? They sizzle so softly."

"Hmmm, yes. Say, Toliver, you must be doing pretty well, eh? What outfit did you join, if I may be so bold . . ."

"Now, boys," Louise said. "No business talk during lunch hour."

"Of course," Mr. Knight said.

"Here we are, sir," George said. The limousine stopped in front of the office building. Charles opened the door. Knight got out. He peered through the window. "Damned gracious of you, Toliver. Thanks again."

"Any time," Louise said gaily. They drove up Madison Avenue, leaving Knight on the sidewalk watching them. "A turn around the park," Louise told Charles.

George sank back in the seat and felt like a millionaire. He howled with laughter. "Did you see the look on his face when you asked him whether we could drop him someplace and this car pulled up? Just that look on his face was worth two hundred dollars. Aw, baby. I feel absolutely stinking rich."

"We are rich. No matter if you only get a job tracing skips at twenty a week, we'll always be rich. We're not fair-weather lovers."

And as the limousine drove with dignity around Central Park they sat in the huge back seat necking like teenagers.

Charles pulled up in front of their apartment building. They got out. "Thank you for a perfect day, Charles," Louise said, handing him some money. Charles tipped his cap and bowed. The limousine rolled away. George stood there looking at it.

"C'mon out of the rain," Louise said. "What are you staring at?"

"I'm waiting for it to turn into a pumpkin."

Back up in their apartment, George paced the floor. "I feel great," he said. "Rich and great and confident. What time is it? Three o'clock. Good. I'm going out and get us the greatest job in the world."

"But it's still raining."

"To hell with the rain. I feel lucky. I'm the best copywriter in the whole world and I'm going to tell people that and they'll hire me." He left.

Two hours later he returned, wet and dejected. He shook his head sadly. "There wasn't much time. I only got to two agencies. They didn't want me."

"Sweetie." She hugged him. "Don't worry. You'll find something tomorrow. Besides . . ." She looked out the window. "It looks as if it might clear. It's not raining nearly so hard."

The phone rang. He answered it. It was Mr. Knight.

"Toliver. I'll come right to the point. You haven't signed any kind of contract with your present employer, have you?"

"No," George said.

"Good. The thought occurred to me after you dropped me off. Perhaps I was a bit hasty in letting you go. I would like you to consider this proposition. I can't say that I will give you twice the amount that he's giving you, but I will match it and also give you ten shares in the company."

George didn't say anything.

"Toliver? Toliver?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, good. I thought we had been cut off. Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you say?"

"Well, sir." George, talking on the phone, drew himself up sharply. "May I think it over, Mr. Knight?"

"Call me Fred."

"Yes, sir. May I think your proposition over, er ah, Fred?"

"Yes. But you'll let me know, soon as you can, won't you, George? You'll have an office to yourself, of course, and a secretary."

"Yes, sir. I'll let you know as soon as I can."

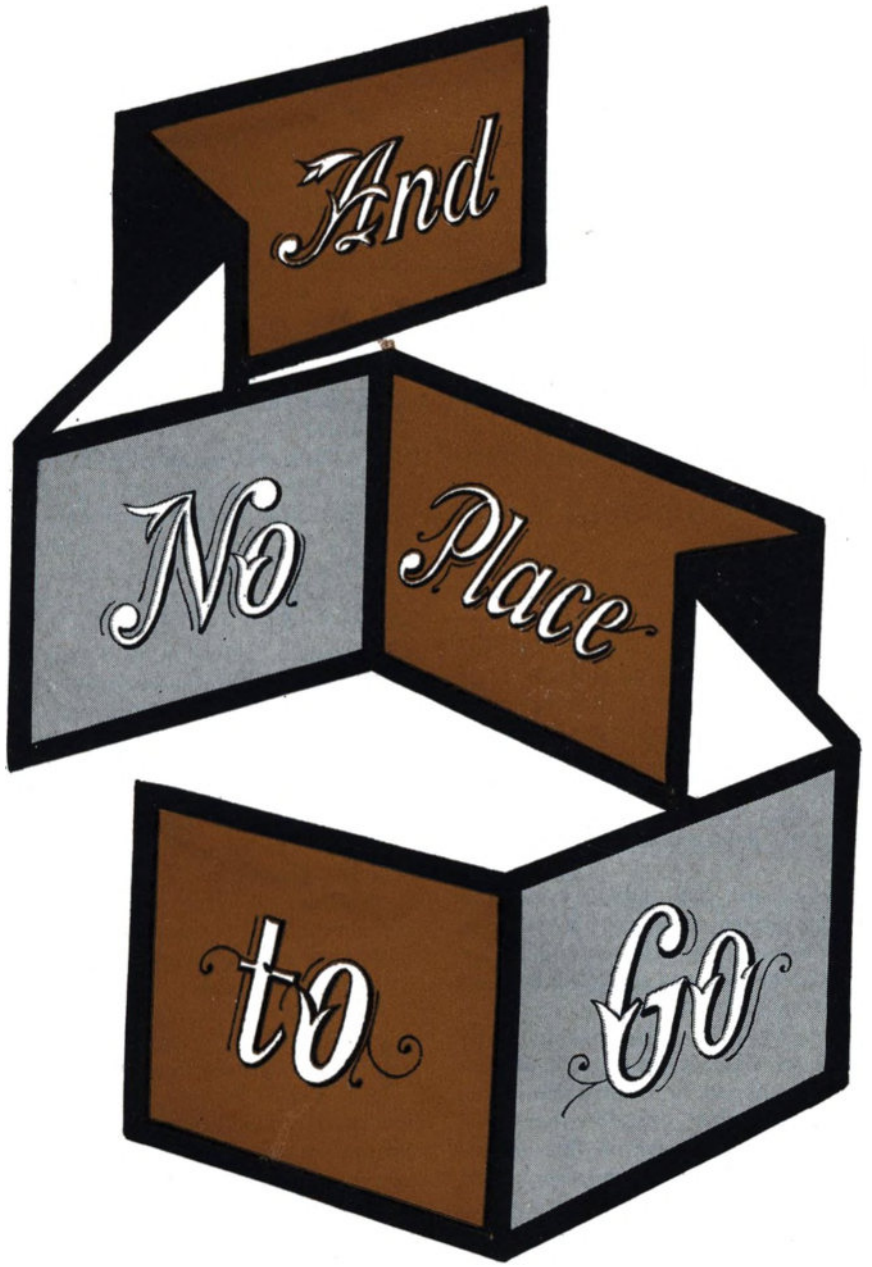
"Do that, George."

He hung up.

"Hey, Louise!" George shouted. "Hey, honey, listen to this—"

She was looking out the window. "It's stopped raining," she said. "Way up there you can see blue sky." THE END

They drove up Madison Avenue, leaving Mr. Knight on the sidewalk watching them.



He wanted very much to make love to his wife. He tried everything he could think of to reawaken romance. Everything, that is, except the one thing she had in mind.

BY NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB PATTERSON

Through the green-tinted glass of the observation dome, George Gordon watched the train grind slowly up into the mountains of northern California, snaking its way along the steep sides of the canyon. In San Francisco, it had been cold and rainy, but here the air was clear, and the snow that covered the tops of the rocks and lay among the pine trees looked bright and crisp. Gordon stretched back contentedly and smelled the smell of carpets and polished steel and the faint hint of clean steam and distant cooking that all combined into the smell of a train; and his thoughts drifted gradually around to his wife, Virginia, who had gone back to the compartment after lunch, saying that she was going to take a nap. He thought about her for a while, and then he got up and went down the curving stairs from the observation dome and headed for the compartment.

When he got there, he opened the door slowly and quietly, not wanting to wake her if she was still asleep. As it turned out, she was sitting by the window , reading a book, with a pillow behind her back and her feet tucked underneath her on the seat. She looked up as he came in, said, "Oh—hi," and went back to her book.

"I thought you were taking a nap."

"I dozed a little," she said, without looking up.

"Oh." Gordon sat beside her, and there was a short silence. He ran one finger along the curve of her leg. "I got the picture you were going to take a regular nap." She continued to read, and after a while he went on, "Since you're not, what would you say about going up to the club car and having a drink?"

"No, thanks," she said. "I'm perfectly happy right here."

"Well, we can have it sent back here, then," he said, cheerfully. "What about that?"

"No, thanks," she said, still reading. "You have one if you want."

There was a pause. "That must be one hell of a book," he said, at last.

She looked up at him. "Why? What makes you say that?"

"Wild horses couldn't tear you away from it. Or wild anything, for that matter."

"Is there anything wrong with that? Do you mind if I want to read?"

"No, no. I just thought maybe something was the matter."

"What do you mean, something the matter? Nothing's the matter with *me*. What's the matter with *you*? Just because I want to read a book, does that mean there's something the matter with me?"

"Not necessarily. But you can carry it to extremes, you know."

She stared at him for a few moments. "I don't see anything extreme about wanting to read a book in the middle of the afternoon," she said. "I'm tired, and all I want to do is sit down and read a book. That's all there is to it."

He stood up. "Sure, you're tired," he said. "You're always tired. It's a wonder you ever manage to drag yourself through all those luncheons and cocktail parties every day, you're so tired." He opened the door. "I'll send back a blood transfusion so you can make it to the diner for dinner." He went out, and closed the door behind him.

When he got to the club car, he went down two steps into the small, cozy bar, and sat down and ordered a Scotch highball. He thought: This is probably as good a place as any to spend the trip. I might as well be here as anywhere else.

He was on his second highball when a pretty, uniformed stewardess came up

"Nothing's the matter with *me*," she said. "What's the matter with *you*?"

to him and smiled as though she knew him. "Would you like to have dinner at six, seven, or eight?" she asked.

"What?" said Gordon, startled. "Oh—well—I don't know. Eight, I guess. Wait a minute," he said. "I guess you'd better ask my wife. Compartment B in CZ11. For all I know, she may want it served in the room, or she may want nothing at all—I'd be the last one to know. She might even want a buffet in the baggage car."

The stewardess smiled. "And what would you like, sir—would you like the regular dinner, or the Italian dinner?"

"My God." said Gordon. "I don't know. Italian, I guess."

The stewardess made a note and went away, and Gordon sipped his highball and thought that, in the proper circumstances, a dinner aboard this train could be almost irresistibly romantic. Well, why not try? he thought. Put on a little extra effort, a little touch of the old gallantry here and there, and who knows what might happen? It's certainly worth a try; a man can't be shot for trying.

They had dinner at eight, after cocktails in the club car. Gordon had changed his shirt and put on a dark tie, in order to add a subtly gala touch to the occasion. Virginia was wearing a dark suit with a white shirtwaist, and, although it was becoming to her, it was not particularly festive. But the argument of that afternoon had left her with a faintly distant air, and Gordon decided that the time wasn't quite right to suggest that she dress for dinner. Maybe tomorrow night we can dress, he thought. See what happens tonight first, though. The thing is to play it gently, and be as gallant about everything as possible.

He ordered wine with dinner, and it turned out to be a bad domestic burgundy. It came in individual bottles, and Gordon tasted his and then set his glass down with a shudder. To Virginia, he said, "Taste your wine and see what it's like. I may have got a sour bottle."

She sipped hers, and made a face. "No," she said. "Or if you did, then we both did."

"Well, there's a point in this." He turned around and looked for the steward. "We'll send it back and get another."

"I don't think it's going to make any difference," she said. "I have a feeling they're all going to be alike."

"Nevertheless." He caught the steward's eye, and beckoned to him.

"I just don't want you to make a scene," Virginia said. "The wine isn't as bad as all that."

"I'm not going to make a scene. I'm simply going to send this back and get a new bottle."

The steward appeared at the table, "Yes, sir?" he said.

"This wine," said Gordon. "I think it's turned. Would you get us a couple of new bottles, please?"

The steward put the bottle under his nose and sniffed, then poured a little wine into an empty glass and tasted it. "No, sir," he said. "That's the way it always tastes."

"Oh, now, wait a minute," Gordon replied. "That isn't wine, that's—"

"George, really," Virginia cut in. "It doesn't make any difference."

"Is there no other wine?" Gordon said to the steward. "Is this the only stuff you have?"

"We have the red and the white and the rosé, sir," said the steward, pronouncing the last one "rosy." He set the bottle back on the table.

"Well, really," said Gordon, "I think we could expect something a little—"

"George, I mean it," Virginia said, with a slight edge to her voice. "It isn't all that bad. I can drink it perfectly happily. Now, please."

Gordon was quiet for a moment, looking at the steward, who looked back at him without expression. "All right," Gordon said, at last. "If that's all there is, I guess that's what we drink."

The steward bowed and left, and Virginia said, "I knew that was going to happen. That's why I didn't want you to get him over here."

"You knew what was going to happen?" Gordon said, sharply. "Did I make a scene? Did I disgrace myself by asking if that was the only wine they had? Is there anything wrong with that?"

"It was just the way you did it that was wrong. You made it look as though it were all his fault."

"Well, damn it—" Gordon began, struggling to hold his temper. His instinct was to get up and leave the table rather than argue the matter any more, but he realized that there was not much of any place he could go, and furthermore that it would pretty well destroy what little was left of the festive dinner atmosphere. So he said nothing, and began to eat his food. After a while, he looked at Virginia, who was eating primly and quietly. "How is yours?" he asked her. "Is it all right?"

"Yes," she replied. "It's fine."

"So is this. A darned good dinner."

She said nothing, and continued to eat her meal. She sipped her wine every now and then, and dabbed the corners of her mouth carefully with her napkin, so as not to smear her lipstick. Looking at her, Gordon thought that she was an exceptionally attractive woman. He tried to imagine how she would appear to him if they had not been married for fifteen years—if she were just another traveler sitting across from him in the diner—and he concluded that if he had never met her before, he would make every attempt to get to know her. After a while, he cleared his throat and said, "You're looking very well tonight."

She glanced up at him, almost in surprise. "Thank you," she said, and smiled. Then she went back to her meal.

"Would you like to have a mint, or a brandy, or something in the club car afterward?"

"That might be nice, yes."

"Or we could have it sent back to the compartment if you'd rather."

"No, I'd just as soon have it in the club car. I've been in the compartment all day, and I'd kind of like a change."

"Whatever you say. Tonight, we'll do whatever you want."

"Well, I'm not going to want to stay up *all* night, if that's what you mean."

"It certainly is not what I mean."

"I think one mint or something might be good, though. Then I can just fall into bed and sleep. I don't think I've yet caught up on all the sleep we missed in San Francisco."

"No," he said, shortly. "I must say, you and Herb Marvin managed to stay up above and beyond the call of duty almost every night. I don't know how you did it."

"Well, I hadn't seen him in eight years. We had a lot to catch up on."

"You certainly must have."

"You didn't mind, did you?"

"Of course not. *Should* I have minded?"

"No, but you just sounded kind of acid about it, that's all."

"Well, if I'd thought I had any cause to be acid about it, you'd have heard from me a lot sooner than this."

"Yes, I suppose I would have."

"After all, it was nothing to *me* if you wanted to stay up all night. If you feel you can stand listening to Herb Marvin all night every night, it's no skin off my nose. Take me, now, I begin to go crazy after about two hours of him. But then, I don't have as much to talk to him about as you have."

"No, I don't imagine you do."

"What do you mean by that?"

She stared at him. "What did *you* mean by it?" she said.

Gordon started to speak, then stopped. "Oh, look," he said. "Let's cut this out. I don't know what we're arguing about, anyway."

"Neither do I. It was you who started it."

"*I* started it? *I* did?" He half rose in his chair, then sat down again.

"Let's skip it," she said, and went back to her meal.

They finished the rest of their dinner

in silence, and in the club car afterward, when their drinks had been served, he said, "I'm sorry about the argument. I really didn't mean to get involved in all that."

"That's all right," she said. "I think we're probably both tired."

"*I'm* not tired. *I* feel fine."

"Well, I don't, I can tell you that."

"What's the matter? Are you all right?"

"Yes, I'm all right. I'm just tired, that's all."

"You always seem to be tired. Don't you think maybe you ought to see a doctor?"

"I'm all right. I'll survive."

"It doesn't seem natural to be tired so much."

"I told you, I'm all right. With a little rest, I'll be fine."

"The only time you didn't need rest was in San Francisco; there you're probably known as the Iron Woman of Telegraph Hill. Nobody's seen such endurance since the Gold Rush." She looked at him and said nothing, and he took a big swallow of his drink. "I'm sorry," he said. "I don't know what's the matter with me."

"I think I do."

"Oh? What?"

"I think you need a change. I think you ought to be married to somebody else."

"*What*? Are you crazy?"

"No, I'm not crazy," she said, quietly. "I think you're bored with me, and I think you're subconsciously trying to find a way out. Maybe not even subconsciously, for all I know. You asked me what I think, and there it is."

"That is the most preposterous load of rubbish I have ever heard! It's—I don't know where to begin—it's—well, it's insane! You're out of your mind!"

She shrugged. "Think it over," she said. "Give it some thought, and see if I'm not right."

"Give it some thought? I don't *have* to give it any thought! I told you, you're absolutely stark, raving mad!" She shrugged again, and he said, "Listen—now I *know* you ought to see a doctor."

She smiled, and lit a cigarette. "I'll go to a doctor if you go too," she said.

"*I*? *I* go to a doctor? What have *I* got to go to a doctor about?"

"Who knows? You might have a big surprise in store for you."

"Oh, come now. This has gone far enough." He took a swallow of his drink, and set the glass down sharply. "Let's talk about something else. This is getting us nowhere."

"All right," she said, still smiling. "What do you want to talk about?"

"Anything. The—the weather. The train. What do you want to do when we get to Chicago? We have about four hours, so we could go to the Pump Room for lunch if you want to."

"All right."

"Or we could eat somewhere else. There's a very good steak place down near the station."

"Whatever you say."

"Well, we'll see what we feel like when we get there."

"Maybe that's the best idea."

There was a pause, and they both sipped their drinks. Then Gordon said, "How do you feel now?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean did the mint help any? Do you feel any less tired than you did?"

"I feel about the same. Mint isn't much of a stimulant, you know."

"No, I guess not."

"In fact, I think I'm about ready for bed. Will you forgive me if I fold up on you?"

"As a matter of fact, I might come back and turn in myself."

"Well, I warn you, now, I'm not going to be very good company. I'm going to be asleep in about three minutes."

Gordon fought back a small flash of anger. He looked at his watch. "It is kind of early," he said. "I might have one more, and then join you."

She stood up. "Good," she said. "You do that."

Gordon watched her as she left the car, and then he signaled to the waiter for another drink. He felt angry with himself, and he also felt confused, and in his mind he tried to find the reason why everything seemed to go wrong, no matter how good his intentions. It hadn't always been like this, he thought. There had once been a time when they could laugh together and have fun and be relaxed, but lately it always seemed that whatever they did ended in an argument, or if not in an argument, in a faint feeling of disinterest, or hostility.

For his part, he hated arguments, and would walk out or change the subject rather than be involved in one, but it never seemed to do much good, and he was frustrated by the feeling of formality that had crept between them. He paid for his drink, then took it up into the observation dome, and sat alone in the darkness. Ahead of him and behind him, the lights of the train cut little square patches in the night, and in their dim glow he could see rocks jutting out of deep banks of snow on either side of the track. He leaned back and closed his eyes, and wondered what Virginia could possibly have meant by saying that he needed to be married to someone else.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes and sat upright. It couldn't be, could it, that there was something between her and Herb Marvin? No, of course not. That was out of the question. She hadn't seen him for eight years, and besides . . . well, *had* she seen him in the last eight years, or hadn't she? He might possibly have come to New York on business—as a matter of fact, he had mentioned something about doing just that—and she could have seen him without Gordon's knowing anything about it. Well, suppose she had? He was just an old friend, someone she'd known since she was a child. No, there wasn't anything to worry about there. And furthermore, the last thing Gordon ought to do was sound jealous of Herb Marvin. If Virginia thought it had even crossed his mind, all hell would break loose. Still, if he was careful, he might be able to find out a few things, just to make sure. It would have to be done very delicately.

Gordon sipped his drink slowly, and when he had finished it he went back to his compartment. Virginia was asleep, and although he made no effort to be quiet as he undressed and washed, she did not wake up. He climbed into the upper berth, turned out the lights, and lay for a while staring into the darkness, until the slow rocking motion of the train lulled him to sleep.

When he awoke the next morning, she was gone. He descended from his berth and raised the shade, and the compartment was filled with a glaring, white light. Looking out, he saw that it was snowing heavily, and deep drifts were piled up across the barren, rugged landscape. He dressed, and went forward to the dining car, but she was not there. He thought of going to look for her, then decided that he might as well have a good breakfast while he had the chance.

When he had finished, he went up to the observation dome, and there he found Virginia, reading her book. He sat down next to her, and only then did she look up and see him. "Oh," she said. "Good morning."

"Good morning," said Gordon. "Did you sleep well?"

"Like a rock," she replied, and then went back to her book.

Gordon looked at the snow that swirled around the observation dome, and cleared his throat. "You feeling better today?" he asked.

"A little," she said.

"Good." He cleared his throat again, and said, "Oh, by the way, didn't Herb Marvin mention something about coming east on business?"

"Yes, I think he did," she replied. "Why?"

"Nothing. I just wondered. Does he

come east very often, do you know?"

"I think so, yes."

"Oh." He thought about this for a while, wondering what to say without giving himself away. Finally, as casually as he could, he said, "Where does he stay when he's in New York, do you know?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," she said. "Why? What are you getting at?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. It just occurred to me that—"

"How could I possibly know where he stays, when last week was the first time in eight years I'd laid eyes on him? What is all this about, anyway?"

"I told you, nothing. I just thought that if he *was* coming east, why, then—well, I wondered if maybe we shouldn't offer to put him up, that's all."

She looked at him for several seconds before answering. "I thought you said he drove you crazy," she said.

"I said nothing of the kind. I said that after a couple of hours, late at night, I began to think he talked a lot. That's all I said—or, that's all I meant."

"I still don't see what suddenly makes you up and want to have him in the house."

"Let's forget it, shall we?"

"I'm perfectly *willing* to have him, understand, but I just wonder what's brought on this change in you."

"It's no change at all. It's simply that when you're in a strange town, it's nice to have people look after you, that's all."

"He knows plenty of people in New York—I don't think you have to worry about that."

"Oh. Just by the way, how is it that we *haven't* seen him in all these years? You'd think, if you and he were such bosom buddies, he'd have called up every time he came to town."

"I think mostly he's been here in the summer, when we've been away. I don't know."

"Oh. Is that what he said?"

"What in *heaven's* name are you trying to get at?" she exploded. Her eyes were bright with anger, and she snapped her book closed and put it in her lap. "Now, tell me what you're trying to say, or stop all these oblique little snooping remarks. One thing or the other—quick!"

"Never mind," he said. He rose with as much dignity as he could. "I think we'd better let the whole thing drop." He went down the stairs and into the bar, and ordered a Scotch and water. Outside, the snow blasted against the windows, and the mountain peaks were hidden in the swirling, boiling clouds of white.

In the middle of the afternoon, the train stopped. It had been making its way up the western approaches of the Rocky Mountains, and as the snow became heavier the progress of the train became slower. Finally, when the visibility had decreased to zero and the snow had begun to drift across the tracks, the train slowed to a series of little jerks, and then stopped. Gordon had not had a great deal to drink, but the altitude had increased the effects of what he had had, and he was aware that his eyes were not quite in focus. After staring at the turmoil outside the window, he looked at the bartender and, with exaggerated care, said, "Are we supposed to be stopping here?"

"No, sir. We're not."

"I see."

A conductor came through the car, said something to the bartender, and went on.

"What'd he say?" Gordon asked.

"He said there'd been a snow-slide up ahead," the bartender replied.

"Oh." There was a short silence, and then Gordon said, "How long does that mean we'll be here?"

The bartender shrugged. "Till they get a snowplow through and clear it out," he said.

"I see."

The bartender polished a glass, and put it in the cabinet behind him. "That *could* take quite a while," he said.

"Yes. I suppose it could," Gordon said. "I guess I'd better go pass the word to the partner of all my joys and sorrows."

Virginia was in the compartment, reading her book. She looked up as he came in, then resumed her reading without saying anything. He stood for a moment and watched her, and then, with an air of something like satisfaction, he said, "You'd better make that damned book last. We're stuck in the snow."

"What do you mean, we're stuck?" she asked.

"Look out the window, and you'll see. We're stuck. There's been an avalanche or something up ahead."

She put down her book. "How long are we going to be here?"

"Until they get a plow through. It may be weeks."

"No, I mean really."

"Who knows? It depends on where the plow comes from. Maybe from Denver, maybe from San Francisco, maybe from Trenton, New Jersey. Maybe they'll have to import one from Switzerland." He began to laugh.

"What's so funny?" she asked.

"I was just thinking, now you can get all the sleep you want. There's nothing else to do, so you can sleep and sleep and sleep, and lie back and read your book, and I'll bet if you did that for a week you'd *still* be tired. You could hibernate in a cave like a goddam bear all winter, and you'd still be tired in the spring when you woke up."

"Well, I can tell you one thing," she said. "I'd still be tired of *you*. You want to know why I'm tired—all right, then, I'll tell you. I'm tired of you, so tired I can't see straight. I'm tired of looking at you, I'm tired of listening to you, and I'm especially tired of being taken for granted by you. You've got everything down to a routine and you don't think you have to make any effort, and I can tell you that living with you is just about as stimulating as living with an old derby hat. You want to know why I sleep a lot? I sleep so I won't have to talk to you, or listen to you, or put up with you, or be taken for granted by you—I sleep so that I can at least have a little time to myself."

