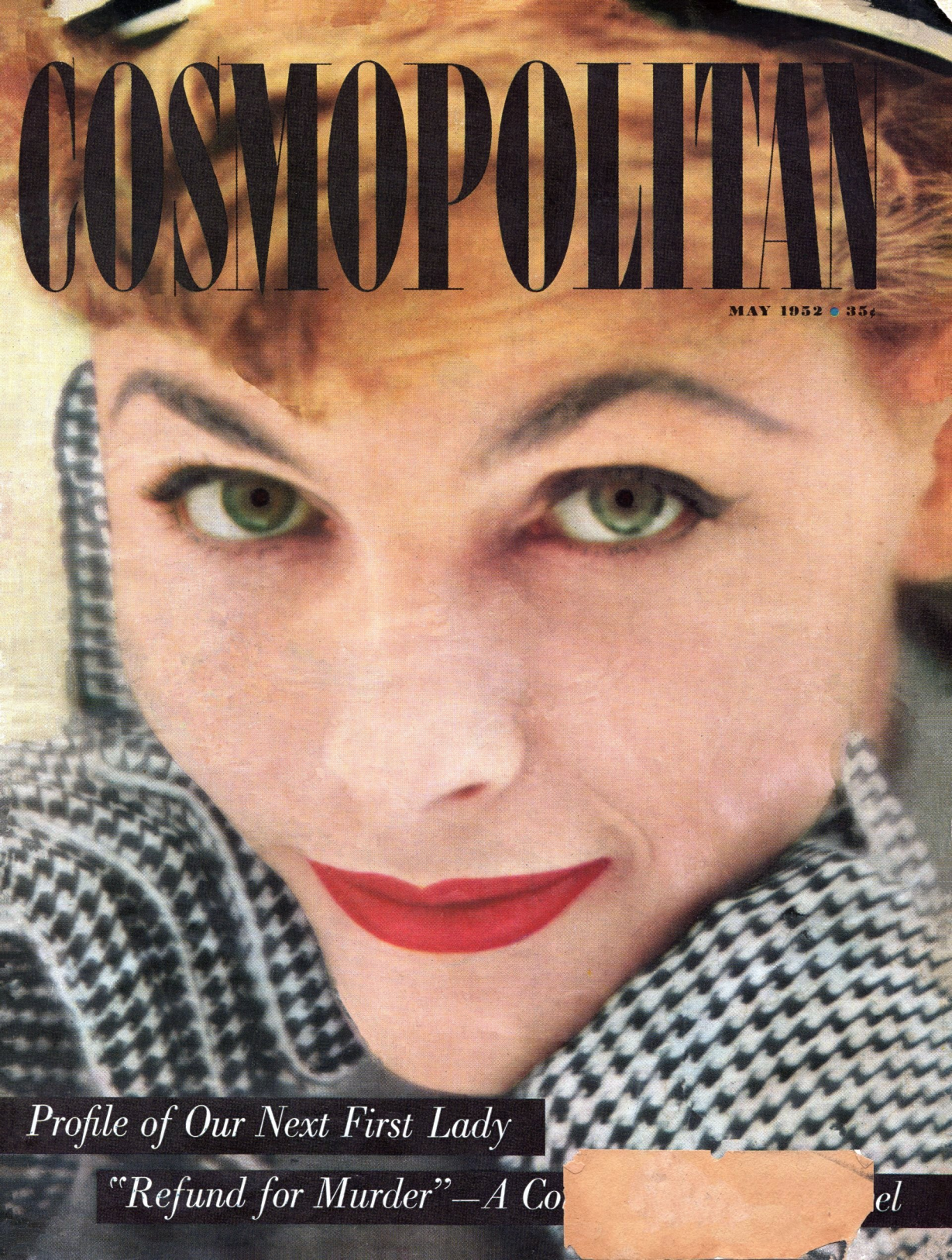
COSMOPOLITAN

MAY 1952 • 35¢



Profile of Our Next First Lady

"Refund for Murder"—A Co *el*

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YOUR JEWELER HAS COMMUNITY . . . *THE FINEST SILVERPLATE*

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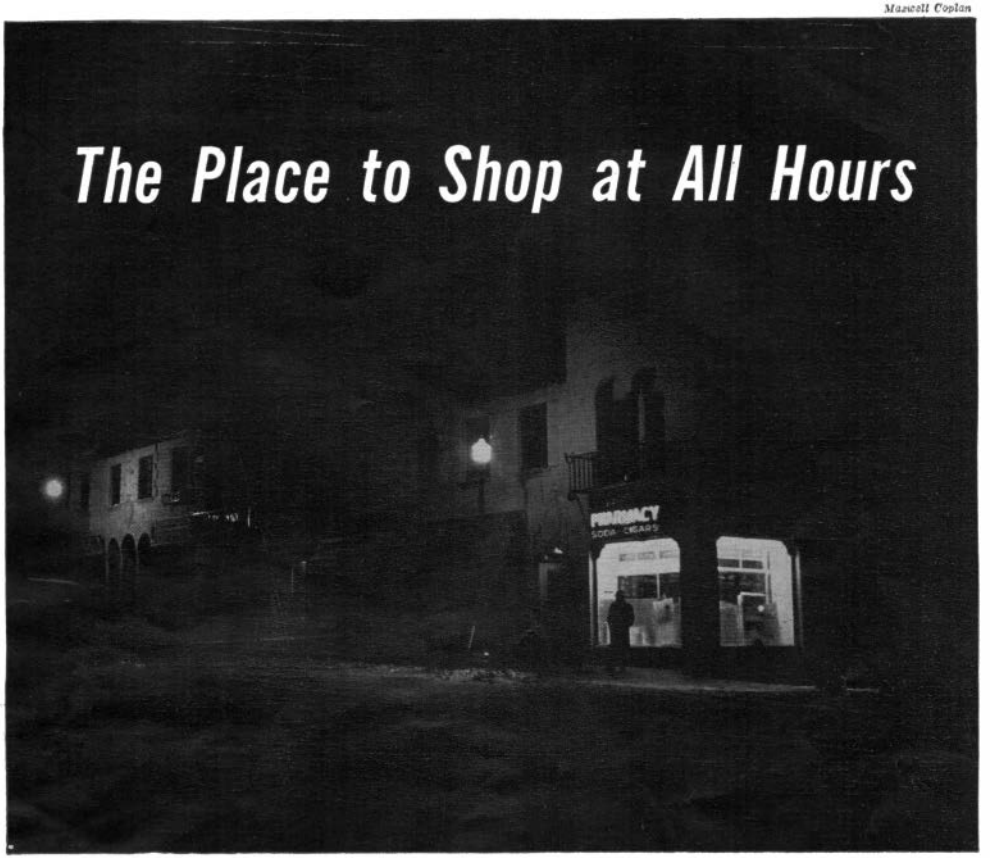

The Place to Shop at All Hours

For midnight emergency or afterhours convenience, for miracle drug or evening snack, the druggist stays on call twenty-four hours a day BY CAROLINE BIRD

They tell the story in drug circles of a small-town druggist who heard that the local factory workers were clamoring for a six-hour day. "They feel almost the same way I do," he commented. "I've been trying for about twenty years now to get a six-hour night."

Drugstore hours often make druggists wish they'd taken up banking. Except in round-the-clock neighborhoods like Broadway or in neighborhoods with swing-shift factories, honest citizens are either abed by midnight or in no mood to stock up on the large economy size of facial tissues, rubbing alcohol, cold cream, baby foods, deodorants, or milk of magnesia. But many druggists—whether they're in the mood or not—stay open until the small hours. It is a practice in big cities for pharmacists to leave their night numbers with the police; in small towns, some of them live in their stores, keenly aware that the shop's doorbell may awaken them at any hour of the night or morning.

In this, as in many other respects, the druggist's life runs parallel to the doctor's. The midnight vigil, the broken sleep, the layman's justified assumption that he can always get help when it's needed are some of the burdens that are shared by the druggist and the doctor.

Even the drugstore that does turn out its lights for the deadest hours of the night is most likely the last place to close—and the only place you can buy anything on Sunday. "Anything" covers a bewildering assortment of the necessities, luxuries, and whimsical insanities that we Americans refuse to live without.

The drugstore, thank heaven, is there when you run out of cigarettes before bedtime; when you suddenly remember, at midnight, that tomorrow is Father's

(Continued on next page)

birthday; and when you find you're in desperate need of a three-cent stamp and the post office is closed. The drugstore, thank heaven, has a phone booth from which to warn friends, who may be in no mood for late visitors, that you are considering dropping in. And when you're suddenly aware that tomorrow is as inevitable as death or taxes, the druggist is on hand with tooth paste, razor blades, bar of soap, and other morning necessities. If the grocery closed before you got around to buying a loaf of bread, take heart. The drugstore opens early enough for you to have a good breakfast without being late for work.

On Sunday mornings in the summer, the drugstore is Johnny-on-the-spot with bathing caps, thermos jugs, and paper cups for spur-of-the-moment excursions, and it's still there, mercifully, when the picnickers return painfully home with sunburns. Drugstores provide the Sunday papers for many neighborhoods, and thirty-five thousand of them stock magazines or books for odd-hour readers. For writers—who work odd hours, too—they've got pencil sharpeners, Scotch Tape, hot black coffee, people you don't have to talk to, and lots of local color.

In fact, drugstores have so many things that people—rather unreasonably—expect them to have everything. On a recent Saturday night I saw a housewife ask a soda-fountain clerk for an egg. "No, I don't want to eat it here," she explained. "I'm making a three-egg cake, and I'm one short." The clerk talked her into making two-egg cup cakes. It seems the store was featuring a special sale on muffin tins.

The next lady explained that she wanted some blinders for her eyes because her husband read in bed and kept her awake. She walked out happily with a spotlight lamp guaranteed to confine the light to the book.

Also noted were a man purchasing an alarm clock so he'd be sure to catch an early plane the next morning; an amateur photographer purchasing a flash bulb for a shot of a party then in progress; a mother in search of rubber panties so she could take the baby along to a drive-in movie: and a blonde who had resolved to be a redhead (for Sunday only—she said she'd have to wash it out before going to work on Monday).

Some of this infinite variety of goods and services make money for the druggists. Others do not. But fifty-five thousand drugstores in the United States are able to serve the sick largely because they're kept in business by the many things you want besides medicines. Stores other than drugstores may carry "picture frames and wall screens and Oriental rugs; the latest novels (if they're nice), opera scores, and loaded dice—and everything at a special price." But their wares aren't always so easily found as in the compact, inviting drugstore displays. Besides, they're rarely available at odd hours of the morning and night.

For many years, drugstores had the night trade to themselves. Department-store tycoons aimed at the lady of leisure who supposedly had nothing better to do while her meal ticket worked than to spend his money. The shortsightedness of this may have first been exposed by an insolent drama critic in reviewing a Broadway play backed by a merchant prince. "Close the show," he advised, "and keep the store open nights."

Drugstores were the first to realize that there's green stuff in the pockets of working girls and wives, and that homebodies with two or three small children may have to wait to do their personal shopping until after their husbands come home.

And from the druggist's point of view? The after-hours vigil, though sometimes profitable, is frequently unrewarding, lonely, even dangerous. (With the heat now turned on dope peddlers, more addicts are resorting to drugstore stick-ups.) But remaining open is a public service, and the druggist renders it as uncomplainingly and efficiently as the dozens of other services he performs daily for the people of America. THE END

DO YOU KNOW?

Today there are a tremendous number of safeguards employed to insure the purity of drugs used in preparing medicines. During the seventeenth century, when this was not the case, pharmacists, before compounding a prescription, were required to display the ingredients in front of their shop for about a week to enable doctors to examine the drugs.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

An unusual ability to remember pharmaceutical facts and figures is a must for pharmacists. To develop this ability, the game of chess was a requirement in India in the training of sixth-century pharmacists.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

When you have a headache, there are many reliable products you can buy in your drugstore to get relief. Here—but not suggested for use—is a headache formula used in the ninth century: "Take a vessel full of the leaves of green rue and a spoonful of mustard seed. Rub together. Add a spoonful of the white of an egg to make a thick salve. Smear with a feather on the side that is not sore."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Americans enjoy their cup of coffee in the morning—as well as at other times of the day. Yet before coffee gained its world-wide popularity it was sold by pharmacists—by the ounce—"for medicinal purposes only."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Saccharine, which is sold in drugstores, is about 400 times as sweet as sugar but, unlike sugar, it has no caloric value. It is naturally a boon to the overweight and to diabetics, but it has many other uses. For instance, it is often used as a sweetening agent in mouthwashes.

YOU'D BE SURPRISED *where she wished him!*

And who would blame her? After all, is there anything worse than to be stuck with someone who has halitosis (unpleasant breath)? So, this joker is already on the way out . . . and he had dreamed of this date for weeks.

How Dumb Can You Be?

How dare anyone assume that his breath is always O.K.? Halitosis comes and goes. You may be guilty without realizing it. Men are all-too-common offenders.

Why risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is such a quick, delightful and efficient precaution against halitosis?

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Just rinse the mouth with it and, lo!—your breath instantly becomes sweeter and fresher . . . *stays that way for hours,* too. Your mouth feels wonderfully clean and fresh.

Yes, actual clinical tests showed: that in 7 out of 10 cases, breath remained sweet for more than four hours after the Listerine Antiseptic rinse.

Whenever you want to be at your best never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. It's a part of your passport to popularity.

While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis, say some authorities, are due to fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odor it causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co. *Division of The Lambert Company.*

STOP BAD BREATH FOR HOURS WITH...

Listerine Antiseptic

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"Taste that wonderful fresh minty flavor!" SEE THE SAMMY KAYE SHOW • "WANT TO LEAD A BAND" • ON TELEVISION

Picture of the Month

Some of the outstanding successes of the screen seem to stem from authentic life stories. Such pictures often capture the heart of the public even more than outright fiction. This was the case in M-G-M's well liked "The Stratton Story". Now the same studio has struck a rich, new vein of human interest in "Carbine Williams" which dramatizes the incredible and inspiring life story of David Marshall Williams.

The secret of a great picture is how much you believe it. The drama, the romance and the heart-appeal of "Carbine Williams" can come only from a man's own experiences. These make for absorbing believability in a picture that is heightened by a touching and deeply loyal love story. It has been given to Jimmy Stewart once more to portray, with his winning sincerity, a memorable character.

Marsh Williams stood out from the modest circumstances of his North Carolina childhood because of a spirit that did not conform. His first challenge to parental authority was to run off with his childhood sweetheart and his efforts to support her got him in conflict with the law. In a gunfight with Federal Agents one was killed and Marsh Williams was convicted of second degree murder.

In the eight years he served before being cleared of the charge, Marsh constantly resisted discipline. During thirty days of solitary confinement he managed to keep sane by concentrating on his idea for a new kind of rifle. The perfecting of this amazing carbine and his long dedication to it earned the respect and friendship of Warden Tom Peoples.

Throughout his incredible fight against fate, Marsh had the support of his young wife who melted his stubborn pride and resentment with her abiding love. Jean Hagen as the wife and Wendell Corey as the warden turn in magnificent performances. James Stewart is superb in the portrayal of rocky strength and colorful originality.

This wonderful picture of a man who overcame shame with the help of a girl who never lost faith in him is a picture for all who love life. "Carbine Williams" has plenty of it.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents JAMES STEWART as "CARBINE WILLIAMS" co-starring JEAN HAGEN, WENDELL COREY. Story and screen play by Art Cohn. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Armand Deutsch.

COSMOPOLITAN

AMERICA'S *BEST* FICTION AND FACT

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MAY, 1952

COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

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ARTICLES

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FEATURES

THROUGHOUT THE BOOK

Vol. 132, No. 5

THE COSMOPOLITAN COVER GIRL PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN COLHOUN

COSMOPOLITAN IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE HEARST CORPORATION, 57th STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y., U. S. A. RICHARD E. BERLIN, PRESIDENT; JOHN RANDOLPH HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; GEORGE HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; FRED LEWIS, VICE-PRESIDENT; G. O. MARKUSON, VICE-PRESIDENT & TREASURER; ROBERT E. HAIG, VICE-PRESIDENT FOR CIRCULATION; HARRY M. DUNLAP, VICE-PRESIDENT FOR COSMOPOLITAN; R. F. McCAULEY, SECRETARY.

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What Goes On

AN OPEN WINDOW AND A MAGIC CARPET (U.S. MADE),

WHEN our office windows are open we can hear the big liners tooting in the Hudson. We always find it a beckoning sound, bringing to mind strange ports and far-off countries. Brooding on this one day we realized that a lot of Americans, more adventurous than we, have gone abroad lately, not as tourists, but to work in various outposts of American business. They've settled down, temporarily, in many odd and fascinating parts of the world. It occurred to us it would be interesting to find out how life in a foreign country works out for an American family. Accordingly we've notified our more footloose writers to be on the alert for such families and to give us reports on them. In this issue (see page 32) we describe the life of a family in Bangkok. There will be others in future issues. We'll probably go on running them until winter comes and we're forced to shut the office windows again.

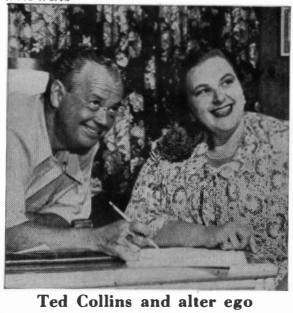
◆ ◆ ◆

Our guess is that if you are one of the millions of Americans who listen to, or watch, Kate Smith, you, too, may have been misled by legend surrounding the buxom Virginia lass and Ted Collins. A good many Smith fans have been—and still are—convinced that Kate and Collins, her manager, are (1) married or (2) twins. The "twins" rhubarb is settled in our story "The Little Girl from Greenville," page 66. To set the marital facts in order, however, Ted once printed a little card stating: "Kate Smith is not married. Ted Collins is married and has one child."

When Ted, a short while ago, bought the New York Yankees pro football team, some sporting friends suggested he amend the announcement to read: "Kate Smith is not married. Ted Collins is married and has thirty-two children (thirty-one of whom are players on the Yankee football team)."

Before he could be prevailed upon, Collins further complicated the situation by (1) coming up with two more children of his own, and (2) selling the New York football Yankees. He is still, of course, the owner-partner-manager of Kate Smith, who remains single.

Wide World



Ted Collins and alter ego

◆ ◆ ◆

The sensitivity of writers is common knowledge. It is generally assumed that creative talent is coupled with a fragile ego and a delicate nervous system. When writers write, the slightest distraction can cause them to wince with pain. Accordingly, we always tiptoe around writers at work.

What we hadn't realized, being editors, and not particularly introspective about it, is that when editors edit they, too, can be as high-strung as any writer we've met. The other day when we didn't happen to be editing we sat down in the office of an editor who was. There was a silence and then a slight rustling.

at Cosmopolitan

A SONGBIRD, A SENATOR, A SPORTSWRITER'S PAST

The working editor looked up with a frown. "What are you doing?" he demanded sharply.

"Eating a Triscuit," we replied.

"It sounds to me," he retorted, "like a horse eating a wicker chair."

◆ ◆ ◆

Dan Parker, the author of "What Really Goes on in the Press Box" (page 74) is particularly well qualified to cover the subject. His height—he's six-four-and-a-half—enables him to see a good deal more of what happens in this sportswriters' sanctum than almost any of his fellow toilers in the New York City press corps.

Parker's height has not always served him so advantageously. In 1937, when the Giants were spring training in Havana, little General Fulgencio Batista (who, early last March, again seized the reins of government in Cuba) invited the baseball scribes out for an afternoon of ceremonies—which included eating and the awarding of medals. In honor of the event, a photographer in the party asked permission to include the general with the scribes in a group picture. They lined up and the picture was taken. Suddenly the general's interpreter rushed up, spewing a rash of interpreted Spanish. The plate must be smashed!

Why? the men wanted to know. Because, it turned out, Parker had committed the unpardonable sin of standing next to the general, a position all right for a shorty but not for anyone who was half again as tall as the dictator of Cuba.

A second picture was eventually made, the one you see below. Parker, you'll note, has been relegated to the back row.

◆ ◆ ◆

Senator McCarthy's answers to some important questions (page 38) provide, we feel, some rather important footnotes to one of the most controversial political figures today. Space, unfortunately, prevents our printing detailed documentation. That documentation will appear in a book, "The Senator McCarthy Story," to be published some time this month.

Dan Parker (*far* rear) and General Fulgencio Batista

READERS WRITE

If you want to get a kitten, make a political decision, or become impossible to live with, our readers will tell you how it's done

Nice Girls

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON: I've just read "Are Nice Girls Safe in the Service?" in the March issue. I was in the Marine Corps. I know what the girls faced then and evidently do now—raised eyebrows and insinuating remarks. It's not pleasant. I have the

Our charmers in uniform

greatest respect for the girls in the service and I'm glad someone has cleared their good name. Hope it helps. —MRS. BETTIE GOODSPEED

SOUTHPORT, NORTH CAROLINA: Let me add my two cents' worth on girls in the service. While I was in the Army I saw them doing their jobs as well as or better than men. They were a fine group, and it makes me fighting mad when they're unjustly criticized.

—PAUL M. CRANMER

Smoking

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: Since I can't stop smoking, your article "Don't Stop Smoking—Please!" [March issue] was exactly what I wanted to read. Thank you for soothing my conscience. —ELSIE CORRIGAN

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA: I read Agnes Lynn Marshall's article with great delight. I had just sworn off, and in two days had consumed two bunches of carrots, two stalks of celery, twenty-four sticks of chewing gum, and all my fingernails. Except for the fact that I'm impossible to live with, my cessation of smoking hasn't affected me at all at all at all at all at all.

—ANNA LEE MARTIN

A Steak by Any Other Name

WASHINGTON, D.C.: In mentioning my establishment in the February issue ["The Private Lives of Government Girls"], you misspelled the name. It is Hendrix Steak House.

—WILBUR BARCLAY

Weak Women

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: I'm a strong woman, and I was not at all astonished by your article "Women Want to Be Weak" [March issue]. I would *love* to be weak, and so, I guess, would dozens like me. We just can't afford it, so we'll go on being strong.

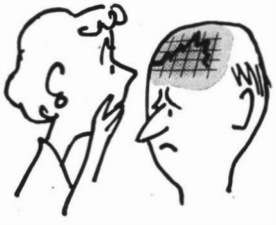
—MARY DECKER

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS: You say that women's point of view is changing because men are showing increased respect for their intelligence and ability. I'm afraid respect is *all* they show. I have to hide my intelligence and ability if I want anything more than compliments on my I.Q.

—ELIZABETH BARNES

Husband vs. Job

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I enjoyed your article "When Should Your Husband Change His Job?" by Jane Whitbread and Vivian Cadden [March issue]. I

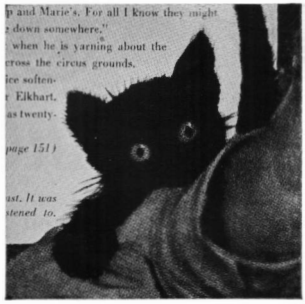


His symptoms were showing

had just observed four of the six symptoms listed as indicating a husband is due for a change. My husband has now moved to a new field. Our friends said he was foolish to do it, but I'm sure he will be successful because he'll be happier. Your article boosted our morale a hundred per cent. —MRS. JEANNE SOBCZYK

Catnip

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: I loved the illustration for "Catnip Smith Carries On" [March issue]. The black kitten was so cute it persuaded my mother to let me get one just like it. Thank you so much. —JOANNA JOHNSON



Mother relented

Branca's Pitch

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS: It was a shock to learn in William C. Heinz's article "Baseball Is No Fun" [March issue] that Ralph Branca got over the effects of that pitch in thirty minutes. In my family there was mourning for a week, at least. I still say Newcombe would never have thrown it.