"This is a fine time to be telling me that," he said, and turned toward the door. "But I'll do what I can not to bother you any more."

"And that's another thing," she said. "Any time there's any trouble, or any argument, or any difference of opinion, you just turn and walk out. You're so fine, and so great, and so damned sure that you're right, that you won't even deign to discuss the other side of the question. Well, I can tell you there *is* another side, and it's a beaut."

He turned back to her. "It seems to me you could have pointed this out before," he said.

"When did I ever have a chance? Any time anything starts to happen, you flounce out and stay away until you think I've cooled off. Well, I may have cooled off, but cooling off doesn't settle an argument—all it does is pile it up for another time. But with you there never *is* any other time—living with you is like living in a vacuum. You know what they say about Nature hating a vacuum—well, I can tell you that a woman hates a vacuum, too, and pretty soon she hates it enough so that she does something about it."

"Just what do you mean by that? What do you mean, 'she does something about it'?"

"You guess. You just take one big fat guess."

"Do you mean Herb Marvin?"

"At least Herb Marvin was a new face. At least Herb Marvin was somebody I could talk to. At least Herb Marvine had some new ideas, and listened to me as though he was interested in what *I* had to say. Maybe he wasn't—maybe I bored him senseless—but at least he *looked* as though he was interested."

"You didn't answer my question."

"It doesn't deserve an answer. If I thought you were really interested, or concerned, I'd tell you, but you're not."

"I think I'll be the one to decide if I'm interested or not."

She laughed shortly. "Then brood about it for a while," she said. "Maybe it'll do you good."

He opened the door. "Is it all right for me to go now? Do I have your permission to go out for a little air?"

"You can go wherever you like," she replied. "If you think it'll help, you can walk to Denver."

His head was clear as he went to the club car, but he had a feeling of unreality, as though he and Virginia had suddenly become two totally different people. His whole outlook had been shaken up and jolted about, and his first instinct was to sit down someplace and try to sort things out. There were several people in the bar, talking with loud joviality about the prospect of being marooned in the mountains, and Gordon avoided them and went up and sat in the cold and dark observation dome. He slouched in a seat and stared glassily at the back of the seat ahead of him. Never, in all the time they had been married, had Virginia spoken to him as she had just now—he had, in fact, prided himself on their never having had a real fight—and the things she had just said had sounded as though they were coming from a complete stranger. But she wasn't a stranger—at least not in that sense—and she had clearly meant what she was saying. She had meant every word of it, and she had apparently been waiting a long time to say it. There was very obviously something going on with Herb Marvin, and the thought of it made Gordon's stomach contract. From the way she had talked, Gordon slowly began to realize that what he had thought was a happy, successful marriage was in point of fact a kind of armed truce, with one side completely unaware that there was any trouble. He had been like the captain of a ship, happily getting a suntan on the bridge, while down below the crew was making plans to mutiny and throw him over the side. The thought made him feel deeply sorry for himself, and he shut his eyes and clenched his fists in his pockets.

All he wanted now was to get away, and go someplace where he could nurse his wounds in peace, but there was nowhere for him to go. If they had been at home, he would have gone to a hotel, or a saloon, and there made plans for what to do with the rest of his life, but he was locked in a snowbound train in the mountains, and there was absolutely nothing he could do about it. And furthermore,

The snow collapsed beneath his feet. He dropped into whirling white mist.

he was not going to be able to stay much longer in the observation dome; it was getting so cold that he was trembling all over. He took a deep breath, then adjusted his necktie and went down into the bar, and he stared at the wall for a long time before he finally ordered a drink. It crossed his mind that somebody might have to break a trail through the snow to get help for the train, and he determined to volunteer for the job if the need arose. He hoped that there would be wolves in the mountains, and maybe a mountain lion or two. This general line of thinking made him feel a little better, and after his second drink he put his head back against the wall and went quietly to sleep.

The snow had stopped by morning, but in some places the drifts were up to the roof of the train. Most of the windows were covered, and the air inside the cars was cold and damp. Gordon awoke with a stiff neck, and for a few moments he didn't know where he was. The bar was deserted and dark, and he somehow had the feeling that he was alone on the train. Then, from far away, he heard voices, and he stood up painfully and went to the end of the car. There was light in the vestibule, and he looked out and saw that someone had opened the door and then cut a hole through the snow, so that it was possible to go outside. He scrambled through the hole, and found himself in a world of blinding white light. The slopes of the mountain were like long, rolling waves of snow, and the trees that needled up through the drifts were caked with white. There were spots where the track had been shielded from the heaviest drifts, and then other spots where the drifts covered everything in sight. Several passengers and members of the train crew had tramped out a space of hard-packed snow, and were looking up at the brilliant blue sky, shielding their eyes against the glare. Gordon heard what sounded like an airplane engine, and he looked up and saw a helicopter hovering over a ridge high above, its spinning rotor blades making it look like some large, lazy insect. It moved forward until it was directly over the train, and then slowly it began to descend, testing the air currents and staying well clear of the surrounding trees. Everybody was waving, and then the helicopter pilot opened his door and dropped a small package out. It spun downward, and the wind caught it and sent it swooping into a drift about twenty yards below where Gordon was standing. He ran toward the spot, paying no attention to the shouts of the other people, and he had almost reached the place where the package had fallen when suddenly the snow collapsed beneath his feet, and he dropped out of sight. His last impression was of a whirling white mist, and then a crash.

When he regained consciousness, he was lying on the snow, looking up at a circle of faces. He heard someone say, "Here he comes now," and then someone else knelt down beside him and said, "How do you feel?"

Gordon sat up, and a wave of dizziness spun over him. Then it passed, and he blinked his eyes and shook his head. Something thudded inside his skull, and then a steady pain began to pound at his temples. "Ouch," he said. "What happened?"

"You went over a cliff," someone said. "You knocked yourself cold."

The man who was kneeling beside him said, "Do you want to try to stand up, and see if everything's okay?"

"I guess so." With two men helping him, Gordon got to his feet. He felt stiff and sore, but his arms and legs moved without too much trouble. "I guess I'm okay," he said. "I don't know why, but I guess I'm okay."

"You'd better get into dry clothes," someone said. "Come on, we'll help you back."

They took him back to the train, and he thanked them and then, with his head pounding and his steps unsteady, he went inside and groped his way to the compartment. Virginia was not there, and he slowly took off his wet clothes, dropped them in the middle of the floor, and then scrubbed himself dry with the face towels from the bathroom. By the time he was through, his skin felt warm and the stiffness was leaving his joints, but his head continued to pound with a dull, steady ache. He opened his suitcase and took out some clean clothes, and he had just got into his underwear when the door flew open, and Virginia came in. Her eyes were wide, and she was trembling. "My God, are you all right?" she asked.

He sat down, and began to pull on one sock. "Sure I'm all right," he said. "Why?"

She went down on her knees, and grasped his hands. "Look at me!" she said. "You're not hurt?"

"No, I'm not hurt. How did you know about it?"

"Someone told me—they told me you'd fallen down the mountain, and I didn't know—" She suddenly seemed close to tears.

"I just fell over a little cliff, that's all." He wished that his head would stop aching, so that he could think more clearly. In view of what she had said before, he hadn't expected her to be so upset.

"But what were you doing?"

He looked at her for several seconds before he answered. "I guess I was trying to be a hero," he said. "I don't know."

"But why? What for?"

"There you have me."

"But it isn't *like* you to do that! What made you *do* it?"

"You guess," he said, and smiled thinly.

There was a short silence. "That is the most idiotic thing I have ever heard," she said.

"I don't see anything idiotic about it. When a man sees his whole marriage dissolving right in front of his eyes, then he—"

"Who said anything about that? All I ever said was—"

"Who said it? *Who said it?*" He started to get up, but she pushed him back in the seat.

"Now you can't leave," she said. "Now there's no place you can go because you've got nothing on but your underwear, so you're going to have to listen to me. Whether you like it or not, you're going to have to listen."

"All right," he said. "I'm listening."

"All I said was that a person has to get something off their chest once in a while—they have to have someone to talk to, or they go crazy."

"I got the picture you didn't care if you never saw me again."

"If you'd listened to me, you'd have heard what I was saying. You were so anxious to get away that you didn't understand a thing I said."

"All right, then. What did you say?"

"I said I need someone to talk to. I said I don't like to be taken for granted. I said it makes me mad when you act as though I were just a stick of furniture. That's all I said."

"You used some pretty rough words to say it."

"It was the only way I could make you listen."

He thought for a while. "I'll be damned," he said, at last.

She stood up. "Now that that's settled, is there anything I can do for you?"

He lay back in the seat and closed his eyes. His head still ached, and he felt limp and hollow inside. "Yes, come to think of it, there is," he said.

"What?"

"Just sit down here and talk to me." He opened his eyes and put out one hand, and she sat down next to him and took his hand in hers. "Just like that," he said, and closed his eyes again.

"This is easy," she said. "I could get to like this."

With his eyes still closed, he smiled. "You'll have plenty of chance to," he said. "I think we're going to be here for a long time." THE END

KEY TO A DREAM

It was a real key—heavy, golden, ancient—the key to a palace in Italy where he could live like a king—but first he had to find it

BY ALAN JENKINS ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR LIDOV

The images of war are mostly unspeakable, splendid, or funny. Not so the Drunken American. His image, which I have carried with me ever since the autumn of 1943, was pathetic.

Scogliani, thirty miles from Naples, had had the full German treatment. Kesselring's engineers hadn't always waited for families to get out of their houses before blowing them up. Four-fifths of the population had fled to join the aimless stream of refugees on the main roads. The fighting had become what military experts call "fluid," which means that nobody has the slightest idea what is happening. Sometimes the gunfire ceased, but never the rain, the hiss and tumble of rain drumming into the steaming mud.

I was that curiosity of war, a Liaison Officer. I had landed at Termoli, on the east coast, with the Eighth Army. I was supposed to maintain contact with Mark Clark's Fifth Army by riding a motorcycle back and forth across a sea of slime, dodging shells from retreating German 88's as best I could. I had water in the carburetor, and no petrol.

Two buildings in Scogliani still had roofs on them: the Church of Santa Monica and the Trattoria Centrale. In the Trattoria I got about half a pint of brandy in exchange for two cans of bully-beef. Men and women and babies lay on the stone floor and slept.

There was one other customer: a G.I. slumped across a table, dead drunk.

"Hey, soldier!" I called. I thought he might know of someone who could give me a lift to a petrol point. I went over and shook him. "Hey, wake up!"

"Lea' me alone," he grunted. His voice rose to a scream: "Lea' me alone, you Wop bastard!"

"Listen," I said. "You help me and I'll help you. I want you to take me to your unit. I need transportation."

He lurched upright and focused his eyes on my shoulder. "You're norra Wap," he stated. "You're a Limey. A Limey officer. I hate the guts of officers."

"Okay," I said wearily. "So you hate officers. Now about that transportation—"

He collapsed in a fit of giggling. "Oh, but you're too late, Lieutenant! Just a liddle. I had a liddle truck just an hour ago, but now I don't have a truck any more." His face assumed a deadpan solemnity. "Shall I show you what I got instead? Look!"

He unbuttoned his battledress and lugged out a string tied around his neck. It carried his identity disc and an enormous key, ornately worked and gleaming. I caught at the disc and read it: *Scotto A.P.*, and his number.

"I don't get it, Scotto. Why don't you have your truck any more?"

"I traded it," he said thickly. "Traded it for this key . . . Why d'you look at me like that?" he shouted suddenly. "Like I was crazy?"

"I don't think you're crazy. Just bloody drunk. What were you carrying in that truck, Scotto?"

"Rations." He jerked his head impatiently. "Ah, hell. Uncle Sam's got plenty more. The poor bastard said his family was starving—up north someplace. I was out of gas and stuck in the mud. He said he knew where he could get some gas—figured he could get it through the German lines. Said he was working for the Partisans." He gripped my arm unsteadily. "It's the key of his house. He gave me his *house*, don't you understand? His house for some food. A *palazzo*, he called it. He gave me the deed, too."

Scotto fumbled in his breast pocket and produced a grubby scrap of paper with a few words scribbled on it. It said that G. Lamberti hereby assigned his residence, the Villa Serena, to Signore Scotto A.P., and that this document was valid under war conditions until a formal agreement could be drawn up with G. Lamberti's lawyers in Rome.

I wanted to tell Scotto he was an all-time sucker, but his bloodshot eyes were so blazing with belief that I couldn't. "It doesn't say where the villa is, does it?"

"Ah, it must be somewhere around." Scotto waved his arm vaguely, knocking over his empty glass, which smashed on the floor. He stared down at the splinters of glass for a few seconds. When he raised his eyes again, I saw that Scotto was weeping.

In the mud, near where his truck had jammed, he'd seen a baby with one arm blown off by a mine. That was Scotto's image of war. "No bigger than my sister's kid. It died while I was looking at it."

He began to curse, all the swear-words he knew, as if he hadn't known them long. Most of all, he cursed about Italy. "Look at it! Kids without shoes. Girls who sleep with you for a can of corned beef. Those back streets in Naples . . .

No money, no work, no hope. And it's been that way for hundreds of years."

I gave him a cigarette and lit it for him. He dragged at it clumsily: he hadn't been smoking long, either.

"I'll tell you something, Lieutenant. My grandfather quit this damn country fifty years ago because he thought it was washed up even then. We're Americans now. We're through with this dump you call Europe. Two world wars, and you have to send for the Yanks both times to pull you out of the mess . . ."

The rain wasn't so heavy now, and I stood up. I wasn't in the mood for a chat on isolationism. "I know how you feel, Scotto. I'm going to try and thumb a ride to Caserta. Any of your troops there? I'm supposed to make contact with them. Want to come along?"

Scotto shook his head. "If I know Mark Clark, he'll be in Rome by now."

I felt kind of responsible for him. "What are you going to do?"

"Stay here." He took the key from his battledress again, and swung it like a pendulum on its string, staring at it as if hypnotized. "Stay here till they collect me."

His chin sank on his chest. The last I saw of him was his young black head bent over the table, and the key swinging to and fro.

Last summer my paper sent me to Naples to cover the Torremeo wedding. An Italian prince marrying a British starlet: a dull story for a reporter who is no good at describing wedding dresses. So I took a couple of days off to revisit the battlefields, and maybe write a feature on them.

Fourteen years is plenty of time to rebuild a village, and Scogliani was unrecognizable. Only the Church of Santa Monica and the Trattoria Centrale reminded me that I had been there before. These, and—I could hardly believe my eyes—the man I knew as the Drunken American.

The sun was beating down with incandescent fury. I took shelter at a cool table under the Trattoria's striped awning, and ordered a Camparisoda. The proprietor, plump and voluble, served me himself, then retired to the bar-counter at the back. His black-furred right arm, big as a washerwoman's, never stopped moving as he poured out drinks. I watched him setting up dry Martinis for a couple of American tourists, saw him throw back his crinkled head and laugh, saying in English: "Ah, forget it. They're on the house!"

Through a spotless lace curtain behind the counter I could just see a girl of about twenty-seven nursing a baby. She shouted to him in Italian, telling him no more drinks on the house, or the family would be ruined. As there were four more kids, all under nine, tearing in and out of the café and calling him Papa, I could see her point.

He came bustling out to see if I wanted another drink, and I took the plunge. "Hello, Private Scotto!" I said.

Dazedly he wiped his hand on the sleeve of his sky-blue peasant shirt. "Signore?"

"My name's Rennie," I said. "Last time we met, I was Lieutenant Rennie. It was in this very place, in 1943."

A sharp intake of breath, and then: "Ah! You are the British officer who—?"

I nodded. "Do you still have that key, Scotto?"

"It is—here in Scogliani, yes," he smiled.

"You did find your *palazzo*, then?" I asked.

"*Momento.*" He went into the bar and returned with a bottle of red wine and two big goblets. "Homemade," he said, sitting at my table. What was I doing in Scogliani? I said I had come to look at the battlefields again, and that he was the last person I had expected to see here.

He shrugged at the word "battlefields." "Ah, it is all different now," he said impatiently. "We have worked hard and built up our village again—"

"*Your* village, Scotto?" I could no longer restrain my curiosity. "But you hated Italy, you thought Europe was a dump, you couldn't get back home fast enough—"

He threw back his head and gave that throaty laugh of his. "I was very young, Signore, and it was a war."

"But—what changed your mind?"

He refilled our glasses. "This is a long story, Signore. You have all day?"

"All the week, if you like."

"*Allora . . .*" he began.

The Return of the Soldier is pretty much the same everywhere. Back home in Burgess, Illinois, nothing was as Scotto had remembered it. People were kind in ways that hurt most. "Everybody treated me like a mixed-up kid," he said. "I just couldn't seem to fit in."

Scotto's father had died just before V-J Day. His mother and little sister had gone to live with a married sister. They made room for Scotto, but it wasn't like home any more.

There was a girl, too, I gathered. A girl called Sigrid Sandstrom whom he used to date before he joined the Army. For two years she had written him the sort of letters you write to a soldier five thousand miles away to keep up his morale. One day the letters had stopped, and he heard that Miss Sandstrom had married a cropped and gleaming major at Fort Leavenworth with no speck of dirt on his tunic.

Sometimes Scotto would take the key out of a junk drawer in his bedroom with half a mind to throw it away. But it had a strange power over him. It was the one thing he had got out of the war. He'd lost the "deed" long ago: it was a puff of ash somewhere near Bologna, where his truck had struck an S-mine and caught fire.

There was one place where Scotto felt at home. His grandmother lived over the pizzeria on Lincoln Street which his grandfather had opened over forty years ago. Scotto had earned his first dollar helping behind the counter before he was out of knee-pants.

He could go to Nonna's any time he liked. Nonna never changed. She never lectured him, didn't care whether he "got on" or not. Nonna understood everything, and loved almost everybody. When he didn't want to talk, she too was silent. And she made wonderful coffee.

Later, he began to talk, and then he couldn't stop talking. He told her of the devastation and misery he had seen, the mutilated baby, the refugees screaming in front of the tanks . . .

"Tonino!" The old woman's voice was suddenly imperious. "Tonino, it is good for a young man to be angry and to feel pity. But you have seen Italy only in war . . ."

Gently she began to tell him of the good times she and Nonno had known in Italy. *Santa Maria*, it had been a hard life: there were too many children for the land to feed, they were cold in winter and hungry always. But there was sunshine, too, and easy laughter; the comfort of Mother Church, a mouthful of wine, the twang of a mandolin, and old songs to sing.

Scotto listened, at peace. Nonna's gentle wisdom was healing. And when she had gained his confidence completely, he told her about the key.

"I can go back there, find the house—maybe sell it for a lot of money," Scotto said eagerly. "Or turn it into a hotel, or rent it to tourists, or—"

"Or live in it," Nonna said softly.

"Live in it?" Scotto considered. He turned the key over and over in his hands.

Nonna's voice came to him as if from a great distance: "I think you will go back to Italy one day and find your *palazzo*. Perhaps this is the key to your kingdom."

It was nonsense, of course; yet Scotto

Suddenly he knew what to do with the key.

began to wear the key on a cord around his neck again, like a talisman, just as he had done in the Army. He had three jobs in quick succession—soda-jerker, car-washer, clerk in a lumber-yard—and hated them all. The key lay hard against his chest, a goad to remind him of his purpose.

In the bitter winter of 1946 Nonna died, as she had lived, quietly and without fuss. Scotto, doubly lost now, made up his mind.

Scotto planned his pilgrimage. There was the money he had saved from his Army pay, Poppa's Liberty Bonds, and his share of the money from the sale of the pizzeria. If he spent carefully, he could live for six months in Italy without taking a job. Then he found a cheap cargo boat to Naples.

As the white plume above Vesuvius came into sight, Scotto marveled at his own madness. With nothing but a key, he was going to search the whole of Italy for a house called the Villa Serena. There must be as many Villa Serenas in Italy as there were Ryans in Ireland. It was crazy, but it was exhilarating. In Naples, he rented a Topolino—a tiny, tough little car like a bedbug—and drove to Scogliani.

Four years had transformed the village. The flattened rubble of shell and mine had been cleared. There were many empty lots, but there were also new buildings, with flower-filled window boxes and evergreens in tubs. The Trattoria had a defiant lick of paint on its ancient woodwork, and the bullet holes had been filled in. The eternal barefoot kids begged for cigarettes and coins; yet there was cheerfulness. These people had got less than nothing out of the war, but they were grateful to God that it was ended. The supremely important thing was living, not dying.

Scotto put up at the Trattoria Centrale because it was the only place he knew. It was kept by a Signora Guardi and her daughter Graziella, an extremely pretty girl of seventeen who served behind the bar. He watched the skill and humor with which Graziella, self-possessed, carrying herself beautifully, handled the bar-flies.

He had, as yet, no clear idea of how to begin his search for the Villa Serena. On Sunday he went to Mass. Not for many months had he been to Mass at home in Burgess; and it was here that the first finger of guidance touched him. At the church door, as the black-clad congregation filed out into the blinding sunlight, the priest greeted him.

"Good day, my son. I have not seen you before—you are American, I see."

"Yes, Padre. But my folks came from Italy two generations ago. Somewhere in the Romagna, I think."

Father Alonso eyed him curiously. "What brings you to our little town?"

When Scotto said he had come to look around the battlefields, Father Alonso's face lit up. He, too, had served in this part of Italy. He had been chaplain of an Italian unit until the Germans had captured him. Then, having some medical knowledge, he had helped to look after German wounded until the British overran them.

"Come," Father Alonso said. "Let us take a glass of wine together." And he led him to the Trattoria, to a spindly round table on the sidewalk.

"It's not a bad place," he said, when Graziella had taken their order, "People still come here for old time's sake. The food's always lukewarm, and the service could be better. It's too much for those two women to run by themselves. It's a sad story. The husband was shot by the Germans for giving information to the Allies. Ah, this place was a little gold mine before the war! Guardi's *zabaglione* —shall I ever forget it?"

Scotto's eyes strayed to the back of the café, where Graziella was drawing a cork with the effortless grace that characterized all her movements. "But—can't they get any help?"

Father Alonso's eyes rolled up in an expression of hopelessness. "The mother's health is weak. She is still lost without her husband. They have not been lucky. They had two managers for the Trattoria —one turned out to be a drunkard, the other a robber."

Presently, his tongue loosened by the full-bodied wine, Scotto was telling the priest the story of the war, the key, and the Villa Serena. "I told you I had come to Italy to revisit the battlefields. That wasn't the whole story, Father. This key's the real reason. Father, I've just got to find that house!"

There was no sign of mockery or doubt in Father Alonso's face as he turned the piece of polished metal over in his hands. "Villa Serena," he frowned. "You'd think there would be a Villa Serena in every village in Italy; yet I can't recall one around here. Lamberti? I knew a Lamberti many years ago in Parma, but he was a poor fellow—he never owned a house in his life." The old man shook his head worriedly. "My bicycle is ancient and my legs are treacherous—I don't get about as much as I used to. Villa Serena . . ." Father Alonso's brows puckered in a tremendous effort of concentration. His face cleared suddenly. "Of course, there is Biagio, the postman. If *he* doesn't know every house for miles around, then nobody does."

Scotto stammered his thanks.

"Do not despair, young man," the old priest smiled. "We will pray to St. Anthony, who helps to find lost things. He will give us guidance . . ."

The next few days were full of splendid confusion and excitement. The news of the key and the search for the Villa Serena spread over the countryside like a forest fire. It was mainly Biagio the postman who carried it; but it was also Father Alonso, Maestro Lippi, the notary, the corporal of *carabinieri*, and a hundred anonymous tongues.

The good people of Scogliani went into huddles, arguing vehemently. The *americano* should go to Gandolfino, eight miles away, and ask the *podesta*. Or he should go to Capua, where there was a Commissioner for War Damaged Property. At Castellano there was a locksmith who might recognize the key. It might not be the key of a door at all, but of a pair of mighty iron gates at the entrance to a great estate—only think of that!

Each morning Scotto set out in the Topolino for a fresh destination. Evenings he spent at the Trattoria Centrale. Not only for company: he knew now that it was Graziella who kept him there.

For an hour every night she was behind the bar. The local youths lounged over the counter, their laughter ringing out every now and then. They would tease her, take her hand, pretend she had short-changed them, try to make her drink with them. Sometimes one of them—usually a thick-set boy with a cropped head and a wide mouth—would go too far, grab at a tiny brooch at her breast, and earn himself a vicious slap as her slim arm whipped across his jaw with the speed of a mousetrap.

One evening, on a courageous impulse, Scotto asked Graziella to sit down and have a drink with him. To his surprise, she did. The youths at the bar put their heads together and scowled in their direction.

Graziella began at once to ply him with questions about America. Chin on cupped hands, one strand of hair brushing her cheek, she wanted to know about central heating, gunmen, television, Hollywood. Films never came to Scogliani—one had to go to Castellano. And American women: what did they wear? Was it true that they could buy nylons outside the black market?

Scotto glanced quickly at Graziella's sunburnt legs under the table. He felt a pang of pity for a girl who, as she told him matter-of-factly, had had only two pairs of stockings since the war. They were of Como silk, bought on the black market for more money than she could earn in three weeks.

A cable home to Burgess, Illinois, would take only a few hours, he thought quickly: a supply of nylons could arrive within ten days . . .

A poster on the wall above Graziella's head caught his eye. "I see there's a fiesta at San Pietro della Rocca the week after next, Signorina. Will you let me take you to the dancing?"

She gave an involuntary glance sideways at the glowering youths at the bar. "It—might be possible, Signore. You must ask my mother."

There followed a week of motoring around Capua, Benevento, Avellino, examining every empty house, every rusty gate, every dwelling that, within living memory or tradition, was ever called "Villa Serena." Key in hand, Scotto climbed hills and sat, panting, at the top, amid a circle of ruins. Sometimes he would knock at a farmhouse door, and be sent away with a glass of wine and much good advice. Sometimes, too, he found a new cottage built on the site of a war-shattered husk still bearing the name Villa Serena: this was the most discouraging experience of all, for the vanished house might well have been the one he was looking for.

But, more and more, Scotto felt that his *palazzo* must be an older, grander kind of house that was seldom found in Scogliani, or in southern Italy at all. He would have to plan much longer journeys, to Rome, to Venice and the North. But that would mean leaving Scogliani. He did not want to do that yet. He wanted to stay here longer, much longer. Above all, he had Graziella's mother's permission to take Graziella to the fiesta.

"One, two, three—*six* pairs! Oh, but it is too much, I couldn't—" Graziella let the gossamer webs trickle through her trembling fingers. In her eyes there was a kind of agony. "There is no girl in Scogliani who has six pairs of nylons, or even two. People will gossip—"

A moment later, scruples overcome, she looked down at her legs in wonder as if she had never seen them before, and pirouetted on her toes; then she seized his wrists, crying, "Oh, you are kind, kind to me!"

San Pietro della Rocca was eighteen miles away, on the coast. From the whole countryside around, young people piled into trucks and bone-shaking cars and roared off to the sea. Of the fiesta Scotto retained only a jumble of impressions. Lofty crucifixes, a *tableau vivant* drawn along on a flower-smothered cart, a parade of children in white surplices, all singing piercingly; and then the parade suddenly broke up and children, priests, and all crowded into cafés for glasses of sweet wine. There were strange candies to buy and eat, peasant costumes, guitars, accordions, music and more music.

As night fell, they jostled their way to the little waterfront *piazza*, gay with lanterns, where the lamp-fishermen kept their boats. Here was dancing under the chestnut trees, couples jammed so close together that they could scarcely move. Graziella's fragile body was pressed to Scotto's, and she seemed lost in dreamy ecstasy; yet when their cheeks touched, she withdrew her head an inch or two and whispered, "Here one does not dance like that. In Scogliani people would gossip."

They drove homeward almost in silence. As the Topolino climbed the hairpin twists of the narrow mountainside road, Scotto felt a light pressure on his shoulder. Childlike, she had fallen asleep, her hair tumbled across her face. Presently she woke up, rubbed her eyes and laughed.

"You go right back to sleep," he smiled, putting an arm around her shoulders.

"No, no." She wriggled free. "I am not tired any more. I am very happy, Signore Tonio. Thank you for giving me such a beautiful day."

"How about a cigarette?" He stopped the car, and fumbled in his pocket for a pack.

"Thank you, I do not smoke." She began humming one of the Italian tunes they had danced to. He suddenly bent his head to hers, searching for her lips.

"No." Her voice came high and tense. "Let me go, Tonio."

"Ah, come on, Graziella. I won't be able to kiss you in Scogliani. People would gossip, like you're always saying. This is my only chance!"

She was angry now, pummeling his chest with her small fists. He made a clumsy grab at her. She tore herself free and jumped out of the car. He chased her across a gently sloping vine-terrace. By a windbreak of cypresses he caught her and kissed her soundly.

For a second she seemed to yield; then she uncoiled like a spring, and suddenly his ears were thrumming, his jaw thrilled with pain, and five little nails gashed his cheek.

He could not understand what she was saying. She had slipped into a torrent of dialect. He caught a word here and there: enough to know that he had behaved badly, crudely, insulted her, treated her like a light woman. He wondered briefly whether this was an act; but there was an unmistakable trickle of blood on his cheek, and there were unmistakably genuine tears in her eyes.

"You Americans," she finished. "You think you can buy the world!"

Scotto was flabbergasted. "All I did was to show you a good time and buy you a few pairs of nylons!"

"Nylons!" she spat. She kicked off her shoes, pulled up her skirt and peeled off her stockings. "You shall see that some people have pride. See what I do with your nylons!" And she threw them over a hedge. They floated down into the dark valley below.

"Down there are the lights of Scogliani," she panted. "I can walk home, thank you."

Scotto mumbled some kind of apology. At length Graziella stiffly consented to enter the Topolino, but insisted on sitting in the back seat. At the Trattoria she thanked him coldly, and got out.

"Graziella—what about tomorrow?"

"I do not want to see you tomorrow. Good night, Signore."

Bewildered, hurt, and furious, Scotto slouched up to his own room. A wave of homesickness swept over him for the knockabout life of young people in Burgess, Illinois, the quick, casual dating and the easy good night kisses. He fell into a troubled sleep.

Next morning it was Mama who served his breakfast. In her eyes and tight lips he read puzzlement and hostility. He inquired for Graziella, but was told she had gone marketing in Gandolfino. Marco, Mama added maliciously, had kindly given her a lift in his truck. Marco was the crop-haired lout who was always teasing Graziella at the bar.

"I see," Scotto said. "Will you tell her goodbye for me, please?"

"You are leaving, Signore?" Mama was clearly disturbed at losing a good lodger.

"I have to go to the North on business. I do not know for how long."

Mama sniffed. "Looking for your ridiculous *palazzo*, I suppose."

"That's right. Looking for my ridiculous *palazzo*."

Scotto had heard much of the beauty of Florence, Venice, the Lakes, the Alps. There must be many Villa Serenas there. He drove the little Topolino hard, covering three hundred miles in a day.

Around Lake Como, his nerves began to relax. It was ten days since he had left Scogliani. His bitter mood was succeeded by a flat emptiness. He had come here, not only to find his villa, but to get himself sorted out. Maybe his time in Italy was up. Maybe it was time to go home.

Home. Home was Burgess, Illinois. Yet that was not the picture that flashed across his mind. Home. He could see only the new-built, nondescript houses of Scogliani, and the battered glass doors of the Trattoria Centrale. Pity about that little joint: Father Alonso had said it used to be a gold mine. It could be again, too. All it needed was a bit of capital, new equipment, efficient management. The pizza shop on Lincoln Street had been better run than that.

A service-hatch in the kitchen so that the food wouldn't get cold. A few spirit

burners on the tables to keep things hot. And surely they could get a refrigerator from somewhere. instead of waiting for that crazy iceman to come round? He would have told Graziella these things if only she hadn't been so darned proud. She'd probably have thought he was offering Marshall Plan aid with strings, or bragging about American know-how. You had to be so careful with these touchy Europeans.

All at once everything became crystal-clear. Scotto, with a private yell of exultation, turned the Topolino about and roared south toward Milan. In two days he was back in Scogliani. Dishevelled and unshaven, he marched into the Trattoria Centrale with an armful of wild flowers he had gathered in the mountains that morning.

Even before he saw Graziella's white, distraught face, he sensed that something was wrong. The café was empty but for two grim-faced men in black hats who were leaning on the bar and helping themselves.

"I brought you these flowers," Scotto stammered. "I want to say how sorry I am about the way I behaved—"

"Thank you. It does not matter now." Her breast rose and fell quickly. "I did not think you would come back."

One of the men came lumbering over from the bar. "Signorina, we have to do our duty."

"What's happened?" Scotto was mystified. "Where is your mother?"

"She is very ill. The doctor is with her. The shock was too much for her heart."

"Shock?"

Graziella gave way to tears at last. "It would be better if you had never come back, than for you to see us like this," she sobbed. "We are in great trouble, Tonio. These men have come to take away our furniture, everything we have. There are debts, our wholesalers can wait no longer for payment. Mama and I have struggled so long to keep this place going, but now it is all finished."

"Signorina," the man said gruffly. "You must sign this paper, please. The removal men will arrive from Gandolfino tomorrow."

"Don't sign it, Graziella," Scotto said. He turned to the black-hatted men. "There has been a mistake, gentlemen. All debts will be paid within a week. I will make myself personally responsible. If you want references—"

"No, Tonio." Graziella's eyes blazed through her tears. "This is madness."

Scotto thrust a five-hundred-lire bill into the hand of each of the black-hatted men. They shrugged and went away.

"Now, Graziella, I would like to see your mother, if she is well enough."

"Please, she must not be excited."

"Graziella, I want your mother to allow me to invest some money in this café. That's all."

Nonna's money; his war-gratuity; savings; Liberty Bonds— He could do it, just about. The money could be cabled from the States to the American Bank in Naples in twenty-four hours.

"You are very kind, Tonio, but we could not accept it."

"This isn't kindness, Graziella. It's business."

The corners of her mouth trembled into a smile. "No, I do not think you are doing this for business."

"And another thing," he insisted. "I need a job."

"A job?"

"Sure. I can't keep bumming around Italy all my life. I was thinking, if your mama has no objection, that I could make myself pretty useful around here. Your mama's tired out; she should stop working. Later on, we could buy the house next door, maybe, and expand. If I came here as manager—I wouldn't pay myself much salary for a year or two, while we were getting things started—why, the possibilities are endless! I tell you, Graziella, I've got plans for this place. You may not like Americans, but they're supposed to have energy and vision, and—well—"

Graziella's face was agonized. "Oh, Tonio, I said horrible things to you that night—and when you went away, I thought you would never come back." She took his hand. "Come. Let us go and talk to Mama."

The Trattoria Centrale had a neon sign, new furniture, a new cook, and its books were balanced. Scotto went on living in the Guardis' small guest room above the bar, and scrupulously paid them rent out of his salary. There was gossip in the village, but his tongue and fists kept it under control.

Summer baked the wild country to the brown of autumn, and one evening Scotto and Graziella climbed up into the hills in search of yet another Villa Serena. It was Father Alonso who sent them there, and he would have come too, but it was hardly bicycling country. They paused at a tiny chapel dedicated to St. Anthony, where the shepherds came in winter to pray for lambs lost in the snow.

"We should light a candle for the Saint of Lost Things," Graziella suggested prudently. "Perhaps he will help us in our search for your Villa Serena."

They did so; and now Scotto did a strange thing. He took the key from its cord around his neck, and hung it on a rusty nail in the wall. "This is my gift to St. Anthony," he said.

"St. Anthony often takes a long time to find things, Tonio," she warned.

"I know," he sighed. "I know that now. You see, Graziella, I have an odd feeling about that key. A feeling that I have already found—something. Not what I was looking for, but—something."

It was a poor little chapel, bereft of all but its cool, unutterable peace. Once it had served a village that had died, and now no one had time to look after it or even to visit it. As they came out of it again, Scotto stood transfixed, like a man who has heard the music of the spheres. Deep down in the valley, the first lamps of evening flickered in the cluster of white houses that was Scogliani. Away to the northwest, a purple rumor of mountains hung from red-gold strands of cloud lit by the dying sun. Beyond the valley, wide plains, rich with fruit, opened out to a silver sea. The air was drugged with fragrance of trees, of shrubs that tickled the nostrils like fine snuff. Birds chattered, someone strummed a guitar, a farm hand shrieked insults at a donkey, a goatherd burst into a snatch of song, a dog barked, and a million cicadas began their night-long shirring.

Beside him Graziella stood motionless, her lips parted, her eyes like dark pools under the olive skin of her brow. How proudly she held herself; how moving were the delicate hollows of her throat; how soft the black hair that she had brushed back from her smooth forehead.

Scotto was shaken to his very soul. "I will tell you what I have found, Graziella." He took her in his arms; she clung to him, trembling. "I have found you, and I have found my home. This is my home, where my ancestors were born. This is where I must stay for the rest of my life."

There were tears in Scotto's eyes as he told me these things. But now Graziella herself had come out of the café and stood, arms akimbo, beside our table. Her face and figure were plumper than I had expected, her voice more strident. "Tonio! You are boring the Signore, and your food is getting spoiled because you don't come and eat it!"

Scotto made a contented grimace. "You see, Signore, how it is when one is married!" Suddenly he was every inch the good innkeeper. "I hope you like *osso buco*, Signore Rennie? You do? *Bene, bene*," he beamed. "Come, let us go in to lunch." THE END

"Take your nylons!" she stormed, tearing them off. "My love is not for sale!"

VALEDICTORY

He had come back—quietly, anonymously—to the town he'd left in shame and heartbreak. All he wanted was a glimpse of his son, the child he'd walked out on forever one terrible day ten years ago

BY JEAN C. CLARK ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL NONNAST

A little before eight o'clock on a soft June evening, Walter Benham returned to the town he had left ten years before. He came in a second-hand car that was not very shiny, and he came in a dark blue suit that was a little too shiny. Katie Harkins made the difficult two-hundred-mile trip with him, riding serenely beside him.

The town looked the same and yet different. The layout was the same, but some of the store fronts had been modernized and some now bore different names. The changes were a mild affront to Walter. They meant he had to adjust the picture he had carried in his mind for so long.

But he felt no real emotion until he stopped in front of the high school. He sat still a moment, looking at the yellow brick structure, and he remembered how he had felt when he had walked away from it twenty-three years ago, diploma in hand. The world by the tail. Sure.

He turned to Katie, at the same time checking the contents of an envelope he had taken from his pocket.

"Sorry I only have one ticket," he said.

"It's all right. A graduation is no place for a stranger."

She smiled then. Serious, her face was pleasant to look at: that of a thirty-five-year-old woman who knew how to live with herself. Smiling, it mirrored all the inner beauty and confidence she was willing and eager to share.

"You don't mind waiting? You're sure?"

Their glances met and held. It was she who at last turned away from the deeper question in his blue eyes. She lifted her knitting bag from the floor, and casually patted the book on the seat next to her.

"I'll read until dark. After that I can always knit. No, I don't mind waiting."

Waiting, he thought. Waiting, when she must feel there was no reason for waiting. Waiting out the last of her youth for a man who wasn't worth it.

All his love for her, all his understanding of her patience and goodness welled up inside him like an immense, bubbling concoction, and he almost said all the things he had been wanting to say for so long.

Then that other thing appeared: that mysterious shadow of memory that was no definable incident but that carried with it a somber weight of shame. It came—as it always did—and clamped down on his emotions like a bottle top holding all the fizz encaptured. And he could not speak.

He got out of the car and gave her a small, self-conscious salute. She smiled again, reassuringly.

But her reassurance was not enough. He went up the steps of the school with his head lowered. There was a crowd on the steps and in the hallway inside, and he walked past them quickly, hoping he would see no one he knew and hoping, above all, that he would not be recognized.

Yet somewhere amidst the crowd there was probably one sympathetic person: the person who had sent him the ticket to the graduation. It had come in a plain envelope inside a folded sheet of blank paper. He hardly dared entertain the hope that it had been sent by either Ken or Evelyn. No, it must have been sent by someone who remembered how much he had thought of Ken, by someone who had known how much it would mean to him to see his son's graduation.

It was still early, but he went directly up to the auditorium. It was in the center of the third floor. There were classrooms on either side of it, and a door opened into it from a hallway on each side.

He handed his ticket to a pretty girl in evening dress—receiving a program in exchange—and crossed to the far side of the room. He took a seat near the other doorway, which was not being used tonight since everyone was coming upstairs from the front entrance to the school.

From there he watched the people come in. He saw a few people whom he knew and remembered well; others looked familiar. He was relieved that there were not many he recognized and that none recognized him. And he was especially relieved that all those who sat near him were strangers.

Then he saw Evelyn come in on the arm of a tall, prosperous-looking man and walk to a seat near the front. He saw her and felt his pulse quicken, his nerves tense. It was not so much a present emotion as a momentary stirring of old emotions. But after a moment of disquiet he was able to look at her dispassionately.

She was, he reflected, the sort of woman who would always be lovely. Her body was erect, her small dark head held high. She was wearing a blue dress cut in the new shapeless style that he abhorred but that seemed completely right on her. She had always wanted the newest, most extreme styles, he remembered, and she had always worn them well. She did everything well. And she hated weakness and failure.

For a while he could see the back of her head; then the seats between them filled and she was shut off from his view. But he was glad that he had seen her and had seen the happiness on her face.

Perhaps that was all he needed. He waited for the surge of confidence that ought to follow such a revelation. But there was nothing. The shadowy weight was still there.

It might be that the shadow would lift gradually as this new image of Evelyn replaced the other image he had carried in his mind for ten years. He had been

"Don't go, Daddy. Don't go!" the boy cried, clinging to him.

drunk that last day. Drunk, yes, but not so drunk that he could not remember every cruel word of their last quarrel; not so drunk that he had been able to forget her face, distorted as it was by rage and grief. Often he wished he had been more drunk; often he wished that the mercy of blackout might have been his.

He lifted his eyes to the stage. There were tiers of seats for the graduates and a row of chairs for the speakers. He could imagine the students waiting in the classroom behind the stage, putting on their gowns, adjusting their caps, full of excitement over the coming ceremony that marked both an end and a beginning.

Somewhere among them was a boy with a shock of blond hair. Kenneth Benham. Or had he, perhaps, changed his last name? Had his mother insisted? Had she insisted with the same bitterness—a bitterness and a decision that Walter had not felt worthy to fight—that had made her insist the divorce be a complete break, with none of the usual visiting rights that most fathers enjoyed?

Will I recognize my own son? Walter wondered suddenly, or will I have to wait until his name is called? He put the thought out of his mind. Of course he would recognize him.

He realized that he was still holding the program in his hands, that he had, in fact, folded it into a small square. He had only to unfold it in order to see whether Ken had changed his name and whether he had any part in the graduation ceremonies. Instead he thrust it into his pocket and sat quietly, his hands resting on his thighs.

It seemed strange to be sitting here, silent and unrecognized, when once he had been so important in this school, this town. As he looked at the tiers of seats on the platform, he could remember how he had felt as he sat in the center of the first row going over the valedictory speech in his mind. He remembered his pride when Mr. Wallis of Wallis Chemicals had given him the chemistry prize donated by his company to an outstanding student who planned to make chemistry his field.

It had been a night to remember: the awards, the applause, the adulation. He had enjoyed it, accepted it as his due. And when, at the end of the party that followed the graduation exercises, Evelyn had told him she would marry him, it had been like putting a crown on the head of a man whose kingship was already acknowledged.

Evelyn had been by far the prettiest and most popular girl in the school. He probably would not have settled for less. Everything had come so easily to him—the honors, the scholarships, the prettiest girl, the job offer with the best future—that it was not surprising he had felt so little humility.

The humility had come later. He felt it now: a humility so great that it made him want to shrink inside himself.

He never should have come, he thought. He had been a fool to come. Here, where he could not evade the memory of honors long passed from most people's minds, the recent accomplishments in which he had taken a small pride seemed completely insignificant.

Yet he knew why he had come. He had come with the hope that after the graduation he and Ken might exchange a few words. He had hoped they might shake hands, that Ken might say . . . what? Well, perhaps something to let him know he was not forgotten. Two hundred miles away the scene of their meeting had seemed credible; now he could not see how he could have entertained such an idea.

There was the sound of music. Walter looked up and saw that the school orchestra had assembled at the front of the auditorium and that the school officials and visiting dignitaries had taken their seats on the platform. Slowly, with carefully rehearsed dignity, the members of the graduating class filed in.

Walter leaned forward, looking at them. The picture of Ken as an eight-year-old boy was still clear in his mind, and as he looked at each boy he tried to surmise in what way ten years would have altered the picture. His eyes strained and burned with looking. But the boy was not there. There was no one who even faintly resembled him.

His whole body ached as he leaned back. Either he had been sent the ticket as a cruel joke, or else—an even more cruel joke—he was so little the father of his son that he was unable to recognize him.

He looked again. And then he saw him. And it was like seeing himself twenty-three years ago. The boy sat in the exact center of the front row where he himself had once sat. His hair had darkened to a light brown, and he had grown tall like his father. There was even something familiar about the way he sat with his hands resting flat against his thighs. Why, it's just the way I sit, Walter thought, with a sort of wonder.

The sight of his son dazzled him. It was a long time before he could make himself look away.

When he did, he saw another familiar face on the platform. Old Mr. Wallis. So he was still giving out chemistry prizes. It was hard to believe that life had changed so little here.

There was speech upon speech, but Walter hardly listened. He sat quietly, watching his son, wondering what he was like. Was his position in the front row significant or merely an alphabetical accident? Would he, too, be honored for outstanding ability?

He knew he had only to take the program out of his pocket in order to find out. Yet he did not do it. He almost enjoyed the suspense of not knowing, of having the picture of his son unfold before him gradually.

Besides, his feelings about Ken were mixed. He wanted him to excel; he wanted him to shine. But he could not help hoping that the boy would not shine quite so brightly, and so briefly, as he himself had.

The principal introduced Mr. Wallis, and the old man shuffled to the lectern. He began speaking in a voice that was still deep and surprisingly clear. He spoke briefly of the increasing opportunities in the field of chemistry.

Then he said: "I take great pleasure in awarding the Wallis chemistry prize to Kenneth Benham, an outstanding student and a fine young man."

Kenneth Benham. The same last name, the same honor. Walter felt his heart lift as he saw his son rise and accept the envelope.

"And," Mr. Wallis said, "if—after you finish college—you'd like a job at Wallis Chemicals, you can be sure there will be a place for you."

The same words. Almost the same words. Pride in his son's accomplishment was mixed in Walter's mind with the pride he had felt when Mr. Wallis had handed him the prize and made him the same offer.

Nor were they idle words spoken to impress the assembly. There would be a job for Kenneth Benham four years from now just as there had been a job for Walter Benham after his graduation from college in 1939.

Mr. Wallis was a good man, Walter was thinking. Only a good man and a fair man would make his company's most important award to the son of his former superintendent, a man he had finally been forced to fire for alcoholism, incompetence, and, even, on that last day, insubordination.

Walter watched Mr. Wallis return to his seat. A good man, yes. Yet for a long time he had blamed all his misfortunes on Mr. Wallis. It had taken him years to learn that the lack was in himself.

His troubles began with the war and with Mr. Wallis's insistence that he be deferred.

"Believe me, Walter," Mr. Wallis said, "you can serve your country better right here than you can in a trench."

Walter argued and lost. Later he came

to realize he had lost more than an argument. He was the kind of man who would have gone off to war and come back covered with medals, covered with glory. He was accustomed to glory, conditioned to it.

And there was no glory at home. Just long hours of hard, feverish work, a sense of guilt, a sense of loss. If, when the working day was over, he could not unwind, could not stop thinking, he found that a few drinks helped. When the number of drinks increased and Evelyn began to object, it was easier to have them away from home. It was easier, too, to have a few extra ones when there was no one around to count.

Also, there were contracts for the government on a cost-plus basis. A hidden part of the cost was the entertainment of visiting officials, inspectors, and contractors. The taxpayers paid the check, and Walter Benham paid in a gradual disintegration.

His quarrels with Evelyn increased. Promises were broken. Their marriage became like a tapestry full of gaps and patches and, after a while, the only thing that held it together was the boy, Ken.

As he felt himself losing his grip on other things, his son became the most important thing in his life. When he made a promise to Ken, he always seemed able to remain sober enough to keep it. He bought the boy a chemistry set and spent long hours doing experiments with him, trying—and succeeding, he was sure—to be a companion to him. He had never treated the boy with anything but love. If that had not been true, he would not have dared come back here today.

Everything had been even worse after the war. The feverish activity died down then, and there was nothing to replace it. The men came back with their ribbons and medals and first-hand tales of faraway places. Walter could listen—could almost feel that some of the glory spilled over on him—when he had a drink in his hand.

He hung on for a while. He hung onto his son, his crippled marriage, his synthetic self-respect, and his job. When he finally lost his job, he lost everything else in quick succession.

The last ugly scene with Evelyn still preyed on him. He had often wondered where Ken had been that day: if he had been nearby, if he had heard anything. Probably Evelyn had sent him away. If the boy had been there, Walter was sure he would have remembered.

He looked up at his son sitting calmly on the platform. Again he felt the shadow swoop down in his mind, and for a moment his body was still and cold.

"I know what you've done," the boy said. "How hard it must have been."

Ken had turned out well. Evelyn looked happy. Why did the old shame and guilt continue to haunt him? Why, indeed, did the shadow now seem more menacing and his sense of unworthiness even greater than it had before?

The salutatorian was a girl, serious-looking, yet pretty. Her speech was also serious, yet pretty. In spite of her obvious superiority, the girl had an unassuming air. From the way her classmates looked at her, Walter deduced that she was both popular and respected.

As she turned away from the lectern, she smiled at Ken and he smiled back at her. It was a look that Walter understood.

It figures, he thought. And though he could find no fault with his son's choice, he was disturbed. It was too much like an echo of the past. The palms of his hands felt moist, and he rubbed them against his thighs. Here was another boy to whom the best came so easily that he would not know how to value it. Another boy, he thought, with the world by the tail. What was he going to do when the world began to swing too fast for him and he had to let go?

He had a sudden urge to leave—not to see any more, hear any more, or find out any more. He wanted to be with Katie, riding away from this place where the memories were so forceful.

Ah well, he thought, the program could not last much longer. There should be only one more oration: the valedictory. Then he would see his son get his diploma.