—PAUL TAYLOR

Handwriting

BALDWIN PARK, CALIFORNIA: Congratulations on "What Our Next President's Handwriting Reveals" [March issue]. It is invaluable as a voter's guide, because it is devoid of propaganda. —HANNAH R. GRIBBEN

FAYETTEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA: Dr. Arthur G. Holt's handwriting analyses were uncannily accurate.

—MRS. DAVID E. MILLER

Disgusted Neighbor

DELMAR, NEW YORK: "Disgusted" should be the heading if you publish this letter. For the first time in years of faithful reading of COSMOPOLITAN I was ashamed of an illustration, the one for "The Neighbor" [February issue]. Don't claim "art," please.

—DOLORES PLUNKETT

Economy Size

PORTLAND, OREGON: I rarely write a fan letter, but I must tell you that your March issue is one of the finest I've seen, ever!

However, Scott C. Rea's article, "What Do They Mean By Economy Size?", gave me a wry laugh. My family, and a million others in our $45-a-week bracket, can't afford a bargain that requires cash. We dare not buy anything not *urgently* needed *now*. We housewives are fighting inflation. But Congress isn't. Labor unions are not. The question is, Why not?

—MRS. JOHN P. MULLINS

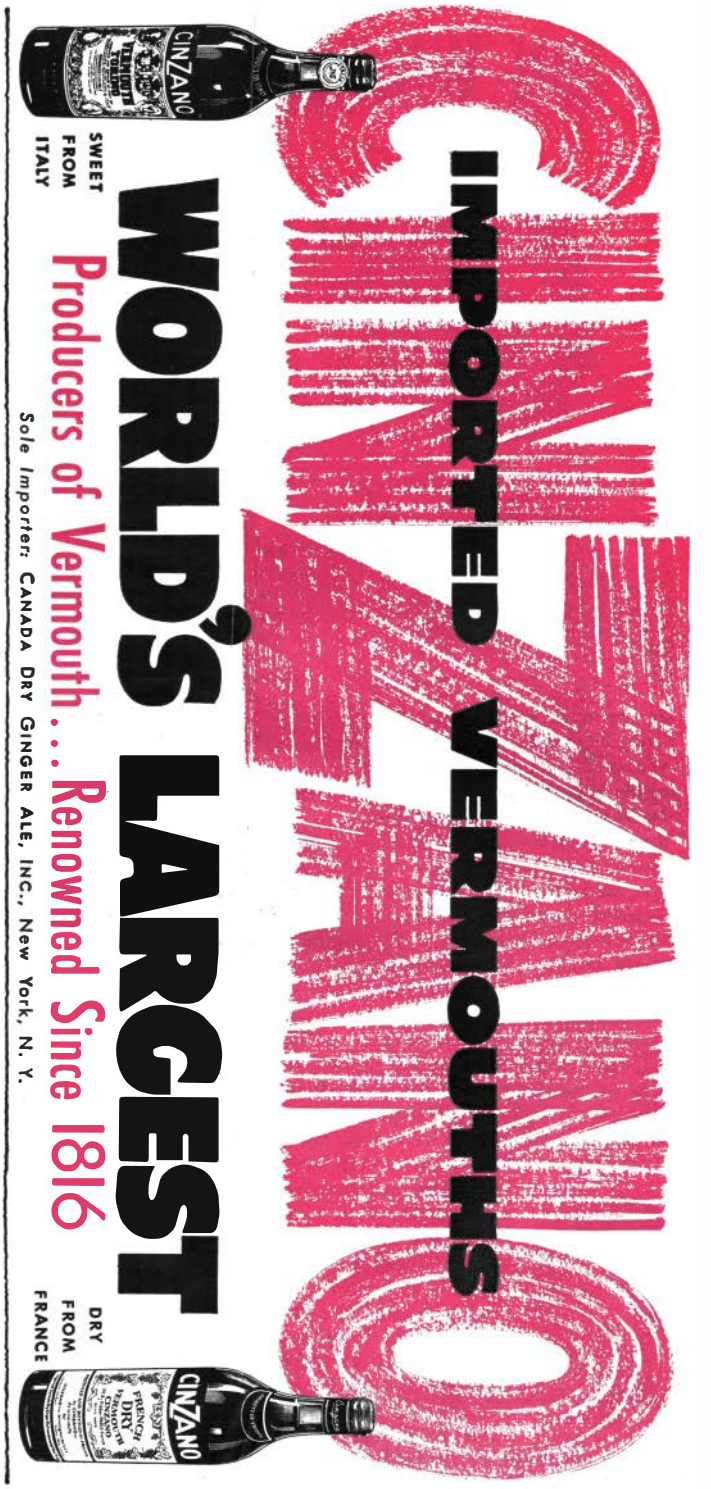
THE TRUTH ABOUT VERMOUTH

What most Americans don't know about vermouth has spoiled many a cocktail. It's a safe bet that most people don't even know that vermouth is a wine. It's equally certain that a whole lot of drink-mixers do not realize that vermouth can make or break a cocktail. Here is something that should be posted in every amateur or professional bartender's habitat:

You don't *save* money with an inferior vermouth. You *lose* money. A poor vermouth can ruin cocktails mixed with perfectly good liquor. On the other hand, even medium-priced liquor can make an exceptional cocktail when you use a superior vermouth. On a dollar-and-common-sense basis, it pays to use Cinzano. You can *taste* the reasons but here they are, for the record.

Cinzano is the world's largest producer of vermouth. No other name in vermouth covers the world so completely as Cinzano. No other vermouth has so endeared itself to the tastes of people in every country. Travel where you will . . . you'll find Cinzano there, like an old friend, to welcome you. Cinzano was born in 1816. It has grown to be the biggest producer of vermouths simply because it produces the best. Your first cocktail made with Cinzano—or your first sip of Cinzano straight, in the Continental manner—will show you how delightful the best can be.

Cinzano is the world's only producer exporting Sweet Vermouth from Italy and Dry Vermouth from France. And what a difference this makes! French grapes, French wines have unique qualities which best fit them for the production of dry vermouth. So, Cinzano produces its Dry Vermouth right in the heart of the French wine country. Sweet vermouth is something else again. Italy grows the grapes that properly flavor a sweet vermouth. So, Cinzano goes to the province of Piedmont for muscatel grapes . . . and there, using a generations-old formula, produces the finest Sweet Vermouth in the world. No other producer does both. No other producer has the resources or experience to offer the choicest of Dry Vermouths, the choicest of Sweet Vermouths, each produced in its native country. It takes Cinzano, the biggest, to give you the best.



JON WHITCOMB'S PAGE

If you want dark eyes, say so. Since I earn my living by capitalizing, so to speak, on female glamour, you wouldn't think the prospect of lunching with one of the Top Molls of Chi-chi would throw me. It did, but it needn't have. During the soup Marlene Dietrich turned out to be warm and friendly. She's smaller and blonder than she looks on the screen. Her aquamarine eyes are large enough to fall into, and she generates a special charm with a voice down below middle C and a crisp sense of humor. "My only frustration lies in not being a photographer," she said. "Like Von Sternberg," she went on. "There's a great man, a genius with lighting. He once rescued me from a predicament I got myself into working on 'The Devil Is a Woman.' I played an Italian cigarette-factory girl, like Carmen. I was determined to *look* Italian, so just before the first scene I put drops in my eyes to dilate the pupils. But I couldn't see a single thing. In front of the whole company, I began to weep. Von Sternberg came over, without anger, and said, 'Put in the drops to shrink the eyes. If you want dark eyes, say so. *I* give you dark eyes.' Half an hour later, I could see again. He was arranging lights. He lifted the main spots to the ceiling and made other changes. We took the scene, and several more. The rushes were unbelievable. I had enormous dark eyes all through the picture. He did the whole thing with lights." Marlene sighed, and ate the rest of her beef Strogonoff. "I can make this better," she remarked. "I'm a good cook." A diner interrupted to say he liked her new movie, "Rancho Notorious." She gave him a dazzling smile. The headwaiter bent low to say he enjoyed her radio show, "Café Istanbul." Dazzling smile. Then she frowned. "What I really want to be is a *great* photographer."

Long-low-whistle Dept. *(Ladies' Division).*

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS. *Can we get hold of your male models, or reasonable facsimiles?* R.M. & J.G.

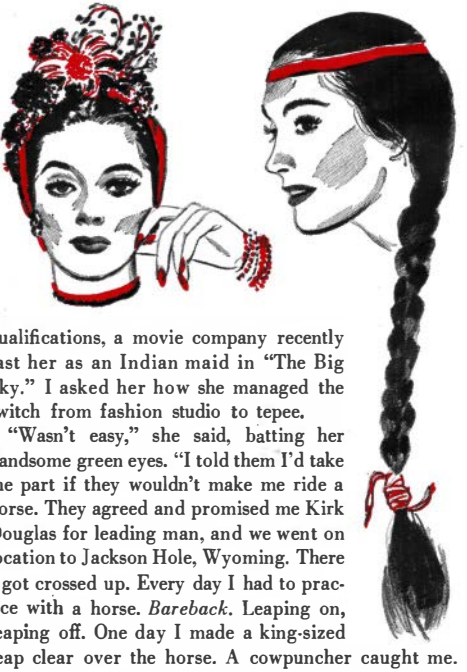
XENIA, OHIO. *Mike Garrett is the man I'd like most to be lost with in Boy & Girl Land.* S.P.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA. *Jack Murphy for me. Of course he's married. How could he escape? My friends pick Mike Garrett and Terry Bailey.* B.W.

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA. *We are fascinated by Phil Kennedy and Jack Murphy.* P.O'C. & P.C.

Box score at the half: Unmarried—Kennedy, Murphy, Irwin, Bailey.

Squaw from Manhattan. The sketch below of Miss Elizabeth Coyote Threatt, a high-style fashion model, hardly indicates that her father is one-hundred-percent Cherokee Indian. Overcome by Miss Threatt's



qualifications, a movie company recently cast her as an Indian maid in "The Big Sky." I asked her how she managed the switch from fashion studio to tepee.

"Wasn't easy," she said, batting her handsome green eyes. "I told them I'd take the part if they wouldn't make me ride a horse. They agreed and promised me Kirk Douglas for leading man, and we went on location to Jackson Hole, Wyoming. There I got crossed up. Every day I had to practice with a horse. *Bareback.* Leaping on, leaping off. One day I made a king-sized leap clear over the horse. A cowpuncher caught me. Quite a cowpuncher. I'm five nine in my nylons."

.....feather mesh.....$8.95

other styles $7.95 to $9.95

Higher Denver West

BEAU

. . . set your feet a-flutter with.....

Life Stride

Step lightly through your days in these cool, sheer FEATHERMESH . . . The most fashionable shoes you'll find at any price—and at this price —heaven sent!

Stores everywhere have Life Strides. Or write for name of your nearest dealer to Life Stride Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

Life Stride uses mesh in combination with various leathers producing a light, graceful summer shoe . . . in a variety of heel heights for any taste.

WHAT'S NEW in Medicine

CERTAIN CANCERS that were once considered hopeless can now be cured by surgery. Until recently it was thought that if a cancer moved beyond the organ in which it started, it must be scattered widely through the body. Now it is known that in certain types of cancer the disease spreads only to immediately adjoining areas and stops there. Such cases can be cured by removing the tissues surrounding the cancer. Two years after surgery one patient out of four with cancer of the bladder was apparently cured, and one out of three with stomach cancer was apparently cured. Especially good progress is reported against what was once considered untreatable cancer of the uterus.

A FUNGUS INFECTION *called histoplasmosis takes two forms: In its severe and usually fatal form it causes ulcers of the stomach and intestines, ear, nose, lip, pharynx, or larynx, along with anemia, irregular fever, emaciation, and lung involvement. In its mild form, which afflicts thousands of people, it produces lung lesions without symptoms. Recently a 40-per-cent solution of ethyl vanillate in olive oil was used with some success in treating histoplasmosis. Patients with the severe form of this disease recovered in 5 out of 12 cases when given this treatment.*

THE TREMOR, rigidity, speech impairment, and shuffling gait of Parkinson's disease are relieved by a combination of the antispasmodic Artane and the antihistaminic Thephorin. Forty-three out of 45 patients reported these good results: the tremor subsided considerably and in some cases even disappeared; rigidity lessened; the gait improved; where speech was impaired, it became understandable; excessive salivation and perspiration diminished.

ULCERATIVE COLITIS, *contrary to popular belief,* can *be cured. Twenty-four patients suffering from this severe disease of the colon have improved greatly, according to clinical, X-ray, and other evidence. To recover completely, a patient must get all-round care, including continual medical supervision, bed rest, sedation, proper nutrition, control of infection, and psychotherapy. ACTH also appears to be helpful in treating this condition.*

PAINFUL JOINTS caused by arthritis, bursitis, osteoarthritis, or gout have been relieved by compound F, a relative of cortisone. When injected directly into the joints, compound F promptly relieves pain, stiffness, swelling, and tenderness. Injections must be repeated at intervals to maintain their effect, but they have been given for as long as 8 months without bad effects. The amount of compound F needed for a weekly injection is small enough so that cost is not prohibitive.

TRICHINOSIS, *the parasitic disease caused by eating raw or inadequately cooked pork, can be cured by the antiarthritis hormone, cortisone. This was dramatically shown in the following incident: Four people in the same family got trichinosis from eating raw sausage. Two were given standard remedies, and the other 2 were treated with cortisone. These 2, a few hours after their first injection of cortisone, had their temperature drop from 105° to normal and stay there. The rash and swelling of the eyelids, dizziness, cramps, and general malaise typical of trichinosis disappeared rapidly, and cortisone treatment was ended after only 6 days. The 2 patients who were not treated with cortisone had still not recovered a month after the onset of the disease.*

WHEN THE HEART STOPS while a patient is under an anesthetic, cardiac massage often makes it beat again. However, there still remains the possibility of brain damage because of lack of oxygenated blood during the stoppage. Now an answer to this problem appears in the form of injections of human serum albumin taken from blood plasma. In one case, the heart of a 21-year-old man stopped beating for 11 minutes during surgery. His heart was massaged back into action, but signs of brain damage appeared. That day and the next he was given human serum albumin, and complete mental as well as physical recovery followed.

BUERGER'S DISEASE *is a very serious ailment that impedes the circulation of blood to the extremities, usually the lower part of the leg, causing coldness, numbness, tingling, or burning. This disease usually occurs in young men, and is also known as presenile spontaneous gangrene. Chronic ulcers develop and gangrene often sets in, necessitating amputation. The nerve-cutting operation known as sympathectomy has proved very effective. If the disease is treated at an early stage, this operation delays—or may prevent entirely—the need for major amputation. In 20 patients, sympathectomy relieved symptoms and prompted healing of ulcers.*

THE MENTAL CONFUSION caused by advanced hardening of the arteries in aged people has been treated effectively with Metrazol, a drug that stimulates respiration and thus helps overcome lack of oxygen and the resulting fatigue and mental confusion. Thirty-two aged patients, many of whom were almost psychotic, were given Metrazol. Of 26 who showed some improvement, 12 showed marked gains.

COMPILED FOR COSMOPOLITAN READERS BY LAWRENCE GALTON

Rose Point

sterling in the mood of romance

A legend of love in silver—Wallace's Rose Point!

It was inspired by the wedding veil of queens, the legendary Rose Point Lace. Centuries ago, a Venetian nobleman found in his gardens a full-blown rose, enshrined in a delicately spun web. He challenged his finest lace-makers to duplicate it and Rose Point Lace was born—a wedding veil for his bride.

In Wallace's Rose Point the full-blown rose, surrounded by silver pearls is sculptured in sterling by famed William S. Warren in exclusive "Third Dimension Beauty." Like every Wallace "Third Dimension Beauty" pattern it is a masterpiece—beautifully formed not only in front, but in profile and back—giving you sterling perfection from every possible view.

Six piece place setting, Rose Point, $32.50. Settings of other patterns from $32.50 to $43.50—all prices include Federal Tax.

Read the exciting design stories of each Wallace pattern in the 32-page book "Treasures in Sterling." It also contains many helpful table-setting ideas. Write (send 10c to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Department 24, Wallingford, Conn.

ROSE POINT

WALLACE

Third Dimension Beauty

STERLING

BEST COMEDY–DRAMA—Stanley Kramer has made a brilliant film of "My Six Convicts." John Beal (second from right) is the psychologist. Millard Mitchell, Jay Adler, Marshall Thompson, and Gilbert Roland play his protégés.

MOVIE CITATIONS

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Leo McCarey's new picture for Paramount, based on an important and timely theme, is superb entertainment. "My Son John" shows how a brilliant American boy, born and raised in a typical small-town family, can arrive at the terrible decision to join the Communist Party.

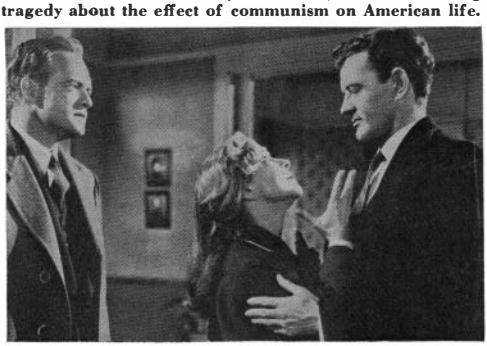
McCarey wrote, directed, and produced this story with warmth, tenderness, and compassion. Helen Hayes makes her long-delayed return to the screen as the mother of the boy, Robert Walker, who leaves behind him a fine memorial to his talent. Dean Jagger's outstanding performance as the cliché-spouting Legionnaire father should certainly win him a nomination for another Academy Award.

Ever since her unforgettable "A Farewell to Arms," every producer in Hollywood has tried to lure Helen Hayes back to the cameras. And no wonder. She glorifies the screen with riotous comedy, bleakest agony, and moments of heart-breaking relief. It will be a long, long time before audiences forget the scene in which she has to choose between love of country and love of her child.

This splendid film—witty, intelligent, deeply moral—is awarded the Cosmopolitan Citation for the Best Production of the Month.

If you are among the thousands who read Donald Powell Wilson's best seller about prison *(Continued on page 107)*

BEST PRODUCTION—Van Heflin, Helen Hayes, the late Robert Walker in "My Son John," an illuminating tragedy about the effect of communism on American life.



SPECIAL CITATION—To writer-director George Seaton, shown with Kim Hunter, for another wonderful film—"Anything Can Happen," with Miss Hunter, José Ferrer.

MGM

Movie-of-the-Month Calendar

"SKIRTS AHOY!"

stars ESTHER WILLIAMS, JOAN EVANS and VIVIAN BLAINE as three bewitching Waves in a musical romance that's joyous as a Maypole with its songs, dances and water-revels. The star-spangled cast includes Barry Sullivan, Keefe Brasselle and serenader Billy Eckstine in his film debut. A rollicking hit enriched by ***Technicolor!***

"SCARAMOUCHE"

starring STEWART GRANGER, ELEANOR PARKER, JANET LEIGH and MEL FERRER in the famed Sabatini story of love and adventure filmed in magnificent ***Technicolor!***
Something exciting for June!

"LOVELY TO LOOK AT"

stars KATHRYN GRAYSON, RED SKELTON, HOWARD KEEL, MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION, ANN MILLER in a musical lilting with romantic melody, gay as Paris and glorious in ***Technicolor!***
Something joyous for July!

MEMO TO WORRIED MINDS

By DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE and GRACE PERKINS OURSLER

The letters we've chosen to answer this month voice concerns that are echoed often in our mail. The first, for example, is shockingly frequent. Why is the disruption of the family unit so widespread? In the last few years we have been increasingly reminded that the family that prays together, stays together. Most people strain to take out other kinds of insurance. This is spiritual insurance. How about starting on Mother's Day to say prayers and grace together in your family?

Q. My youngest daughter, who has been married twelve years, is running around with a married man. Her husband certainly knows. I think the oldest of her three boys knows, too. How can she do this? My heart aches for her family. Is there anything I can do? —*Mrs. R. L., Cincinnati, Ohio*

A. Overwhelmed by admiration at an age when she doubts her attraction and sees middle age approaching, the wandering wife trades the monotonous "commonplace" for what seems rare and privileged. Often when that romance burns out she finds that she has nothing to return to and that the lost commonplace was paradise. Some wives, of course, find forgiveness and a second chance. Others are not so fortunate.

Your problem as this girl's mother is hard. Her own situation is much more difficult. And hardest of all is her husband's. There are several things you can do to help them: Put a brake on all discussion, especially with her family; give them what attention, creature comfort, and companionship you can, radiating above all things faith and hope: entrust your daughter's soul and heart to God—and be ready to reach out forgiving arms when she returns, even if you cannot "understand."

It would be wise if you could get both your daughter and her husband to see a competent spiritual adviser, who might find personality conflicts or basic maladjustments you—and they—are unaware of. Whatever others do, let your talk of this be only in your prayers. God is the Judge and the Jury, and the Healer of all things.

Q. I am just a college girl, but it's clear to me that unbelieving men have towered in achievement even though religion claims God's power and inspiration are the key to everything. Maybe I'm a hardheaded pragmatist but I believe in man, his brains, and his determination.
—*Miss S. F., Laramie, Wyoming*

A. You may like to think of man as an accident, coming from nowhere and going nowhere, eaten by dreams and ambitions for a brief span of life. But anyone as pragmatic as you will eventually face the questions. How come these ambitions? these great brains and this determination and will? As for the achievements of unbelievers, the world is grateful to God for keeping them busy. God believes in them, even if they say they do not believe in Him. He knows what is deep in their hearts.

Q. My temper throws me. I thought being in business for myself would help, but my anger is costing me plenty. I don't have tantrums or carry a chip on my shoulder. It's blazing anger that flares up and I explode. I'm my own worst enemy but I can't seem to eliminate this strong, inborn trait in my character. . . .
—*J. R., New York, New York*

A. You should be angry enough with *yourself* to explode plenty. You've just been roused by the wrong person! If you're your own worst enemy you are the one to blaze at. You tell yourself you *can't* control your temper but you know that isn't so or you wouldn't be asking for help.

Your letter shows you're a lucky man for you speak of a loving wife who "understands" you. Don't let her play the mother of a spoiled brat any longer. Together with your wife kneel and ask the Lord's help in overcoming this nonsense.

Second, read the New Testament a little each day. Understand each use of the words *love*, *humility*, and *patience*. What you need is love enough of your fellow man to realize *his* struggles and weaknesses.

Third, give yourself something to do when your anger is roused—anything you choose. Try saying to yourself the first ten words of the Lord's Prayer: "Our Father which art in Heaven. Hallowed be thy name."

Q. I think I'll go crazy if I don't get some household help, but servants are too expensive. My husband comes home exhausted and there's no rest here with four kids. He's working too hard and is under strain and worry. He does well, yet we cannot even afford a vacation. My health is failing and I'm terrified of sickness for my family's sake. . . .
—*Mrs. E. M. F., Enid, Oklahoma*

A. Your long letter shows how licked you are and how near to cracking. Just such defeat from the battering of small things leads to far too many mental cases. Experts agree everyone needs a vacation. Many people are experimenting with new ways to get one. For example, city and country people are making house-apartment swaps for a week or a month.

But the real vacation is within you and you need only the time and place to find yourself. Conrad Hilton, famed hotel man, has a friend who reached successful heights only to feel as you do—that he'd "go crazy" from the pressure of ceaseless demands. One night his car broke down on a stretch of lonely road. He walked a way in the hope of seeing a light and gave up. He sat on a rock in the moonlight longing for a car to come by. He is a city man who had never known the silence of the woods. "Don't know what happened," he told Mr. Hilton later. "I'd read about people feeling the presence of God. Never believed it. And there it suddenly happened to me. I began to feel part of the trees, the stars, the whole night, and all of God's creation. When at last I went back to my car, I was renewed. And I've never let a month go by since without spending a night in the woods."

Try a capsule vacation of a similar sort. Some people get it in a half hour of meditation and prayer. Many find it in a visit to church. It is a tonic "to get apart from the crowd," as Jesus did, to forget everything in seeking the unfailing Source of all things.

COFFEE MAKING has Come of Age

Now Gin has Come of Age...

ONLY *Seagram's* Gin is made with the patience and leisurely care given to the creation and processing of the world's finest delicacies. And your first taste will *prove* it!

So smooth and pleasant you can make a heartier, sturdier mixed drink, or you can really *enjoy* it straight.

Seagram's is the original American *Golden* Gin — first basic improvement in gin in 300 years.

Prove it with a Seagram's Gin-on-Ice

Costs More...
and Worth it!

As Modern as Tomorrow

How to

Something you want?—need?—or just rather fancy? Our Government supplies advice and help on any number of subjects

BY STACY V. JONES

UN STAMPS

You may buy the new UN postage stamps, which the United Nations uses on its own mail, direct from that organization at face value. They can't be used to mail anything in your hometown post office but they are sought by collectors. UN officials were astonished when American philatelists bought more than $500,000 worth in the first three months after issuance. They were pleased, too, for such sales bring the UN a tidy income.

The regular UN stamps are issued in eleven denominations from a penny to a dollar, and air-mail in four denominations from six cents to a quarter. They were designed by Danish and English artists and manufactured in London and Haarlem, The Netherlands. Eight different designs are used in various colors. The three-cent stamp, for one, reproduces the UN flag in blue, and the five-language border is in carmine.

To buy UN stamps, write the United Nations Postal Administration, United Nations, New York, for an order form.

DEFENSE JOBS

Most federal-job openings today are in the Department of Defense, which includes the Army, Navy, and Air Force. Scientific and professional people are in brisk demand for engineering, research, and management work, at salaries ranging from $3,400 for brand-new college graduates to $9,600. Much of the hiring is decentralized.

For jobs in Washington, the best source of information is the Civil Service Commission, which usually can place experienced commodity-industry analysts, chemists, physicists, and engineers at from $7,040 to $9,600, with the Defense Department or the newly established alphabetical agencies.

For positions in the United States

Get it from the Government

outside Washington, apply to the Army, Navy, and Air Force bases near your home and consult examination notices at a district Civil Service office or at a first- or second-class post office.

If you find your specialty is not needed locally, you can write the Directorate of Civilian Personnel, Air Force, or the Office of Industrial Relations, Navy Department, which are both in Washington, or consult your state employment service. Many of the industrial kinds of operations, such as arsenals and shipyards, use subprofessional and "blue-collar" workers. The shortage of stenographers is perpetual; with the recent federal pay increase, the starting salary is $2,950.

There are many jobs abroad at the domestic pay scale, with overseas allowances for high-cost countries. The Air Force employs civilians almost all over the world. Inquire at the nearest Air Force base, or write the Overseas Employment Coordination Office, 11 West Monument Avenue, Dayton 2, Ohio. Army overseas jobs are chiefly in Germany, Austria, Alaska, Japan, and Okinawa. Apply to the Office of the Secretary of the Army, Civilian Personnel Division, Overseas Affairs Branch, Old Post Office Building, Washington, D.C. There are field offices at 139 Centre Street, New York 13; 1660 East Hyde Park Boulevard, Chicago 15; and 821 Market Street, San Francisco 5. Most Navy jobs are in the Pacific, and these are filled through the Navy Overseas Employment Office, 1462 Market Street, San Francisco 2. The Navy's Office of Industrial Relations in Washington fills the few vacancies that occur from time to time in Bermuda and the Caribbean.

CONVINCING ANNIE

If you have trouble explaining Social Security to your maid, ask any Social Security office for a copy of the leaflet "Do You Work in a Private Household?", which spells out the old-age and survivors' insurance provisions applying to domestic help. For the address of the nearest Social Security office, see the telephone book or the postmaster.

INDIAN ART

Navaho rugs and jewelry and other handmade Indian products are available directly from the tribes. The Indian Arts and Crafts Board, which encourages the trade but does not itself deal with the Indians, says the best way to be sure an article is genuine is to buy it either from one of the native agencies or from a reliable art store, which can tell you the name of the tribe and even of the craftsman who made it. Some "Navaho" jewelry is being turned out in city factories; there's nothing wrong with it except that it isn't genuine Indian handmade.

A good Navaho rug costs from $35 to $100, although the prices start much lower and run as high as $400. For information on Navaho rugs and jewelry, write the Navaho Arts and Crafts Guild, Window Rock, Arizona, which is operated by the tribe.

The Indian Arts and Crafts Board, Department of the Interior, Washington, has booklets, single copies of which are free, on Navaho rugs, Indian silver jewelry, and Pueblo pottery. It will also send on request a list of 22 sources of supply for the whole range of Indian arts and crafts products, from fur parkas to beaded dolls.

TRAVEL ADVICE

The reduced off-season rates offered by a number of lines for air and sea transportation to Latin-American points and the improved highways in Mexico make summer vacations south of the border worth considering this year. If you plan a trip to Latin America at any season the Pan American Union is a good source of information. Its Travel Division will answer specific questions and supply free brochures on climate, prices, hotel accommodations, and entry requirements for the countries you intend to visit.

Automobile travel to Mexico has been increasing steadily. Mexico City can now be reached over paved roads by several routes, the principal points of entry being El Paso and Laredo, Texas. The Travel Division's 52-page booklet *Motoring to Mexico*, which is now in its thirteenth edition, contains maps showing distances and altitudes, as well as information on travel conditions, regulations, and points of interest. Copies are 25 cents. A "Travel in the Americas" series of booklets is also being published, each describing a Latin-American country. They're 15 cents apiece. A catalogue of all Pan American Union publications will be sent on request. Address inquiries to Travel Division, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D.C.

MAPS

In all likelihood you can buy from the Geological Survey for 20 cents a detailed topographic map of your favorite summer-camping grounds. If you live in the country, the chances are good that there is even one that shows your house.

The Geological Survey now has 13,000 topographic maps (which indicate elevations), each covering a quadrangle bounded by parallels of latitude and meridians of longitude. To get one, write a letter describing the area as exactly as you can; the Geological Survey will send what it has and bill you. Or ask first for a free index to topographic mapping in your state. If the index shows that a sheet has been made for your quadrangle, you can order it.

Most maps nowadays are based on aerial photographs. One by-product of this process is a mosaic of photographs that have been matched and fitted together.

A free booklet, General Information on Maps and Folios Published by the Geological Survey, *describes hundreds of special-purpose charts.*

NEW VEGETABLES

The Agricultural Research Administration has bred two superior new vegetables that it commends for your home garden: the Wade snap bean and Salad Bowl lettuce. The snap bean, named after its originator, the late B. L. Wade, has seeds the color of port wine and stringless pods. It matures 54 days after planting and bears over a long season. The new lettuce leaves are high in vitamins C and A. This plant also produces for a long period.

Get the seeds from your retail seed dealer, not from the Government. (Free seeds were once handed out to constituents by congressmen, but this was discontinued in 1923.)

Mailing address for Government agencies is Washington 25, D.C., unless otherwise specified.

COSMOPOLITAN'S

Practical Travel Guide

TIPS FOR DUDES, SIGHTSEERS, AND LILLIPUTIANS

A friend and I want to vacation at a dude ranch or go on a dude cruise. Can you give us information on both, including appropriate clothes, best seasons, and costs?
—Miss A. R. R., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

A—New York State's dude-ranch country is around Lake George and Warrensburg. I am sending you a number of folders giving rates that start at about $54 a week and include horseback riding. Dude-ranching is best in May or early June, before the crowd arrives. Then you can do more riding. Most ranches have one-day trips and overnight pack trips into the mountains.

Dude cruises along the Maine coast are operated out of Camden by Captain Frank Swift from the end of June through Labor Day.

For either dude-ranching or dude-cruising your best costume is a pair of dungarees, plenty of comfortable sports shirts, sneakers or low-heeled scuffs, and one or two cotton dresses for square dances or movies.

I have heard of a place called Tiny Town in Colorado that is a great attraction for children. We plan to travel east on our next vacation and will stop off if it's really worth while. Can you tell me about it?
—Mrs. A. J., Sacramento, California

A—Tiny Town, a miniature city on Highway 285 just 18 miles from Denver, is a fascinating bit of Lilliputia. It has a tiny railroad train that carries small sightseers on a tour of the town. Its main street boasts a bank, restaurant, department store, gas station, and other buildings, all of which are miniature.

On a hill above the town is an old ox cart and a tiny bridge across a stream. There are little houses decorated with gingerbread, many of which are replicas of the lavish homes built by wealthy miners during the Colorado gold rush.

W. J. Pelish

Tourists in North Carolina often climb to the top of lovely Mount Mitchell.

We are planning to drive this summer to Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec, and to return home via New England, Williamsburg, Virginia; the Carolinas, and the Gulf Coast Highway. Which is the most scenic and traffic-free route from our home to the Canadian capital? *—J. C., Hattiesburg, Mississippi*

A—Get on U.S. Highway 11 in your home town and stay on it all the way to Watertown, New York. From there take Routes 12, 180, and 12E to the Thousand Islands International Bridge. After that it's a fairly short drive over Routes 2 and 16 to Ottawa.

Last year we spent a wonderful vacation taking one of your budget railroad tours to Denver, Colorado. This time we would like to visit Yellowstone Park as soon as it opens, go on to San Francisco, Seattle, and Van-

Send your request for travel information to EDWARD R. DOOLING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York 19, New York. We will be glad to forward descriptive literature to you, although it is not possible for us to make individual replies. Please print your name and address.

couver, and then return home by a different route. What do you suggest?
—Mrs. H. S., Fredericksburg, Virginia

A—Yellowstone Park usually opens for rail travelers about June 15th. From there you can go to San Francisco via Union Pacific, and then travel north through the Redwood Empire to Seattle. I suggest you take the ferry trip to Vancouver, making an overnight stop at Victoria. From Vancouver it is a beautiful rail trip to Lake Louise, Banff, and Jasper National Park. From there Canadian National Railway will take you to Montreal. There you can board a train for New York and home.

We are planning a spring vacation in St. Petersburg, Florida, and wonder if May and June will be too stuffy there. *—L. D., Hartford, Connecticut*

A—Natives of St. Petersburg look with amazement upon Yankee visitors who insist upon swimming at the nearby beaches during the winter. May and June are the natives' months to swim in the wonderfully clear Gulf of Mexico.

THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIP!

Will you outline a budget tour to Great Smoky Mountains National Park, with some interesting stops on the way?—*Miss C. F., New York, New York*

A—Great Smoky Mountains, our most popular national park, is covered by many all-inclusive tours.

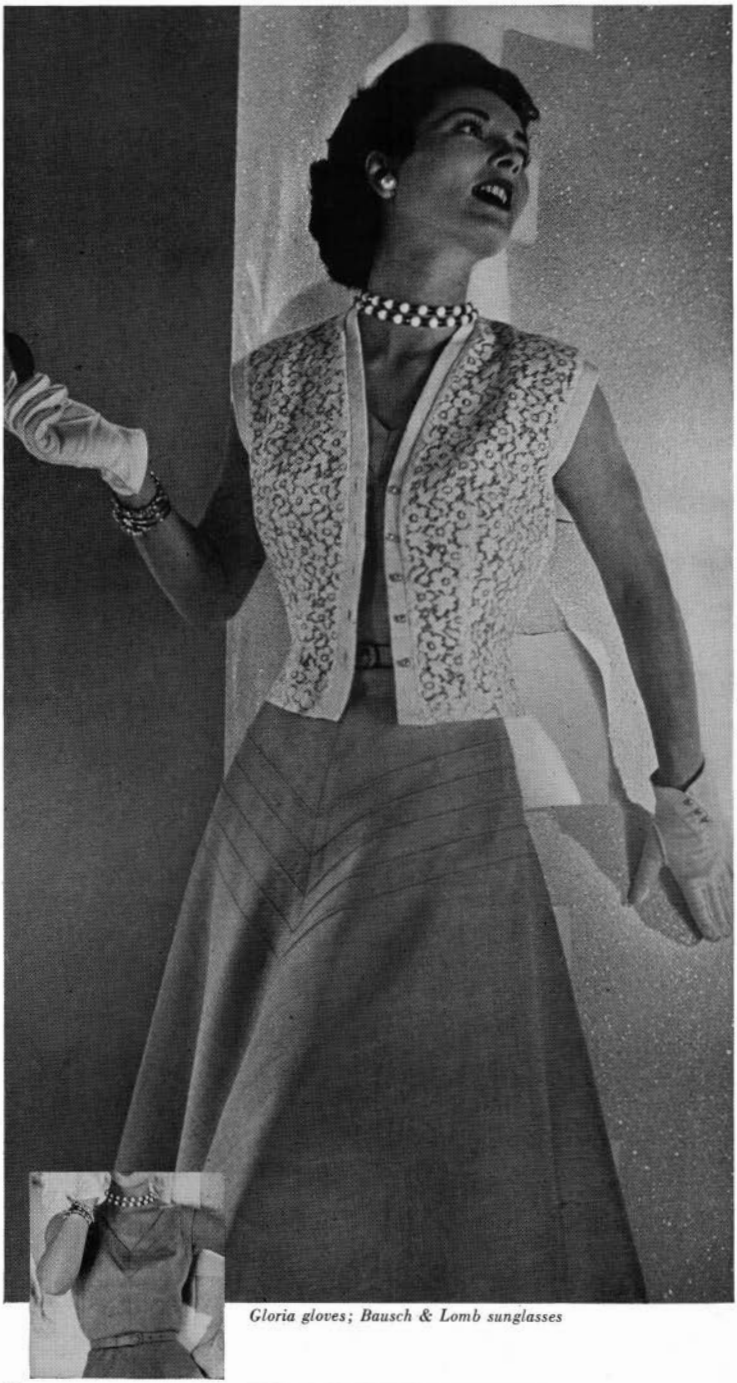
I am sending complete details and costs on three budget trips, two by bus and one by rail and bus. Each lasts eight days. The rail-and-bus trip provides a coach train to Washington, D.C., Pullman from Washington to Asheville, and sightseeing busses in the Smokies. The cost, including extra meals, tips, and every foreseeable expense, is estimated at $195.68. The two bus tours are estimated at $133.46 and $129.61.

Here is a capsule outline of the least expensive bus tour: Your first overnight stop is historic Charlottesville. On your second day you ride through the mountains of Virginia and North Carolina to Asheville, where you tour the city, go to the top of Mount Mitchell, and visit Lake Junaluska, Nantahala Gorge and Overlook, Lake Santeetlah, Lake Cheoah, and Fontana Lake and Dam. Your overnight stop is Knoxville, Tennessee. The next day you arrive at the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, where you view the Little River Gorge, Profile Rock, Fighting Creek Gap, Mount LeConte, and the resort city of Gatlinburg.

While in the Smokies you will see towering Clingman's Dome, the Cherokee Indian Reservation, and Soco Gap. Then the tour returns north, stopping at Natural Bridge, Virginia, before going on to Washington, D.C. You can make a stopover there before completing your journey home.

(We will send you a copy of this budget trip on request. You can also write for budget trips to Bermuda, the Ozarks region of Missouri, Mississippi and New Orleans, the Southwest and California, Mexico, Europe, or Florida.)

Quick-Change Artist . . .



Gloria gloves; Bausch & Lomb sunglasses

with change to spare

You'll have plenty of change to spare with this wardrobe of companion pieces by Koret of California. Made of Tublin, a colorfast, crease-resistant butcher-linen weave in rayon and cotton, this group of well-styled pieces can be the backbone of your summer wardrobe. Left: Handsome sleeveless day dress (see inset photograph) with full skirt, about $15. Sleeveless cotton-lace cardigan, about $8. Right: Quartet of interchangeable Tublin separates. The perfect-for-warm-weather suit has a raglan-sleeved jacket, medium-full skirt with a single front pleat, costs about $17. The good-looking camisole top, about $7, and well-cut shorts, about $6, have tucks for interesting detail. All these fashions come in sizes 10 to 18. The colors: pink, navy, light blue, or white. John Wanamaker, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; The Emporium, San Francisco.

(Continued on next page)

SEE PAGE 24 FOR STORES WHERE YOU CAN BUY THESE FASHIONS

I.N.P. photos by Roderick Horne

THE COSMOPOLITAN LOOK • BY VIRGINIA C. WILLIAMS
FASHION EDITOR

Minimum Suit—

Seagoing *sleekness at its best. Here is a suit that really takes to water. Imported chambray for lightness, elasticized back for fit, front embroidery for effect. Gray, lavender, or blue, with white. Worn strapped or unstrapped. Gantner. Sizes 10 to 16. About $11. Russeks, New York.*

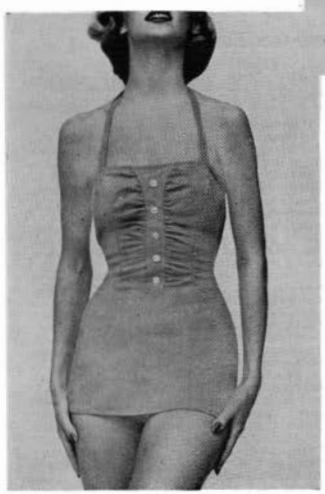
Quick dip *in a pretty swim suit of bird's-eye piqué. By Catalina. Checked gingham neatly outlines bust line and front seams, appears on the little-girl panties. The back is elasticized, the bra adjustable. In black, navy, peacock. Sizes 32 to 40. About $11. At Macy's in New York.*

Salute to the waves: *Swimming or sunning made easy in a sea suit with no fuss. Black-and-white stripes arranged to make the most of you. Straps can be eliminated to get more sun. Lonsdale's cotton. By Reel-Poise. Sizes 10 to 18. About $15. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York.*

Maximum Swimming

Take the plunge *in Laton-taffeta (acetate and elastic) suit with a nylon Leno-elastic front panel. Buttercup, peacock, black, berry. By Peter Pan. Not seen—Hidden Treasure bra—32 to 34, A cup; Inner Circle bra –32 to 36, B cup; 34 to 36, C cup. About $23. A. Harris, Dallas.*

Water sprite: *A splattering of sea shells to put you in a diving mood. Trim little-boy shorts, little-boy pockets. Wear the cowl neckline as pictured, or turn it down and tie in back. By Brilliant in Everfast-piqué print on a white ground. Sizes 32 to 38. About $8. Oppenheim Collins, New York.*



In the swim: *Water-wise bathers will appreciate this bathing suit that is all line and sculpture and yet maintains comfort. Assets: the delustered lastex faille, the luscious colors —red, blue, pink, gold, white, black. By Par-Form. About $11. Sizes 32 to 38. Block & Kuhl, Peoria, Illinois.*

(Continued on next page)

Continued from page 20:

STORES WHERE YOU CAN BUY "THE COSMOPOLITAN LOOK" FASHIONS

Koret of California "quick-change" separates on pages 20-21:

Binghamton, N. Y. — Sisson Bros. Welden Co.
Bloomington, Ill. — Livingston's
Boston, Mass. — Jordan Marsh
Bradenton, Fla. — Belk-Lindsey Co.
Canton, Ohio — Halle Bros. Co.
Champaign, Ill. — G. C. Willis Co.
Charleston, W. Va. — Coyle & Richardson, Inc.
Charlottesville, Va. — C. H. Williams Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn. — Miller Bros.
Cheyenne, Wyo. — The Fashion
Clearwater Beach, Fla. — Helen Marshall Shop
Denver, Colo. — Joslin's
Detroit, Mich. — The Rollins Co.
Eureka, Calif. — The White House
Fayetteville, N. C. — Fleishman's Style Shop
Fond du Lac, Wis. — O'Brien's
Grand Rapids, Minn. — Harben's
Greenwood, Miss. — De Loach's, Inc.
Helena, Mont. — Fligelman's
Ithaca, N. Y. — Holley's Fashion Center
Jacksonville, Fla. — Purcells
Kalamazoo, Mich. — Jackson's Jeune Fille
Knoxville, Tenn. — Hamilton's
Lansing, Mich. — Ruth Donnelly Shop
Lexington, Ky. — Arnold's, Inc.
Ludington, Mich. — Cailighan's Town & Country
Marshalltown, Ia. — Ellis'. Inc.
McKeesport, Pa. — Immel's
Miami, Fla. — Coral Park Apparel Shop
Midland, Mich. — Cailighan's Town & Country
Montgomery, Ala. — Bon Marché
Nashville, Tenn. — Akin's, Inc.
New York, N. Y. — John Wanamaker
Niagara Falls, N. Y. — Mack-Friedman
Omaha, Neb. — J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Pontiac, Ill. — Ruby's Style Shop
Portland, Me. — Munson's
Riverside, Calif. — Rouse's, Inc.
Roanoke, Va. — Horne's
Rockford, Ill. — The Chas. V. Weise Co.
Ruston, La. — Lewis & Co., Ltd.
Salina, Kan. — Terrill's
San Francisco, Calif. — The Emporium
Saratoga Springs, N. Y. — The Fashion Shop
Selma, Ala. — Tepper's
Sharon, Pa. — Whitmer-Smith, Inc.
Spokane, Wash. — The Crescent
Washington, D.C. — Alans
Waterloo, Ia. — The Smartwear
Wheeling, W. Va. — Stone & Thomas

STORES WHERE YOU CAN BUY COSMOPOLITAN'S CAREFREE COTTONS

(See page 48)

DESIGN FOR LEAVING

Pat Hartly checked ensemble on page 48 is at the following stores:

Atlanta, Ga. — Davison's
Baltimore, Md. — Schleisner Co.
Birmingham, Ala. — Kesslers
Boston, Mass. — Jordan Marsh
Buffalo, N. Y. — L. L. Berger
Chattanooga, Tenn. — Miller Bros. Co.
Chicago, Ill. — Carson Pirie Scott
Duluth, Minn. — Freimuth's Dept. Store
Fort Worth, Tex. — The Fair
Houston, Tex. — The Fashion
Indianapolis, Ind. — L. S. Ayres & Co.
Kansas City, Mo. — Adler's
Memphis, Tenn. — John Gerber Co.
Milwaukee, Wis. — Lou Fritzel
Nashville, Tenn. — Cain-Sloan
New Orleans, La. — Gus Mayer Co., Ltd.
New York, N. Y. — Best & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa. — Lit Brothers
Pittsburgh, Pa. — Joseph Horne Co.
Providence, R. I. — Gladding's
Sacramento, Calif. — Bon Marché
St. Louis, Mo. — Famous-Barr Co.
San Francisco, Calif. — Roos Bros.
Trenton, N. J. — Swern & Co.
Tulsa, Okla. — Street's
Upper Darby, Pa. — Lit Brothers
Washington, D.C. — The Hecht Co.