The valedictorian was announced, and Walter saw his son rise and move to the lectern. He stood there straight and tall and confident, a personification of all that the future needed. Walter was unprepared for the tremendous surge of pride that swelled like a giant balloon in his chest. He was warm with it, alive with it. It was the most powerful emotion he had felt in years. Leaning forward, his fingers knotted, he listened hungrily.

Perhaps a teacher had helped with his speech, for his analysis of what his class expected of the future and what the future expected of them had a wisdom and maturity that Walter could hardly believe possible in one so young. Yet the boy—even if the ideas were not, perhaps, entirely his own—spoke with a conviction and a sincerity that were very persuasive.

This is my son, Walter kept saying to himself. My son. He had to resist the impulse to grasp the arm of the woman next to him and say, "See that boy up there? He's my son."

Surely this boy who was such a marvelous replica of all that was admirable

in himself could not fail to receive him with a feeling of kinship and love. Walter could see them talking together afterward, comparing notes on their similarities. He could hear himself issuing a fatherly note of warning about possible pitfalls ahead.

He cut the daydream short. He did not want to miss a word of his son's speech.

Ken lifted his arms. "All we can do," he said, "is go forward and—"

And Walter did not hear the rest of the speech.

He stared at the lifted arms, and the giant balloon in his chest burst as if pierced by a thousand pricks of conscience. He stared at the lifted arms, and he saw another pair of lifted arms—oh, the same arms, all right, but the arms of an eight-year-old boy.

He had thought that on the day when Evelyn ordered him out of the house he had not been drunk enough for blackout. But there had been a partial blackout due, perhaps, more to shame than to alcohol. There had been a blackout that had remained like an oppressive shadow in his mind, haunting him with a sense of unworthiness and hindering him from seeking further happiness.

We forget the things we don't want to remember, he thought. Even now he did not want to remember; he tried to stop remembering. But he could not stop. The shadow lifted from the ugliness, and he saw himself quarreling violently with Evelyn while she packed his suitcase in the bedroom.

He saw himself, arrogant in anger and defeat, going out to the living room. The memory was as clear as if it had been happening at this moment. There were newspapers spread out on the floor to protect the rug. Ken was sitting on them playing with his chemistry set.

Ken saw the suitcase and looked up in alarm. "Where are you going?"

"I'm leaving," Walter said in the uninhibited honesty of his drunkenness. "Your mother has ordered me out of the house forever."

"Don't go, Daddy. Don't go."

Ken lifted his arms beseechingly. As his father strode by, the boy's arms encircled his legs, holding him there. Ken had begun crying. Over and over, as he clung to his father's legs, he kept saying, "Don't go away. Don't go. Don't leave me."

Walter stood as if chained. Surely this plea would touch Evelyn as his own had not. Then from the bedroom doorway he heard her saying in a low, falsely calm voice that was meant not to excite the child: "Walter, will you please get out."

Walter, filled with bitterness, anger, guilt and self-pity, at last shook himself free. In the process—deliberately or not—he kicked his son.

I kicked my own son, he thought. I kicked my own son.

He remembered hearing the child cry out and he remembered how he could not turn to look, could not, for a few seconds, even move.

"Get out! Get out!" Evelyn screamed.

And he got out. And blanked out.

With eyes that burned from ten years of unshed tears, he stared at the boy leaving the lectern. The boy whom he had foolishly hoped to talk to, even advise, after the ceremony. His son? No, he did not deserve to be called father to this boy.

How he must hate me, he thought. And how I deserve to be hated.

Without actually seeing it, he was aware that the students were rising one by one to receive their diplomas. He did not see Ken receive his. He sat in a frozen stillness through the applause and the final music.

He felt the crowd stir and rise, and he, too, rose and made his way out through the row of seats toward the center aisle. His mission was clear now: to get out and get away as quickly as possible. And forget. If he ever could.

And then he saw Evelyn coming up the aisle, her face as glowing as it had been on her wedding day. He stopped. He saw several people congratulating her.

She saw him. He was sure she saw him. Her gaze moved from the person she was talking to and rested for a few seconds on him. Her smile wavered and grew firm again. She looked away and then looked back and then moved up the aisle, and he was sure she was going to speak to him.

He could not face her. He could not face anyone. He was not even sure he could face Katie again. Quickly, he went back through the row of seats to the other, unused, side door to the auditorium. He slipped through it to the shadowy hallway. He knew of a back stairway that led to an outside door on a side street. He'd go out that way. The outside doors, he remembered, had spring locks. They could not be opened from the outside, but they could be pushed open from the inside.

He remembered so much. Twenty-three years away from this building had not erased the memory of one stairway, one turning of the corridor, one room.

Here now was the room where he had taken French II from the man who had thrown chalk at indolent pupils. Here, ancient history. Here, algebra. And here—he stopped suddenly—was the chemistry lab. Here was where he had begun to know what he was. So quickly, so fiercely, so consumingly had the knowledge come that it had taken him years to learn what he was not.

The door was open. Over the long sink at the end of the room there was a dim light. Walter stepped inside. The room smelled of thousands of experiments.

He crossed the room and took a test tube out of the rack, rolling it between his fingers. He was not really thinking now, just letting the emotion dissipate itself in these calm, familiar surroundings. In a few minutes he'd be able to go out and face Katie again with the mask of indifference on his face and the shame deeply hidden.

Perhaps he'd even be able to say casually, "It went all right." And, as if it were an afterthought: "Oh, by the way, my son was the valedictorian."

In another moment or two, he'd be ready.

"Dad."

Walter wheeled around and saw his son standing a few feet from him, still in cap and gown but with the cap pushed rakishly back.

The test tube slipped out of his fingers and shattered on the floor. The man who breaks things, Walter thought.

Ken bent and began to pick up the pieces while Walter watched him, his heart pounding. Walter did not stoop to help. He could not. His body was held still with the immobility of complete resignation. Without speaking, Walter watched his son take the pieces of glass to the wastebasket and then return.

"I didn't expect you'd be here tonight," Ken said.

So Ken had not sent him the ticket or come here looking for him. He had come here for a last look at the lab, just as Walter himself had done on the night of his graduation.

Walter had to say something. He cleared his throat and moistened his lips and said, "You've changed. You've grown tall. I didn't expect—" He stopped. The words sounded banal, and he was not even sure that Ken was listening.

"You've changed, too," Ken said. And, with the directness of youth, he added, "You don't drink any more—do you?"

"No. It's been six years now. It took a while." He felt stiff, painfully ill at ease.

If Ken was ill at ease, he did not show it. "I understand you're back in the chemistry field now."

Walter nodded. "It's a pharmaceutical house I work for. I'm not head man or anything like that. Just part of a team. But it's interesting. I like it."

It was like a conversation between two former acquaintances. There's no emotion, Walter thought. I'm keeping my love locked away and he's keeping his hate locked away.

While they stood looking at each other, the old-fashioned wall clock jumped forward a minute. Ken heard the click and he looked up at it.

He's eager to go, Walter thought. He'll leave any minute now, and I'll never have a chance to tell him all the things I want to tell him: how sorry I am for everything, how much I love him, how much I hope for him. And I ought to warn him. I ought to tell him how you always have to be on guard when things come too easily to you.

But all he dared say was, "Son, I wish I could tell you how proud I was of you tonight. How proud I am of you."

With a kind of hesitance, knowing that it would be a part of his well-deserved punishment if the gesture were scorned, he held out his hand. Immediately he felt the firm young hand clasping his own.

"That goes double for me, Dad."

They stood, their hands locked, as the seconds passed. "After all," Ken said, with a diffident grin, "I just did what came naturally. What you've done in the last few years—well, I know how hard it must have been."

The minute hand on the clock jumped forward again, and Ken drew his hand away. "I'm afraid I've got to dash off. We're having a little celebration tonight." He looked embarrassed at having mentioned it. "Well—" He moved toward the door, tall and manlike and yet now quite boyishly uncomposed.

In the doorway he turned and looked back at his father. "I'm glad you used that ticket," he said. "I was almost afraid to send it to you."

Walter drew in his breath slowly. "And I was almost afraid to come," he said. "I'm glad I did."

Ken smiled at him then. And if, reflected on his face, there was not the complete love and need that there once had been, there was something better. There was understanding.

Another second and he would be gone. Walter took a step toward him. "Tell me, son. What made you come here to the lab tonight?"

"Here? Oh. Mother told me I'd find you here."

He lifted his hand in a farewell gesture, smiled again, and was gone.

Walter stood still a moment longer. He thought of Evelyn. He thought of his son. In a kind of valedictory march the memories passed before his heart, seeking and finding absolution.

And then he thought of Katie in the car, patiently waiting. Knit two, purl two; hope a little, pray a little.

With eyes lifted, he left the chemistry lab, went back along the corridor, through the auditorium, down the stairs, and out the front door. THE END

Cosmopolitan's Complete Mystery Novel

Ultimate Surprise

It comes to a man just once—this man met it on the shore of an island as he stood waist-deep in the bloodied water

BY JOHN D. MacDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY AL BUELL

He bought a three-hundred-dollar Dodge off a Tampa lot late on Monday afternoon, the fifteenth day of April. That evening he drove down as far as Sarasota and found a second-class motel south of the city on the Tamiami Trail. Ever since he had left Washington, he had been trying to fit himself into the part he would play.

There had been many parts to play over the past few years. Cold devices, impersonal investigations in foreign places. Nothing impersonal in it this time. There is nothing impersonal about being forced, by subtle pressures, to return to Ramona, Florida, the place where you lived your first eighteen years —and last saw through the window of the car when the sheriff's deputies picked you up and took you over to Davis, the county seat, where a lenient judge gave you the option of enlisting or facing trial. So you enlisted and swore you would never come back.

Now, after all the years, this subtle pressure. A delicate and important mission. An outsider couldn't do it. They had tried that. So, over in the Pentagon, the big IBM installation had been fed old service records and had spewed out the possibles, and only one man had suited them over there. Doyle, Alexander. Now employed by State. And on a mission in Montevideo. Four days after they had selected the man they wanted, Alex Doyle had found himself back in Washington, and loaned out to a Colonel Presser for special duty. And no way to wiggle out of it.

He stood in the dingy bathroom of the motel and looked at the stranger in the mirror. He had decided to return as what the town might expect him to be. A construction bum. Operator of heavy equipment. Just back from Venezuela with a few bucks in his money belt. New, cheap, bright, sports clothes to fit the role.

His sandy hair had been cropped short, and the gray at the temples was almost invisible. Eyes a pale gray-blue. It was a long face, subtly stamped with the melancholy of lonely tasks. A big nose and a stubborn shelving of jaw. Sallow facial texture that took a deep tan and kept it. Twisty scar at the corner of the broad mouth. Flat, hard, rangy body. with big feet and knobbed wrists and big, freckled hands.

He studied the stranger and said, quite softly, "Banged around here and there. Have drove shovels and Euclids and cats. And some deep well work."

The face looked back at him, passive, secretive, with a hidden pride and that hint of wildness.

At ten o'clock on Tuesday morning he turned off Route 41 onto State Road 978, driving slowly through the bright, hot morning, through soaring throngs of mosquito hawks, through flat scrub land with occasional oak hammocks and some tall stands of slash pine. The last time he had been on this road he had been going the other way, dog sick and trying not to snuffle. They had stopped to let him be sick at the roadside while the deputies talked in soft slow voices about the hunting season.

The land had changed. A huge tract had been cleared and shell roads had been put in. A peeling sign announced that it was Ramona Heights. There were a few scattered houses, small cinderblock cubes painted in brave, bright colors.

He drove along the shade of Bay Street, past the old frame houses and the old stucco houses of the boom of long ago, and he read the forgotten names of the side streets.

He read the lawyer names and the doctor names on the second-floor windows of the Gordon building. The Castle Theater was closed, boarded up. Ducklin's Sundries was bigger. It had taken over the feed store, and the whole front was an expanse of cream and crimson plastic and big windows. He parked in front of it. Getting out of the car and walking in was one of the most difficult things he had ever done.

Doyle sat at the counter. A waitress came over, wiping her hands on her apron. "Black coffee," he said. When she brought it, he said, "Is Joe or Myra around?"

"Joe or Myra? I don't dig."

"Mr. or Mrs. Ducklin."

"Oh, they haven't owned this place a long time. You want to see the owner, it's Mr. Ellman and he isn't in Tuesdays."

One of the young housewives said, "Pardon me, but Joe Ducklin died a long time ago. Ten years, I'd say. She ran it for a while and sold out a couple of years later. It's kinda creepy, somebody asking for Joe. Pardon me. I mean it sounded creepy. You know."

"I used to live here."

"Kiss me now," she said, "while I'm scared to death. Quickly, darling."

She was a hippy young matron with a rather coarse face and a dab of chocolate on her chin. "I've been right here my whole life long, so if you lived here I guess maybe I ought to know you." She laughed, too coyly.

"I used to work here, in this store," he said.

The other woman, a sallow blonde with a long upper lip, leaned around her friend to stare intently at him. "Why, you're Alex Doyle! You used to come by the house to see my brother Jody. Jody Burch. I'm one of Jody's kid sisters. Junie. Now I'm Junie Hillyard. I married Billy Hillyard. Maybe you remember him. And this here is my best girlfriend, Kathy Hubbard, that used to be Kathy King."

"How do you do," he said. "How is Jody?"

"He's dead. He went back in the Navy for Korea when he didn't have to and he got killed."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"It about broke us all up. He was married to a girl from Philadelphia, and she sure didn't wait long before getting married again, believe me."

"Is Myra Ducklin still in town?"

"She's right over on Palm Street in that house they always had. I just now remembered you're kin to her, somehow, and you used to live here, so I guess I . . ."

She stopped suddenly, and her eyes widened. Doyle knew she had remembered the rest of it. She leaned close to her friend and whispered rudely and at length. They both stared obliquely at him. They stood up, favored him with almost identical cool nods, and left. A nice chance, he thought, for some self-righteous gossip.

He put a dime beside his cup, and as he turned to go he saw a big old man, sweaty and slow-moving, come in out of the sidewalk heat, patting his broad forehead with a blue bandanna. Jeff Ellandon. Perennial mayor of Ramona. Fifteen years heavier and slower.

He stared shrewdly at Doyle and said in a voice frayed and thin with age, "Guess I should know you, son. Guess my memory is about to give out on me. You one of the Bookers?"

"Doyle, Judge. Alex Doyle."

"Sure enough! Bert's boy." His eyes clouded as he looked back across the years. He said softly, "Bert, he married Mary Ann Elder from up in Osprey. Had two boys. You and Jess. Jess was older. Lived down there in Chaney's Bayou until Bert and Jess got themselves drownded one night out netting mackerel in the Gulf. You was a little fella then. Then you and your ma moved into town and she worked at the Ramona Hotel and you lived out in back. She died in her sleep when you were about twelve or thirteen, and Joe and Myra Ducklin took you in on account of Joe was your pa's second cousin and the closest kin you had left. You worked right here from the time Joe took you in, and you were a damn good high school athlete, and then you got into trouble. Right?"

"Right, Judge."

"Joe Ducklin cussed you till he died. Stingy old rascal. Him and Spence Larkin were the closest men in town. The way I figured it, you were just collecting back wages. Come set with me, boy."

"Are you still mayor, Judge?"

"Lord, boy, it's been a mighty long time since I was in politics. I was close to Spence Larkin, and anything he wanted to happen in this town, it happened. Soon as he died, it wasn't much use running for anything. Anyhow, I was sick of it."

"When did he die, Judge?"

"Let me look back a minute. Yes, it was in nineteen and fifty. Had him a gut pain and finally went up to Tampa. They wanted to cut him right away, but he came back and spent a month selling stuff and getting his affairs in order. Went back and they operated and he died the next day. Just as well, because there wouldn't have been much to pleasure him in the little bit of living he would have had left. Me and his family and one or two others, we felt sorry. But the rest of the town went around sort of trying to hide a big grin. Spence squeezed too hard. He wasn't in no popularity contest."

"Did Jenna get back for the funeral?"

"Nobody knew how to get hold of her that fast. Or if she'd come. Of the three Larkin kids, just Betty was here. Betty and her ma. Buddy was in Korea and no telling where Jenna was. Say, boy, weren't you sweet on Jenna a long time back? When you were both kids?"

Doyle felt his face grow hot. The first blush in a long time. It was an index of his special vulnerability.

"I went with her for a little while. But it was over before . . ."

"Before she plain took off and left home, went off with that sailor. Two weeks after Spence died, she hit town. Had her hair done red and wore the tightest pants ever seen in the county. Came in a big car with some funny-looking people. Stomped around wearing a go-to-hell look and found out Spence had left her one dollar in his will, and took off without waiting to collect the dollar. Betty must have been about seventeen, eighteen. Well, sir, old Angel Cobey, he was running the boat yard for the heirs, and when Buddy got back from the Marines, it didn't take him long to find out Angel was stealing the family blind. Buddy brought a Marine pal of his back. Johnny Geer. They pitched in and did pretty good with it. When Betty came back from college in Gainesville in fifty-four and started working at the yard, it began to do better. She's got a head for business. Like Spence had. But he'd let the yard get run down because he wasn't interested in it."

"I'm a little confused, Judge. Why would they want to run that boat yard? Mr. Larkin must have left a lot of money."

"I'll tell you just what he did leave. The house on Grove Road. A thousand shares of bank stock that hasn't paid a dividend in years. An almost new Cadillac, You remember he always bought himself one every year and ran it to death. And he left the boat yard. And about eleven thousand in cash. And some little pieces of no-account land."

"Where did it all go?"

"Good question, boy. The tax people would like to know, too. By God, you never saw such digging going on. Everybody owned a shovel. Like to tore up the whole county looking for Spence Larkin's money. There's some kind of tax suit that has been dragging on for years."

"Are people sure he hid it?"

"They know he had it, and it never showed up. Maybe he counted on more time, but got cut off too quick. You know, I liked old Spence, mean as he was. You had to understand him. His daddy fished commercial, and when he died they had to buy used clothes good enough to bury him in. Spence and me were raggedy kids together. It bothered him more than it did me. The only things he cared for in his lonely life were money and Jenna. And she had that wildness in her."

Doyle thought of the dossier on Jenna Larkin, that damning document he had read in Colonel Presser's office in the Pentagon. And he said to the Judge, "I hear Jenna came back."

"She did. When we all read in the Davis *Journal* about her marrying a big-shot officer, a Colonel Crawford M'Gann, we couldn't believe it. Then she came back here, a year and a half ago, with him in such terrible shape from a heart attack they had to bring him down all the way from Tampa in an ambulance. She'd come down ahead of him and rented the old Proctor cottage out on the beach and fixed it up and then went back to get him. Maybe she brought him back here to prove she'd done good. I don't know. Every female woman in this town was gabbing and cackling about it. Said she looked hard in the face. I couldn't see as how she did. She looked and acted like a lady.

Didn't mix much. Saw a lot of her own folks. Spent her time trying to nurse her colonel back to health. And she did just fine. For six months."

"Then what happened?"

"She took to showing up nights at Harry Bann's place—'The Spanish Mackerel,' over on Front Street. You remember it. It's rough and tough all the time, and gets worse when the folks from Bucket Bay come up to town on Saturday night. She took to drinking and jooking and playing the pinball and bowling, and staying until closing time and seldom leaving alone."

The Judge winked in a ponderous way and said, "There's a lot of fellas around here in their thirties and early forties had their first dates with Jenna Larkin. When she stopped acting like a lady, they started pawing the ground something fierce. It was like she stopped giving a damn. You'd see that blue sedan of hers parked outside the Mack or some other joint every night. She got picked up for drunk driving, and that was when the Colonel's sister came down to take care of him. I heard she gave up a good job in the North to come down and take over where Jenna had left off, and I don't guess they got along so good. Jenna's folks were trying to straighten her out, but it was just like the old days. She wouldn't listen to anybody. Then she racked up the blue car. And then she took to going away for two or three or four days in a row.

"Well, boy, it ended on the twenty-first day of last November. Friday. Better to call it Saturday morning. She was in the Mack from eight o'clock on. I stopped in and saw her. Just happened to notice her. Bright yella slacks and a little white sweater, both of them looking slept-in. Hair tangly. People buying drinks for her. They say Buddy came in about eleven to get her to go home and she badmouthed him. She didn't have transportation. I guess you've heard all about this, Alex."

"Just that she's dead, Judge."

"Near as anybody can tell, she left the Mack about two o'clock to walk back to the Proctor cottage on Ramona Key. Once she crossed the wooden bridge it would be easier to walk on the beach than on the dark sand road. Not so many bugs and better light. The crazy old Darcey woman who goes after shells every dawn of her life found her there on her back, her head up the slope of the beach, her feet in the incoming tide. Somebody had busted her a dandy in the jaw and then strangled her."

The Judge shook his head and sighed wonderingly. "You never saw a fuss like we had around here. Sheriff Roy Lawlor, he came over from Davis, and Parnell Lee, the State's Attorney, was here. They questioned and cleared the Colonel and his sister. They locked up just about every customer the Mack had had that night. With the Colonel being a sort of national figure before his heart gave out, and with Jenna being in show business, in a manner of speaking, it made a big story. The newspapers really scrambled around to keep the story alive. They even dug up some old shots of Jenna when she had been working as a model. I guess there wasn't a man left in the country didn't find out she'd been built pretty good. Yes sir, we had us a time last winter. Poor Donnie Capp, the Sheriff's Deputy, who always takes care of this end of the county, got elbowed right out of the scene by the big shots.

"Nobody found out a thing and so it all kind of dwindled away. Jenna is planted right beside her daddy." He sighed. "I guess I like the sound of my own voice. What have you been doing since you left town, Alex?"

Doyle told the Judge his cover story. And hinted he might want to settle in Ramona. Hinted that he had a few dollars saved.

"No future here, son. Not in Ramona. The young folks leave the minute they can. Town gets older every year. Waters are about fished out. Deer and turkey all gone. Cypress logged out. We get a few retireds moving in all the time. Ones that like it cheap and quiet."

"I want to find a place to stay."

The Judge brightened. "I'm still in real estate, boy. You go down to the office, right around the corner on Gordon Street. Took a widow woman in with me, name of Myrtle Loveless. Tell her I sent you and she'll find you a nice rental."

"I was thinking of a beach cottage."

"Good time for it. Town folks don't move out there until school's over. Lot of choice right now."

"I . . . I guess people will remember . . . why I had to leave town, Judge."

"Most kids do fool things. And the ones who'll be nasty about it enjoy being nasty every chance they get. Do you care?"

"I guess I do."

"It's nice to see you back home, son."

Alex walked to the small real estate office. A wide, hearty woman with black hair cut like a man's rode out to the beach with him and rented him the Carney cottage. It was of weather-beaten cypress, set up on stubby piers. There was a small living room with rattan furniture and a grass rug, a bedroom, a small and primitive kitchen in the rear with a very noisy refrigerator. There was an inside bath with tub, and an outside cold water shower. On the front was a small screened porch with two chairs of corroded aluminum tubing and plastic webbing. The front porch was fifty feet from the high-tide line.

The cottages on either side were empty, and practically invisible beyond the palmetto and yucca and sea grapes. He knew that the Proctor cottage was a hundred yards beyond the next cottage to the north. There lived Colonel M'Gann and his sister, at a handy distance for the accomplishment of a most delicate mission.

But, for the moment, the mission seemed unreal to him. Somehow the world had reverted to the known dimensions of his childhood. This was the home place. He and Jody Burch had gone gigging along this beach line in Jody's old scow, with a homemade tin reflector around the Coleman lantern.

The Gulf was flat calm, the day strangely still—without thrash of bait fish or tilting yawp of the terns or the busy-legged sandpipers. He heard, in the stillness, a distant rumbling of the timbers of the old wooden causeway bridge, and soon he heard the rough sound of an automobile engine coming closer, coming along the sand and shell road between the cottages and the bay shore. When he heard it stop directly behind his cottage, he got up and walked back to the kitchen door and looked out through the screen. A battered blue jeep was parked next to his old gray Dodge. The sign on the side of the jeep said, THE LARKIN BOAT YARD AND MARINA—RAMONA, FLORIDA.

A girl got out of the jeep. She stood for a moment, looking toward the cottage, and then came toward the back door. She was a girl of good size and considerable prettiness, and she came swinging toward him, moving well in her blue jean shorts and a sleeveless red blouse with narrow white vertical stripes. She had been endowed with a hefty wilderness of coarse, red-blonde hair.

She stopped at the foot of the two wooden steps and looked up at him.

"I'm sorry to bother you."

"No bother. Come in."

"Myrtle Loveless should have remembered that Mrs. Carney has been letting us use this cottage to change in when it isn't rented. We left some stuff out here. Maybe you've run across it and wondered about it. Here's the extra key."

"I didn't find anything. I haven't looked around much."

"It's in the closet off the living room. Swim suits and fins and masks and towels. I ran into Myrtle on Bay and she said she'd just rented it. I'll get the stuff now if it's all right with you."

"Why don't you leave it here? I won't need that space. As far as I'm concerned you can come out any time with your husband and swim."

"I come out with my brother. We don't want to impose, really."

And suddenly, looking at her, he knew why she had seemed so curiously familiar to him. This was Jenna again, but cut from a bolder pattern. And more forthright than sensuous, more grave than mischievous. He wondered why he had been so slow to recognize the obvious.

"Aren't you Betty Larkin?"