Duchess Royal corded-cotton suit and topper on page 49:

Appleton, Wis. — H. C. Prange Co.
Bel Air, Md. — The Hub
Charleston, W. Va. — Stone & Thomas
Cincinnati, Ohio — Jenny, Inc.
Clarksburg, W. Va. — Watts-Sartor-Lear Co.
Dallas, Tex. — A. Harris & Company
Dayton, Ohio — Billy Lewis, Inc.
Detroit, Mich. — Himelhoch's
Erie, Pa. — Erie Dry Goods Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind. — Earl Groth Co.
Fort Worth, Tex. — Monnig's
Galesburg, Ill. — Kellogg, Drake & Co.
Houston, Tex. — Levy's
Indianapolis, Ind. — Wm. H. Block Co.
Jackson, Miss. — R. E. Kennington Co.
Newark, N. J. — Kresge-Newark
New York, N. Y. — B. Altman
Oklahoma City, Okla. — John A. Brown Co.
Pasadena, Calif. — F. C. Nash & Co.
Portland, Me. — Porteous, Mitchell & Braun
San Jose, Calif. — Hale's
South Bend, Ind. — Robertson Bros.
Springfield, Mass. — Forbes & Wallace
Tulsa, Okla. — Brown Dunkin
York, Pa. — The Bon Ton Dept. Store
Wheeling, W. Va. — Stone & Thomas
Williamsport, Pa. — L. L. Stearns & Sons

DESIGN FOR LIVING

Henry Rosenfeld beruffled, striped dress on page 50:

Akron, Ohio — Birnbaum, Inc.
Atlanta, Ga. — Rich's
Baltimore, Md. — Stewart & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y. — J. N. Adam Co.
Chicago, Ill. — Carson Pirie Scott
Cleveland, Ohio — The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, Ohio — F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Denver, Colo. — Neusteter Co.
Hartford, Conn. — Sage, Allen & Co.
Louisville, Ky. — Byck's
Memphis, Tenn. — John Gerber Co.
Miami, Fla. — Burdine's
Newark, N. J. — L. Bamberger & Co.
New Orleans, La. — D. H. Holmes Co.
New York, N. Y. — Lord & Taylor
Philadelphia, Pa. — Bonwit Teller
Pittsburgh, Pa. — Kaufmann's
Roanoke, Va. — Smartwear-Irving Saks, Inc.
Rochester, N. Y. — McCurdy & Co.
Spokane, Wash. — The Crescent
Springfield, Ill. — John Bressmer Co.
Springfield, Mass. — Forbes & Wallace
Washington, D.C. — The Hecht Co.
Wilmington, Del. — Braunstein's

McKettrick sheer plaid dress on page 51:

Atlanta, Ga. — Rich's
Boston, Mass. — Jordan Marsh
Chicago, Ill. — Carson Pirie Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio — H. & S. Pogue
Dallas, Tex. — A. Harris & Company
Hanover, N. H. — Town & Country
Indianapolis, Ind. — L. S. Ayres & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif. — May Co.
Milwaukee, Wis. — Boston Store
Morgantown, W. Va. — O. J. Morrison Co.
New Orleans, La. — Maison Blanche
New York, N. Y. — B. Altman
Portland, Ore. — Meier & Frank
Sacramento, Calif. — Weinstock, Lubin & Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah — Keith-O'Brien, Inc.
Staunton, Va. — McLean's
Utica, N. Y. — Hurst, Inc.
Washington, D.C. — Jelleff's
Woodstock, Vt. — Town & Country

Minx Modes crisp organdy dress on page 52:

Albany, N. Y. — Josef Yezzi
Atlanta, Ga. — Davison's
Charlotte, N. C. — Belk Bros. Co.
Corpus Christi, Tex. — Lichtenstein's
Detroit, Mich. — The Rollins Co.
Durham, N. C. — Ellis Stone
Fort Worth, Tex. — Monnig's
Greensboro, N. C. — Ellis Stone
Jacksonville, Fla. — Furchgott's
Kansas City, Mo. — Berkson's
Milwaukee, Wis. — T. A. Chapman Co.
Montgomery, Ala. — The Vanity
New York, N. Y. — Saks 34th St.
Paterson, N. J. — Meyer Bros.
Peoria, Ill. — Bergner's
Philadelphia, Pa. — John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa. — Joseph Horne Co.
Topeka, Kan. — Pelletier's
Wichita, Kan. — Geo. Innes Co.

Kenneth Tischler organdy print dress on page 53:

Asheville, N. C. — Jean West
Atlanta, Ga. — J. P. Allen & Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn. — Miller Bros.
Cincinnati, Ohio — Jenny, Inc.
Colorado Springs, Colo. — Lorna Lockwood
Dallas, Tex. — Neiman-Marcus
Greenville, Miss. — Nelms & Blum
Houston, Tex. — Sakowitz Bros.
Miami, Fla. — Minna Lee
New Orleans, La. — Leon Godchaux
New York, N. Y. — Bonwit Teller
Norfolk, Va. — Barber's
Orlando, Fla. — Dickson & Ives, Inc.
Pasadena, Calif. — Bullock's-Pasadena
Philadelphia, Pa. — John Wanamaker
Roanoke, Va. — Smartwear-Irving Saks, Inc.
Tulsa, Okla. — Seldenbach's
Washington, D.C. — Woodward & Lothrop

Leonard Arkin dance dress on page 53:

Atlanta, Ga. — Davison's
Baltimore, Md. — Schleisner Co.
Chicago, Ill. — Carson Pirie Scott
Cleveland, Ohio — The Higbee Co.
Detroit, Mich. — Himelhoch's
Houston, Tex. — Sakowitz Bros.
Indianapolis, Ind. — L. S. Ayres & Co.
Kansas City, Mo. — Harzfeld's
New Orleans, La. — D. H. Holmes Co.
New York, N. Y. — Bonwit Teller
Philadelphia, Pa. — The Blum Store
Roanoke, Va. — B. Forman Sons
St. Louis, Mo. — Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc.
San Antonio, Tex. — Frost Bros.

DESIGN FOR LOAFING

White Stag Topsail play clothes on page 55:

Atlanta, Ga. — J. P. Allen & Co.
Baltimore, Md. — Hochschild, Kohn Co.
Berkeley, Calif. — Wallace & Wallace
Birmingham, Ala. — Pizitz
Chattanooga, Tenn. — The Vogue
Dallas, Tex. — A. Harris & Company
Dayton, Ohio — Metropolitan Co.
Denver, Colo. — Daniels & Fisher
Detroit, Mich. — B. Siegel & Co.
Houston, Tex. — The Fashion
Indianapolis, Ind. — L. S. Ayres & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif. — Bullock's-Downtown
Mobile, Ala. — C. J. Gayfer & Co.
Nashville, Tenn. — Cain-Sloan
New York, N. Y. — Lord & Taylor
Philadelphia, Pa. — Gimbels
Portland, Ore. — Meier & Frank
Rochester, N. Y. — Kroll's
St. Louis, Mo. — Famous-Barr Co.
St. Paul, Minn. — Field-Schlick
Salt Lake City, Utah — Z. C. M. I.
San Antonio, Tex. — Frost Bros.
San Francisco, Calif. — I. Magnin
Sioux City, Ia. — Younker-Davidson's
Spokane, Wash. — The Crescent
Tallahassee, Fla. — The Vogue
Tampa, Fla. — Sea Swank Shop
Washington, D.C. — Woodward & Lothrop


Traditionally the Finest
Hospitality...Western style...has a special tradition all its own. Gay, festive and on a grand scale, it's a hearty, friendly type of hospitality that calls for the finest in foods, in beverages. That's why golden delicious MILLER HIGH LIFE...in the distinguished crystal-clear bottle... has found such favor among Western hosts...*and their guests!*
MILLER HIGH LIFE is a traditional favorite *wherever* the occasion calls for beer at its best! Highlight *your* hospitality by proudly serving this genuine old original Milwaukee beer that's brewed and bottled by the Miller Brewing Company ONLY...and ONLY in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Photography by Leslie Gill
Gown by Lloyd Kiva - Scottsdale
Miller's
HIGH LIFE
The Champagne of Bottle Beer
HIGH LIFE
BEER
OLD ORIGINAL

Admiral

You're set for a wonderful evening with an Admiral! First, there's television . . . clear as the movies on a revolutionary new 21″ non-glare picture tube that's completely free from annoying reflections. Then there's radio . . . with console power and tone achieved by utilizing the full power of Admiral's famous triple-X television chassis. Never before has so much power been available in a radio alone! And to complete your listening pleasure is Admiral's exclusive triple-play phonograph that plays all records automatically (33⅓, 45, 78 rpm). Yes, it's a complete home theatre . . . yours in a smart walnut, mahogany or blonde cabinet only 28 inches wide. At leading dealers everywhere!

Refund for Murder

To the tough tax man the lovely widow was fair game. But he scented money—not murder. Complete mystery novel by John D. MacDonald

After she had been out of the hospital for a week, Beth Talbott was able to walk out in the garden behind her sister's house. At first she had to lean heavily on Marian, but after a few days she could manage alone, walking slowly, easing herself into the striped deck chair, tucking the blanket around her legs.

Harry Palmer, Marian's husband, enjoyed working in his garden. He had been able to create privacy by planting some high cedar hedges and, at the foot of the garden slope, had dug and cemented a wading pool for the neighborhood children, surrounding it with slightly formal

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

They knew only that she was blonde

flower beds. The red maples were beginning to be quite respectable trees. It was May, and the days were getting warmer.

It was enough merely to sit and become slowly stronger. She had always read a great deal. Now she had no desire to read. She watched the change of the flowers, watched the tree shadows.

She had suffered a depressed skull fracture, a coma close to death, intravenous feedings of glucose, hours of the most delicate brain surgery. It was odd, she thought, to imagine strangers' hands doing precise and incomprehensible things to your gray brain cells. The bone wall had been broached, and the hands touched that part of you that was you, that part that made you Beth Talbott, an individual who thought and felt in a certain way.

The hospital days and nights had been scrambled in a crazy way, with time something that either leaped ahead of you, or dawdled behind like a sulky child. They had shaved her head completely, and as the bandages grew smaller, she could touch the horrid spikiness. But days passed, and the bristly hair grew longer, softened. It was still only an inch long, and she wore a turban fashioned from a scarf.

They finally let Marian tell her about Roger. It was anticlimax, because the nurses' and doctors' lies had been too transparent. She had become so certain of her suspicion she had thought that when at last she was told there would be no reaction. Yet she had held Marian's hand, and Marian had cried out with the pain of the nails driven deep, and the nurse had deftly disinfected the tiny wounds.

It is odd to be told in late April that your husband died in February, that he has been buried for long weeks, that all the flowers are wilted and gone. She did not cry until night came, and then it was as if some other woman cried for a man Beth had never known.

With Roger gone she would no longer sense the whispers that had followed her as she walked with him. "Poor Beth," the whispers said. "Poor Beth."

Beth had a visitor on a warm Tuesday afternoon. Marian brought him out into the garden, introduced him as Mr. Crees. Marian went back into

and beautiful and had handled a fortune in cold cash

the house, and Mr. Crees pulled a chair up near Beth's. He was an oddly square-bodied man, tall, with an office complexion. Beth thought the office pallor was subtly wrong, that the heavy features should be sun-weathered, the eyes filled with the look of distance seamen have.

His words were low, soft, carefully enunciated.

"Mrs. Talbott, I waited until I could be sure you were well enough to answer questions."

"Is it about—the accident, Mr. Crees?"

He balanced a brief case on his knees, his large-knuckled white hands holding it firmly. There was a sudden look of primness and distaste about his mouth. "These days I have a peculiar reluctance to state my business. I'm with the Bureau of Internal Revenue, Mrs. Talbott. But not, I assure you, an appointee." In that moment she was aware of rigid honesty carried to the point of fanaticism.

"I'm afraid I don't understand why you'd want to talk to me."

"You could call me a trouble shooter, Mrs. Talbott. I specialize in a particular sort of case. Right now I'm working out of the district office. I have here the joint returns you and your husband filed over the past three years." He took out the three returns and held them out. "This is your signature, Mrs. Talbott?"

"Of course. There never was much income to report, you know."

He looked down toward the wading pool, pursing his lips. "Improper

Sobbing silently, and with an odd shame, she crawled to

returns fall into three general categories, Mrs. Talbott. First there is the unintentional mistake, either an error in arithmetic or in interpreting the instructions. Secondly, there is the matter of being too liberal with deductions. That borders on fraud, but as a general rule we merely collect the additional tax due plus the interest, without penalties. The third instance is the one in which income is not reported in full and the discrepancy is so great that it can be termed fraud. A discrepancy so great no one can make the assumption that it was an oversight."

"If there was any income we didn't report, it certainly couldn't have been much, Mr. Crees. We lost our home last year because we couldn't meet the mortgage payments. I have—I would have been married to Roger three years next month. During that period, he was often unemployed."

him. Then she saw the blood at the corner of his mouth

Crees opened a small notebook. "Your husband held jobs as an insurance salesman, bill collector, door-to-door appliance salesman, salesman for a landscape architect, summons server, used-car salesman. Six jobs in all since you were married."

"That's correct, Mr. Crees."

"Perhaps you fail to understand the amount of leeway I've been given, Mrs. Talbott. I'm prepared to compromise. If you care to state the true income during the period covered by these returns, I will see that the penalties are the minimum prescribed by law."

"I guess I can find our copies in Roger's files and go over my accounts. I paid our bills, when we could pay them. But if all the income wasn't reported, I don't see how it could amount to enough to be worth your time."

"If you don't see fit to state the true family income, Mrs. Talbott, I shall have no patience with you. At this time the bureau cannot afford to treat any fraud case lightly. I shall turn my findings over to the legal branch with the recommendation that you be prosecuted. Due to the—unsavory nature of this case, I think it is highly possible that you might spend some time in a federal prison. You see, when you signed these returns, Mrs. Talbott, you left yourself without a leg to stand on."

It seemed to Beth to be some absurdly complicated practical joke. Yet she had always been aware, highly aware, of the attitude of others toward her. And though this man was soft-spoken and polite, she sensed he had contempt for her, that he despised her. She knew her dazed smile was vacant, idiotic.

"I just don't understand," she said.

"Please think over what I've said. I'll visit you tomorrow, Mrs. Talbott."

After he had gone, the sunshine seemed less warm. Marian came out. Beth told her about the interview, and in the telling she tried to make a joke of it.

Marian said, "Those gentlemen have no sense of humor, Sis. And I don't think they make stupid mistakes. Could Roger have been getting money somehow?"

"And still let the bank take the house away from us? He'd never have done a thing like that!"

"Tomorrow get Mr. Crees to tell you more, Sis. Get him to tell you what he's driving at."

The next afternoon the sun had a brassy look, (Continued on page 155)

The Harry Binghams of Bangkok

Bangkok, quaint watery city of glistening spires, dancing girls, and bloodless revolutions. Bangkok, helter-skelter clutter of floating markets, teak logs, golden-necked barges, and tilted roofs. Bangkok, dreamy with porcelain bells, the whispered chant of begging priests. . . .

Dreamy, quaint, beautiful, charming—if you don't happen to get a rare disease or stop a bullet!—but *not* a place that sounds like home. Yet it's called home by Nancy and Harry Bingham of the state of Washington. With young Susan and Jeffery and still younger Katie and Terrence, they've been living there almost a year and a half. And they intend to go on living there until their next home leave is due, about a year from now, come hell and high water—both of which they're getting conditioned to, what with two revolutions in six months and canals overflowing every rainy season.

Reaching the Binghams' house is a confusing but fascinating experience punctuated by flame trees, frangipani, and winding canals. First, the unpronounceable street name turns out to be the name of a whole but vaguely defined city district. Then the house number is revealed to be the number of fifteen other houses in that particular section of the vaguely defined district.

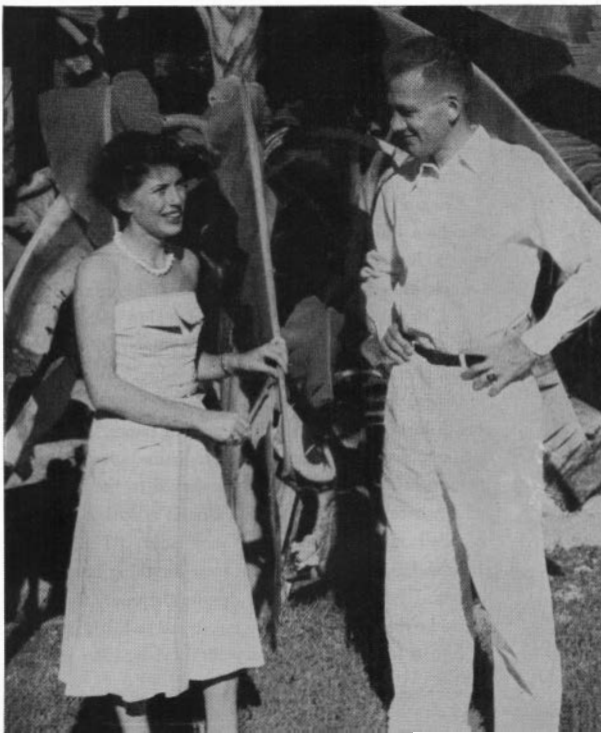
If you are piloted to their home by the Binghams, their running comment goes something like this: "You crisscross the city, pass the cobra farm, the kick-boxing arena, and the Emerald Buddha, turn left at the nineteenth banyan on Pottery Street, second right beside the tall crotons, cross three canals and skirt a lily pond to the fourth scarlet bougainvillaea hedge, dive through, find a gate without bars, and *there* you are!"

"There" turns out to be a large, sprawling, two-story, typically Siamese wooden house that seems to be all shutters, windows, and openings. The brilliant acre of lawn is splashed with flowers, children, ayahs, goats, dogs, cats, parrots, or—depending on the season—awash with six inches of water from the two canals that border the place.

At the gate you meet Rak, the official watchman, and hear two unofficial watchmen, a full-grown goose and gander, honking their heads off at the first footfall on the gravel path. They awaken Rak from his little nap—and everyone else in the neighborhood—with their clamor. The Binghams are apologetic about this racket, but pleased with its efficacy in keeping burglars off the premises. Before the geese were installed, burglars-

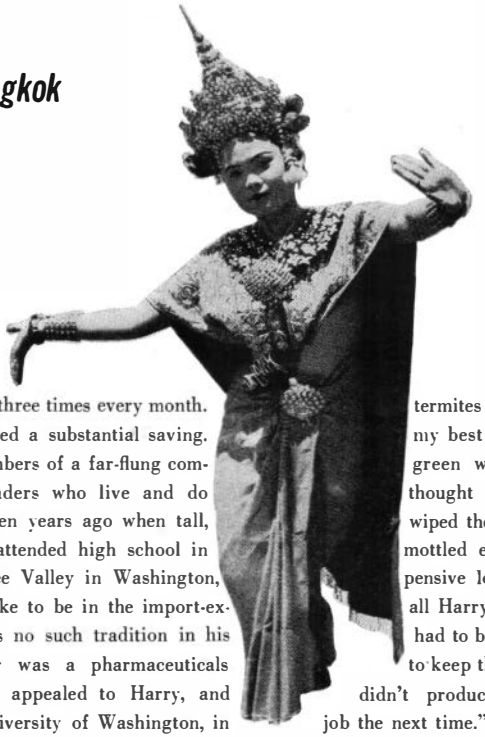
(Continued on next page)

Mona Gardner



***Temples and tropical foliage** are an exotic background to the everyday lives of the Binghams of Seattle, currently residing in Bangkok, Thailand.*
Color Photo by Harrison Forman

Binghams of Bangkok



dropped in an average of three times every month. But the geese have effected a substantial saving.

The Binghams are members of a far-flung community of American traders who live and do business abroad. Seventeen years ago when tall, blue-eyed, blond Harry attended high school in the flourishing Wenatchee Valley in Washington, he got the notion he'd like to be in the import-export business. There was no such tradition in his family: Bingham senior was a pharmaceuticals salesman. But far lands appealed to Harry, and when he went to the University of Washington, in Seattle, he enrolled in the School of Business, with import-export as his major.

Bingham graduated in 1940 and, in rapid succession, got a job with the Carnation Milk Company, married Nancy Emerson (a small, energetic Seattle girl who was also a University of Washington graduate), found himself in the Navy studying at Annapolis to be an officer. He made it and spent six years on aircraft carriers and submarines in the Pacific. Meanwhile Nancy worked as a secretary for the Shell Oil Company in Seattle, followed Harry from one Naval base to another, and in due time presented him with Susan.

Released from the Navy toward the end of 1946, Bingham joined the San Francisco firm of Getz Brothers, a large, enterprising import-export house with branch offices in Tokyo, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, Bangkok, and Bombay. They deal in such varied commodities as structural steel, wallboards, canned foods, chemicals, paint, hardware, leather, power saws, floorings, pharmaceuticals, glass blocks, bottling equipment, flashlight batteries, boilers, and paper.

Six months later the eager Binghams, plus Susan, plus an infant Jeffery. were transferred to the Manila office where Nancy had Lesson One in adapting to the so-called mysterious East. Nancy says, "The flies, cockroaches, spiders, and heat were anything but mysterious. I felt like a pioneer, despite the many Americans who'd been there before me. I had to learn not to go into a tail spin over every little crisis. Like when termites got into the furniture. Or when my best evening slippers developed long green whiskers from the dampness. I thought they were ruined, but when I wiped the mold off, I found it had left a mottled effect that was fetching and expensive looking. However, from then on all Harry's, Susan's, Jeff's, and my shoes had to be wiped inside and out every day to keep the whiskers off, just in case they didn't produce the same expensive-looking job the next time."

They remained in Manila for twenty-eight months, until first home leave was due. Home leave meant a leisurely three-week ocean trip to San Francisco on a de luxe Pacific liner, Harry's company paying all expenses—a considerable item, for by now Katie had made her appearance, and there were five Binghams. They had a glorious three months on the West Coast, showing off the babies to both families, going to theatres, and shopping. Then they returned to Manila.

The transfer to Bangkok came in November, 1950, when Harry was appointed manager, with a staff of five Americans and fifty-two Thais. They picked up their goods and chattels—playpens figuring largely—and, with the infant Terrence, migrated to Bangkok. They paused—briefly, they thought—in a hotel until they could find the right house.

It turned out they couldn't find *any* house, let alone the right one. For seven weeks they searched, peering behind croton hedges, dodging around canals, querying every new acquaintance. In Bangkok there are no real-estate agents. You ask the friend of a friend of a friend—and hope, and pray, and ask another friend.

After seven weeks of camping out, the Binghams moved into *the* house. Not one they'd have looked at the first week. Not one they'd have dickered over the second. But by the seventh week it was a haven.

Downstairs are a dining room, pantry, storeroom (cookhouse with servants' quarters is detached). Off the dining room is a commodious covered terrace, flush with the velvety lawn *(Continued on page 90)*

Mona Gardner

Nancy Bingham and a native nurse *lead the two youngest Binghams, Katie and Terrence, while Susan and Jeffery run ahead. Beyond the quiet garden, guarded by a Siamese gatekeeper and two geese, lies a colorful, confusing world. Canals, temples, a kicking-box arena, and a cobra farm are just a few of Bangkok's sights.*

Ewing Galloway

The Binghams' frame house, *with wide windows and overhanging roof, is typically Siamese, designed to beat the heat. Downstairs are dining room, pantry, storeroom, and an open porch. Upper story has bedrooms and two living rooms. At right, one of the city's ancient temples.*


Have
they
really

licked

TUBERCULOSIS?

The answer lies in crucial tests now under way. Here are the facts behind the new "cure" that has inspired such great hope • BY TOM HUDDLESTON

At eleven forty-five in the morning on last February twenty-first, a press conference was hurriedly called together in the offices of the National Tuberculosis Association in New York City. Tensely, the assembled reporters questioned representatives of two large drug companies and two doctors who at that moment knew more than anyone else about one of the biggest medical stories of recent years.

By noon, newspapers throughout the country were splashed with hastily written bulletins about the discovery of a new "miracle drug"—known as Nydrazid or Rimifon in one variation, and as Marsilid in another—that brought dying tuberculosis patients back to life, strength, and normal weight. TB, it seemed from the headlines, was practically licked.