"Yes. I've seen you before. A long time ago. And I can't remember. Myrtle didn't tell me your name. Who are you?"

"Alex Doyle."

Her eyes widened. She lifted her hand to her throat. "Of course! And you haven't changed so much. I don't see how I could have forgotten. I had such a terrible crush on you." Her color deepened under her tan, and she laughed nervously.

"This isn't flattering, I know, but I can't remember you at all. I knew Jenna. I can vaguely remember Buddy. But you are a blank."

"I used to go into Ducklin's and make a lemon Coke last just about forever. But you didn't have any time for eleven-year-olds. I was a living doll, Alex. Nearly as tall as I am now, and I looked like something made of broomsticks. Every time they wrote anything about you in the Davis *Journal*, I'd cut it out and paste it in a book. And make a cross reference in my diary."

"I feel flattered."

"Have you been in town long?"

"Just since mid-morning. Haven't seen anybody to talk to except Judge Ellandon. Sat with him in Ducklin's and got a briefing on what's happened. I haven't got a lemon Coke, but will you settle for a cold beer?"

"Right out of the can or bottle," she said, smiling at him. He opened two cans and they took them out onto the small porch. She asked him what he'd been doing and he told her just what he had told the Judge. And then, apparently sensing what he wanted to know, she began to talk about his friends. Who had married and who had died and who had moved away. Who had children and who had been divorced. Having an older brother and sister had given Betty a reasonable working knowledge of his contemporaries. When she started to tell him about Jody Burch, he told her of meeting Junie Hillyard and Kathy something-or-other in Ducklin's. He said, "And suddenly I could see her remember the dirt about me. She took off like a big scared bird."

"She's a silly person, Alex."

He spoke into an awkward silence. "When the big hero fell off the pedestal, it must have raised hell with your diary, Betty."

She grinned. "It blighted my life. I was your defender. I had a dozen fist fights. I couldn't *stand* having anybody call you names."

"But I guess they did."

"They did. You were drinking and you weren't used to drinking. You'd never been in trouble before. I couldn't understand why they had to be so vicious."

"Don't you really know?"

"No," she said, frowning.

He stared out toward the Gulf. "I was Bert Doyle's kid, and I was from Chaney's Bayou, which is only about one degree better than Bucket Bay. I was from down there where they throw the trash and garbage off the front stoop into the bay. Down where they fish all week and get drunk on Saturday night. My old man and my brother drowned in the Gulf and my mother scrubbed the kitchen at the Ramona Hotel until the day she died. It was too damn bad Joe Ducklin had such no-account kin, but it wasn't really close kin, and wasn't Joe a fine man to take the Doyle kid in? They never thought about the wages he saved. I was supposed to be grateful and know my place. And it made the town uneasy when the Doyle kid got better grades than their sons and daughters did, and when he could run harder and faster with a ball than their sons, and get up quicker when he was knocked down. I had manners and knew which fork to use, and I was popular with the kids in the high school. So I guess they thought I was uppity. Climbing too fast for bayou trash. So then I did just what they wanted me to do. I got drunk and robbed good old Joe Ducklin. That proved something. You cain't trust bayou trash. They'll turn on you ever' time. Got that shifty-mean streak in 'em."

He looked blindly down the afternoon beach.

"Oh, Alex, Alex," she said softly. "It was a long time ago. You were just a kid." He felt the light touch of her hand on his arm, quickly removed.

When he was certain of his control he turned to her, forced a smile, and said, "So long ago there'd be no point in my lying about it."

"I don't know what you mean."

He had suddenly made a decision he had thought never to make. "The sad, crazy thing about it is that I didn't do it, Betty."

She was frowning, her eyes moving quickly as she searched his face. "You pleaded guilty. It was in the papers."

"I pleaded guilty. They talked to me and talked to me, and they said that if I fought it I'd go to Raiford sure as hell. All I had to do was plead guilty and they had the judge's word that he'd suspend sentence provided I enlisted. And that was what I had been planning to do anyway. Enlist. That was what the party was about. Where I got drunk and passed out. And somebody took the store key out of my pocket and went to the store and took twenty cartons of cigarettes, and all those pens and lighters and nearly two hundred dollars. They shoved the key and two twenty-dollar bills and three fountain pens into my pockets."

"It was a filthy trick. But Joe shouldn't have signed a complaint."

"He enjoyed it. Betty, fifteen years ago I tried to tell all this to the police. Over and over. And I tried to tell it to Joe. He didn't want to listen. So I swore I'd never tell anybody. And I haven't. Until right now." He smiled. "I guess I told you because of the diary and the clippings and the fist fights. Enough talk about me. What about you?"

"I'm not the dramatic one in the Larkin clan, Alex. Just a big, healthy, uncomplicated horse. After I got out of Gainesville I came back here. I'm a sort of top sergeant at the boat yard. Buddy and I live with Mother in the same old house on Grove Street. Johnny Geer—he's a friend Buddy brought back from Korea—works at the yard and rents a room from Mother. We all pay our share of the board."

"And I know you go swimming."

"And sailing in my little Thistle named *The Lady Bird*. And fishing and crabbing. We're all living quietly now, Alex. Trying to recover from . . . what happened to Jenna."

"I'm sorry it happened."

She shrugged. "Something had to happen to her. Nobody knew what. Nobody could guess it would be . . . what happened. Somebody did it, you know. And they're still around. Which is a spooky idea. We loved her, I guess, but not very much. You can't love a person very much when they refuse to accept love." She looked at her watch. "I must run. Thanks for the beer."

"Come back any time, please."

"You stop and take a look at the yard."

"I'll do that. And please leave your swimming gear here."

He walked out to the jeep with her.

She hesitated and said, "I guess you knew Jenna . . . pretty well."

He scuffed the shell with the edge of his shoe, wondering why he felt such a strong compulsion to be honest with this tall girl. "I knew her too well. But it wasn't a . . . lasting deal. We were young. And Jenna was . . . Jenna."

"I know. It isn't any of my business. I'm sorry."

"Did they find her far from here?"

She slid under the wheel and looked up at him. "It wasn't far from here, Alex. About three hundred yards south. Just opposite that stand of three big Australian pines."

"How is Colonel M'Gann taking it?"

"I wouldn't know. Celia, understandably, wants no part of the Larkin family. We haven't seen the Colonel since it happened. That suits Celia perfectly. Nobody sees the Colonel. Goodbye."

He watched the jeep until it went out of sight around a bend. She looked back at the last moment and waved. As he pulled the screen door of the kitchen open, he heard the rumble of the bridge timbers again as she crossed the causeway toward town.

The next morning was sultry and misty, with an oily, gray Gulf and a slow swell that curled up and slapped the packed wet sand. At dawn he had heard the rush and thrash of game fish striking bait just off the beach, and so later he drove over into town and bought a cheap spinning outfit and some white and yellow nylon dudes at Bolley's Hardware. He was waited on by Cal Bolley, the son of the owner. Cal was a fat and sullen man who made it infuriatingly obvious that he had heard Alex was in town and was not eager for his business.

Alex drove to Palm Street, to the old familiar house. It had been painted, but it was the same color scheme he remembered—cream with dark brown trim. He glanced up at the window which had been the window of his room during the years he had lived with Joe and Myra Ducklin.

Myra Ducklin came to the door, took one long, incredulous look at him, gasped, and fell into his arms, crying like a child. And he realized how thoughtless he had been. He spent two hours with her. He learned that she had turned her house into a nursing home. Joe hadn't left her enough to get along on. But she seemed to be thriving on the hard work. He told her all he dared about himself, and humbly accepted the scolding she gave him. All the things he had left behind were carefully stored in the attic.

Before he left, he told her the truth about his arrest fifteen years before. And she wept again, and talked of how people wasted themselves and wasted the long years. He told her where he was staying, and that he would be around for a time, and he promised to visit her, and go through the things of his that she had saved for him.

As he drove slowly back out to the beach, he wondered how he could have so misjudged what Myra would feel toward him. His own pride and hurt had blinded him. He was ashamed of having hurt her.

Back at the beach he changed to trunks, rigged the spinning rod, and walked to an area of turmoil where a school of four-pound jacks were wolfing the demoralized minnows. He beached and released four before the school broke away. It was noon when he saw what he had been waiting for—someone on the beach up in front of the Proctor cottage. And he began to move up the beach, casting aimlessly.

The woman squatted on the wet sand at the water's edge, grubbing up tiny coquina clams with her bare hands and putting them in an aluminum pot. She was a sun-brown woman with cropped gray hair, wearing a dark blue sheath swimsuit. Her body was strong and sleek and tidy. Muscles moved smoothly in her arms and shoulders as she searched for the coquinas, and she sat on her heels without strain. When he moved to within a few feet of her, she looked up at him with quick and obvious irritation and said, "What do you want?" Her brows were heavy and black, her features angular and handsome. Her voice was deep.

"Pardon me, but if you want a lot of them, you just prop up a heavy screen and shovel that soupy sand against it. You get yourself a million in hardly no time."

"Thank you. I don't want a million. And I'm in no hurry."

"Okay, m'am. I'm sorry. They sure make a wonderful broth. Me, I like it real cold with a little Worcestershire and Tabasco." She did not answer him. "Guess you're in the Proctor place. Used to come here for the Sunday School picnics. Miz Proctor was in charge of the whole Sunday School."

She looked up at him with exasperation. "I don't feel chatty, my friend. Suppose you run along and fish somewhere."

"Just being neighborly. I'm Alexander Doyle. Two cottages south. Moved in yesterday. Lived here years ago. Came back because I got homesick, I guess. First time I've been in the States in three years. Been down in Venezuela on construction jobs."

Her face darkened. "How direct do I have to be, Mr. Doyle? I don't feel like talking to you. I don't feel like giving you or anyone else an opportunity to work the conversation around to the point where you can feel free to ask a lot of asinine questions about the Colonel."

He stared at her. "Excuse me for sure, but what Colonel? Like I said, I'm being neighborly. I don't know about any Colonel."

She stood up, facing him. He guessed she was in her middle forties. She had the body of a much younger woman. "My brother and I stay in the Proctor cottage. His name is Colonel Crawford M'Gann. Now try to tell me that doesn't mean anything to you."

"Oh! Oh. I get it. I knew Jenna Larkin in high school. I missed it in the papers, being out of the country. But folks have been telling me about it. But they didn't tell me you lived out here."

"In that case, I guess I should apologize for being rude. But I have had to be rude to dozens and dozens of horrible people. Especially right after it happened. My brother is ill. I've had to chase away reporters and amateur detectives and magazine people and ghost writers and horrible teenagers who have walked here on the beach pretending to choke each other and fall dead."

He studied her soberly. "So why don't you move away?"

"Mr. Doyle, I would be most happy to move away. But my brother insists on staying here."

"I guess I don't want to ask questions. I don't care that much. I'm a neighbor and I just won't talk about it at all," he said.

She smiled for the first time. "It's very refreshing to find somebody with some tact and restraint in this horrible place."

"I guess there's so little goes on here that when something does, they like to make a big thing outen it."

Suddenly the water erupted and boiled about fifty feet off shore. Doyle cast quickly beyond the turmoil and yanked the dude through it. He felt the strike and brought in a Spanish mackerel of about two and a half pounds. Working quickly, he got two more of the same size before the thrashing ended abruptly. He offered her two of them.

"You caught them so quickly!" she said. She examined the rod and the lure. She accepted the fish with thanks. And, hesitantly, she asked him if he would do her a favor. He said he would. She explained that she had been trying to get her brother to take an interest in fishing. She had bought tackle for him. From the description, Doyle realized that she had bought a heavy boat rod with a star drag reel and nine thread line. Fine for tarpon. Practically useless for casting along the beach. Would he buy the same kind of equipment he was using for her brother? Would it be too difficult or too strenuous for her brother? How much would it cost? And would he teach the Colonel how to use it?

"You see," she said, "he's never had a hobby, except model airplanes when he was little. His career was his life. We're twins. A dedicated man, Mr. Doyle. Fourth in his class at the Point. One of the best combat records of any pilot in World War II. Then they sent him to M. I. T. and later to Cal Tech and assigned him to the missile program. He was a key man, and so dedicated that I guess he . . . was emotionally naïve. Vulnerable. And that horrible person trapped him into marriage. He went to a night club where she was singing rather

naughty songs and . . . I'm sorry. You said she was a friend of yours."

"Long ago. Jenna wasn't much, Miss M'Gann."

"He's improving slowly. But I think he would be better off with some outside interest instead of sitting and brooding and feeling useless."

Doyle promised to bring the tackle the following morning at about eleven.

As he walked to his place with the single fish, Doyle felt a satisfaction in how easy it had been. And it would probably continue to be easy. It was sometimes frightening to him how easily he could disarm people by lying to them. People believed what they wanted to believe. They were recklessly anxious to take you at your face value. If it had not been the lucky accident of the fishing, it would have been something else. Celia M'Gann was lonely.

He remembered Colonel Presser's heavy insistence as he had said in that cheerless and functional office in the Pentagon, "Doyle, if this were a police state, we could send some muscle boys down there to push that sister of his out of the way and bring him back. He isn't fit for commissioned duty. He never will be. But we can take him on as a civilian adviser to the program. He was as close to an indispensable man as we ever permit ourselves to get. That woman intercepts all mail and hasn't permitted any of our people or any of his old Air Force friends to contact him. It will take a trained operative and somebody with good local cover to get to him."

"And if he refuses to come back?" Doyle had asked.

"Find out why. And see what you can do about his reason."

Doyle fried the mackerel and ate it for lunch. He stretched out for a nap. An hour later a sharp, insistent rapping on the back door brought him up out of sleep.

There was a dark, dusty, green sedan in the back yard with a short wave aerial, a red spotlight on the roof, and a faded yellow decal on the door that said, SHERIFF—RAMONA COUNTY.

Doyle belted his robe and unhooked the screen. The man came into the kitchen. "I was asleep," Doyle said.

"So wake up," the man said. He was about five seven, with a toughened leanness about him, a deeply seamed and sallow face, narrow eyes the color of spit. He wore bleached khakis, tailored and pressed, a pale, cream-colored ranch hat. The trouser legs were neatly bloused over black gleaming paratrooper boots in a small and oddly dainty size. The badge on the shirt pocket was large, bright, and ornate—gold with red and blue enamel—stating that this was a Deputy Sheriff. He wore a black pistol belt with a black speed holster, shiny and supple with care and age. A chrome whistle chain disappeared into a shirt pocket. A black night stick hung from the pistol belt by a white leather thong on a small brass hook. He brought into the small kitchen the slow creak and jingle of petty authority, a thinly acid edge of sweat, a back-swamp accent, and a mocking, patronizing irony. Doyle felt extremely wary. It was a legacy from the faraway years when there used to be trouble and men like this would visit Chaney's Bayou and Bucket Bay, swagger through the shacks, poke around as they pleased. And you made no fuss because they would put knots on your head.

On another level, Doyle sensed his own kinship to this man. A light-eyed cracker sallowness, the generations of bad diet and inbreeding behind both of them that had resulted, curiously, in a dogged and enduring toughness, a fibrous talent for survival. Doyle knew he had seen this man before.

"Turkey Kimbroy and me, we tooken you over to Davis long time ago to h'ep you join the Army. If you'd got kilt in service you wouldn't be back here giving me problems."

"I'm not giving anybody any problems."

"Got to be sure about that. Real sure. Turkey is dead. I'm a carefuller man. Donnie Capp is the name."

"What do you want with me, Donnie?"

The thin mouth tightened. "I get called Donnie by my friends. By thieves and niggers I get called Mister Deputy Sir. You try it."

"Mister Deputy Sir."

"That's nice. Now turn and move on slow ahead of me while I look around some."

Capp thoroughly inspected the cottage. He looked at the papers that had been prepared in Washington for Doyle to back up his cover story. He unzipped Doyle's money belt.

"Want to come in and tell Sheriff Roy Lawlor where you stole this?"

"I saved it."

"Sure now. And you with no job."

"I'm on a vacation."

"You figure on getting a job around here?"

"Maybe."

"I don't figure it that way. Not at all, Doyle. Over in Davis we got pictures of you and we got prints and they're in a file. And that file is called a dead file. I'm just too damn lazy to move that stuff out of the dead file and put it in the active file of known criminals in the county. Seems to me like you forgot to stop by and register as a known criminal when you come into our county, Doyle."

"Is that necessary?"

"If I say so. I tell you what's necessary. So you can catch us up on all the law trouble you've had since you took off into the Army."

"There hasn't been any."

"So you've been smart and lucky, too."

"Can I ask a question?"

"Go right ahead."

"Why are you on my back? I'm not in any trouble. I came back because this is home. That's all."

Capp gave him a wise, cold smile. "This is the cleanest end of any county in the state and it's all mine, and Roy, he likes me to handle it my own self in my own way and keep it clean. I keep it clean on account of I run off the trouble-makers. I let 'em go spoil the crime figures in some other county. This here is my bait bucket, and I throw out the spoiled bait. But I'm not hard to get along with. You paid a month rent. Isn't likely you can get any of it back. So you ask me nice if you can stay and maybe I'll let you. End of the month I run you off."

"Please, Mister Deputy Sir, can I stay here please?"

Capp's smile widened. "Yes, you can stay. But you asked me in a snotty way, so I got to quieten you down some." He unhooked the night stick and glided toward Doyle.

The stick sighed in the air and cracked on the point of Doyle's right shoulder, deadening his arm so that it hung useless. He tried to turn and strike with his left fist, but the stick smashed against his left shoulder. He gasped with pain. The stick was a thing alive. It jabbed him in the pit of the stomach. He doubled over. It rattled across his skull and back again, blurring the world. It thumped his ribs and cracked his shins and welted his numb arms and clattered across his head again in an easy and practiced rhythm. He heard the sobbing, tortured sound of his own breathing. And finally he fell, sensed the impact of hitting the floor but felt no pain from the fall. He lay on his side, knees against his chest, in a welcome silence. His eyes were half open. He could see the shiny black boots six inches from his face. Capp stood over him, a hundred yards tall, his voice echoing from remote and metallic distances.

". . . have the mizries for a couple days, Doyle. Now you're quieted down and you got any feeling about making trouble, you got my word I'll see you again and you'll get special attention instead of a standard head beating."

He saw the boots turn and heard the diminishing cadence of footsteps as Donnie Capp walked out the door. He sobbed once, in shame and anger rather than pain. He crawled a thousand miles to his bed. He pulled himself up onto his knees and squirmed onto the bed. He was exhausted. Finally he slid away,

bathed in sweat, into restless sleep . . .

A moist and wonderful coolness on his forehead awakened him to a world where the face of Betty Larkin was close to his, vast and out of focus, her mouth angry and her eyes tender as she held a cold cloth against his forehead. From the angle of the sun he sensed that it was late afternoon. His whole body was one throbbing, shimmering pain.

"Did you get the license number?" he asked in a frail voice and tried to smile.

"Do you feel awful, Alex?"

"I usually feel a lot better than this. How come you're here?"

"I heard Donnie Capp talking to Buddy outside my office window. Laughing with him. And Donnie saying he'd given you his famous Ramona head massage. He's a dirty sadistic little monster." Cautiously he sat up and swung his feet over the edge of the bed.

"Are you going to try to get up?"

"I'm stiffening up fast. I've got to move around. How about helping me?"

"Is it all right?" she asked nervously.

"Come on." She took his hands and pulled him to his feet with slow and gentle strength. He got his left arm across her shoulders. She held him with her brown right arm around his waist and helped him walk. He shuffled along like an invalid, the pain twisting his mouth, but pleasantly aware of her concern. She walked him out to the porch where, feeling dizzy and slightly sick, he was glad to sit down and look at the sun resting red hot on the rim of the Gulf. She fussed over him, brought a pillow for his back, a dusty hassock for his feet, a cold beer and two aspirin and his cigarettes.

"I'll stay and fix you something to eat."

"Thanks. I'll be able to manage."

"Don't be silly. I can cook."

"You've talked me into it. But I'm not hungry yet."

She leaned against the railing, looking down at him. "You seem so darn calm about this."

"Not really calm, Miss Betty. Mad as hell inside. I want to catch that little monster without his gun and his club. But that wouldn't be too smart."

"Why did he do it?"

"General principles. He waded in with no warning. I'm a criminal in his book. He wants me to be humble. I'm supposed to start shaking and saying yessir next time I see him."

With a very intent and quite fierce expression, she said, "He isn't going to hit you again. You can bank on that, Alex. I'm going to climb right up one side of Buddy and down the other. We've got some weight around here. And then I'm going to give Donnie a clue. If he does it again, we'll go to Sheriff Lawlor and we'll really make trouble for him."

The sun had set. There was a curious orange afterglow that made all objects vivid and distinct. He looked at her, at the strong brown column of her throat, the tawny brown of her brows—a shade darker than her hair. He could see the little flecks of golden brown in the light gray iris of her eye. She was braced aslant on the long firm legs, her hands on the railing. This was the special and stirring beauty of the female creature in perfect health, all glow and warmth.

She looked away suddenly and moved with an unaccustomed awkwardness, and he knew he had stared at her too intently, had upset her unconscious poise.

"Hungry yet?" she asked.

"Time to walk again. Help me up, please."

He let her steady him for a little while and then he walked alone, feeling a little too high off the floor, but no longer dizzy. She fixed a simple dinner and they ate it together in the kitchen under the naked bulb, with the night bugs banging against the screening. He sat there while she cleaned up, smoking, inventorying his aches and bruises, taking homely comfort in the domestic charade. And then they went back to the small porch and sat looking out at the pale starlight on the white beach and black water. And they learned a shared silence could be comfortable.

"Why did you come back here?" she asked suddenly.

"I told you."

"But . . . you don't seem to fit."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Maybe I don't know what I mean. You told me what you've been doing. But . . . the way you talk doesn't fit. Sometimes it's real piney woods talk. Other times you talk as if you have background and education. And you have . . . I don't know how to say it . . . an air of importance. As if people have been paying attention when you've had something to say. And those bright, sharp sports clothes don't seem to suit you. In some funny way they're wrong for you."

"I'm bugged by bright threads, doll."

"I keep thinking it's all some kind of an act."

"That's a strange idea."

"Your nails are well kept and your hands aren't calloused."

"Nowadays we construction types sit up in those big air-conditioned cabs and push the little buttons."

"If it's an act, has it got anything to do with Jenna?"

"Betty, I came back to my home town. With a buck or two saved. Might stay around, if I find anything right. Now I'm not so high on staying around where Donnie can get at me with his little black club. When the lumps are gone, maybe I'll be moving along."

She was silent for a long time. At last she said in a subdued voice, "All right, Alex. I . . . I'll be going. No, please don't get up. I know the way out." She stood up. "Anyway, it hasn't been much of a homecoming, has it?"

"I didn't expect very much," he said. "Come check on me when you can. Good night, Miss Betty."

"Good night, Alex." He sat and listened to the jeep drive away into the night. He had a new and special appreciation of her. She was a big, healthy, small-town blonde, and he had been careless. Her perceptions and intuitions were good. There was nothing dull about Betty Larkin. And so now he could not, when he was with her, revert to a flawless performance of his chosen role. She was sharp enough to see in that a confirmation of her guess. The same level of carelessness would have to be maintained. Or he would have to avoid her, a prospect he found startlingly cheerless.

By the time Doyle was up and shaved and dressed on Thursday, he knew it wasn't going to be one of his best days. Each slow movement had to be tested cautiously to see how much it was going to hurt. Even in areas where he could not remember being hit, his muscles felt as though they had been dipped in cement and rolled in broken glass.

It was a day of high white scattered clouds and a fresh northwest wind. After a late breakfast he took an ancient gray blanket out onto the beach and stretched out in the sun. He had baked his bruises for less than an hour when Betty Larkin dropped lithely into a Buddha pose on the corner of his blanket, beamed at him and said, "You're feeling better, aren't you?"

"Just dandy, honey. Just a little bit better than if I was poking myself in the eye with a stick."

She was wearing a pale gray one-piece swimsuit with small blue flowers embroidered on it. She carried a rubber

cap and a big towel. "I saw you out here so I went in and changed."

"I've been trying to build up enough character to try swimming."

"So come on!"

As they swam he felt his muscles loosening, and soon he was able to extend himself. They swam to the concealed sand bar a couple of hundred yards out. He swam with the untutored ease and confidence of any Floridian born and raised near the water. He knew she had had coaching. Her stroke was classic, and she moved with the sleekness and swiftness of an otter. They stood on the bar and talked. The water came to her shoulders at the apex of each slow swell.

"I talked to Buddy and then I found Donnie Capp and had words with him. He tried to laugh it off. Then he got mad. I got twice as mad as he did. And I got it through his head that I could make trouble and I darn well would. So then he got silky nasty to me." She flushed and looked away. "Said he never would beat up any boy friend of mine, even if my taste wasn't much good. He knows better than that. The whole town knows better than that."

"What do you mean?"

"It's a long, dull story. Anyway, Donnie got my message."

"Thank you."

"Buddy was a problem, too. He didn't want me standing up for a thief, he said. So I told him what you told me. I hope it wasn't a secret. About not stealing from Joe Ducklin. Then he said it looked like I'd believe anything you told me. But we worked it out. Now he wants to see you sometime. But he won't come out here. Would you please stop by the yard sometime?"

He agreed. They swam back in, and each used her big towel, and sat on the blanket.

"I talked like a fool last night, Alex."

"I didn't notice it."

"About asking you why you really came back here. I guess the whole town is a little . . . punchy about Jenna. There've been so many strangers prying. Donnie has run them out as fast as they have come in. He got too rough with one of them, but Sheriff Lawlor covered for him. Donnie keeps saying that sooner or later he's going to get his hands on the man who killed Jenna. It's a sort of personal insult to him that it happened right here and he had so little to do with the investigation. They say he got six or seven confessions before the Sheriff pulled him off, on account of there being too many newspaper people in town right after it happened. Maybe he will find out who did it. Then it will be the same thing all over again. People would stand in our side yard and just stare at the house by the hour, with their mouths hanging open. Idiots! Anyway . . . we're so conditioned by people trying to pry that I got the crazy idea somebody had sent you back to . . . write it all up, because the people here would talk to anybody who came from here. I guess it was a silly idea."

"You have my solemn word of honor that I'm not here to write up the story of your sister, Betty."

"All right, then. That's over. Now, how about me helping you find something to do?"

"Am I becoming a project?"

"Maybe. But I'll keep the record straight. I'm not moving in on you in any emotional way. I'd just like to be your friend."

"You are my friend."

"Thank you," she said. She turned so that she was facing more directly away from him. "Now I'll tell you the sad story of Betty Larkin before somebody else makes it their business to tell you. Just to keep the record straight."

It was an unfortunate story. Jenna had been the favorite child. Jenna got the presents. Jenna was the one who, when she was little, on Sunday after Sunday, had been taken off by her daddy on picnics in his old fishing skiff. Jenna would come home and brag mysteriously about "our place." Betty had waited patiently until she was old enough for it to be her turn. But her turn had never come. She had thought her father despised her because she was so big and ugly.

When Jenna, the eldest, had turned wild, Spence had beaten the younger ones, out of helplessness and shame. Jenna had run away. She couldn't be located. After acting like a madman, Spence had sunk into lethargy, pulled back inside himself.

By the time Elizabeth Larkin was fourteen, she had heard enough stories about Jenna to know what she had been. It had shamed her. At fifteen she had looked like a boy and hoped she would always look like a boy. But, during the six months before her father died, she had matured abruptly. During the Christmas vacation of her freshman year at college, she had gone to a dance in Ramona. Her date had passed out. She had decided to walk home. Three unidentified men had attacked her before she had walked two hundred yards from the high school gym. She had fought strongly and well, and had been rescued by pure accident, her clothing torn and dirty, her face badly battered. The lingering effects of the reputation of Jenna caused the town to believe very distorted versions of the attack.

Before the incident Betty had been able to endure a kiss, though shyly and with little pleasure. After the incident, she became actively, physically ill if any boy attempted the most innocuous caress. In her junior year at Gainesville, realizing how distorted and unhealthy her reactions were, she had consulted a woman doctor who had sent her along to a psychiatrist in Tampa. After three long sessions with him, during which he seemed far more interested in the father relationship than the attempted rape, he told her that she could achieve normal reactions if she were to spend eighteen months to two years in deep analysis. This was impossible.

When she came home for spring vacation that year she found that everyone in Ramona had a dramatic and distorted version of her problem. It did not take her long to find out that the psychiatrist, as a matter of courtesy, had made a detailed written report to her family doctor, and that the office nurse, a notorious gossip, had read the report and spread the word that Betty Larkin had been sent to a psychiatrist because she was scared to death of men.

"Here is the horrid part of it, Alex. In some inverted way it made me a personal project for every sloppy self-appointed Don Juan in the county. As if I were his Sleeping Beauty. I was up to here in spooks for a while, all asking me to cooperate and not be afraid. After I used my good left hook a few times, and kicked splinters off their shin bones, they left me alone. But I'm still one of the town's most notorious crazies. I don't date and don't want to. I work and swim and sail and keep myself to myself, thank you. I am resigned to a busy spinsterhood."

She spun around then to look directly at him with a kind of touching defiance. "I just want to have a friend. An uncomplicated relationship with someone. I think you're a nice guy and it's good to see you after all these years. But if you were to lay a hand on me, it would chill me to the marrow. And as for being kissed by any man, I would much rather stick my head into a bucket of snakes. You won't mind being known as a friend of the unnatural Miss Larkin?"

"I'll be honored."

She gave him a soulful and penetrating look and said, "Would you have any bread and anything to stick between it? Self-revelation makes me ravenous."

She left right after they consumed the hefty sandwiches she made them. He alternately baked and swam for the rest of the afternoon, and at five-thirty he felt whole enough to shower and dress and drive over into town. He bought the Colonel's spinning gear at Bolley's Hardware and had time to pick up more groceries. He saw Junie Hillyard in the supermarket. As soon as she recognized him, she deliberately turned her back. He

started back toward the beach but, on impulse, just as he reached the foot of Bay Street, he turned left onto Front Street and drove along the bay shore and parked across from The Spanish Mackerel. As he walked in, he saw it had changed very little. It was still a fisherman's bar that managed to look like a seedy lunchroom.

The late sunlight came in through the front windows. It was a sagging frame building sitting across from a fishing dock and boats and rotted pilings and a pelican sitting on a slanting channel marker. Beyond the bay was the lush mangrove green of Ramona Key.

Walls of soiled cream and sour green, a-clutter with old girly calendars, smutty placards, stuffed fish, pieces of net, old cork floats, curl-edged photographs. Bar on the left, topped with imitation marble. Scuffed bar stools. A dozen round tables with poison green Formica tops. Antique jukebox against the back wall, beside two pinball machines and a bowling machine, a wall phone, two interior doors, one open to disclose a narrow area containing a blackened hamburger grill and a tarnished coffee urn. He remembered that beyond the closed door were the grubby restrooms, a back room used for poker, a hallway leading to the kitchen in the rear, and the staircase to Harry Bann's apartment. Big, bald, swarthy Harry Bann was behind the bar, hunched over a fight magazine. A dreary old man sat at one of the tables with a half glass of beer in front of him, moving his lips in a silent litany. The ceiling fan creaked, stirring the ancient odors of spill and grease, smoke and sickness and tired plumbing.

A sad place, he thought, for Jenna to have spent the final hours of her life. He saw her for an instant on a deserted beach, sitting crosslegged, smiling at him, teasing him.

Harry Bann looked up and came down the bar toward him and thrust out a big hand. "Heard you were back, kiddo. How's it going, kiddo? Heard Donnie worked you over, boy. Have one on the house, kiddo." Doyle knew that he had the qualifications for the big hello at the Mack. Come from a line of fishermen, get jammed up by the law, be a drifting construction bum—you're tops.

Harry set up the drink. And talked of the people Betty had not told him about. The folks from Chaney's Bayou and Bucket Bay. The knifings and the drownings. The smashed cars and the terms in Raiford. The big catches and the ones that moved on down the line when the fish dwindled.

Harry said that his wife had died a while back, and he had married her niece, age twenty. And leered as he gave her age. A little later the bride came into the bar from the back of the place, a pulpy, fish-white, overweight kid in threadbare red shorts and halter, with carrot hair and pinched, angry face. She squalled at Harry, her mouth ugly, china-blue eyes bulging in chronic fury, and went away again, banging the warped door behind her.

"She was a Kemmer," Harry said apologetically. "Those Kemmers are mostly mad all the time."

He moved away to serve two young men in sweaty khaki and take the old man a new beer. He came back and asked Alex what he was going to do and Alex asked about the chance of getting in the land-clearing business. And then Harry winked in a portentous and evil way and said, "An old gal friend of yours was in here last November and got herself kilt on the way home. Little Jenna Larkin. Jenna M'Gann it was. Guess you'd know all about that, the way you been spending time with Betty."

"I know about it. Sure."

"My Janie worked the bar till six, when I come on, and she was already here and half loaded." He paused. "Don't you want to ask questions?"

"You're already talking, Harry."

Harry Bann sighed. "It's a change. Strangers ask a hell of a lot of questions and I can't answer. Donnie Capp, he runs the strangers off. Doesn't want anybody messing around his case. He works hard on it. I figure he just might find out who did it someday. But with that Jenna, there's a lot of possibilities. You know. Funny how two sisters can be so different. Betty, she comes in here a lot."

Doyle stared at him. "What?"

"Oh, not the same way Jenna was a customer. Betty comes in with the commercial fishermen having work done at the Larkin yard. It's just two blocks south of here. Which I don't have to tell you. Ole Spence used to squeeze hell out of those boys and hold their boats until he had the cash. Betty works deals out with them. They think she's the finest thing on two legs. Why, if anybody tried to get funny with her, those boys would rip him up and use him for chum." He winked. "But nobody who knows about Betty is going to make any grabs, kiddo. The merchandise looks good, but she's like one of those bowls of wax fruit." He tapped his temple "Something wrong in here." He sighed. "Seems like a hell of a waste. What's she doing coming out to see you at the Carney place?"

"This is a damn small town, Harry. She needs a friend."

"She's got a lot of friends."

"Men friends. who won't make passes?" He felt ashamed of himself for being drawn into a discussion about her. But Harry, more gossipy than any old woman in town, could straighten out the other gossipers and thus make it easier on Betty. "A long time ago I was a sort of a hero to her, with that football stuff."

"Kiddo, you were a hero all over the county. Never forget that Davis game, when that fat guard knocked you eighty feet in the air and they carted you off. Came back in the second half and pretty soon they lugged him off. And you went through the hole for three scores. Man! They would have give you the town that night, kiddo."

"And taken it back when I got in trouble."

Harry looked thoughtful. "Funny thing. Nobody figured you to get jammed up. But you take a wild kid like Jenna—everybody knew—"

He looked beyond Doyle as the screen door creaked and then slapped shut. "Hi, Donnie!" he said in an eagerly ingratiating voice. Doyle turned quickly and saw Deputy Donnie Capp moving slowly toward him. Doyle felt his shoulder muscles tighten and his skin prickle in an atavistic way.

"Hello, Doyle. Hello, Harry." He reached across the bar with the black club and nudged Harry Bann gently in the middle and clucked sadly. "You get fatter every day, Harry. Got bad kidneys and a bad heart. That Janie is a smart operator. Just put up with you for maybe another year and she owns a nice little business. Then she can marry that gas pumper she used to run around with."

Harry darkened and said, "Now I don't like that kind of—"

Capp jabbed him harder. "Trot that beef up to the other end of the bar, Fatso." Harry moved away slowly and heavily. Doyle did not look at Capp standing there close beside him, and he was pleased to note that his hand did not tremble when he lifted his drink.

"Got to call you Mister Doyle now. I guess. What are you doing, Mister Doyle? Working your way through the Larkin family? First Jenna and now Betty. Betty and Buddy come down on me like a brick load. Get off our old buddy's back. And on account of Spence they can still pull strings all the way to Tallahassee, a chance I can't take. So stop shivering, Mister Doyle."

"I'm not shivering a damn bit."

"Funny about you. You got an oily look, like an egg-sucking hound. You come here and you talk to Harry about Jenna. You used to run with her. You live out there next to where she was killed, and next to the Colonel. You snuggle up to the Larkins. I see Jake Perry today and he says he was coming down toward the pass and seen you on the beach with that Celia M'Gann, and she doesn't talk to anybody, up till now.

I'd hate to find out you had your nose in something isn't your business, Mister Doyle. Because then I'd have to forget about Tallahassee, and I'd have to try some tricks on you. I could loosen up your insides with this here club enough to keep you sick your whole life without killing you."

"Why?"

"I'm the law here. You don't get in the way of the law."

"They've let you get awful big around here, Mister Deputy Sir," he said, and turned and looked down into Capp's seamed face.

The colorless eyes went oddly dull for a moment, then brightened. "They got the law they need around here," he said softly. "I can walk in here alone on a Saturday night. I can go alone to Bucket Bay and haul anybody out of there I want. I can set you up so I can kill you safe, and get a clean bill from the coroner's jury, so watch your mouth." He turned and left, silhouetted for an instant blackly just outside the screen against the afterglow of the sunset.

Harry came back and cursed Capp softly. As Doyle was about to leave, a brown old man with soiled white hair came in and paused and stared at Doyle and said, "Say, you're Bert Doyle's boy. You look like Bert twenty-five years ago, afore he got drownded. Sure, you're Alex Doyle. I'm Arnie Blassit. Don't you remember me, boy? When I was fishing shares with Lucas Pennyweather, we used to take you along a lot. You were good on the nets for a kid."

Doyle remembered. He bought drinks for himself and Blassit, and they talked. Arnie mourned the old days when the catches were big. He said he was managing to hang on, just about making expenses. Doyle asked him about old Lucas Pennyweather, assuming the old man had died.

"Lucas was getting crippled up. Last November one of his grown daughters come all the way from North Carolina, she and her husband, and took Lucas back up to live with them, sudden like. One day he was going to be here forever, and the next day he sold his boat and gear so fast it was like giving them away. Nobody'll ever know these waters better than old Lucas did. Some will say Spence Larkin knew them just as good, but I say no."

"He was good with kids, Lucas was," Doyle said. And he suddenly remembered a Sunday that had been buried in his subconscious for years. Old Lucas had taken a half-dozen kids out with him to hand line a grouper hole not far outside Windy Pass. On the way back, close to noon, they had passed a small skiff with a man at the wheel and a little girl sitting in the bow. The little girl was blonde, with a pink dress and, to Alex, about six at the time, she was the cleanest, prettiest thing he had ever seen.

"Spence Larkin and his daughter Jenna," Lucas had explained. "Big important fella up in Ramona and she's his eldest. Dotes on her. They're off on a Sunday picnic down in the bay islands someplace. Seems like a man would take his whole family, don't it?"

Alex had turned and watched the girl until she was lost in the distances of the bay. Later he'd seen Spence Larkin alone many times in the same skiff, and learned that it was one of the man's eccentricities to leave his office at the boat yard at any time of day and go off down the bay alone. People said that was when he did his plotting and scheming. Thinking new ways to make a dime grow a dollar. He always took fishing tackle with him, but he didn't do much fishing.

Arnie Blassit chuckled and said, "About the last thing Lucas did in this town was get hisself locked up on suspicion of murder. He had a lot of company. They locked up everybody'd been in here the night Jenna Larkin got strangled to death. Me too. Me and Lucas, we could clear each other. We run out of drinking money about eleven and went to our shack down to Chaney's Bayou in my boat. They let us go. Lucas was sure mad. Thing was, he'd spent some time talking to Jenna that night. It was as if the Lord give her one last chance to be nice to somebody and she took it."

"How do you mean?"

"She never had no time for old beat-down fishermen. Not her. There was a good crowd here. We were standing right over there at the bar. She come over and was real nice. Talked about the old days. Made a fuss over Lucas. Took him over to that corner table and they sat and talked a long time. We kidded Lucas about it, and he made it worse on himself by saying he'd made a date with her to go out in his boat the next day and cruise around the bay. Actual, when they come to pick us up, Lucas was getting the boat ready the next morning to go pick up Jenna. But by then she was dead. It sure upset Lucas."

"Upset the town, I guess."

"And upset that Donnie Capp most of all. That boy is mean as a snake. He'd taken a shine to Jenna, they say. Lord knows she wasn't choosy the last few months she was living. But she just laughed at him. Guess if she hadn't been a Larkin he would have turned her willing by working her over some. He's been known to do that. Matter of fact, come to think of it, it was Donnie broke up Lucas's little talk with Jenna that night. Sat right down with them uninvited and after a while Jenna got up and went away to the bar. Donnie talked with Lucas for a while and then he left. You know, that Donnie was like a crazy man after she was found dead. He put knots on half the heads in the county until the sheriff got around to quieten him down."

Doyle left a half hour later and drove back to the cottage. He fixed a simple supper and, after he cleaned up, he sat on the dark porch and smoked and thought of the days of childhood. The memory of the little girl in pink had awakened other memories of the days of childhood. He had told himself that all the memories were bad. But there had been much that was good. He had never wanted to come back. But now he felt that he had wandered the world as a stranger, rootless and cold and distant. This was his land, the bays and the Gulf, the mangrove rookeries, the water birds homing at dusk, the curl and the slap of easy surf, the ripe smells of the tidal flats, all the flat, low, moist country.

Later he thought of Jenna, so vital and so completely self-centered. He wondered why she had been pleasant to old Lucas. There must have been something she wanted.

On Friday morning at eleven, he walked up the beach to the Proctor cottage carrying the two spinning rods and the small package of swivels, leader and lures. Celia M'Gann walked out to meet him. He apologized for being a day late, and said he'd had trouble with a deputy sheriff named Capp.

"A most unpleasant type," she said. "I had trouble with him too. He was determined to bother my brother. He was very rude. I had to complain to the state's attorney about him. Why was he bothering you, Mr. Doyle?"

"I guess you can say, m'am, that when I left here fifteen years ago, I left under a cloud. He thinks I'm an undesirable citizen."

"Don't you let him bully you. How much do I owe you?"

He gave her the receipt and she went into the big cottage and came back with the exact amount and said the Colonel would be right out. A few moments later M'Gann came out onto the beach. He was a big man, quite thin, with the look and bearing of someone who had been much heavier. He wore khaki shorts and rope sandals, and his suntan had an

The shot was followed by the unforgettable chunk of a slug smashing flesh and bone.

unhealthy yellowish tinge. He strongly resembled his sister.

He shook hands and said, "The mackerel was excellent, Mr. Doyle. My sister and I thank you." There was a curious remoteness about the man. A robotic indifference. With Celia watching, Doyle showed the Colonel how to handle the tackle. Colonel M'Gann learned very quickly. Yet Doyle sensed that the man had no interest in it, was merely trying to please his sister.

The Colonel caught one small blue runner and released it. At Doyle's suggestion, they moved north along the beach. And, as he had anticipated, Celia soon said she had to start lunch. She warned her brother about getting overtired, and she headed back to the cottage.

When she was gone, Doyle said, from his memorized notes, "They're still having a lot of trouble with the Henderson circuits, sir. Hannison's simplification didn't work."

The Colonel reeled in slowly, his face impassive. He reeled the lure against the front eyelet and turned and looked at Doyle. There was the unmistakable impact of a strong personality and a high order of intelligence in that glance. "You're a clever man, Doyle. Or whatever your name is. Who set this up?"

"Colonel Presser."

"It would be. Austin has an unfortunate taste for intrigue and melodrama."

"He hasn't been able to get in touch with you in any other way. Your sister has been very . . . diligent about protecting you. They need you, on a civilian consultant basis. You lived with the project a long time. The work load wouldn't be heavy."

M'Gann looked out across the Gulf. "That was back in another life, Doyle. I can't be concerned about it now."

"I'm supposed to find out why."

"My reasons are personal. It's not fear of dying."

"From what Colonel Presser told me about you, I didn't think it would be. Is your personal reason tied in with your . . . refusal to leave this area?"

"I repeat that you are a clever man, Doyle. I have a problem to solve. Involving emotion and human ethics. If and when I solve it, I'll get in touch with Austin Presser. But one possible solution is to see how hard and fast and long I can run down this beach."

"Sir?"

"I don't expect you to understand."

"Would a complete and detailed report on your wife's history before you met her change anything?"

"I have no illusions about Jenna."

"If the murderer was caught, would it change anything?"

M'Gann gave him an odd, intent, questioning look. "It might."

"Here she comes. Are you going to tell her about this?"

"There's no reason, is there? And no reason for you to talk to me again about this. I don't respond to pressure. Tell Austin to have patience."

Doyle politely refused Celia's warm invitation to lunch with them. He walked thoughtfully back to his cottage. On other investigations in the past, when he had been successful, there had come a time when he sensed that he was on the edge of making some significant pattern out of apparently unrelated facts. He had that feeling now. But he could not force the pattern to appear. It seemed a product of intuition.

At two o'clock he drove between two neat white posts and parked in the graveled parking area of the Larkin Boat Yard, next to a small white office from the open windows of which came a busy chatter of office equipment. He had remembered the yard as a place of clutter and corrosion, with sun-drab, sagging buildings and docks. But now it was neat in clean paint, with an air of quiet efficiency, a smell of marine varnish, a whining of a power saw, a roar of a marine engine on a test block, big motor cruisers tied alongside new solid docks that reached out into the bay, bright gas pumps.

Betty, typing in the office, smiled warmly as he entered and rose to greet him. She was wearing a dark red blouse and a red and white striped skirt. The unruly hair, with all its streaks and shades of umber, toffee, and cream, had been yanked back and tied in a rebellious pony-tail.

She introduced him to the other woman in the office, a Mrs. West, who had a nice smile and said she remembered him from when he used to work behind the counter at Ducklin's. Betty took him on a small tour of the yard, explaining the changes they had made, the kind of business they were doing. He could see that she loved it.

They found Buddy and an employee checking the port shaft on a fifty-four-foot Huckins that rested on heavy cradles on the rails that ran into the big work shed. The kid that Doyle vaguely remembered had turned into a huge brown man with corn-yellow hair, a man who was solid meat from hulking shoulders to thick ankles, sturdy as a tree. He wore greasy shorts and sneakers. The hair on his back and shoulders was bleached silver by the sun. He had a brute jaw and small gray smoldering eyes under a hard shelf of brow. He could have played the villain in a Viking movie.

"Glad to see you again, Alex," Buddy said. "Long time." Just when Doyle was considering dropping to his knees and howling like a dog, Buddy released the grip on his hand. Buddy mumbled something about Capp. Doyle thought he was being unfriendly, but he suddenly realized that it was merely shyness, that this surly giant was actually ill at ease. Betty tactfully remembered a phone call she had to make and left them alone, saying, "Stop by the office again, Alex, and I'll let you take me out and buy me a beer."

"Couldn't run the place without her," Buddy rumbled. "Hey, Johnny. Come meet Alex Doyle."

Johnny Geer left a marine engine to come over, wiping his right hand on the thigh of his shorts. His resemblance to Gary Cooper was ruined by brown spaniel eyes set much too close together, and a pendulous lower lip. After he met Geer, Buddy showed him the rest of the layout. Near the storage warehouses was covered outdoor storage for small boats on trailers and on stubby saw horses. Betty's little Thistle was there, on a yellow trailer, the mast stepped, nylon sails neatly stowed. "She can make that thing get up and fly," Buddy said. "Likes to take it out into the Gulf when small craft warnings are up. Scares hell out of me."

"She's quite a gal."

Buddy, looking quite uncomfortable, said, "She likes you, Alex. She likes you a lot. I wouldn't want her to be . . . upset about anything. I don't want you should . . ."

"I know, Buddy. I won't upset her."

Buddy looked relieved. "I had to say it."

"I know, Everything is under control. Say, isn't that the skiff your father used all the time?"

"That's it. We keep it painted up. Mean to yank the engine and stick a new one in sometime and unload it. We never get around to it, somehow. The hull is sound."

Doyle made a sudden decision. "I guess being older, you'd remember this better than Betty would, but I can remember when I was a kid, seeing your father and Jenna in this little boat, going off on picnics."

"He spoiled her rotten, Alex. The way she was, it was his fault."

"I guess he had some special place he'd take her on those picnics."

"On the picnics every Sunday?" Buddy leaned against the skiff and glared back into the past. "It was a long time ago. Twenty years ago. Before she got tired of going with him. He never could understand why she got bored with it. It hurt him. It was the best part of the week for him, I guess. He didn't give a damn about the rest of us." He smiled sourly. "She used to put on airs about being special. Teasing us. Full of big secrets." He suddenly pushed himself erect, his

face open with surprise, with a sudden realization. "By God, there could have been a special place! And that could be the same place where—" He stopped himself suddenly, looking wary.

"Where Spence hid the money?"

Buddy glared at him. "What's it to you, Doyle?"

"Oh, relax. I got that hunch from something Betty told me. I don't want any damn part of the money. I steered you into this. So tell me what you're thinking."

Suspicion faded visibly. "Got a cigarette? Thanks. He was always going off by himself. He'd come back from a business trip and take off in this skiff. He never had much to say to anybody. Hell, I figured after he died he maybe had some hidey hole he could get to by water. So did a lot of other people. But there's a hell of a lot of shoreline south of here on the mainland and both keys, and more damn islands than you can count. Might as well look for pirate gold." He chuckled in a mirthless way. "After he died, when I got back, I found that tackle box he kept in his office. Two little lures in it. Lots of empty space where he could put cash. But I never tied it up to the old days when he used to take Jenna on picnics. Hell, he would never have gone there direct, so anybody could track him. Too damn sneaky." Buddy sighed. "So what good does it do now, Alex? She's dead. Even if she wasn't, I bet she couldn't find the place again. She was just a little kid, and she was never much for the water."

"Let me take it one more step, Buddy. The night she died, she spent a long time talking to old Lucas Pennyweather, and she made a date with him to go out in his boat the next day."

Buddy frowned. "I heard about that. Seemed like a funny thing for Jenna to do." The frown faded, and he smacked his forehead with the heel of his hand. "How did I get this stupid? Suppose she got thinking about that secret picnic place of long ago. Suppose she could describe how it looked. If any man on this coast could find it by her describing it, old Lucas could. God, there must be twenty thousand little islands down through there."

"And Lucas left right after she was killed, Buddy."

Buddy shook his head. "Not that old man. Not him. A sweet old guy. He didn't know his daughter was coming after him. She'd been threatening to. He came around to say goodbye. He was smart about weather and fish and children. Not people. He wouldn't have guessed what she was driving at. And she wouldn't have mentioned money, you can bet. Just old-timey stuff. Memory stuff. Ask him if he'd take her to the places her dear old daddy used to take her. She wouldn't have dared trust old Lucas 'cause you know how he told everybody everything. But I wonder how she got that idea all of a sudden?"