The story made big news in Brazil, where 18,000 people die every year of tuberculosis; in France, where 39,000 die of it annually; and in almost every other country in the world.

In the United States—where tuberculosis kills more people between the ages of 15 and 34 than any other single disease, and last year took 35,000 lives—hope among the more than 400,000 tuberculosis sufferers soared to fantastic heights.

At the press conference the scientists were tight-lipped and unhappy as they answered reporters' eager questions. Until that morning the men involved in developing and testing the new drug had succeeded in keeping its existence secret to avoid exactly the sort of sensationalism they were now facing. But the secret had been too hot to hold. During the eight months since the first clinical tests, the news had spread, confidentially, through medical circles and eventually to the press. Many newspapermen and magazine editors had been dutifully "sitting on the story," waiting for its release in medical journals, planned for April. Then one New York newspaper let the cat out of the bag. Others quickly followed suit, and the doctors could do nothing except try to clarify the meager clinical data at hand and put the lid on some of the more fantastic press reports.

The TB story is not the first to get out of hand. In the past twenty years of swiftly moving medical progress other "cures" have flashed on the horizon only to fade in the light of further research. The sulfas, penicillin, ACTH, cortisone, streptomycin, all remarkable and intensely valuable weapons in the fight against disease, each went through a period during which the *(Continued on page 94)*

American X-Ray Laboratory, Ewing Galloway

SENATOR McCARTHY

answers some important questions

The question of McCarthyism will be one of the most telling issues in the coming Presidential campaign. The senator from Wisconsin has brought the problem of America's internal security to a violent head, enlisting strong support on the one hand and stinging opposition on the other.

Here, for the first time, COSMOPOLITAN joins all the important questions that have been asked by friend and foe of Senator McCarthy along with the senator's own answers to them. Senator McCarthy is on the witness stand. The readers of COSMOPOLITAN can be the jury.

Senator McCarthy, I agree with your aim of removing Communists from Government, but is it necessary that you use such tough methods?

There is no way to combat the Communist menace other than by exposing and removing from power the traitors and the dupes who are responsible for doing the planning that has resulted in disaster for America and success for communism.

The last twenty years have proved that all the well-meaning speeches in the world against communism *generally* by the most loyal Americans, are as ineffective as speeches against crime *generally* by a prosecuting attorney who fails to dig out and convict the criminals.

This truism hit me forcibly upon my return to this country from a stretch in the Pacific with the Marine Corps during World War II. I found extremely competent and outstanding legislators warning the American people in clear, concise, and intelligent terms of the impending disaster to America. Unfortunately, the revelations of the sell-out of America to international communism—revelations that should have commanded banner headlines in every paper in the country—were relegated to want-ad type and space.

This convinced me that the American people could not be awakened by merely a discussion of traitorous policies *generally*—but rather the specific traitors who made those policies had to be exposed. Foreign policy, after all, does not just happen. It is carefully planned by men with faces and names. I decided to put those faces and names on the front pages of every American newspaper.

I decided that it did little good to argue about changing our suicidal foreign policy as long as the men in charge of forming that policy were in the camp of the enemy. The change that had to be made—if we were to save civilization—was a change in the "experts"—the "experts" who had so expertly sold out China and Poland without the American people realizing what had happened.

On February 9, 1950, I launched the public phase of this fight at Wheeling, West Virginia—after an unlimited amount of research covering the background of the architects of disaster

(Continued on next page)

for America and success for Russia. At that time I pointed out the unpleasant fact that we had been losing the war against communism at the rate of 100 million people a year.

Watching civilization plunging so rapidly toward the abyss of oblivion, one must conclude that we are losing the war to communism either because of stumbling, fumbling idiocy on the part of those allegedly leading the fight against communism or because, like Hiss, they are "planning it that way."

I have maintained that whether our defeat is due to treason or incompetence, those doing the planning should be removed from power if this nation and our civilization are to live.

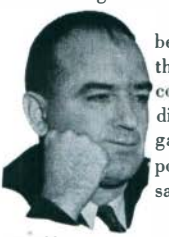
Would you explain your use of the numbers 205 and 57 in referring to Communists and pro-Communists in the State Department?

At Wheeling I discussed a letter Secretary of State Byrnes wrote in 1946 to Congressman Adolph Sabath. Byrnes stated that 284 individuals had been declared by the President's Loyalty Board as unfit to work in the State Department because of Communist activities and for other reasons, but that only 79 had been discharged. This left 205 still on the State Department's pay roll even though the President's own board had declared them unfit for Government service.

In the same speech at Wheeling, I said that while I did not have the names of the 205 referred to in the Byrnes letter, I did have the names of 57 who were "either members of or loyal to the Communist Party." Those names were offered to the President in a telegram I sent him the following day. The President instead of accepting the names contented himself with calling me names.

The Tydings committee reported that you said you had the names of 205 and not 57 when you spoke in Wheeling. Which of the figures is correct?

This question is best answered by Daniel Buckley, an honest investigator for the completely unfriendly Gillette–Monroney committee who lost his job with the committee because of his efforts to get to the truth about the "numbers game."



He interviewed a large number of people who attended the Wheeling speech and they completely discredited the Tydings committee's "numbers game," and confirmed my report of what actually had been said.

Will you explain your use of the figure 81?

On February 20, 1950, without naming names, I gave the Senate a résumé of the facts from the secret files of 81 individuals—including the 57 referred to at Wheeling.

While I strongly felt that the 57 were either Communists or completely loyal to the Communist Party, the 81 includes cases that were marginal. Although their files suggested unfitness for Government jobs, I felt that some might be able to prove their innocence. Therefore, I called for a careful investigation in closed session by a Senate committee.

Were all the names given to the Tydings committee?

All except the 205 mentioned in Secretary Byrnes's letter.

Acme, I.N.P., Wide World

Why did you not give the names of the 205 mentioned in the Byrnes letter to the Tydings committee?

As I explained at Wheeling and in my wire to the President, I did not have the names of those mentioned in the Byrnes letter. However, I urged the Tydings committee to subpoena Secretary Acheson to obtain those names. This was never done.

Can you give the names of some of those who have been removed from Government service as a result of your proof?

Yes.

John Stewart Service was dismissed from the State Department December 13, 1951, on orders from the Loyalty Review Board, which reversed the State Department's previous clearances.

William Remington was convicted and sentenced to five years in prison in connection with his membership in the Communist Party. Remington was on the Commerce Department's pay roll but working closely with the State Department, handling secret material. When his case was presented to the Tydings committee, the committee refused to hear the evidence. Remington was later indicted by a grand jury. Evidence presented at his trial showed that Remington had supplied top-secret Government documents to a Soviet courier. A retrial has been ordered for him on technical grounds.

Edward Posniak, after having been cleared by the State Department Loyalty Board in November, 1948, resigned after I exposed his record. He was subsequently called for lengthy questioning before a grand jury. Esther Brunauer has been suspended from a high State Department job where she was handling "top secret" material.

Her husband, Stephen Brunauer, an admitted former member of the Young Communist League, was suspended from his job as head of the Navy's high-explosives section where he was engaged in top-secret work. He resigned before the Navy's Loyalty Board could complete questioning him and dispose of his case.

Peveril Meigs was allowed to resign from the State Department with a clear record. He then obtained a job with the Defense Establishment. He was discharged from that job under the loyalty program.

Hans Lansberg was allowed to resign from the State Department with a clear record and secured a position as an economist with the Department of Commerce. The Secretary of Commerce ordered Lansberg discharged under the Loyalty program. The Loyalty Review Board, upon appeal, affirmed the action of the Secretary of Commerce, and Lansberg was removed from his position on May 25, 1951.

Oliver Edmund Clubb, director of the State Department's Division of Chinese Affairs, was cleared by both the Tydings committee and the State Department. Upon re-examination, the State Department Loyalty Board unanimously ruled against Clubb. Dean Acheson overruled his Loyalty Board and gave Clubb a clean bill of health. Clubb immediately resigned to accept a life pension of $5,800 a year.

The list is growing from month to month. It should be remembered, however, that it took ten years to get rid of Hiss after he had been named as a Communist spy.

Why did it take so long to force John Stewart Service out of the State Department?

Throughout Service's State Department career he received the all-out protection of Dean Acheson and other top officials.

After Service was *(Continued on page 143)*

She was, you

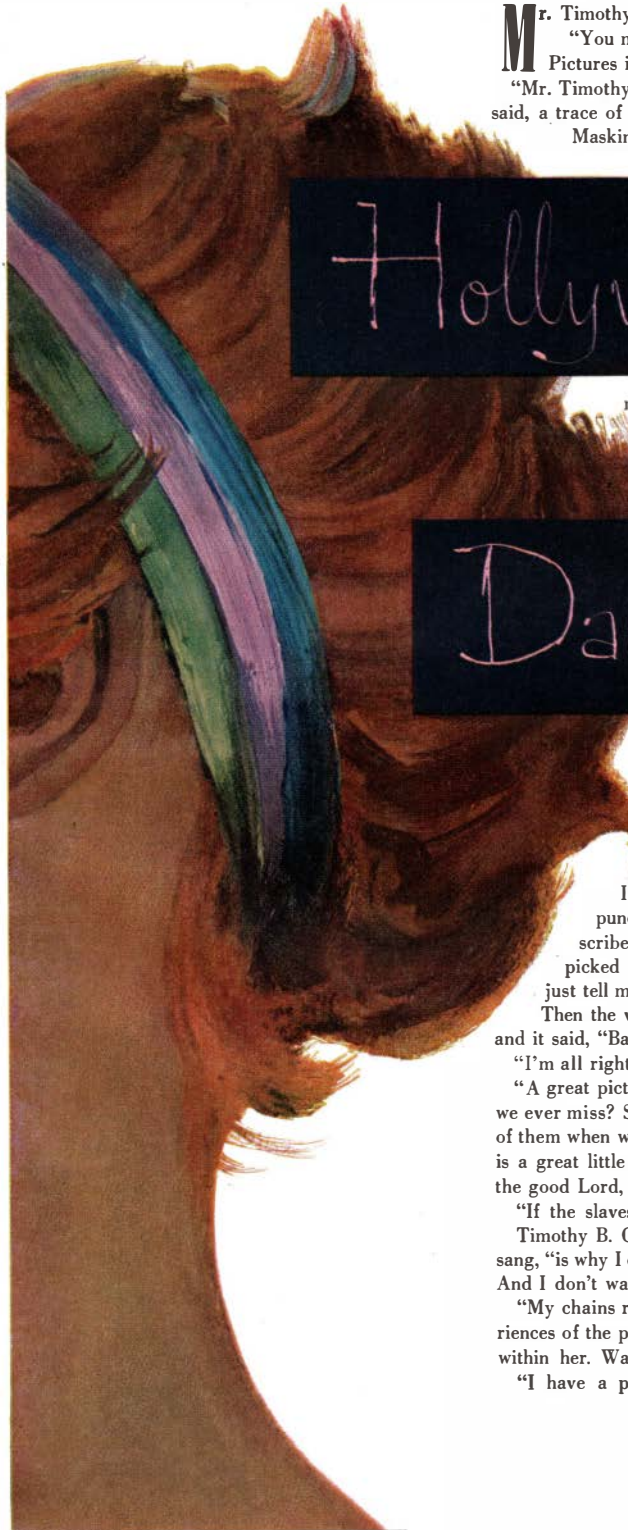
had to admit,

loathsomely beautiful.

She made every woman,

regardless of age, feel like a maiden aunt

BY BARBARA DICKINSON



Hollywood Daughter

Mr. Timothy B. Candor is calling," the operator said crisply.

"You mean, don't you," Elizabeth said carefully, "that Classic Pictures is calling?"

"Mr. Timothy B. Candor *of* Classic Pictures is calling," the operator said, a trace of annoyance in her voice.

Masking her astonishment with a light, unruffled laugh, Elizabeth reviewed her relationship with her boss. She had met him once, when she was with a publishing house and he had just bought the movie rights to a book that her company had published. It had been a very big book, she remembered, very low-necked. It had done fine. "Hello," Timothy B. Candor had said to her. And the very next week a minion of his had hired her away from the publishing house, and she had not seen, communicated directly with, or spoken to Mr. Candor from that day to this. And from that day to this had been a really loathsome trip.

He's going to fire me, she thought in wonder, in delight. It's the only explanation. I have violated some obscure rule of movie-making, and he's going to trounce me thoroughly and then throw me back. Back to sanity, Elizabeth thought reverently. Back to the human race. Back to reality. Back to *work!*

In a place called Culver City, California, somebody punched a button and Elizabeth inclined her head in the prescribed position, eager for the ax. In Culver City somebody picked up a receiver and a dimmed-out voice said, "Dammit, just tell me what the female's name is!"

Then the voice came very close to her ear, very close and hearty, and it said, "Baby! Miss Carlisle, baby! How the hell are you?"

"I'm all right," Elizabeth said. "How are you? How are pictures?"

"A great picture, you said? Sure it was a great picture, darling! Do we ever miss? Sure we miss, but who cares? We're better than the rest of them when we stink up every theatre in the country. Classic Pictures is a great little team. Not one of those lousy cutthroat families, thank the good Lord, but a great little team."

"If the slaves on a galley were a great little team," she muttered.

Timothy B. Candor suddenly began to croon to her. "And that," he sang, "is why I called you. *You're* a member of that team, Carlisle, baby. And I don't want you ever to forget it."

"My chains remind me," Elizabeth said. But, despite the bitter experiences of the past three years, the tiniest of hopes irrationally fluttered within her. Was it possible—?

"I have a problem," Mr. Candor said, *(Continued on page 83)*

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

by Samuel Grafton

The Male View of Feminine Charm

A tantalizing article by a man willing to pick up quicksilver in his fingers, snare the wind in a fishnet, and tell women what it is that makes some of them irresistible

Contrary to a belief deeply rooted in female folklore, when the boys in the back room get together for a drink and a talk, they almost never discuss bad women. Boys above college age, that is. I remember college sessions in which the after-midnight conversation was almost wholly devoted to a running census of girls who were no better than they should be. But this phase ends at about age twenty-one. The prevailing female belief that when grown men get together they drool into their beer while reciting, in massed chorus, the names of women who have slipped, couldn't be wronger. This type of information is a trade secret a man of sense keeps to himself.

What men do discuss (and this is an indication that man is a more moral creature than he admits) is the kind of women they admire. On the whole, though, men don't talk about women nearly so often as women think. Sometimes—in a bar, in a smoking car after midnight, or in an office late at night—the two greatest compliments men have for women come up. A man mentions a name, and another says, "That's a lot of woman." Or, "She's got class."

The phrases have the same meaning, and every man knows what they mean. If a woman wants to have a high standing among men (in other words, if she isn't dead) it behooves her to find out what "class" is. Class is the quality men admire and adore, the one quality in a woman they are not ashamed to mention to another man.

There are often arguments over whether a woman is beautiful or not, but there is almost never any discussion about whether she has class. On this point, soul speaks to soul. A man always knows. Beauty never hurts class, and no girl will lose her class because she happens to be beautiful. But often the woman with class is not even pretty, though she nearly always has something—face or figure or skin. Any one of these will do; she doesn't have to be a Technicolor salad of all of them. Her qualities, let's say, are not physical, though she has to be physical enough to provide a frame for her qualities.

One thing she isn't—she is never overhung with "accessories." She isn't one of those female junk heaps who clank when they sit down and are in danger of being snatched *(Continued on page 92)*

There is a quality in women that men adore—the one quality they are not ashamed to mention to other men.

Stephen Colhoun

EVEN NOW, FACING DEATH ON AN

EMPTY SEA, HE STUDIED HIS

WIFE AND HER LOVER AND

WONDERED WHY HE HAD LOST HER

First Mate

BY DAVID GOODIS

When they saw the island, it was full noon. The weather was exceptionally clear and they could see the tiny mound of gray-purple edging itself above the horizon. Crosset estimated it was about ten miles away, but he remained silent, waiting for the other man's opinion. The other man was the technician in these matters.

"I'd say ten miles," Garrison remarked. His tone was casual, as though they were on an outing. Actually the expedition was purely involuntary. There were three of them on a life raft somewhere in the Indian Ocean. They had been on the raft for twenty-eight days. The fishing tackle was still hauling in food, but the other contrivance, the marvelous little gadget that took the salt out of sea water, had been in disrepair for the past sixty hours. The sky was scorching, and they were very thirsty.

Crosset's wife, Francine, moved across the raft and crouched beside Garrison, their shoulders touching as they stared at the island. In Garrison's manner there was no anxiety, and he seemed to be making navigational calculations. Garrison, who was in his middle thirties, tall and heavy and ruggedly attractive, had recently been hired as first mate on Crosset's yacht. When the *Setter* had been docked at Mananjary, in Madagascar, the other deck officer came down with pneumonia. The hiring of Garrison had seemed a simple matter, but *(Continued on page 101)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS


KLM
DUTCH AIRLINES
SABENA
BELGIAN AIRLINES
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES
French Line
M. S. STOCKHOLM
FOR YEAR-ROUND
VACATIONS
NEW YORK
CENTRAL
SYSTEM
MOORE-McCORMACK
LINES

On These Eight Pages

CAREFREE COTTONS

By Virginia C. Williams

Design for Leaving

Travel prologue: With plane, train, or ship ticket in hand you are off. The dual-purpose ensemble at left is of Dan River's Wrinkl-Shed cotton. Fitted jacket covers sun dress; skirt is gored and pocketed. By Pat Hartly. Black, brown, or navy, with white checks. 9 to 15; 12 to 18. Under $20. Best & Co., New York. Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Roos Bros., San Francisco. Hat, Madcaps. Bag, Surrey. Pearls, Richelieu.

Going someplace? Obviously. And wearing the indispensable three-quarter-length cover-all coat (top right). Button-on linen collar and cuffs launder easily. Rows of hemline stitching give the stand-away silhouette. In Reeves Cords, a crease- and spot-resisting washable corded cotton. Gray, blue, brown, green, henna. 8 to 18. About $18. Duchess Royal. B. Altman, New York; Himelhoch's, Detroit; A. Harris, Dallas.

Matching traveler. A cool suit (right) in same fabric as the topper. The jacket is sliced off at the new short length and has excellent inside finishing. Again, detachable collar and cuffs. The straight skirt has a back pleat to make walking easy. Same colors as topper. Sizes 10 to 18. About $20. B. Altman, New York; Himelhoch's, Detroit; A. Harris, Dallas. Hat, Little Lady by Laddie Northridge. Patent bag by Coronet.

(Continued on next page)

Photographs by Stephen Colhoun

See page 24 for other stores where you can buy these cottons

Design for Living

LUNCHEON ON THE TERRACE: Stripes and ruffles and a wide ballooning skirt combine in demure elegance. This is Avondale's woven striped chambray. Wear starched petticoats and to achieve a Scarlett waist—pull in the belt (it matches the ruffles). Blue, red, toast, or dark-gray, with white. Sizes 10 to 16. Under $15. By Henry Rosenfeld. At Lord & Taylor, New York; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago.

DINERS EXIT LAUGHING—you in cool, sheer cotton. Bell-like sleeves worn high or low for your pet gloves (we added longish ones by Van Raalte). Tiny silver buttons. Unpressed pleats to give the skirt a swinging motion. By McKettrick. Green and lime on brown; red and yellow on charcoal; mauve and raspberry on navy. Dan River's Wrinkl-Shed. 10 to 20. About $13. B. Altman, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; A. Harris, Dallas.

(Continued on next page)

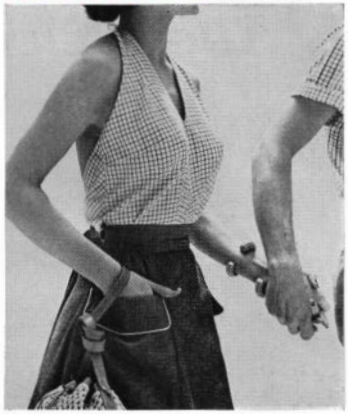
Design for Living

Teatime: *The coolest, daintiest dress in town—Wamsutta's Wamsheer organdy with a tiny colorful print on a yellow, pink, or gray background. Minute buttons, a patent contour belt, a billowy skirt. Sizes 8 to 18. About $23. By Kenneth Tischler. Bonwit Teller, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; and J. P. Allen, Atlanta.*

Intermission: *Everyone has gone poodle happy. Here puppies cavort over the skirt of a crisp party dress in Wamsutta's Wamshadow organdy. Jet buttons and scroll embroidery on the top. Gray and gold; pink and green; maize and aqua. 7 to 15. About $23. By Minx Modes. Saks 34th Street, New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.*

The social whirl: *Try organdy with linen for a new twist. A shell of black linen tops a swirl of brown Fisba organdy embroidered in black and white. Not shown is a brief jacket to wear to and from the party. 10 to 16. About $50. By Leonard Arkin. Bonwit Teller, New York; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Frost Bros., San Antonio.*

(Continued on next page)



Barebacked beauty: *Ready for the sun in a tattersall-check halter that is fully lined. Under $4. Deep-pocketed denim skirt is about $4.*

Denim shorts *with pockets piped in white. A high waistband keeps your shirt tucked in place. Under $4. Plastic bracelets by Jules Schwab.*

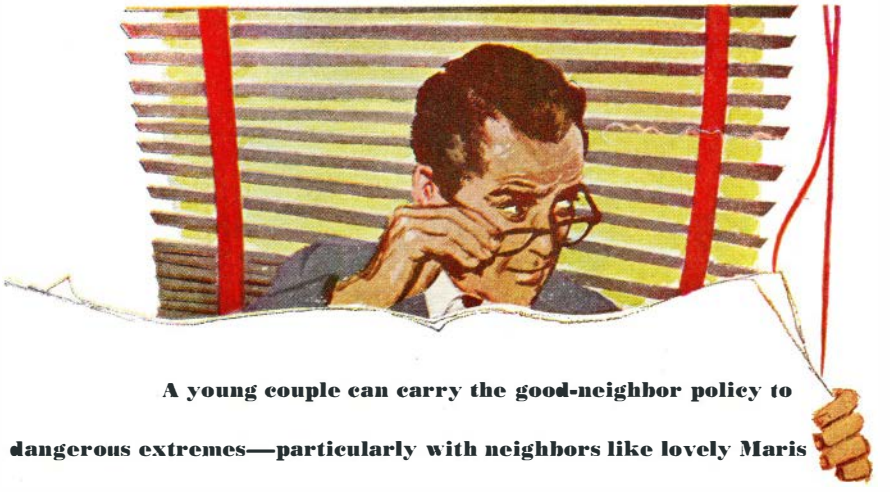
Play in five parts *by Korday in tattersall check and denim. Dan River's tattersall-check cotton, in white with blue, red, or brown check; Cone denim, in blue, brown, or Oxford-gray. Left: Sleeveless blouse, under $4. Pedal pushers with white-piped pockets, under $5. Not shown, a denim beach jacket, about $6. All pieces on this page in sizes 10 to 20. All are at Marshall Field & Company, Chicago.*

Design for Loafing

Play in four parts *for life at the beach—designed by White Stag, made of hardy, colorful Topsail by Wellington Sears. Right: Wrap-around beach dress with fan pockets, about $9. Underneath, a striped bra, about $3, and striped shorts, about $4. Beach bag, about $3. Dress colors are red, black, navy, yellow, aqua, white, green. Bra and shorts in combinations of aqua, toast, white, on black; red, white, yellow, on navy. Small, medium, large. Lord & Taylor, New York; Hochschild, Kohn, Baltimore; Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles.*

Toggle-coat *by White Stag. Comes in same colors as the beach dress. About $7.*

Bracelet by Castlecliff. Shoes by Capezio.