"It was a long time ago. Maybe something reminded her."

"But if all this guessing is right, Alex, we still aren't any place. You'd need her in the boat with Lucas to find it."

"Unless, that evening, she described it to him so well he could find it on his own."

Buddy dropped the cigarette and turned his heel on it. "The only way we could check that is with Lucas." Buddy stared curiously at him. "How come you come up with all these little things fitting together?"

"I've had practice putting pieces together. I'll tell you about it someday. Now how do we get hold of Lucas?"

"Arnie Blassit or the post office."

"Buddy, think about this. Suppose we get Lucas back here. He can find the place. And we find the money is gone, and evidence it was removed not too long ago. Do you know what that would mean?"

Buddy said slowly, "It could mean it was taken by the person who killed Jenna."

Alex made a slow ceremony of lighting a cigarette. "Has anybody thought of Donnie Capp?"

Buddy stared at him. "Donnie!"

"Is there something sacred about him? Don't you people ever look at facts?

He sat with Jenna and Lucas during the tail end of their little talk. And he talked to Lucas after Jenna left the table. And if his patrol car was seen out on the beach road, who would think twice about it? And he's run off everybody who's tried to pry into the case. Try this, Buddy. Jenna, drunk, wasn't as subtle as she thought she was being. She left the table. Lucas bragged to Donnie about how he could find the place she told him about. So Capp left and waited for her. Maybe he was going to make a deal. But she wouldn't deal. He killed her. If Lucas could find the place, he didn't need her. He could wait until things got quiet again, and then get old Lucas to take him to the place. Secretly. And he could kill Lucas once he found the place and the money, sink his body and set the boat adrift. Sit on the money then for a year or so and retire. Take off. But then Lucas' daughter came and took him away. And how could Donnie get him back without it's looking damn suspicious? It made the killing useless. I think he's under a strain. I think he's getting erratic. I think he's about to crack up."

"Donnie Capp," Buddy said softly. "On the job twenty-four hours a day and

never grafted a dime." He stared at Alex with an odd expression. "Now I'll give you something. Donnie has hunted all his life. Never gave a damn for fishing. About Christmas he came in here and bought a twelve-foot aluminum boat and a big rebuilt outboard. We made him a good price. Told him the motor was too big to troll good, but he said he didn't have much time and wanted to run fast to wherever he was going to fish. All winter Donnie was the fishingest man you ever saw. Took a ride, because he hardly ever caught anything. Finally Roy Lawlor got fed up and cracked down. He still goes out a lot, but not all the time. Keeps the boat over the other side of Bay Street tied up at Garner's Bait Dock. You see him scoot out under the bridge every so often with that big hat on him. He must sleep in that hat."

"So he's looking for it himself."

"You go too damn fast, Alex. A man can take up fishing. It can be like a disease with him. And Donnie was a hunting fool before he took to fishing. I know Donnie pretty well. I can't see him . . . choking Jenna to death."

Doyle's mind worked in practiced areas for a few moments. "If a man was hunting your father's money, what would he take with him?"

"I . . . I guess a shovel. There was a hell of a run on shovels after word got out about the size of the estate he left."

"And a man carrying a shovel to go fishing would look funny, wouldn't he?"

Comprehension changed Buddy's hard face. "Let's go."

Ten minutes later, as Alex stood on Garner's docks, Buddy reached up under the foredeck of Capp's aluminum boat and took out an object in a green tarp. He unwrapped it and they both stared at the folded entrenching tool. Buddy wrapped it hastily and put it back. He climbed onto the dock and was retying the bow line when Alex turned and saw Donnie Capp walking swiftly toward them along the dock, his sallow face without expression, eyes like nail heads.

"What's goin' on here?" he asked softly.

Buddy grinned at him. "Hi, Donnie. Alex was thinking of getting a boat for himself. I told him about the lashup we sold you and he wanted to take a look at it and I figured you wouldn't mind."

"You have to get into it to show it to him?"

"I forgot what horse motor you got, so I got in and lifted the motor cover and took a look."

"I think the motor is too big for that size boat," Alex said. "But I'd like to take it out for a run and make sure."

Donnie stared at him and spat into the bay. "If you was on fire, I wouldn't do you the favor to push you off this here dock. I don't want anybody messing with my boat." He turned and walked back to the bait shack and got into his car.

"I need a drink bad," Buddy said. They took the jeep to the Mack. Janie was tending bar. They took a table near the bowling machine and had her bring two beers and a shot on the side for Buddy. He threw it down, gulped half the beer, and said, "How did I do?"

"All right, I think. It's hard to tell."

"That damn shovel. I'll buy the whole deal, except him killing her. I can't let myself think he killed her. There'd be no way to prove it. I'd have to go after him. It's the way I am. I'd have to kill him with my hands."

"Very logical. You kill him and the law kills you. Nice for Betty and your mother. But it's so heroic it will be okay with them."

"I talk too damn much."

"The next step is to get hold of Lucas and pay his way back here. That is, if, over the phone, he can say Jenna described a place he can find. You've got the right to do that. And if we're right all the way down the line, Donnie Capp may react in a way that will damn him."

Betty joined them a little later, manufacturing a sorry whine about how a girl had to invite herself to a beer on a hot day. They said nothing to her about their involved guesses. They talked boats.

When they left the Mack, Alex, with a significant glance at Buddy, asked them to come out later for a swim. He visited with Myra Ducklin for over an hour. When he got to the cottage the blue jeep was there, and Buddy and Betty were in the Gulf. He changed and joined them. Buddy created his opportunity by sending Betty to the cottage for three cans of the cold beer they had brought out and put in Doyle's icebox.

"Ran into Judge Ellandon and he knew the name. A Mrs. Trace Annison in Fayetteville, North Carolina. I called her from Ducklin's. I could hear kids yelling in the background. The crazy thing about it is she thought I was phoning to tell her Lucas had showed up here. He had been moping around. Left a note saying he was homesick and took off with about ten dollars on him nine days ago. Soon as she found the note she phoned the Sheriff's office in Davis. She thinks Lucas isn't right in the head. And too old for such a trip. She told Lawlor to phone her collect when Lucas shows up, and hold him."

"Lawlor would have told Donnie."

"Right. So Donnie is waiting for him, too. Or has got him already."

"Where would he head for?"

"Lucas? Probably for the Mack, or down to Chaney's Bayou to the shack. Depends on what time of day or night he got in. He wouldn't make it fast. People don't pick up old men hitchhiking. All we can do is hope he hasn't gotten here yet."

"And," Alex said, "spread the word he's on his way back. It will get back to Donnie and give him the jumps."

"Right!" Buddy said, with a grim and satisfied smile.

Betty was on the beach with the beer, yelling at them. They swam in, side by side. Later, when Betty had gone to shower and change, Buddy came up with another idea. If Donnie got hold of Lucas, he'd probably take him out in the boat and leave him tied up somewhere until he could go after him and make the search by daylight. So Buddy said he could cripple Donnie's boat by plugging the cooling system of the outboard. It would start and run for a while and then conk out. Alex liked the idea. He told Buddy to be careful.

After they left at six-thirty, Doyle sat on his porch watching the last of the sunset and going over the parts of the pattern that had become clear to him. The Colonel's odd reaction did not fit the pattern. And he had to keep reminding himself that his mission was concerned only with Colonel Crawford M'Gann.

In the last of the light he saw a woman almost running along the beach near the water. There was an air of panic about her. He went out quickly, recognizing Celia M'Gann. She was almost incoherent, so great was her anxiety. The Colonel had disappeared a half-hour ago. Would he help her look for him? She was trembling visibly. Alex said he hadn't gone by on the beach, but he could have gone down the road. She collapsed against his chest, gasping and sobbing, and suddenly wrenched herself away with an effort. "How damn stupidly girlish!" she said. "I'm sorry." She gestured toward the Gulf. "I keep thinking he's out there."

"Maybe he just took a walk."

"But he's been . . . so strange. Going further . . . away from me . . . every day."

They started north up the beach. The stars were coming out. She kept talking, compulsively, close to hysteria, as they walked. "Today . . . he didn't take a nap. Just sat on the porch. Motionless. As if he . . . was making up his mind . . . about something. I sat by him, sewing. All of a sudden he . . . said, 'Did you kill her, Celia?' I'm supposed to be intelligent. I've . . . held executive positions. I should have . . . jumped up in horror. I should have made a scene. I . . . smiled the way you do at children and invalids and . . . said mildly, 'Of course not, Crawford! What a silly idea!' And kept on sewing. And until he . . .

disappeared I didn't completely realize that for six months he's been . . . thinking I killed her. Almost . . . certain I killed her. Needing just the final . . . proof. And got that proof when I . . . reacted so stupidly."

Her fingers closed strong on his wrist. "A man like that, he could not live with that knowledge. He couldn't report me. He couldn't . . . live with a murderer. So what . . . could he do? A man like Crawford. You see . . . Mr. Doyle . . . I'm guilty." She released his wrist and began to laugh in a wild way that chilled him. She sank suddenly to her knees, her face in her hands, still laughing. He dropped to one knee beside her, and listened to the broken words.

". . . inconsiderate, selfish . . . horrible person. Had terrible quarrels with her . . . cursed at me. Raved. Thursday before she died, I begged her to be considerate. Cursed me. Told her she was common. She screamed at me, telling me how good the Larkins were, how rich and important her father was. Bought her everything. How kind he had been to her . . . how he had taken her on picnics when she was little. Suddenly she stopped and looked through me and turned and walked away. I knew she was killing my brother. I knew she was greedy. Planned to bribe her to go away for good. My savings. Knew she walked home along the beach. I waited on the beach for her the next night. She didn't come home. Not until after dawn when somebody drove her home. I . . . waited Saturday night. I heard her singing. Drunk. Saw her coming . . . walking a crooked line. I was by tall trees. Came out and tried to . . . offer her money. She teetered and jeered at me and laughed at me . . . and then she said something foul . . . something so foul about my relationship with my brother that I had a little time of madness . . . she was on the sand and my hand throbbed . . . I am very strong but never have I ever hit anyone with my fist before. Tide was coming in. I thought of dragging her closer but I couldn't make myself touch her. I knew the tide would reach her, God help me. I . . . ran back and dropped on the sand by the cottage. Nauseated. And in a little while I knew. . . . it wasn't possible for me . . . to leave her there no matter what she was. I went back . . . as far as your cottage . . . saw a figure bending over her . . . so I went back to bed . . . hoping she was so drunk she wouldn't remember how I struck her . . . went to sleep . . . and that Darcey woman woke us up . . . screaming and gibbering . . . O my God."

He helped her to her feet. She sagged against him and then found her balance. "You haven't told anyone this?"

"No. I had no information. Just a shape . . . bending over her. A man or a woman. I couldn't tell. I worried about . . . whether they saw me after I learned she was dead. I was *glad* she was dead! I . . . couldn't tell Crawford. He'd had all the shock he could stand. I was . . . going to tell him later. Then it was . . . somehow . . . too late to tell him. Now it . . . ends this way. And I'm guilty of this . . . too." She began to weep hoarsely.

When they reached the Proctor cottage he helped her get control of herself by sending her in for a flashlight. The tide was going out. He walked slowly north, holding the light on the unmarked wet sand smoothed by the receding tide. She followed him silently.

Suddenly he picked up the indentation of a naked foot and another, heading away from the water. She clutched his arm. "Crawford!" she called, her voice wild and lost in the emptiness of the night. "Crawford!"

"I'm here," a weary voice said, so close that it startled both of them. Doyle turned his light toward the voice. Colonel M'Gann sat slumped on the sand, his back against the bole of a big Australian pine brought down by erosion. Celia ran to him, and with a great harsh cry of pain and gladness, put her arms around him. Doyle turned the light away from them.

M'Gann said, apparently talking to both of them, "The survival instinct is a curious thing. I swam far beyond my ability to return, beyond my strength to return. And then the body took over, pacing itself, struggling to exist. The heart did not stop. And finally I lay in the shallows until I could stand up and walk."

"She has something to tell you, sir," Doyle said, and walked up the beach to where their voices were lost in the soft sounds of the evening surf. When he heard her call him fifteen minutes later, he went back to them. She was crying in a different way.

"She says you know the story too, Doyle. I've been a fool. I heard her go out that night. Next day, her hand was bandaged. She claimed she burned it. I couldn't go on . . . but this isn't what you want to know, is it? You want to know what you should tell Colonel Presser."

He heard Celia gasp and heard her say in an angry tone, "Do you mean to tell me that this person has been . . ."

"Shut up, Celia. Please. Tell Austin I'll have to find out if any additional damage was done by this . . . adventure. And find out just what work load I can be expected to carry without—"

"I will *not* have you going back there so they can kill you with work! I will *not* permit—"

"Tell Austin I will phone him within two weeks. And thank you, Mr. Doyle, for all the help my sister is too ungracious to acknowledge. I'll send her to the police tomorrow."

"Please don't, sir. I don't think it will be necessary."

"Oh? I'll trust your judgment, Doyle. You seem to have an adequate amount. We'll walk back a little later. Good night."

Doyle left the flashlight with them and walked to his cottage. The pattern was distinct. Donnie Capp had bent over the unconscious woman. And he had weighed all the factors and closed his small wiry hand around her soft throat and held it tightly. And long enough. But perhaps it wasn't a decision made coldly. Perhaps her very helplessness had triggered a new aspect of his characteristic sadism. Perhaps Donnie Capp had always been very close to murder.

Doyle knew he could leave, and knew it was impossible for him to leave yet. It was not the desire to protect Lucas, or the lure of money, or the attraction of the handsome and unapproachable girl, or hatred of Donnie Capp. It was, instead, a part of being home again, a hope of accomplishing something difficult and dangerous as an expiation for the years of voluntary exile. Later, as he lay sleepless in a slant of moonlight, he thought of Donnie Capp.

Saturday was a still, eerie, milky day, with a mist that would not burn off, a slow greasy swell that lifted high and smashed hard against the sand in slow

cadence. Terns swooped and yelped in nervous excitement. Five hundred feet from shore a gigantic devil fish, black as the knowledge of evil, burst out of the gray water to hang suspended for one incredible moment between sea and sky before falling with ponderous weight to crack the water surface with its wings —a sharp sound with an odd resonance. The look of it gave Doyle a crawling sensation, a special awareness of his own mortality.

Doyle drove to town, phoned his report to Colonel Presser, then phoned his section head and got permission to take some of his leave before returning to duty. He stopped at the yard and saw Buddy and learned that Buddy had plugged the cooling system without being detected, and had spread the word about the expected return of Lucas Pennyweather. He had seen the county car parked on Bay Street earlier, but he had not seen Donnie Capp.

"And I've left the message around that when Lucas does show up, he's to be told to come right to me as fast as he can make it. I told Arnie, Harry, the Judge . . . asked them to spread the word. Everybody's talking about Lucas."

When he stopped in the office to say hello to Betty, she said, "For once I'm all caught up in my work, and weather like this gives me the horrors. Line storms out in the Gulf. This is a dead day. Suppose a girl wanted to goof off and wanted somebody to take her swimming and then to lunch and then swimming again, on account of it's Saturday?"

"Before you ask somebody else, I'll volunteer. We could ask Buddy too, but he's got a boat to deliver, he just told me."

He waited while she tidied her desk and then drove her toward the beach in the old Dodge. She looked wilted. They went over the noisy bridge. Beyond the bridge was a short stretch of causeway and then a sharp turn right onto the road down the center of the key, an almost blind corner because of a big tangle of palmetto and yucca at the corner.

As he reached the turn, he caught a glimpse of something through the heavy foliage and heard the hard roar of a truck moving fast in a low gear. He made the only possible decision. If he tried to stop, his momentum would take him across its bows, and he would be smashed broadside. He swung the wheel hard left and stamped on the gas pedal, knowing that if the truck turned left toward the bridge, it would crush him. He could only hope that, at that speed, it was going straight down the key. For a moment the blunt bow of the big dusty GMC seemed to hang over them. Then the sliding turn pulled his hood away. For a microsecond they were side by side, both headed in the same direction. Then his right rear corner, still sliding, slammed into the rear duals of the truck, bounced off so violently that the Dodge hung for a moment on the verge of going over, and then came down with a shuddering crash and wavered into a broad, shallow ditch on the other side of the road and died, the hood aimed back toward town. The truck roared on south, down the key, the sound fading.

"A madman!" Betty gasped. "I got a glimpse of him. One of the Kemmer boys. Lee, I think. A tribe of crazy redheads. Janie Bann's brothers. And that was a county road department truck." She looked soapy under her tan. "Alex, you saved our lives!"

"Thanks," he said, and lit her cigarette and his own with trembling hands.

"He's still on the key. We ought to go back to town and report him."

"Those boys friendly with Donnie Capp?"

"That's a funny question. They're always getting drunk and he's always arresting them and putting them on the road gang. But I guess they get along all right."

"Is there any road work on the key?"

"Why . . . not that I know of."

"I don't think it's worth while reporting it, Betty."

"You sound so strange!"

"I want to check something." He started the car. It climbed out of the ditch. He swung it around and headed north on the key road. He found the place sixty yards from the corner. Big wheels had matted the grass. He got out and went to where the truck had been and looked back toward the causeway. There was a gap in the brush and he could see it clearly. He saw a glint in the grass. He picked up a pint bottle without a cap. The bourbon smell was harsh and strong in the bottle, undiluted by evaporation. Several cigarette butts were on the ground under where the cab window would have been. He threw the bottle away and looked at Betty. She regarded him gravely, her lips compressed.

"I don't need pictures drawn, Alex. More than this one. He was waiting, wasn't he?"

"He must have just started up. He was in a very low gear, and pushing hell out of it."

"Aren't there fingerprints on the bottle? Isn't it attempted—"

"It's reckless driving or drunken driving, if you could prove it. And you couldn't scare Lee Kemmer any worse than he's scared of Donnie's black club."

She stared at him. "But things like this don't happen. I was . . . born and brought up here. People don't try to . . . kill people."

"Jenna was born here, too."

Her throat worked as she swallowed. "But why, Alex? Why?"

"I'm not one of Capp's favorite people. And you nice people in Ramona have given him such a long string that he thinks he can commit murder. He couldn't have known you would be with me. That would have made more stink than he counted on, if it had worked. But what if it had worked on me? Donnie would have had four road gang witnesses to testify I had driven right into the path of the truck. It would turn out they had been riding on the truck. And who in this town would bother to make a stink about Alex Doyle?"

"I would! We've got to get rid of Donnie Capp."

"You look so fierce."

"With my knees still knocking? I'm going to start talking to every businessman in town."

"Let's swim."

"Is it safe?"

"He can't get at us with that truck. He'll have to report to Donnie he messed it up. Donnie will have to think of something else. It's safe."

As they swam, a line of greenish black crept up from the southwest horizon, across half the sky. The swells were heavier. They sat on the beach blanket and watched the storm approach. She was very quiet.

"What are you thinking about, Betty?"

"About if you hadn't been so quick, if you hadn't done the only thing you could do. And how, if I were dead, it would be such a terrible cheat. Dead without ever being alive, sort of. I feel as if I'm changing inside. I was a lady hermit crab in my tidy little shell. Nothing could touch me. Now I feel as if I'd been yanked partway out of my shell, sort of . . . soft and naked and uncertain."

"Or the shell is getting too small," he said.

"Listen!" she said. "Here it comes!"

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They could hear the roar of wind and rain. He picked up the blanket and they hurried to the cottage. The cold rain curtain came up the beach and slanted onto the porch. They slammed windows. Lightning danced in ominous pastels, and the bumbling of the thunder was almost inaudible over the smash of rain on the roof and the drive of the wind that kept shaking the cottage perceptibly.

She laughed at him inaudibly but with obvious delight and yelled, "A real boomer! It's glorious!"

She borrowed his bedroom and changed back to her yellow blouse and white skirt, and came out fluffing her hair, her eyes still dancing with excitement. The storm seemed to increase in fury. He changed to dry khaki shorts and a T-shirt. When the storm stopped abruptly, they walked on the wild beach and she took his hand as they walked, casually and naturally. When they saw the second installment coming, blacker than the first, they raced back and made it just in time. This time the rain was not as heavy, but the electrical display was more constant and vivid. The world was aquarium green. They watched through the front windows. Suddenly there was a vivid and alarming clink of lightning, a stink of sulphur, a blinding flash, and a simultaneous concentrated bang of thunder. The kitchen light went out. His hands and feet and scalp tingled. She clutched his arm hard and her laughter was slightly shrill. "Not quite that close!" she shouted. He smiled down at her.

Suddenly her face changed in the continuous pale and shifting illumination of the lightning, a sudden solemnity, an intent and searching gaze.

She leaned close to him and said distinctly, "Try now. Please. While I'm scared half out of my mind. Quickly, darling!"

Taking her in his arms, he kissed her. He felt the rigidity of her lips, the stiffness and rejection of her body, and sensed what mere immobility was costing her. He released her. She went over and sat on the shabby couch, and turned her face away. He looked out the window. They heard the last of the storm move away, dwindling into the east.

"Damn," she said softly. She was huddled in her misery. "Don't look at me, Alex. I'm an emotional cripple. Now I won't be able to be . . . at ease with you. That's one more thing spoiled."

"It didn't happen. I can't remember a thing."

She stood up slowly. "You're sweet. That was the only thing you could say. Anyway, bad as it was, it was my idea. Can you drive me back to town, please?"

He saw panic in her eyes as he put his hands on her shoulders. He kissed her quickly and lightly on the lips. "That's for affection, Miss Betty."

She smiled a small heartbreak. "It hardly hurt at all."

"I have to tell you one thing. You are a beautiful woman, Betty."

"Are you out of your mind? I'm a husky horse. Jenna was lovely."

"Jenna had a cute figure and little-girl mannerisms, and big provocative eyes, and a soft, droopy little discontented mouth. She was pretty in a shallow way. Not lovely. Just keep remembering you're beautiful, Betty. I know you are. Now let's go."

She wanted to go to the office. The yard looked closed. She had a key to the office. Before she got out, with her hands on the door handle, she said, "What is happening that I don't know about? What are you and Buddy doing?"

He saw that he could not lie to her. "Something is happening. It isn't very pretty. I don't want to tell you yet. I'll tell you as soon as I can, I promise. That truck business is probably connected with it."

"All right," she said, and he was pleased that she did not try to pry the information out of him, that she was willing to accept his decision. "I won't even work on Buddy," she said. "I'll be the helpless female. I'll practice a simper."

"Just keep remembering you're beautiful." She blushed violently under her tan and fled toward the office.

The sky was blue. As he cruised through town, seeking the blue jeep, he thought of the murder attempt. By truck. It was evidence Donnie Capp thought he was being pushed. And indirect evidence that for Donnie it would be a second murder. The man had, perhaps, three choices. He could give up all thought of the money and rest content with the knowledge that Jenna's murder could not be proven. Or he could gamble on being the first one to get to Lucas, and then run with the money. Or he could attempt to eliminate the people who seemed suspicious of him. That would include Doyle, Buddy Larkin, and, perhaps by inference, Betty Larkin. But he could not be certain that no one else had been told.

He based his guess on an appraisal of Capp's character. The man was direct, feline, and brutal. But not actually clever. A clever man would have let Lucas help Jenna find the money, or find there was no money. If the money had been there, he could have moved in. Waiting would be a difficult thing for Capp. He would be anxious to take any kind of action, no matter how dangerous, rather than wait.

He found Buddy at a drive-in on the edge of town, exchanging heavy-handed quips with a handsome counter girl. He had a chance to talk privately when they walked out to the cars. When he told Buddy about the truck, he saw muscles bulge at the corners of the hard jaw. Buddy wanted to go after Lee Kemmer right away. It took patience and calm to quiet him down. Doyle explained how dangerous he thought Donnie Capp was. They couldn't go to Lawlor. There wasn't enough evidence yet. And he cautioned Buddy to be extremely careful, and to keep an eye on Betty.

Doyle said, "Just stop thinking of him as good old Donnie. You people let him whip heads. You've grown yourself a paranoid, and he went over the edge six months ago. I've seen them before. I can guess how he lives. He'll have a small place somewhere, with a lot of privacy. A big gun rack with guns in perfect shape. After he makes his bed, you can bounce a coin off it. He'll scrub the floor on his hands and knees. Nobody will ever drop in on him. No books, no television. When he takes anybody to his place it will be some beat-down woman, drab and humble and scared."

Buddy looked at him wonderingly. "You're so damn right!"

"So be careful. He might come after me at the beach. I'd feel better with a gun. Can do?"

He followed the blue jeep to the Larkin house. Buddy came back out of the house in a few moments and slipped him a Colt .45, military issue, with a full clip. They drove quickly to the yard and, when Doyle was certain Betty was all right, he went back to the beach.

When a mocking bird woke him at dawn, he got up and untied the pots and pans he had rigged as a crude alarm against anybody's sneaking unheard into the cottage. He had his coffee as the sun was cutting the morning mist, promising a perfect day. When he heard a car approaching at high speed he stood at the kitchen door. A pickup truck skidded wildly into the back yard. Buddy, with a wild look on his face, saw Doyle and yelled, "Come on! Hurry! Bring the gun!"