A young couple can carry the good-neighbor policy to dangerous extremes—particularly with neighbors like lovely Maris and friendly George, a pair of charming, inspired chiselers

Such Good Company

BY EDWIN A. PEEPLES

They were friends of the Trowbridges, but Pauline Trowbridge told Joan after we met the Lloyds at her house to beware of getting mixed up in any projects with them.

"Pauline says they're irresponsible and inconsiderate," Joan told me later. "She says Maris is a schemer. But you know Pauline. She's a little catty. I liked Maris."

"Well"—it was May, and I felt friendly toward everybody—"they seem nice enough. Anyhow, why worry? They may not find a place out here."

Wainwright County was the rage for farm-sized country places, and property had grown scarce and expensive in the two years since we had moved there. Like the other couples who had farms all around us, Joan and I were fugitives from the unstable and empty ways of the city. We wanted to pioneer, to build things and grow things. We wanted low taxes and pure water and the right to change our partitions ourselves without having to bribe a building inspector or suffer criticism from apartment dwellers who constructed nothing more formidable than a bridge hand.

Both Joan's family and mine were aghast at the idea. It would never work. We'd grow old before our time. It would break us. But Joan and I are stubborn. Heaven knows we're not wealthy, but if I did the carpentry and masonry, which I liked to do, and if Joan did the painting and plastering, which she liked to do, we could live well in Wainwright County on the moderate income I had as a combustion engineer for an oil company. Our families chipped in from time to time, and we learned to save for large, permanent things. For nearly a year before we met the Lloyds we'd been saving for a thirty-foot freezer they had at the Farm Bureau.

We wanted about six children, and we wanted to accumulate an estate. Accumulating an estate is the only way to get one anymore. There are laws against making enough at one time to buy one.

Besides, the city made Joan nervous. No outlet for her energy and too many people. She's painfully shy about people except that she tends to go overboard for some one person who attracts her, as Maris did.

"Everyone was so nice to us when we came here," she said, "I feel *(Continued on page 112)*

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

Over our coffee we talked of divorce—without quite knowing how it started.

by Andrea Sherman

WHEN YOU EAT ALONE

To each of you, at some time, will come a period when you must eat alone. Perhaps you'll take a job in a strange city where you are temporarily friendless; perhaps your husband will go away on a prolonged business trip; or, if you're a husband, maybe you'll be a summer bachelor. For any of these reasons, or a number of others, you will face a long spell when you'll have to take your meals by yourself.

During this period, you may find yourself in the grip of an overwhelming loneliness. No matter how unreasonable, this feeling is often overpowering. Recently an eminent psychiatrist explained it this way: "As babies, we never ate alone; therefore, as adults, we feel the emotional need of fellow diners. Without company, food tends to be tasteless and mealtime boring. But instead of raging at his lonely lot—which is the instinctive reaction of every solitary diner—he should adopt the attitude, 'This, too, shall pass.' "

You'll find it difficult to accept this sound advice. Many of you will go reluctantly home each evening, scrape together an unappetizing, unbalanced, unnourishing meal—and if you keep it up, you may provide yourself with a sound reason for your self-pity. The illness of malnutrition or overweight, or the soul sickness of the person who is chronically sorry for himself will not bring you friends or happiness.

Remember that your solitude is a temporary condition and look on it as an opportunity to learn how to be self-sufficient, to relax intelligently from the tensions of the day, and to perfect special dishes that you can later serve to friends.

Here are some steps toward solitary-but-happy eating:

Stop feeling sorry for yourself. The first rule concerns your mental attitude—you must stop feeling sorry for yourself. Don't come dragging grimly in, grimly prepare dinner, and grimly eat it. Don't do *anything* that makes you feel more forlorn.

This advice, however, doesn't mean that you should join the "by heaven, be gay" school of thought so often suggested in sprightly little articles. The authors of these merry little pieces advocate ceremonious solo dining: they recommend dabs of perfume, daintily laid tables and candlelight, trailing negligees and froufrou. Not a bit of it! Such elaborate stage setting makes most people feel even more deserted. After creating such grandeur you're likely to ask yourself, "Why isn't someone here to appreciate what I've done?" Re-enter Gloom.

Relax in solid comfort. On coming into your apartment at the end of the day, don't sit down and let lethargy creep slowly over you. Make the first preparations toward successful dining. Flip on the radio (a very important point); if the dinner you have planned requires it, light the oven; if you are having a baked dish that takes an hour or so to cook, start it immediately.

Then, secure in the knowledge that preparations are under way, change into comfortable clothes. For the next half hour, relax—with drink in hand, radio music in ear and, perhaps, the evening paper or a good book under your nose. By the time you're ready to fix dinner, you'll be released from tension and happy, singing instead of sighing.

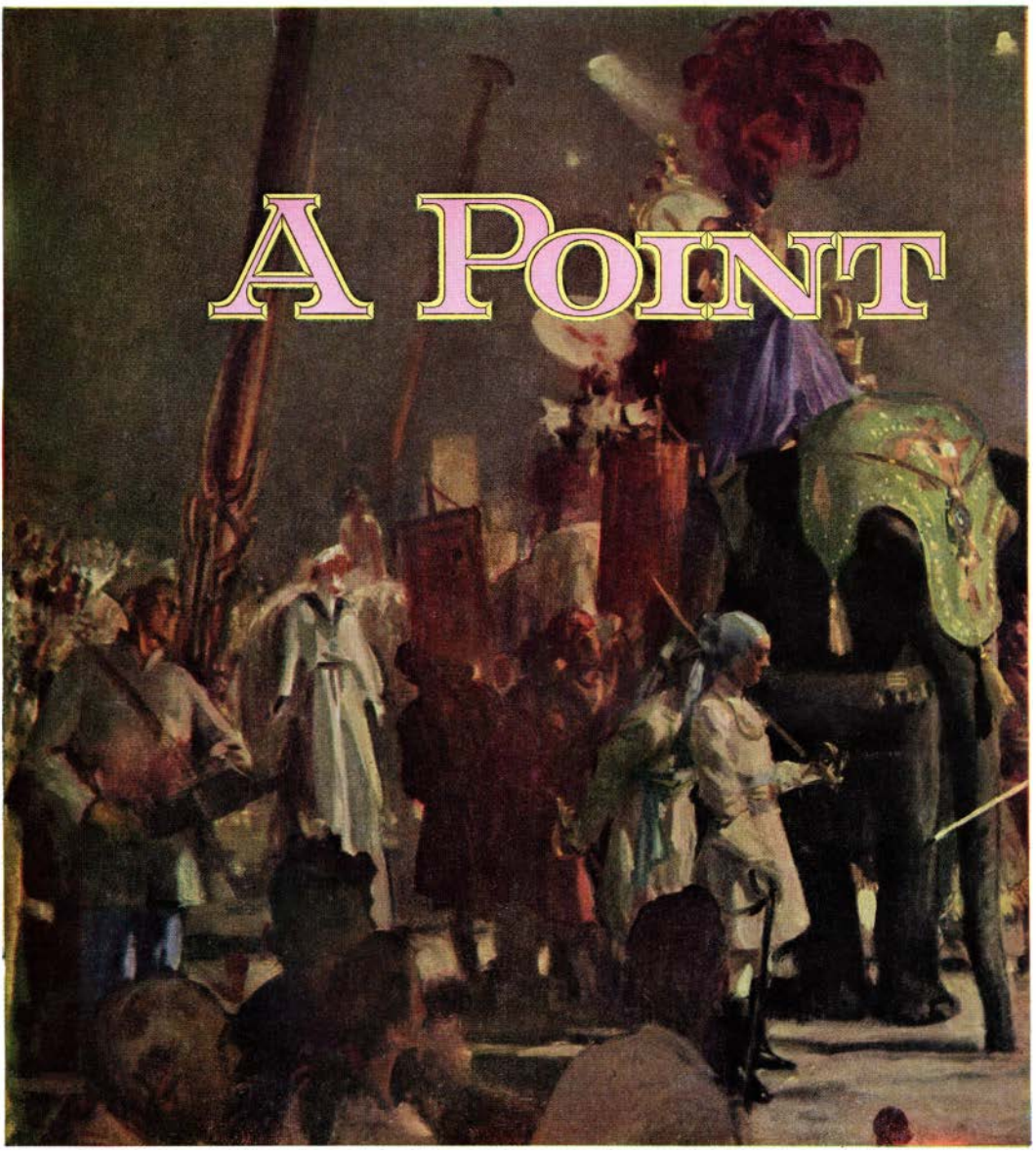
Distract while you dine. Many men find it comfortable to eat at the dining-room *(Continued on page 96)*

Mealtime is a lonely time if there's→ no one to share it. But there are ways to brighten your spirits and your menu. Prop this article at your elbow—and you'll no longer dread solitary dining

Edgar de Evia

'Monkey Bradley wasn't really dishonest, but he

A POINT



"If you see it in the *Sun*, it's so" may be a good motto, but I like Monkey Bradley's motto better. Monkey always says, "If Monkey Bradley tells you it's so, who knows?—it may be."

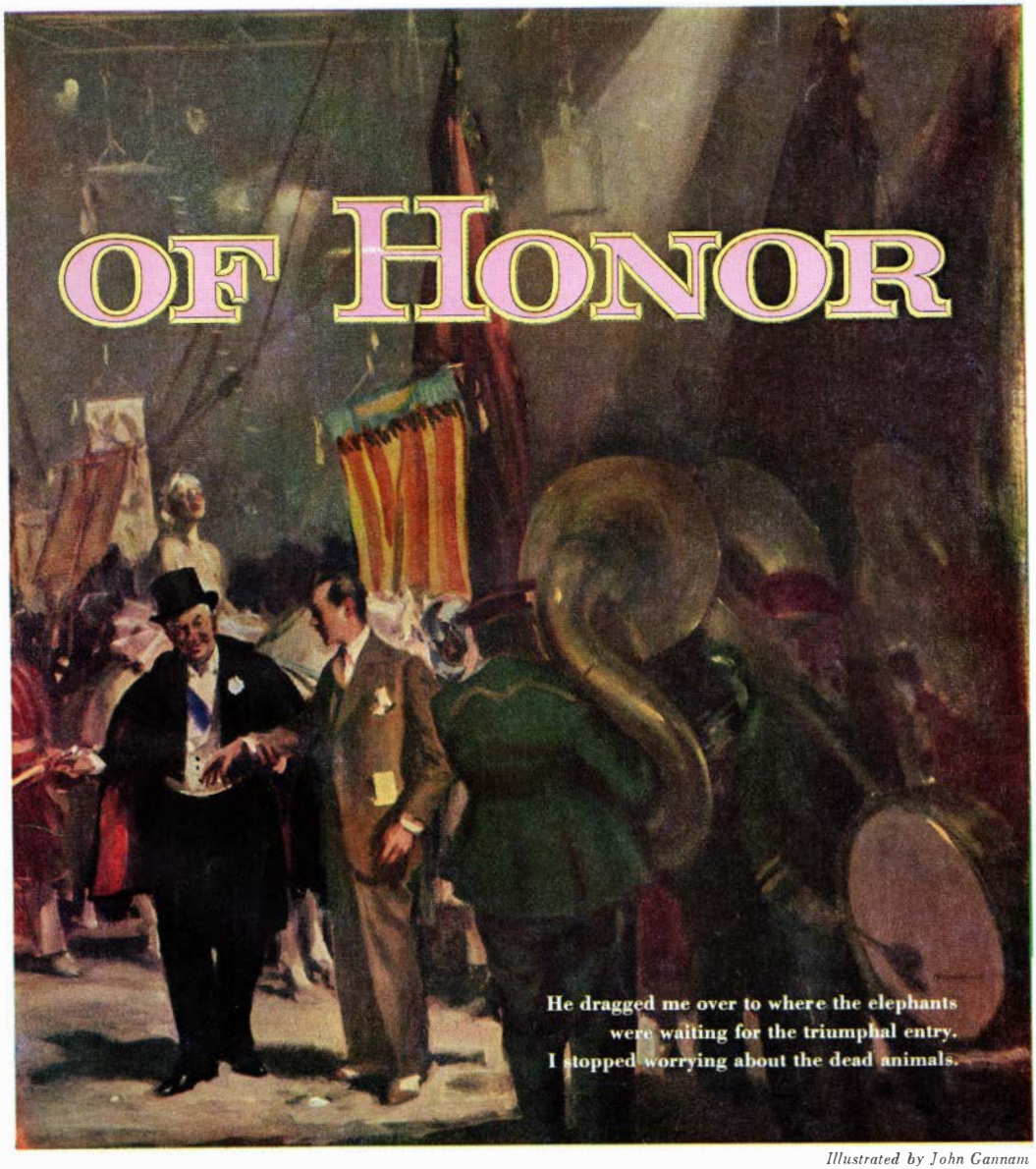
For all I know it may be that now and then Monkey actually does tell the truth. But in an acquaintance that stretches back over the years a good deal further than I like to think, I've never caught him at it.

My first meeting with Monkey Bradley was back in those days when our little Kansas town had two newspapers, each printed on a brand-new flat-bed press, and I was a green young reporter. He seemed an oldish sort of man to me then, but since he seems an oldish sort of man to me now, it may only have been that I was very young.

It was midsummer in a Kansas drought year, and hotter than the outskirts of hell the morning I first saw Monkey. I took the streetcar to Thirteenth and walked the rest of the way to Hudson's pasture, where Bradley's Mammoth New Century Circus was making

did hate to let a sucker get loose · By F. Anton Reeds

OF HONOR



He dragged me over to where the elephants were waiting for the triumphal entry. I stopped worrying about the dead animals.

Illustrated by John Gannam

a one-day stand. It hardly seemed worth while, from a news angle, but I was always a sucker for a circus. When I walked onto the dusty lot and saw Jonesy, from the *Banner*, loitering around where they were putting up the side-show top, I let myself get excited. I was sure then that there must be something pretty hot on the stove. (Somehow it never occurred to me that maybe Jonesy was a sucker for a circus, too.)

From the corner of my eye I saw a stocky, florid gentleman in a beautiful green-and-gold vest walk into the shade of the red marquee in front of the big tent, which was already up. The stocky gentleman stood there eyeing Jonesy and me; then he called to someone, and I saw him nod toward us and ask a question. Then he walked toward us. I tried to act casual and unconcerned, and I was certain Jonesy was trying to act casual and unconcerned, too.

The florid gentleman, who was Monkey Bradley, halted in front of us.

"Gentlemen," he began, *(Continued on page 98)*

He pulled her to him and held her tight, but even then she felt a pang

The Doubtful Heart

A TENDER AND SEARCHING LOVE STORY OF THE YOUNG AND UNSURE • BY HILDA COLE ESPY

"I can understand Canute," Hester said.

Joel's quick, dark eyes smiled. "The king who tried to stop the tide? Why—do you have the same impulse?"

She nodded. "It's been such a happy day."

"We'll have lots of happy days, Hester."

They were sitting beneath the sand cliffs at Muldoon's Hollow, looking out to sea, and she was leaning against his knees.

"It's funny," she marveled, "that two weeks ago you were a stranger."

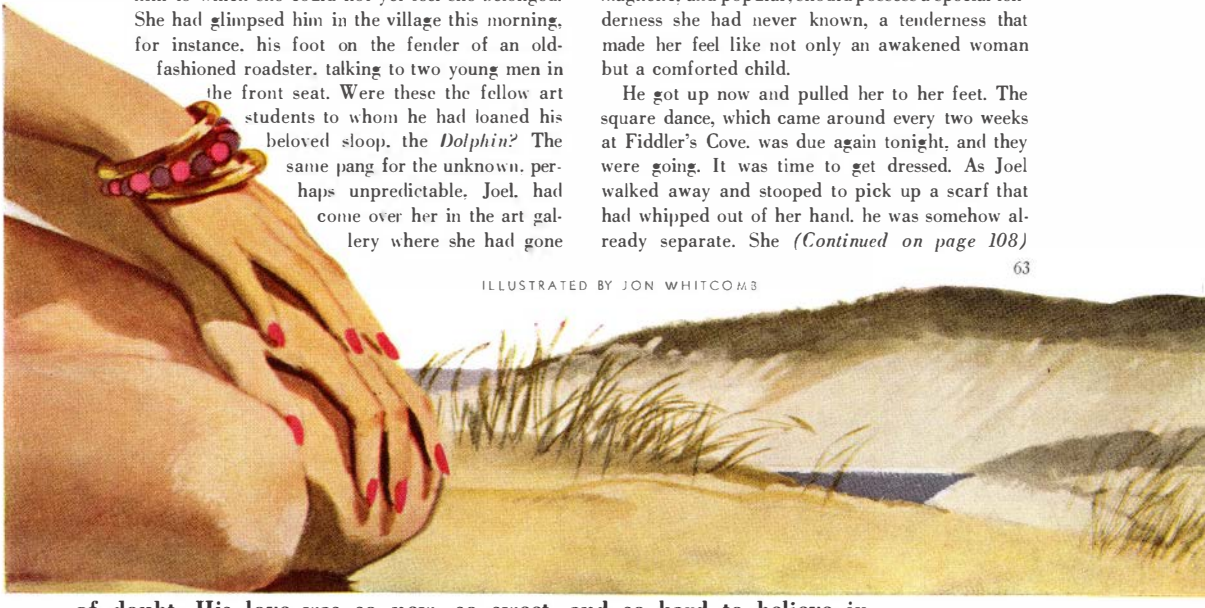
"You never seemed a stranger to me," said Joel.

She loved his saying it: she wished she could say the same. But there was still a mythlike part of him to which she could not yet feel she belonged. She had glimpsed him in the village this morning, for instance, his foot on the fender of an old-fashioned roadster, talking to two young men in the front seat. Were these the fellow art students to whom he had loaned his beloved sloop, the *Dolphin?* The same pang for the unknown, perhaps unpredictable, Joel, had come over her in the art gallery where she had gone alone to look at his paintings. The colors sang—but what was it like to paint? she had wondered; what were the joys and anxieties that came to painters? "It's so much fun it's practically a racket"—that's all he had ever said about it. Then there was that Joel, the youngest son of a family of seven, who usually had a letter from San Francisco tucked in his pocket, reporting the doings of buoyant-sounding people called Pegs or Skimmy. Why, Hester wondered recurrently, did he love her? How, when he had grasped her hands at the square dance two weeks ago, had he known, as he told her later, "This is it."

It seemed almost a miracle that Joel, so gay, magnetic, and popular, should possess a special tenderness she had never known, a tenderness that made her feel like not only an awakened woman but a comforted child.

He got up now and pulled her to her feet. The square dance, which came around every two weeks at Fiddler's Cove, was due again tonight, and they were going. It was time to get dressed. As Joel walked away and stooped to pick up a scarf that had whipped out of her hand, he was somehow already separate. She *(Continued on page 108)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



of doubt. His love was so new, so sweet, and so hard to believe in.

I.N.P.—Roderick Horne

Grandmother called it the "megrims." Doctors speak of a "storm in the head." By any term, migraine is still a baffling and dreaded experience. It afflicts the bright, the alert, and the overconscientious—and it is the victim who can do most to cure it ★ By Dr. Walter C. Alvarez

How to Live with a Migraine Headache

Migraine, or bilious headache, is a common affliction among wide-awake, attractive, well-educated people. It is so closely correlated with a keen, eager personality that it has been called "the disease of the alert mind." Migraine sufferers may find some slight comfort in learning that their trouble, like a Phi Beta Kappa key, is awarded only to people with noteworthy I.Q.'s.

Three out of four women with migraine are short, with such nice trim figures, such bright, eager, intelligent faces, and such quick movements and reactions that I suspect the nature of their trouble the minute they walk into my office. In nine out of ten cases a few questions show that the woman is a perfectionist who plans her work far ahead and then sees to it that it is done quickly and perfectly.

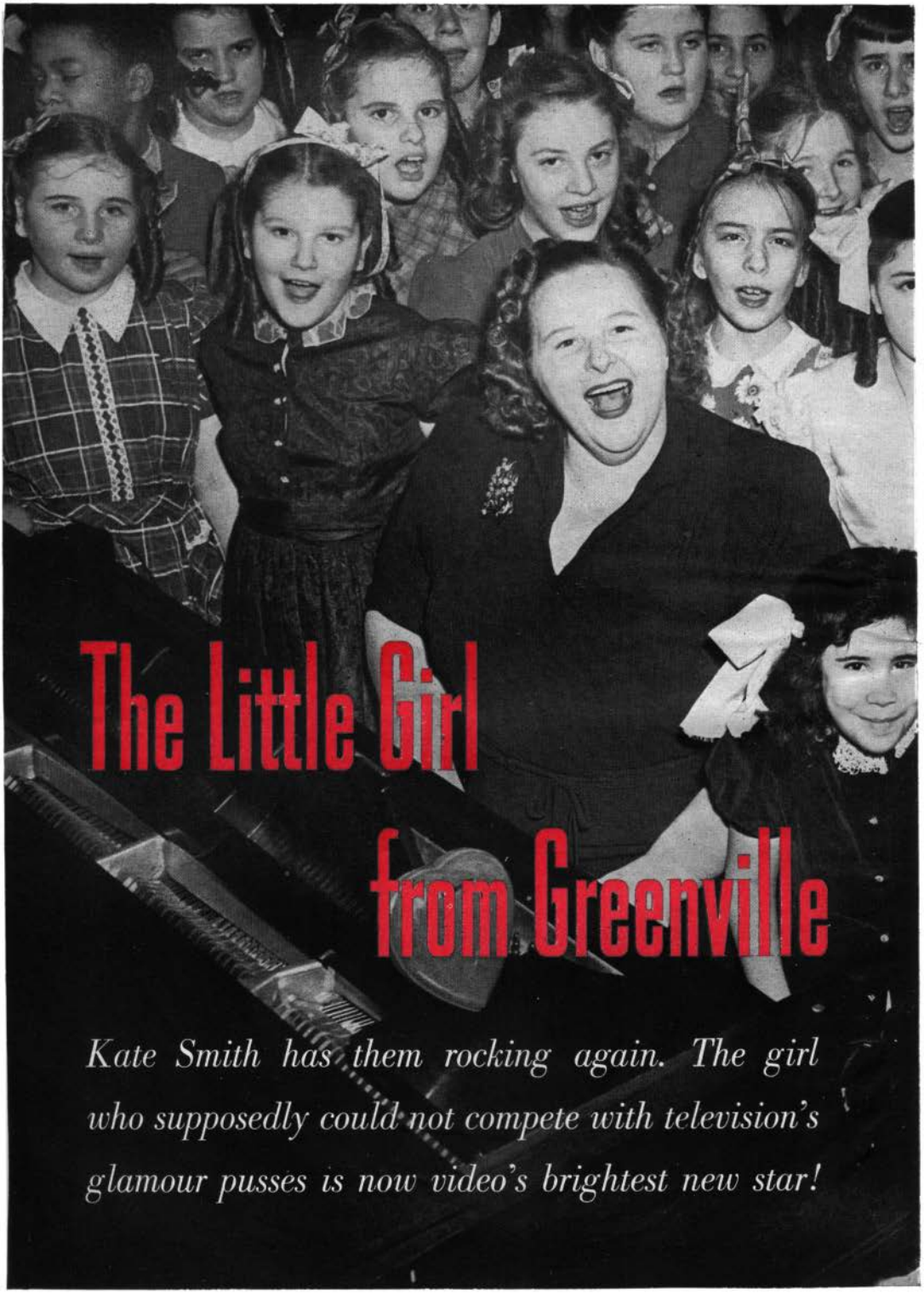
It helps me greatly to be able to recognize such women when they enter the office, since they often fail to mention their sick headaches. Otherwise, after an examination showing nothing wrong, I might be at a loss to explain their troubles. People ask, "But why doesn't a woman like that mention her headaches?" Perhaps she has always been so impressed by the severity of the storm in her stomach she simply has not noticed that it is usually preceded by a mild one in the head; or if she has noticed she has not realized the great diagnostic importance of the fact.

The woman may have failed to mention her headaches because, with the passage of years, they have become mild or largely disappeared, leaving only spells of nausea or abdominal pain. Or perhaps, after many futile treatments and an operation or two, she has given up hope of finding any cure for the headaches.

A diagnosis of migraine is important because it tells me so much, not only about the nature of the troubles for which a woman is seeking relief, but about her temperament and the sort of illnesses she is going to have throughout her life. I must get her to understand, as she never did before, her nature and the degree to which her emotions and life problems affect her health. Only then is she likely to stop looking for a magic medicine or operation and settle down to mend her nervous ways and live within her bounds of strength. She will learn to hoard that strength, and her husband will learn to help her. With a better understanding of her frailness and hypersensitiveness, he will be more considerate and more careful in protecting her from fatigue.

Varying degrees of severity of the attacks. Migraine can be a mild trouble, not worth talking about, or it can be a terrible affliction that prostrates the victim several times a week. I know some people who have had only one headache in their lifetime, but that one was so typically migrainous that there could be no doubt about its nature. Migraine's characteristic symptom is the headache. But although headaches are sometimes extremely painful and frequent, they are occasionally a lesser part of the illness. Many men and a few women have only brief attacks, without any headache, while others have a slight headache or only some nausea or abdominal discomfort. Many who suffered severe headaches in *(Continued on page 117)*

I.N.P.



The Little Girl from Greenville

Kate Smith has them rocking again. The girl who supposedly could not compete with television's glamour pusses is now video's brightest new star!

BY ALBERT MOREHEAD

The career of Kate Smith has always defied explanation: her admirers and detractors alike view it with wonderment and awe. Like any career, it has had its ups and downs, but the range has been chiefly from the incredible to the incomprehensible and back to the incredible.

As recently as 1944, Kate commanded the biggest radio audience in history, barring an occasional fight by Joe Louis or fireside chat by F.D.R. She was heard by some forty-four million people every week. Three brief years later she had all but dropped out of the Hooperatings, then dominated by Bob Hope, Fibber McGee and Molly, and Jack Benny; and with television looming large on the horizon, the "experts" had written her off as a vanished manifestation of the Radio Age.

"It was the triumph of sound over sight," they argued. "You *know* she could never have made out against the glamour girls in any other medium."

They were wrong. When Kate went television it took her less than six weeks to regain her pristine glory and outstrip her former radio successes.

In television, as always before, Kate was running an obstacle race. Her first radio show, for CBS, was at the hour when NBC had "Amos 'n' Andy," then the biggest show of all; she turned that competition into a springboard to the top of the heap. Twice she has taken traditionally unsalable time and made it the most profitable time on the air—once on radio, once on television. This season the tables are turned; she is with NBC, which has made her "Evening Hour" its competition for CBS's tremendous Arthur Godfrey show. Let Kate succeed again, and the full cycle will have been achieved.

If the experts had been expert enough they wouldn't have been surprised at all. In the years of her eclipse they had forgotten—forgotten about Kate Smith the dancer, the actress, the comedienne, the saleswoman!

Kathryn Elizabeth Smith, born in 1909 in Greenville, a northern Virginia town that is actually a suburb of Washington, D.C., is a forty-two-year-old woman with a thirty-seven-year-old career. She made her first public appearance as a church singer at the age of five. When she was eight she sang for an auditorium full of World War I soldiers, and General Pershing was so delighted he pinned a medal on her. After six unhappy months trying (under pressure of parental discipline) to be a student nurse, she entered vaudeville as a dancer at the age of sixteen, and contemporaries say she danced the Charleston *(Continued on page 133)*

I.N.P.

America's Smartest Set

What ever happened to the "brain" you knew in college—the one who made Phi Beta Kappa? Could be he's a famous statesman, jurist, or tycoon; then again, maybe he's a baseball player, a flagpole sitter, or the proprietor of a nudist camp • **BY MORT WEISINGER**

One evening two years ago as Patrolman Frank M. Martin, a Chicago police rookie, raced down an alley in pursuit of a prowler, the fugitive wheeled around and shot him. The bullet pierced the cop's badge and, according to the simple laws of muzzle velocity, should have continued on to lodge in the patrolman's heart. The slug was intercepted, however, by a thin, rectangular strip of golden metal the policeman carried in the breast pocket of his shirt. It was a Phi Beta Kappa key, symbol of brains and emblem of membership in the world's most famous honor society. Newspaper readers the next day were astounded not so much by the fact that a brain-over-bullet miracle had saved the policeman's life as by the fact that an ordinary cop enjoyed membership in the ranks of this exclusive organization, which is peopled by some of the greatest mental giants of our time.

THEY NEEDN'T HAVE BEEN SO SURPRISED. Among the 120,000 Americans entitled to wear The Key are night-club owners, real-estate operators, FBI men, professional roller skaters, and an ex-flagpole sitter. Jeanne Cagney, the actress, wears a Phi Bete badge, as does Tommy Tucker, the orchestra leader. Moe Berg, the baseball catcher of Boston Red Sox fame, is a Phi Bete —and can speak eighteen languages to boot. In recent years two of the college queens entered in the annual Miss America bathing-beauty contests were Phi Betes.

MEMBERSHIP IN PHI BETA KAPPA is impressive because it tells the world you are an intellectual heavyweight. To be eligible you must rank scholastically in the upper tenth of your class. But being a brain will not in itself get you in. Individual chapters have wide discretionary powers in choosing new members and usually select outstanding students who are also campus leaders. College newspaper editors, amateur actors and playwrights, and star football and basketball players, if academically qualified, are typical choices.

On the society's membership rolls are some of the most famous men and women who have passed through our institutions of learning. Among them are Supreme Court Chief Justice Frederick Vinson, and Justices Stanley Reed, Harold Burton, and Felix Frankfurter; Bernard Baruch; Dr. Ralph Bunche; Judge Harold Medina; Senator Robert Taft; John Rockefeller, Jr.; anthropolo-

gist Margaret Mead; Dr. Selman Waksman, discoverer of streptomycin; and twelve former Presidents of the United States.

IT IS NO WONDER the four thousand college students who are annually added to this impressive list have to be warned against getting swelled heads. Initiates are customarily told: "The honor conferred on you today will be included in any future summaries of your careers. See to it that it is not the *only* honor for which you are remembered!"

Although a great many members are listed in *Who's Who*, Phi Betes don't all turn out as expected. There is a Phi Beta Kappa living in an igloo near the edge of the Arctic Circle, not because he likes ice or Eskimos but because he wants to be alone. Two others, man and wife, run a nudist camp in Idaho. Another has become a prize fighter who barnstorms the country as "The Phi Beta Kappa Kid."

Police once nabbed a well-known pickpocket at Hialeah Racetrack in Florida and hustled him off to the station house. There he was forced to empty his pockets and reveal the day's haul—four hundred dollars in cash, five wrist watches, three wallets, a jeweled bracelet, and a Phi Beta Kappa key. A detective started to sweep the booty into a Manila envelope. "Hey!" protested the pickpocket, grabbing the key. "*That's* mine!"

BLACK SHEEPSKINS of this sort crop up every now and then to embarrass the Phi Beta Kappa clan. The newspapers had a field day when it turned out that Nathan Leopold, Jr., the notorious thrill-slayer of the sensational Leopold–Loeb case, was a Phi Bete.

The late Al Capone had great respect for formal education. On the theory that a college degree was excellent insurance against a first-degree murder rap, he let it be known via the gangland grapevine that he was in the market for a brainy college man, specifically a PBK. He was confident that plotting the perfect crime would be mere child's play for a Phi Bete. A clean-cut, well-mannered young man with a Harvard accent eventually got the job, at a reputed fifty grand per annum. But the crime capers he masterminded flopped. Research proved that his diploma and accent were phony and that he had purchased his key from a pawnshop. According to the legend, Capone was so infuriated that he had the fake Phi Bete rubbed out faster than he could split an infinitive.

WINNING THE KEY means, for a male, being condemned to a life of sartorial regimentation. He must always wear a vest. For, as The Key swings and glitters against a dark vest, it can easily be seen half a block away. Viewed close up, as in an across-the-desk interview, the effect can be blinding. It is a standing joke among campus tailors that, while the average grad orders a suit with two pairs of pants, the Phi Bete buys one with two vests.

Since vests are fading from the male fashion scene, many a Phi Bete is concerned over how to let the world know of his supercharged gray matter. As a result, reports Mr. Carl Billman, national secretary for the organization, his office in Williamsburg, Virginia, is constantly flooded with letters containing suggestions for more flamboyant insignia. One member recommended a large lapel button. Another thought a Phi Beta Kappa necktie would be nice. Still another wanted a special PBK coat-of-arms, to be attached to the license plate of his automobile. "We turn them all down," says Mr. Billman wearily.

Master Sergeant Thomas Passante, who was stationed at the Army Reception Center *(Continued on page 142)*

Jean Manzon—Piz

Bess Truman, 67. *competent and poker-faced, a veteran of the political game, has been a consistent asset to her husband.*

PROFILE OF OUR NEXT FIRST LADY

One of these six women may be destined to become the nation's next leading lady. They vary in background and temperament; each would bring a special flavor to a term as mistress of the White House

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

The importance of a wife to a man's business career has been acknowledged. Textbooks have been written on how the corporate wife should act, several companies have initiated schools for wives, and some boards of directors send scouts to appraise the wife of a prospective executive.

In politics, the voters want not only to hear the views of the candidate, but to see his wife. To meet the complex demands of public life a man and his wife must operate as a vote-winning team.

In this year's scramble for the Presidency, at least six successful wives are involved. The lights will be on them, the pitiless television cameras will carry their hats and faces into millions of homes, and many a vote will be won or lost by a voter's reaction to a wife. Moreover, wives will be important this year for a new reason: More women than men now vote in our country and candidates' wives will undergo the critical examination of twenty-five million pairs of women's eyes.

Leading this group of six women—if the President decides to run—will be the tight-lipped lady from Independence, Elizabeth Virginia Wallace Truman. The President's popularity has fluctuated, but not even a Republican will deny that his competent, poker-faced Bess has been a political asset to him.

On the summer afternoon in 1919 when Bess Wallace, then thirty-four, married Harry Truman, every neighbor was in agreement on one point: Bess was "marryin' beneath herself." Truman was just another improvident, uneducated farmer back from the wars, while Bess was the only daughter of the rich and elegant David Wallace. As part of her dowry Bess brought the big house, built by her grandfather, that she still regards as home.

Bess had been a tomboy: she'd played left field on the boys' baseball team. At twenty she went to a local finishing school where she excelled in shot-putting. She now recommends the shot-put to all girls who expect to marry politicians and endure hours of handshaking.

During the President's thirty years of politicking Mrs. Truman has performed the public rituals as though they were necessary and not completely distasteful. On the rear platform of a campaign train, she is the dour family anchor standing between the grinning President and their grinning daughter, Margaret. Spoken to, she replies in low but firm monosyllables.

When Truman was a senator Mrs. Truman kept her apartment and did her cooking without help. She shunned luncheons with other Senate wives, and when, after Truman became Vice-President, she was invited to preside over such affairs, she refused, saying, "They bore me."

But while she doesn't make new friends easily, Mrs. Truman enjoys old ones. Members of the Ladies' Bridge Club of Independence do not bore

(Continued on next page)

Wide World

Mamie Eisenhower, 56, *political novice but veteran wife, has been married to the general for 36 years and is rumored to rule her home with military firmness.*

United Press—Acme

Nancy Kefauver, 38, *is pert, redheaded, and pretty; the mother of four children. On political tours she is custodian of a crate of coons, her husband's trade-mark.*

her, and she goes back every year to attend the club's June picnic at Basswood Lake. At the picnic she always sits out a couple of rubbers to fish and small-talk with women she has known since childhood. The President's intentions may be in doubt, but there is no doubt that Mrs. Truman, now sixty-seven, wants to get away from what she calls the "coldness of an Eastern city" and back to her old home.

However, if the President insists on running, Bess, too, will be making the whistle stops again, still looking less than happy but still bucking up the man she married. And, curiously, many voters will like her and approve of her manner, perhaps because they are tired of forced smiles, or perhaps because, in the words of the President, "she looks just like a woman ought to look who has been married thirty-three years."

On her record the most ferocious campaigner and smartest politician of all the wives is Martha Wheaton Bowers Taft, born in 1889 in Winona, Minnesota, and mother of the four Taft boys. Martha Taft was born into politics: She was the daughter of President William Howard Taft's solicitor general. As children she and Bob Taft played together in the White House. She is witty, plump, cheerful, and energetic, speaks French fluently, and is the efficient master of any social occasion.

Mrs. Taft got restless during the senator's first campaign. She asked a local boss for permission to speak

Leo Rosenthal—Pix

Esther Stassen, 48, *was secretary in a law office when she met her husband. They have two children. She is a gracious hostess, firmly avoids discussing politics.*

Wide World

Nina Warren, 56, *is noted for good looks and charm, has imparted them to her six children. She has always insisted that politics not interfere with family life.*

at a women's meeting, was refused, spoke anyway, and wound up making more speeches and getting better responses than her husband.

Ohio politicians with a stake in Taft were terrified by Martha at first; they were afraid she would be resented as "another Eleanor," and they sent cautious emissaries to warn the senator. But they now credit her with humanizing her once frigid husband and giving him a powerful assist.

It was Martha Taft who personally fashioned some of the sharpest verbal weapons in the Republican arsenal. She originated "delirium Trumans" and "to err is Truman," and in 1940, after the Willkie stampede, she endeared herself to the political professionals with this remark: "They say this was the first unbossed convention in party history; I hope it's the last."

This last may have been a prophetic retort because if the bosses are able to retain control of the 1952 convention, her husband will probably be nominated.

Ohio voters have laughed at such "Martha-isms" as:

"Bob is not austere; he's just departmentalized."

"I like politics. It's one of the things a husband and wife can do together."

"Campaigning is a lot better than sitting home at night by yourself."

"Some folks accuse me and Bob of being as rich as the Rockefellers. It's sure hard to be blamed for having all that money and not have it."

"You want to know if I'd like to be in the White House? Who wouldn't?"

In 1950 Mrs. Taft suffered a serious illness, and the senator was so shaken by it that for a while many of his friends feared he would retire from public life. She had no active part in the campaign in which he won re-election by 450,000 votes.

Though she is reported to have recovered, even if Taft is the Republican nominee she is not expected to be able to display her skill and energy. But if she is able, the voters will see her at her husband's side in her campaign uniform, a simple navy-blue suit.

The wife with the least political experience—in fact, none—is Mamie Geneva Doud Eisenhower, born in 1896 at Boone, Iowa. She was a pretty girl with dark-brown hair and deep-blue, almost violet, eyes, who met Lieutenant Eisenhower in 1915 at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, and married him the following year in Denver.

There is an Army legend to the effect that Mamie taught Ike to respect her flashing temper early in their marriage. The story has it that Ike loitered in the bachelor officers' quarters late one night playing poker. The phone rang and Mamie's voice came crackling over the telephone sharp enough for all the lieutenants and captains to hear.

"I'm losing," pleaded Ike. "I'll be home a little later."

"You can come home now or not at all!"—and bang! the bachelors heard the receiver slammed down. Ike paid off and shuffled out.

From that day to this, according to the legend, whenever Mamie's voice comes crackling over the line, he pays off and heads for home.

General Eisenhower is an inveterate bridge player, but Mrs. Eisenhower prefers canasta. While the two were visiting Queen Juliana at her palace in Holland, it developed that the queen, too, was a canasta fan, so the general was impressed into long three-handed games with the two women.

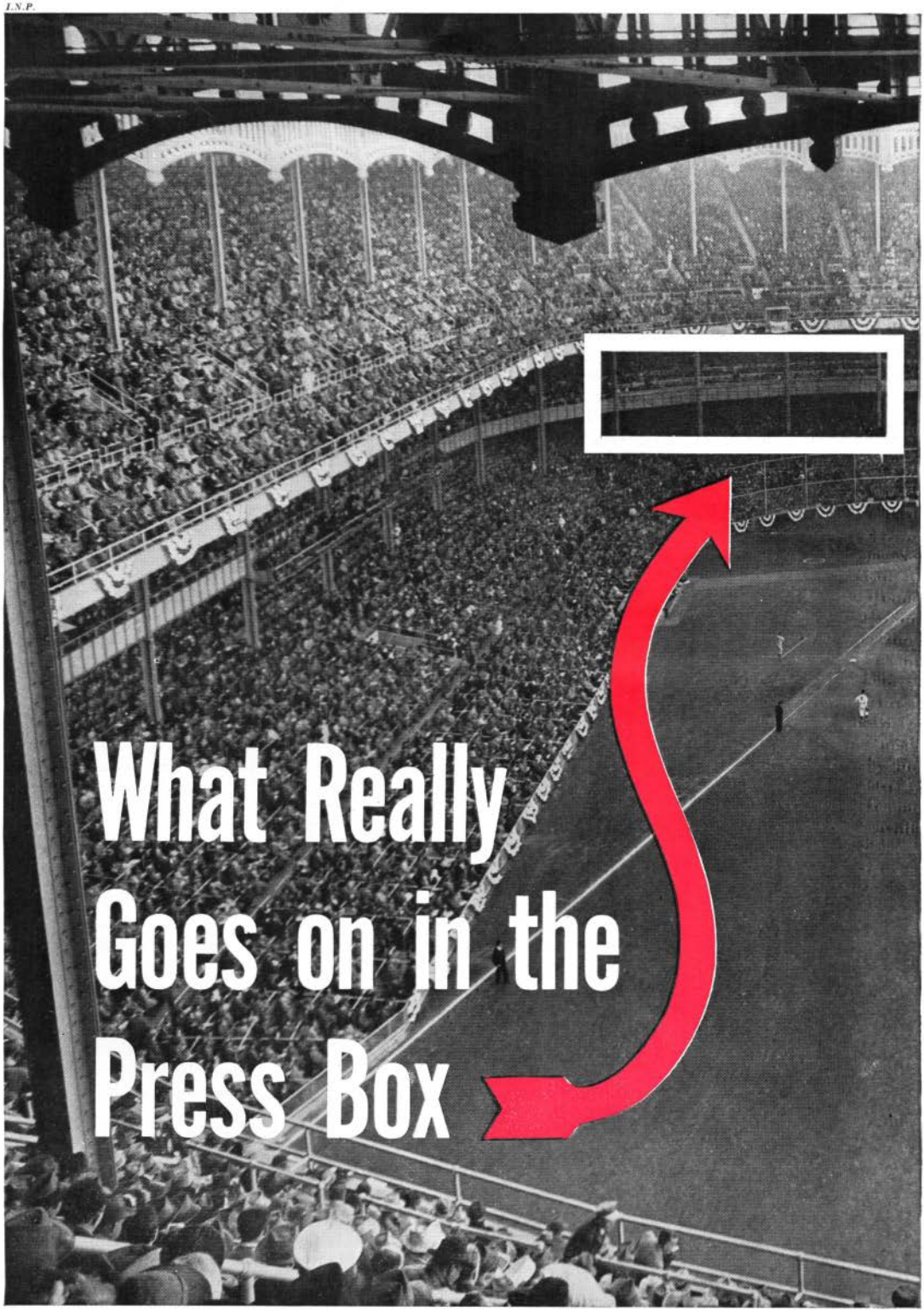
Acme

Martha Taft, 63, *mother of four, is known as a ferocious campaigner. When she was asked if she'd like to be in the White House, she replied, "Who wouldn't!"*

If Eisenhower succeeds Truman as President, there will be another piano player living in the White House, for Mrs. Eisenhower enjoys playing by ear. During recent years she has used music as part of her campaign to help the general relax. She has persuaded him to give up smoking, and she tries to get him to relax by encouraging his painting.

As an Army wife and then First Lady of Columbia University, Mrs. Eisenhower, a cheerful and responsive hostess, made many friends. She is noted for thrifty home management. She is an excellent cook, even though she is said to be excelled by her husband. And she has much of her husband's talent for making visitors in her home feel at ease. Wherever she has lived abroad visitors have noted that she never affects foreign mannerisms: She wears American clothes, *(Continued on page 141)*

I.N.P.



What Really Goes on in the Press Box

Bob Olen

...the place where sportswriters dispense wisdom, abuse, and whimsey to their public — and anyone else who will read or listen • By Dan Parker

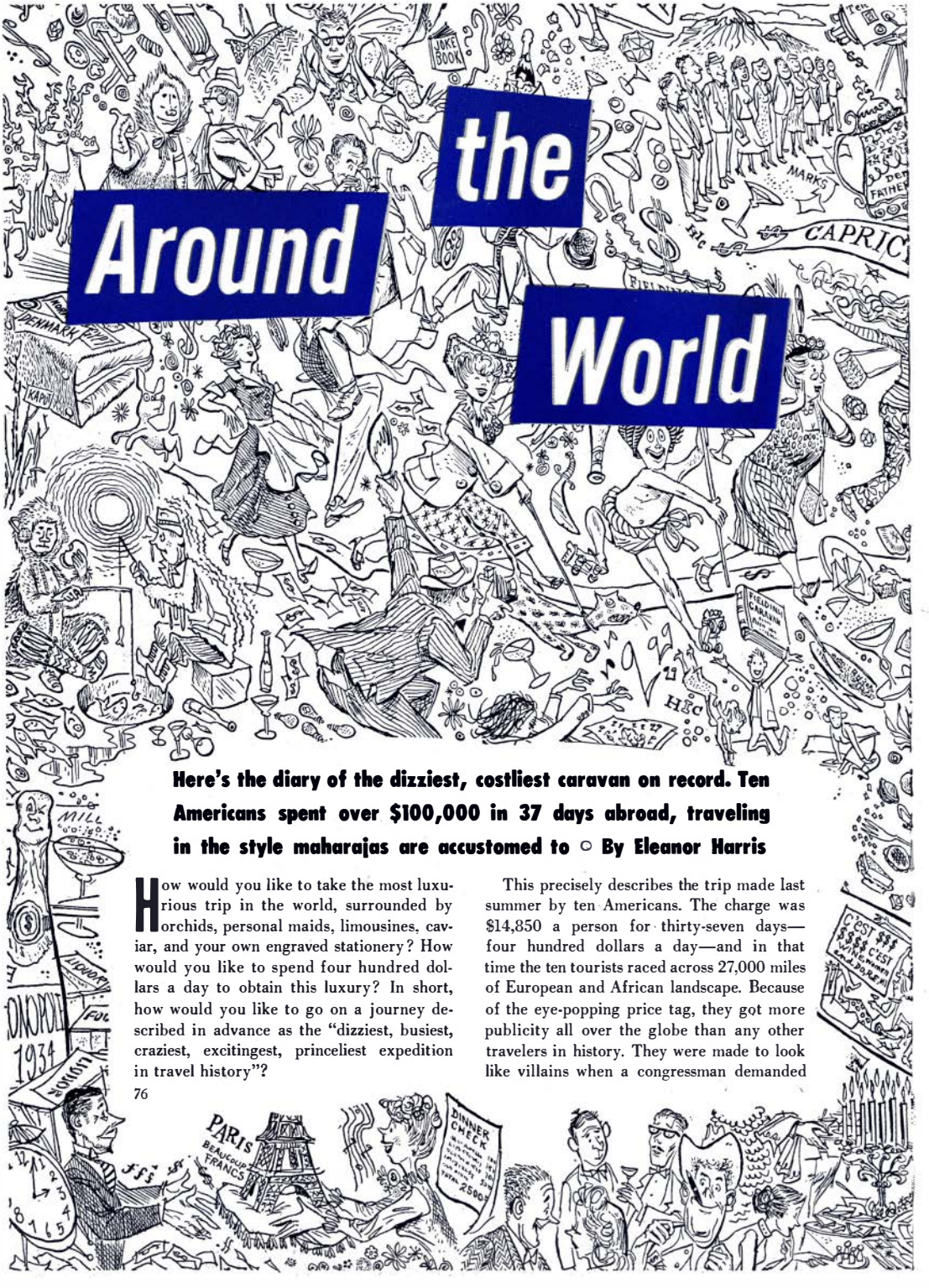
Set off from the common herd at every sports event is a Shangri-La reserved for the Fourth Estate. Here, their every want anticipated by promoters eager to curry favor with them, the pampered gentlemen of the press, gaped at by envious laymen, pound out literature that is read more avidly than the front page, more religiously than the Bible. Sportswriters supply America's vastest reading audience with its food for thought—a product Joe Stalin, paraphrasing his master's voice, might term "the opiate of the masses" if he weren't himself given to encouraging the administration of this pleasant anesthetic that deadens men's consciousness of the crimes committed against them by false leaders.