He roared out of the yard as Doyle swung the truck door shut. Buddy had the gas pedal to the floor and his face looked sick. "I think he's got Lucas and Betty too."

"How the hell did that happen?"

"It wasn't my fault. We all went to bed about eleven. Mom heard voices in the kitchen about two o'clock. She put on her robe and went down. Betty was down there, talking to Lucas Pennyweather. Mom said he looked tuckered out. Seems Lucas had stood in the side yard hollering for me. I sleep heavy. Betty heard him."

They bounced clear of the road when they hit the crown of the wooden bridge. "Lucas had got a ride in from Davis and gone to the Mack. They gave him the message. So he came to the house. Mom heard Betty telling him it was some kind of joke or mistake, that I hadn't said anything about seeing him right away. God, I wish we'd told her more. Lucas said Arnie was at the Mack, so Betty told Mom she'd take Lucas back to the Mack in the jeep, and if Arnie had left, she'd drive him down to Chaney's Bayou to the shack. Lucas was grateful. Mom tried to stay awake waiting for her to come in. She dozed off. She checked Betty's room an hour ago and woke me up."

They got out of the truck and hurried into the boat yard office. John Geer was sitting there, unkempt and upset. "Daniel's plane is laid up," he said. "Skippy had an early charter to Clewiston. He'll phone Fort Myers from there to check in, and get the message to call us."

Buddy quickly brought Doyle up to date. He'd checked Garner's Bait Dock first. Donnie's car was there, the boat gone. He'd then checked the bay with binoculars from the work shed roof and seen nothing. He pointed to the big chart open on Betty's desk. South of Ramona the bay opened out sharply, making, between Ramona Key and Kelly Key and the mainland, a forty-square-mile area. The marked channel hugged the keys. The rest of the area was so densely pocked with islands that a lot of it was like a great salt water marsh, with winding tidal streams. Doyle noticed the oddly shaped indentation of Bucket Bay on the mainland side, eight miles down, opposite Kelly Key. An air search seemed quickest and most effective. He had contacted the Coast Guard. Their search planes were committed to a search of the Gulf off Sarasota for an outboard cruiser which had disappeared with three adults and four children aboard. Then he had tried a small charter service in Davis, but the plane was laid up. Now Skippy Illman was due to phone in. He flew a small twin-engine amphib out of Fort Myers and he was a personal friend, a good pilot. He had then phoned Lawlor and suggested he come roaring over with some of his other deputies. Leaving Geer by the phone, he had searched for and found the blue jeep parked in the small lot behind the Mack, and had then raced over to pick up Doyle.

Buddy swallowed hard and said. "Stick right here, Johnny. Alex, you come along. I want to show you something. I . . . I just happened to notice it when I looked the jeep over."

They drove to the Mack. There was no stir of life in the place. Buddy stood beside the jeep and pointed to the sharp right corner of the windshield and then turned away violently. Doyle looked closely. Adhering to the corner of the frame, shifting slightly in the morning breeze, anchored there by a dark stain, was a small swatch of hair, perhaps twenty long glossy strands, ginger and cream, unmistakably hers. For Doyle it was as though all the world turned to an endless, implacable gray.

As they started to drive out, Harry Bann came yawning and squinting out of the back door, scratching a flaccid belly, asking what the hell was going on so early.

"You saw Lucas last night?"

"Sure did. Real pooped he was. Plenty of walking. Arnie and me, we told him you wanted to see him right away so he took off—"

"Was Donnie in?"

"He's always in and out on a Saturday night."

"Did he see Lucas?"

"No. He come in about twenty minutes before closing, about fifteen minutes after Lucas left, and everybody was talking about Lucas. Don't think he stayed more than a minute. Heard somebody telling him Lucas had gone to see you, Buddy. What's up, anyhow?"

Buddy jammed the truck into gear and drove back to the yard. No call from Illman. He said to John Geer, "Get that Prowler ready to roll. Take the aluminum dink off the Huckins and just dump it in the cockpit of the Prowler. Gas up my little three-horse and put it on the dinghy." John Geer loped off. They sat in strained silence, waiting for Illman to call.

Buddy grabbed the phone on the first half of the first ring. "Yes, yes. Put him on. Skippy? Trouble, boy. Bad trouble. Need you for a search. All those bay islands south of us. Make it fast. What? No, the Coast Guard is all locked up on another deal. I'll wait for you down the bay in a Prowler. Blue with white trim. With a ship-to-shore. When you get here, come in on the Coast Guard emergency channel. It's life and death. Yes. Run that bird flat out, hear?"

Five minutes later they were heading toward the channel markers, the engines of the fast little power cruiser turning over sweetly. Buddy was at the controls. Doyle and John Geer stood in the cockpit. Buddy had appropriated the .45. Geer had a .22 Woodsman stuck in the waist band of his jeans. They went four miles down the bay at full cruising speed, throwing a white wake, and anchored just west of the channel. Buddy turned the radio on. From time to time they could hear the faint routine reports of the search planes. Doyle looked at the islands. They were unchanged from the days when the Caloosa had built their mounds there. Jungles of mangrove to the water's edge, with some cabbage palm and live oak on the bigger, higher ones. Sunday fishing traffic passed them and people waved casually.

"That motor," Buddy said. "If he ran it at night it would be cooler, and he'd run slower. He could make four miles or ten. I think he ran into the islands to wait for daylight so old Lucas could guide him to the spot. So the motor would be cooled down by then so it would start again. I don't know why he'd take Betty with him. Just to keep her from talking, keep her body from being found."

"Shut up, Buddy!" John Geer said. "Please shut up," he said, and turned away.

"Slow Goose calling Larkin on the Prowler, come in, please," a drawling voice said, startlingly loud.

They saw a small aircraft low in the northeast, approaching. Buddy dived for the hand mike. "Aces Up to the Slow Goose. I'm about a mile northeast of Windy Pass anchored beside the channel. Check the islands and shoreline for a twelve-foot aluminum boat with a bright

red outboard. If it's pulled up under trees maybe you can still spot the shine through the leaves. There can be one person or two or three in the boat. One is a woman. It's Betty, Skippy. And in a terrible jam. Over."

Before Skippy could answer, the Coast Guard operator came in with a request to vacate the emergency channel. Buddy explained the situation, requesting permission to use the channel. The operator had no authority to grant permission. Buddy suggested that he sue, because he was going to use it anyway.

The amphib had begun the slow search pattern, crisscrossing the islands, working south. Time passed with a sickening slowness. They were sweaty in the increasing heat of the morning sun.

Suddenly the amphib tilted and dropped, leaf-lazy in the sun. It swung up again and began a slow, wide circle.

"Slow Goose to Aces Up. Spotted your boat, Buddy. In a little round bay right under my circle. Joker in a cowboy hat trying to start the motor. Alone in the boat. Now he's paddling for shore. Now what? Over."

"We've got a dinghy here, Skippy. We've got to get to him. Fast. Can you stay there and we'll head for you?"

"You'll make a hell of a lot of wrong turns. Take your cruiser down to the first marker south of the pass. Take your dinghy between the two biggest islands and keep an eye on me. I'll come in low and tilt a wing whenever you have a choice of channels. Some places you may have to wade. I don't know how the cowboy got in there. Over."

"Just get us there, Skip. Over and out."

The three men crowded the eight-foot dinghy. John Geer ran the small motor. Buddy squatted in the bow. Beyond the two islands they were in flats so shallow Geer had to tilt the motor until the blade thrashed half out of water. The plane shadow kept sweeping over them, and they followed the tilt of the wing. They lost track of the involved turns and cutbacks. They were in narrow tidal channels. Needle fish darted. Blue herons stared with fierce amber eyes. A water snake crossed in front of them. Several times they waded and pulled the dinghy to deeper water. At last they came to an irregular open bay. Skippy flew directly toward a dense mangrove shoreline and dipped a port wing. They could not see the opening until they were yards away. The water was deep and sleek and green, with a channel so narrow leaves touched overhead in places, leaving them in mottled shadow, ducking low limbs. Doyle thought of the child in the pink dress who had been brought through this place on the secret, festive Sundays.

The channel writhed and opened abruptly into an almost circular bay a hundred yards across. Geer throttled down. The amphib had climbed and now made slow circles.

"There's the boat," Geer said in a hushed voice. It was drawn up in shade, empty. With the small motor barely turning over, the dinghy moved very slowly.

"Shack beyond it," Buddy said. "Little to the right of the boat. High ground. Cleared a long time ago and pretty well grown up again."

Doyle felt dangerously exposed. Buddy held the .45 in a big brown fist. Above the muted burbling of the small outboard, he heard the sliding click behind him as Geer worked a shell into the chamber of the target pistol. As they moved closer, they could see the shack more distinctly. The warped door had fallen out of the frame and there was a sagging shutter on the single window.

Doyle saw the object fifteen feet to the left of the boat. It was face down over the mangrove roots, feet on the shore, sun dollars on the back of the blue work shirt, and only the back of the white head out of water. Geer whispered, "I think we better run toward shore way over to one side instead of—"

The three shots were authoritative, heavy-throated, evenly spaced. They had a flat sound in the stillness, and were harsh in that special way that means you are in line with the muzzle. Merged with the middle shot, just as he dived over the side of the dinghy into two feet of water, he heard the unforgettable chunk of a slug smashing flesh and bone. Doyle whirled and grasped the side of the dinghy as the slow motor threatened to move it away from him, and turned it so that it was between him and the shoreline. Buddy, with ponderous strength, was running diagonally through the shallows toward the shore, angling away from the cabin, head down, knees high, water splashing, pistol in his right hand. The fourth shot knocked Buddy sprawling into the shallows. He struggled up and ran on, more slowly, without the pistol, and with a great red stain spreading with horrid quickness across the left shoulder of his white T-shirt. He dived headlong into the mangroves about sixty feet to the right of the shack.

Doyle, pushing down on the gunwale so as to tilt up the far side of the dinghy and give himself more protection, slid it along until he could reach the motor and turn it off. With the dinghy tilted, he could see John Geer curled in the bottom of it, see half his face, see where the slug had hammered the lethal hole rimmed with a froth of blood over his left eyebrow.

The amphib roared down so low Doyle thought the man was going to attempt an impossible landing. It lifted, clearing the

trees, and droned away until the sound of it was lost. He heard a sleepy sound of birds, a heat-whine of insects, a crashing in the thick brush where Buddy had disappeared.

"Johnny!" Buddy called loudly in the stillness.

"He's dead," Doyle called back.

"What are you trying to do, Donnie, you crazy bastard!" Buddy yelled, with a sob of helpless anger in his voice. There was no answer. "Did he hit you, Alex?" Buddy asked.

"No."

"He hit me bad. I lost the gun. My shoulder is smashed all to hell and I'm beginning to feel funny. It's bleeding bad. I think he's near the shack. But he could move over here without my hearing him. I've hunted with him. He moves like an animal." After a pause he asked in a voice grown weaker too quickly. "How about Johnny's gun?"

"He's in the dinghy. Maybe it's under him."

"Be careful. Don't give him a chance at you."

He tilted the dinghy, saw the muzzle under Geer's thigh, and worked the gun out. The safety was off. He had a sudden, frail inspiration and yelled, "I can't find it, Buddy. He must have dropped it over the side. Buddy? Buddy!" There was no answer.

"Doyle!" It was Capp's voice, from the direction of the shack. "I want that dinghy. Shove it toward shore, and I won't have to kill you too. Be smart, or you'll be as dead as the rest of them."

The final phrase foundered Doyle's heart. It killed the last hope. Anger flooded into the empty space, anger so intense that for a moment it blurred his vision.

"You'll kill me anyway!" he said, trying to make his voice shrill and trembling.

"I'm coming after it, Doyle. Right now. So you better change your mind fast." The voice was closer. He knew what the dinghy meant to Donnie Capp. With it he could get to the mainland. With his hunter's knowledge of all the sloughs and swamps, he would have a good chance. He heard the slow sloshing sound of Donnie walking cautiously out toward the dinghy. He could visualize him, the pale, watchful eyes, the heavy revolver ready. Doyle knew his chances were not good. He knew he could put at least one hole in Donnie, but one slug would not prevent Capp from firing at least once and from a range so close he could not miss. His only chance was to make Capp forget caution. And so, without exposing himself in any way, Doyle began to scuttle backward into the deepening water, pulling the dinghy with him, pulling it with his left hand, holding the target pistol in his right.

Capp gave a grunt of anger and, a moment later, he heard the unmistakable sound of the man running, splashing heavily toward him. A man running in water is off balance. But Capp had to have the dinghy.

He waited as long as he dared, until he could hear Capp gasping with effort. He shoved the dinghy violently to one side and stood up in water to his waist and saw Capp twelve feet away. He had no conscious awareness of aiming. He did not hear the feeble popping of the shots. He merely kept the muzzle centered on Donnie Capp's chest and kept pulling the trigger. Capp blundered to a stop with a look of wild and vacant surprise on his seamed and sallow face. It was that inimitable look, the look a man uses but once in a lifetime—the look of the ultimate surprise. Off balance, he thrust the heavy revolver forward and fired once. He got his balance and lowered the revolver and fired again, down into the water beside his leg. Doyle saw the small black spots appearing in the faded khaki shirt. The gaudy badge clinked and whined away.

Capp sat down slowly in the water. He stared at Doyle, and suddenly the look of surprise was gone. The eyes looked beyond Doyle as all expression faded. He tilted over onto his side, made a slow half roll onto his face, and sank, quite slowly, to the bottom. The pale hat floated, right side up.

Doyle trudged woodenly to the dinghy, dropped the gun into it, and towed it to where Buddy lay in the mangroves, his lips blue, his face like gray wax. Using Geer's belt and Buddy's belt, he strapped folded pads of torn shirting against the torn shoulder as tightly as he could. He did not dare try to move him, and knew he could not last much longer. He tied the dinghy there and walked through the shallows back to the other boat. He took Lucas's ankles and pulled him out of the water. And began to search for the body of the girl.

He found it to the left of the shack, face down, hair clotted, a red ant crawling hesitantly across the back of her neck, between the sun-streaked yellow hair and the collar of the shirt. He sat beside the body. He wondered why he could not weep. He picked up the slack dead hand with infinite tenderness. His thumb rested, by accident, against the inside of her wrist. And suddenly he found out that he could weep. When, under the ball of his thumb, he felt the slow heavy thud of the life within her, the tears of gratitude began to run down his face.

He could not tell how much time passed before he heard the airplane again. And, a little later, the sound of motors and the voices of men. He walked down to the edge of the water and watched them come across the bay toward him.

On May 2, at eleven in the morning, at the Sarasota-Bradenton Airport, while awaiting the arrival of a National flight to Tampa, Washington, and New York, a lonely, cynical, and weary huckster named Kleeb amused himself in his customary fashion by inspecting his waiting fellow passengers and making speculations, usually indecent, about them. He found one small group of three to be the most interesting of the lot. There was a monstrous brute of man who was sallow under his tan and wore a heavy and complicated cast on his left shoulder. Kleeb decided somebody had felled a tree onto the big fellow. It seemed the only possible way he could be more than slightly bruised. In khakis and T-shirt, he obviously was seeing the other man off. The other man was dressed for the journey. A rangy, competent-looking man. He was one of those quiet, watchful jokers—the kind you shouldn't play poker with, or pick a fight with.

But it was the girl who most interested Kleeb. A magnificent thing, truly. A big, shining girl, with so much naked love in her eyes when she looked at the tough, competent type that it made Kleeb feel vaguely uncomfortable. He wondered how he would have made out if, the right number of years ago, he had met such a dandy type, big and clean and staunch and lovely.

Kleeb watched the three of them talk together. From the attentions she paid the competent type, he guessed that she and the ox were seeing him off.

When the flight arrived, Kleeb walked toward the gate behind the three of them. They paused inside the gate. The ox shook hands with the departing lucky man. And then the big, wonderful girl kissed the competent type. The length and frankness and energy and involvement and nuances and overtones and purely primitive directness of that kiss weakened Kleeb's knees just to watch it. He wondered, with a certain amount of awe, what it was doing to the competent type. Nobody was that competent.

And suddenly, to Kleeb's consternation, and subsequent amusement, when the kiss ended, the dandy girl turned to the ox, kissed him lightly on the cheek, and went through the gate with the competent type. They held hands all the way to the ladder and got on the airplane together. The dandy girl was blushing, but not very much. And the competent type, Kleeb noted, had that look around the eyes of a man who has just hit a six-horse parlay. THE END

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The 14-Day Way To A Beautiful New You

In this brand-new program you receive, twice a month, a 14-Day Plan of beauty guidance which shows you step-by-step how to become the woman you've always wanted to be. *Yet the cost is so small you can practically take it out of your change-purse.*

These *14-Day Beauty Plan* "assignments" are written for you by famed beauty consultant Nancy Taylor and illustrated with a wealth of "show-me-how" pictures. The program takes only a few minutes a day and is easy and delightful to follow. After each 14 days your mirror will show you the thrilling results. You actually see a new YOU taking shape before your eyes.

Week by week you'll re-make yourself inside and out — gain new poise, confidence, glamour — give your face and figure new loveliness — learn to make your conversation sparkle, your voice sound beautiful — discover the do's and don'ts of make-up, skin care, hair styling — acquire the secrets of smart dress — learn to move with the grace of a model.

Start for only 25 cents

To introduce you to this exclusive new "at home" beauty program, Nancy Taylor will send you her first *14-Day Beauty Plan* virtually as a gift. Here is some of the priceless beauty knowledge you get for only 25¢:

1. The secret of a "silken skin" — how to improve, correct and enhance your complexion with Taylor-made-for-you beauty routines.
2. Nancy Taylor's fabulous "Eat-Like-A-Beauty" Plan that enables you to lose up to 10 lbs. in 14 days—without a pill or a moment's hunger.
3. How to smooth away bulges through "Body Rhythms" that make exercise fun.
4. Make-up tricks that play up your best features and work near-magic with those "not-so-good" ones.
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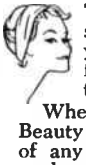

The Nancy Taylor Plan is your short-cut to all the priceless assets you must have to enjoy life to the fullest — to get ahead in a career — to attract popularity and romance.

When you enroll in the Nancy Taylor Beauty Plan, you are under no obligation of any kind. You can continue until the goals you set for yourself are reached — and stop whenever you like. Each *14-Day Beauty Plan* you take will be billed to you at only $1.00 each plus shipping.

To get started on this complete head-to-toe glamour program, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with your quarter today to: Nancy Taylor Beauty Plan, 55 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

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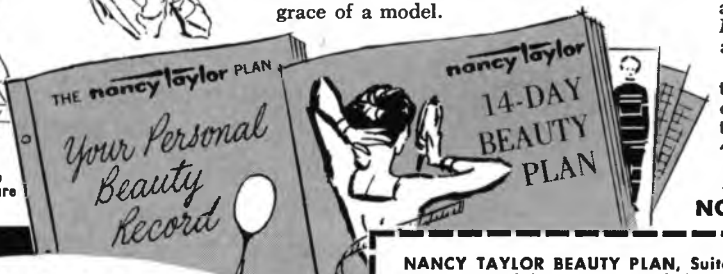

FREE!

Beauty Analysis and Beauty Record Book

Nancy Taylor will send you FREE, as part of your introductory package, your personal Beauty Record Book containing 24 pages of self-analysis techniques and progress charts. With this exclusive feature, you'll be able to recognize your strong points and weak points from head to toe—set up realistic goals to reach in the weeks ahead. Additional pages for your Beauty Record Book are sent to you with each new *14-Day Beauty Plan*. These "Progress Sheets" and "Beauty Schedules" help speed you along to your goals.

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The Last Word

BRIGITTE BUFF

Eagle Rock, California: I just got the November issue of your fine magazine and this cover really caught my eye. I have been a fan of Brigitte's for a long time. I thought Jon Whitcomb did a fine job on the story, and the pictures of Miss Bardot, especially the cover illustration, were just beautiful and ones I'll be proud to keep.—TONI DEAL

ON ANALYSIS

Princeton, New Jersey: I am writing as a layman with sympathy for the problem dramatized in your October article, "Psychoanalysis Broke Up My Marriage." Psychoanalysts study a particular school, but add, unofficially, their own embellishments. In my community, there is a psychiatrist who does not have training in psychoanalysis, yet practices it . . . also gives his patients directive advice, usually the same: "Put your children in boarding school and get a divorce." By the way, he owns a part interest in the school he recommends!

—MRS. WILLIAM BROWER

Granada Hills, California: I found the article outrageous. This being a highly controversial phase of medicine, it needs support, such as the kind devoted to early cancer treatment. People must be encouraged to seek counsel, and not frightened away. I speak from my own analysis, which, after four hours weekly on the couch for two years, terminated last June. —MRS. SANDRA SHURKIN

Wheaton, Illinois: I read your article and have mentally debated whether to write. I have decided it must not go unanswered. It is necessary that people contemplating analysis now, or at a future date, and those who have already started on the very difficult process, be given all the encouragement possible, which they certainly cannot receive from such an article. For this one man who was so unfortunate in his choice of analysts, there are many who have achieved a happiness and peace of mind they never believed possible. In this category are my husband, myself, and six fine children.

—MRS. JAMES BRASS

ASPIRIN ACCLAIM

Asheville, North Carolina: Congratulations on your article, "Aspirin—Everybody's Wonder Drug" [October]. This is the best article on a drug I have read in a popular magazine and better than many I have read in medical journals. I am a specialist in internal medicine with particular interest in arthritis, and I would very much like to have two hundred copies of this article to distribute among my patients. So many people have so very many false ideas about aspirin which this article would help to overcome. —J. PAUL YOUNG, M.D.

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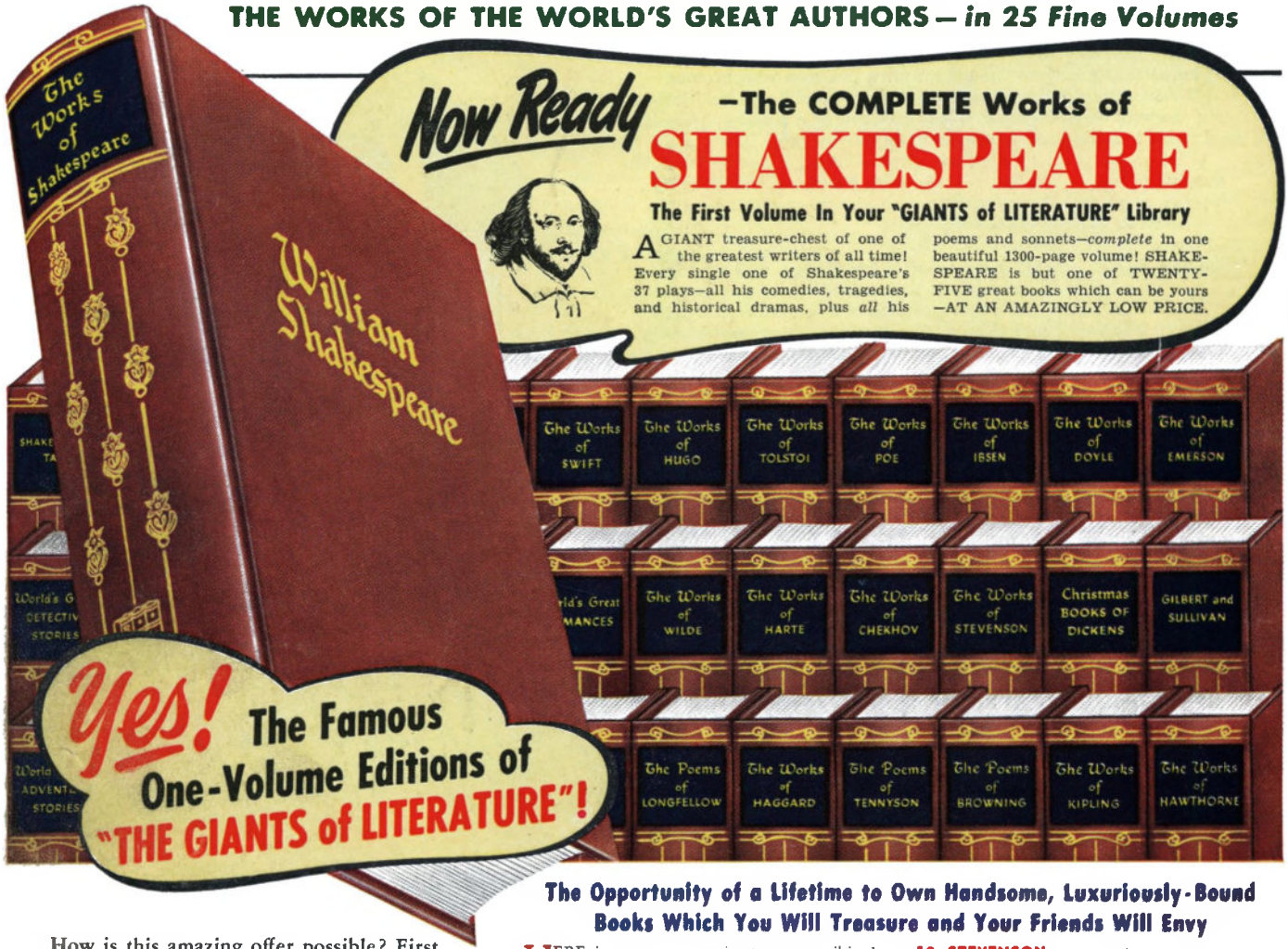

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