Sports promotion having developed into big business in America in the past three decades, it becomes a corollary that sports writing has grown vastly in importance during the same period. Fully aware of this, baseball magnates, fight promoters, and other exploiters of athletic prowess leave no special attention overlooked that might keep the historians of the passing sports scene in the mood to turn out an ever-increasing supply of superlatives in describing the feats of the mercenaries.

While reporting what happens on the field of competition, the press-box crew often makes much more interesting news than ever sees the light of the printed page. True stories make the Saga of the Press Box as interesting as any sports yarn ever tapped out by the Hunt and Peck system on a battered portable.

A rebellion against the slipshod press arrangements that existed well into the twentieth century at most sports events brought about the reforms that gave the writers better working conditions. During the exciting pennant race between the New York Giants and Chicago Cubs in 1908, the Polo Grounds' press box was captured by a horde *(Continued on page 122)*

Around the World



Here's the diary of the dizziest, costliest caravan on record. Ten Americans spent over $100,000 in 37 days abroad, traveling in the style maharajas are accustomed to ○ By Eleanor Harris

How would you like to take the most luxurious trip in the world, surrounded by orchids, personal maids, limousines, caviar, and your own engraved stationery? How would you like to spend four hundred dollars a day to obtain this luxury? In short, how would you like to go on a journey described in advance as the "dizziest, busiest, craziest, excitingest, princeliest expedition in travel history"?

This precisely describes the trip made last summer by ten Americans. The charge was $14,850 a person for thirty-seven days—four hundred dollars a day—and in that time the ten tourists raced across 27,000 miles of European and African landscape. Because of the eye-popping price tag, they got more publicity all over the globe than any other travelers in history. They were made to look like villains when a congressman demanded

that their passports be revoked—and heroes when syndicated columnists all over leaped to their defense.

The name of this much-discussed, caviar-laden trip was "Fielding's Caravan Through Europe and Africa," and its advance advertising booklet contained statements calculated to whet anyone's curiosity. With flamboyant abandon, the booklet promised: "We plan to include every silly and useless and capricious whim we can conceive. . . . There'll be the largest suites and biggest cars and most snobbish aircraft and most Babylonian trains and the absolute tops available in our areas to billionaires, maharajas, or royalty (which you'll be). . . . We're not going to shoot lions, swim the Nile, or beat our way through anything much more rugged than a pressed duck and a bottle of Monopole '34."

But the superflamboyant passage in this booklet—which was to bring a congressman screaming to his feet and cause a representative of the State Department to sigh while saying farewell to the travelers—read as follows: "This trip is a thirty-seven-day indulgence—a disgraceful, sinful, delightful surrender to the comforts of the flesh. It is nonausterity at its highest, most slothful, most frivolous *(Continued on page 129)*

Drawing by John Huehnergarth

BROKENSHIRE IS BACK

By George Scullin

Since the dawn of radio the voice of Norman Brokenshire has been abroad in the land. It is a fine voice—the friendliest and most persuasive in the business according to popularity polls—and it has often kept him at the top of his profession while he himself vanished through the bottom. Even more remarkable than the voice, however, is the man. To those who hold to the theory that "they never come back," he is proof that they do. And despite the length of his career, he is still a remarkably young man. His build is that of a balding fullback, and his air is that of an exuberant alumnus back on the campus for homecoming. Oldtimers who remember Brokenshire's voice as it came to them through the old loud-speaker always feel younger, by association, when they see him on television for the first time.

The rejuvenating effect of the Brokenshire personality is but one of its many facets. Among other things it can sell vast quantities of merchandise, inspire musicians and actors, charm millions of families, help alcoholics, calm crying babies, and even, on occasion, melt the icy heart of a landlord. Its greatest merit, however, is its flexibility. Not only did it show him as being warm and likable while he was riding the crest as the highest-paid announcer in radio, but it did the same for him when he became a ne'er-do-well who couldn't keep a job overnight.

Probably no figure in the entertainment world has gone so high and dropped so low as often as Brokenshire. To some who have studied his career, his previous yo-yo existence is the secret of his present solid success. If, they contend, success is based on hard work and perseverance, Broke certainly deserves success.

Seven years ago, when he was forty-seven, all Broke had were some fat scrapbooks detailing his past glories, some fat account books detailing his debts, an unfinished home on Long Island fifty miles from New York, and an uncertain job as village handy man. His wife, Eunice, had a job that kept groceries on the pantry shelf, and there was a finished fireplace in the unfinished living room in which she could cook when the gas and electricity were cut off for nonpayment of bills. The final asset was a still presentable suit of clothes. Dressed in this Broke could hitchhike into New York to make his rounds of the marble-lined hiring halls of radio.

In the summer of 1945 the United States Steel Corporation was looking for a dignified, friendly announcer for its distinguished program, "The Theatre Guild on the Air," and Broke, who had once been famed for those very qualities, was all too obviously available. So

(Continued on next page)

With all the sadness, hurt, heartbreak, and despair that came with my years of alcoholism, I don't think I ever gave up hope completely. I somehow knew there was a way to happiness, if I could only find it. . . .

Norman Brokenshire

Meet "Broke," the man with the mike and the smiling voice. Here's the full story of a guy who's been famous and forgotten, prince and pauper, on the top and in the cellar—and who's confident that this time he's up for keeps.
(Above) Brokenshire backs up Ray Milland and Marlene Dietrich on a dramatic show.

BROKENSHIRE IS BACK (continued)

in September he got the job, one of the choice plums of radio. It was a nice break, and it led to more network shows, and to recorded shows and to television and all the rest of the fabulous perquisites that fall to the lot of the successful radio personality. Today, with a salary soaring toward the $150,000 mark, Brokenshire still presides over the microphone of the United States Steel show, stars as the genial television host of "The Better Home Show," regularly makes two or three guest appearances a week on both radio and television, devotes every Wednesday to recordings and television shorts, and makes flying personal-appearance tours all over the country.

The strange thing about Brokenshire's job with United States Steel is that it was *not* a "lucky break." It was the result of the efforts of a man who couldn't stay up and wouldn't stay down. Here is his story:

Radio was a radiant and innocent young thing in 1924. The men who guided its tender destiny lived in an exalted dream world, floating on the conviction that they had discovered the secret of perpetual success.

The surcharged air of radio affected an unemployed salesman named Norman Brokenshire like a whiff of day-old bathtub gin. Nightly he would sit in his room in a Brooklyn Y.M.C.A., headphones glued to his ears, while he listened to WJZ, New York's first station. He was only twenty-six at the time, but as he reviewed his accomplishments—shoe inspector (running a frayed finger inside shoes to detect sharp nails), truck driver, bellhop, apprentice draftsman, Army private, Y.M.C.A. canteen worker, Near East Relief fund raiser, salesman, traveling lecturer, and some dozen other assorted arts and crafts—he felt the equal of, and maybe modestly superior to, anybody he had heard on the air.

Then one night a fellow roomer came home with a new marvel, a radio with a "loud-speaker." A dozen lodgers gathered around this latest miracle of science as an announcer's rich voice, probably that of Milton Cross or Tommy Cowan, filled the room. For a moment the listeners sat in awed silence, and then somebody said, "You know these guys who talk over the wireless? I hear they get cash money for it."

The next day Brokenshire found himself in front of a door marked "Broadcast Central." He opened it with the air of a man stepping out of the present into the future. A girl sat at a huge switchboard. "What," he asked, "are the chances of getting a job as an announcer?"

"About one in a thousand," she replied pleasantly, and turned back to the flashing lights on her board.

The odds were not far overstated. He put in his application, and a short time later he and 360 other young hopefuls crowded into the studios of WJZ at 33 West Forty-second Street. These auditions scar men's souls. The aspirants shake and sweat and gasp, and then in an agony of effort let out a blast that rocks the control panel. Or they open their mouths in a soundless gape and stare pleadingly at the auditioner.

Broke's audition didn't follow the pattern. Tommy Cowan, dean of all radio announcers and now an executive of WNYC, New York's municipal station, recalled Brokenshire's audition the other day. "I had listened to about a hundred would-be announcers that day, and was about done in. But when Broke came in for his turn I felt better at once. He had never seen a microphone before, but he grabbed it like a long-lost friend. When he started reading a test script he practically hypnotized the needle on the dial in front of me. I asked him to read fast, then slow, and the needle hardly quivered. Then I asked him to speak extemporaneously, usually the tough part of the test. You know, he was still talking when we pried him away from the mike five minutes later."

To the fabulous roll containing, in addition to Cowan's, the names of J. Lewis Reid and Milton Cross was added the name of Norman Brokenshire. A few months later a brash young hoofer and furniture salesman named Ted Husing held the needle spellbound and was added to the staff. The salary for each was a princely forty-five dollars a week, and they received nothing additional for the many hours of overtime.

The Jazz Age had long sought a means to express its seething restlessness. It found what it craved in the blaring of radios. Overnight great dance bands became the personal, intimate property of millions. Every roadhouse, shanty-boat speakeasy, and mountain-shack oasis became, with the twist of a dial, a glittering adjunct of the finest night clubs and hotel ballrooms in the land. And through it all like an incantation ran the voice of Brokenshire: "How do you do, ladies and gentlemen, how do you do?"

Brokenshire gloried in every moment of it. He was built for the part, and no one knew it better than he. Tall and lean, with thick curly hair, a thin mustache, and the pale, ascetic face of a matinee idol, he posed in his full dress with all the majesty of a radio-created god, which indeed he was. Yet with his delicate, even languid appearance went the exuberance of a colt and the strength of a horse. He sailed into a studio with a rush that left doors slamming behind him as though in the wake of a tornado. One such rush carried the glass panel right out of the door of the control room. The next day, in demonstrating to his indignant boss just how the accident occurred, he shattered another panel.

By this time the young announcer was secure in the knowledge that he couldn't be fired. He was working for a force that had gone beyond the power of his bosses to control. He was working for the great, letter-writing American public—mostly women. The moguls of radio, aware of the adulation accorded Hollywood and Broadway stars, realized their own stars might get the big head from similar treatment from an admiring public. What they forgot was that Hollywood stars were seen by a few million people once or twice a year, and then only on a screen in a public place; Broadway stars were seen by but a few thousand people once a year or so, likewise in a public place. Radio voices, on the other hand, were being heard by millions, not once or twice a year, but every day and *(Continued on page 125)*

PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA

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Hollywood Daughter (Continued from page 43)

"involving Pantheon, and you're the only one who can help me with it."

Was it possible that after her three years of turning in unread reports and unnoticed suggestions she might actually be allowed to do something? After those three years of functioning as a sort of errand girl for the upper echelon of Classic Pictures, and of being snubbed by the upper echelon when it descended, usually shrieking, on New York?

"Mr. Candor," she said earnestly, "I take back everything I said. And everything I didn't say. What seems to be the trouble?"

"Treachery! The foulest treachery. The vilest double-dealing under the guise of friendly business rivalry. *Friendly!* Like an asp in my bosom!"

"Dear me," Elizabeth said.

He took to breathing heavily. "Pantheon," he said hoarsely, ponderously, "offered a contract to *my daughter!*"

Elizabeth hadn't even known he had a daughter. She was puzzled, but of course it would presently all be made clear to her, this big job she was to do.

Timothy B. Candor said sunnily, in the manner of one who has neatly settled a vexatious problem, "So of course I had to get her out of town. I'm sending her to New York to you. It will be good for her, anyway—culture and all that—and you can keep an eye on her for me."

Elizabeth's reaction was the instant reaction accorded to pain. The venom of three frustrating years plus this ultimate frustration was in her voice as she snarled, "Mr. Candor, my salary is a little high for baby-sitting!"

"Miss Carlisle, your salary is now a little higher. And she's no baby. Not that she wasn't a darling baby," he added loyally.

I'll bet, Elizabeth thought. I'll bet she's just a *darling* bucktoothed terror. The lovely angry words popped up, pure, free of doubt or duty, but as she opened her mouth Mr. Candor said, "She has a reservation at a women's hotel and plenty of money, of course. She arrives at La Guardia at eight tonight." He sighed, a contented, happy man. "You'll keep me posted, dear?"

THE PLANE landed and the cold wind blew and the passengers debarked and went in search of other transportation. The females were mothers or wives or fiancées or career women; the only "daughter" in the lot was three years old and sleepy. The Candor daughter from Hollywood did not disembark.

In mingled relief and worry Elizabeth stared at the plane's gaping door. And then a man appeared in it, a young man in the uniform of a Naval officer. He moved a short way down the steps, turned, and extended one arm back up along the railing, in a gesture both protective and infinitely reverent. He looked like a tenor in an operetta about to burst into something having to do with glorious eyes that thrilled him.

And the build-up did not exceed the actuality. She came down the steps regally, acknowledging the plaudits of an invisible but vociferous crowd. She was tall and deeply curved and superb in motion. Her eyes *were* glorious, her features perfect, and she was topped by a magnificent mass of red-gold hair. She was perhaps seventeen.

She ignored the Navy man's arm and flowed toward the gate. Elizabeth drew her tired old beaver around her and stepped numbly forward.

"Miss Candor?"

Her eyes—they were green and as fringed as a palm tree—swiveled lazily and finally located Elizabeth away down there. The full red lips moved slowly, languorously.

"Miss *Sari* Candor," they said. "With an 'i.'"

Elizabeth explained her identity and mission, of which only one fact seemed to penetrate. "The *New York* representative," the girl repeated with acute disdain, and shivered. Even her shiver was no ordinary shiver; it was more of an undulation. "Is it always so cold here? If it's this cold it ought to snow. You ought to be able to ski."

I'll speak to someone, Elizabeth thought dimly. I'll take care of it the first thing in the morning.

The Navy man, who had been sort of hopping around in the background, hopped anxiously between them.

"But, Sari, wait a minute! When will I see you?"

"Why, honey, who said anything about that?" She gave him a smile that was

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

OBLIGATION

Thomas Usk

That you did me a favor,
I freely admit;
Now do one more—
Don't remind me of it!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

suffocating, almost intolerable, and that she perfectly well knew was almost intolerable. "But you've been *sweet.*"

"Congratulations," Elizabeth said enviously to the sailor.

In the cab Elizabeth inquired, "Your first trip here?"

"This is not a trip. This is a dirty trick."

"It is?"

"And I worked so *hard,*" the girl said bitterly. "I got the Pantheon casting director to take me out and I got him to offer me a contract and I told Daddy I positively was going to sign it, so I knew he would get me out of town!"

"It strikes me," Elizabeth said delicately, "that you *are* pretty far out of your town."

"But I wanted to go to Acapulco! And then Daddy plays me this dirty trick!"

Mr. Candor, I love you, Elizabeth thought; just for one small moment I love you very much.

They rode the rest of the way in silence. In silence they pulled up at the most lavish of the women's hotels, and Elizabeth saw to the cab, saw to the luggage, and saw Sari registered. Then the girl looked down at her.

"That's all," she said. A flicker of something that might have been human feeling in a primitive form crossed her face. "I mean, I can manage from here."

"I'll call you in the morning," Elizabeth said dutifully. When she reached the revolving door she cast one last fearful glance back over her shoulder.

Sari was giving that smile to a bellboy, and he was pointing, shakily, in the direction of the telephone booths.

"I DON'T believe it," Yvonne, Elizabeth's secretary, said flatly. "Nobody is like that."

"I know it," Elizabeth admitted. "But there she is, existing entirely improbably in a hotel in this very town. You'll see. What time is it?"

"Eleven-fifteen," Yvonne said.

"It's not too early to phone," Elizabeth said sadly.

"It's not too early," Yvonne said darkly, "to phone *people.*"

Elizabeth picked up the receiver and dialed. An operator's voice identified the hotel without affection, and Elizabeth said, "Miss Sari Candor, please."

There was a silence that managed to be irritable and then: "Not registered."

"I beg your pardon?"

"There is *nobody* by *that* name registered *here,*" the operator said.

Then, shatteringly, the other phone at her elbow rang. She stared at it in utter panic and then made a grab for it. There was the hum of distant voices and some music somewhere and a voice drawled, "Liz-zzz?"

"Where are you?" Elizabeth demanded.

"Well," Sari said vaguely, "I'm with some people. I got thrown out of my hotel."

"I suspected it." With something like awe she asked, "What could you arrange to do that would get you thrown out of a women's hotel?"

"Oh," Sari said, "not *that* one. I wouldn't stay in *that* place. Really," she said righteously, "it's discrimination. What's the matter with men? No, this was another hotel that I went to. But I'll find a place. I just wanted to tell you that I'll let you know where I am when I'm someplace."

"Thanks."

"Thirty," Sari said. She giggled delightedly. "Isn't that *cute?*"

"Whom have you met," Elizabeth demanded in alarm, "Richard Harding Davis?"

"A man who works for the *News.*"

"*Watch out!*"

Sari giggled and rang off.

Presently Elizabeth went to lunch. She took a junior editor to a rather junior restaurant. This was the major part of her job. She took people to lunch or cocktails or dinner, or she gathered them into little parties and tried to persuade them to give her the first reading of any novels, plays, or inside-stories-by-hitherto-unpublished-authorities that they might happen to have in their uneasy possession. When she succeeded, she then wrote a detailed report of the literary property and an estimate of its potential as movie material, and sent it out to the Coast. Apparently this report was always lost in Nebraska. Classic Pictures acquired its story material by some weird means of its own—sometimes even by writing it.

Elizabeth's was considered a very good job. The junior editors envied Elizabeth her salary, and Elizabeth, having been a junior editor, envied them. She recalled those remote days as ones of sanity and achievement.

By three o'clock she was back in the office. She read a manuscript for an hour.

"Probably just a coincidence."

but at four o'clock a thought shattered her mind with such full-blown force that it must have been lurking there all the time. She picked up the phone and dialed a number, her own home number. The apartment would be empty, quiet, serene; there would be no one there to answer a ringing phone. She listened, telling herself that it had been a foolish thought. Then there was a click, the ringing stopped, and a voice said, "Yes?"

Elizabeth said hoarsely, "I'm calling my own apartment, and I'm not home!"

"That's all right, Liz," Sari said comfortingly, "*I* am. I thought about it and hotels are so stuffy about so many things, so I just looked up your address in the phone book and the sweet elevator operator let me in. I knew you wouldn't mind. We'll have *fun*."

"It sounds," Elizabeth said, "as if you already are."

Her benumbed brain had noticed the background effects: many voices, predominantly male; much music, outstandingly percussive.

"Just some people," Sari said. "They *loved* the fried chicken in the refrigerator. You cook real good."

FOR FOUR nights Elizabeth came home to a group of young men, but she never knew whether it was the same group or one that looked just like the first group. They were pipe-smoking college men with crew cuts who were going to get into advertising or television or go "on a paper," or pipe-smoking just-older men with crew cuts who were in advertising or television or "on a paper." There were also occasional girls, but they were lost in a shared anonymity.

This group, or groups, treated Elizabeth like a well-preserved aunt. They ate her food, drank her liquor, cluttered her apartment, and waited for Sari.

"Where do you find these people?" Elizabeth asked on the fourth night.

Sari stopped adjusting some strapless black satin long enough to leer at her in amusement. "*Darling* Liz, don't be insulting. *They* find *me*."

"Would it cause you a great deal of pain." Elizabeth asked tightly, "not to call me 'Liz'?"

"It's fashionable to be called that now," Sari said sternly. "You're very lucky."

On the fifth night Elizabeth paused before her own front door, took the usual deep breath, and listened for the usual noises. There were none. It was a trap, of course. They were playing some new kind of game in which it was necessary to be quiet for a moment before they all screamed in unison.

She put her key in the door, opened it, and advanced apprehensively. The silence continued. She reached the doorway to the living room and looked in, steeling herself against whatever ghastly sight awaited her.

There was a man, just one man, and quite normal-looking. Then she looked again, and saw that he wasn't normal at all; he was Jasper Granach. Jasper was the "brilliant young director," the "original and inventive mind." She would have known him anywhere. He was as publicized as you can get by not seeking publicity.

She smiled at him. (She realized later that it must have been a particularly warm smile, but how else do you smile at a man whose work you respect?) "Hello," she said.

"Hello." He smiled too, his thin face creasing deeply, and unfolded himself until he was upright. He said, "You must be Elizabeth Carlisle."

"And you've never heard of me," Elizabeth said. "I work for Candor, too. Your last picture, Mr. Granach, had some wonderful things in it."

"Some things," he said.

"But not like the first one—"

"Not like the first one," he agreed.

"Why," she demanded bitterly, "did you ever go out there?"

He shrugged. "Maybe it was the sun. Good for my New York sinuses. Or maybe," he said, "it was that first picture."

Suddenly the situation fell into place. He was in her apartment for just one obvious reason: Sari was here.

She said it dully. "You're a friend of Sari's?"

"Old," he said, "and good."

From the bedroom Sari called, "Liz? Is that you? Have you met Jassie? He's a dear."

Jassie didn't even wince. He just grinned, called back, "You put clothes on!" and turned again to Elizabeth.

"It's awfully decent of you to have her staying in your apartment. Tim will be so grateful."

Now his grin was turned on her, but it was restrained, a pallid thing compared to the way he had just looked. "Do you always stand around in your own living room with your hat on?"

She pulled her hat off, dropped it, and sank limply into a chair. All she could think of was, If only she gets dressed *quickly*. Please Lord, *quickly*—

And she had, and surely that was significant, like the absence of all the young men. She came into the room and turned slowly in front of Jasper, awaiting his approval. He was ready with it. He looked at her long and steadily and then he looked across the room at Elizabeth and said wonderingly, "Have you ever seen anything like this one?"

"No. No, I never have." She said it in honest, loathing admiration.

"Where are you taking me?" the object of this asked.

"To a Hungarian restaurant downtown. Good food, nice people, positively no atmosphere. I know you've been seeing New York, but have you been seeing the right parts?" He turned politely to Elizabeth. "Would you—?"

"*No!*" Elizabeth said. "Thank you."

They left and she just sat there, feeling like a housemother. It was awful. That man was thirty if he was anything. And he was drooling over a seventeen-year-old, following her three thousand miles just to drool over her. A man like that! Brilliant and talented. It was enough to make you cry. She hadn't cried in years, but it was apparently something you didn't forget how to do.

SHE MARCHED resolutely into the office the next morning and snapped, "Take a day letter," at Yvonne.

"To Mr. Timothy Candor," she said, "you-know-where. Dear Mr. Candor: I will continue to quote keep an eye on unquote your daughter for as long as she chooses to remain in New York. I will continue to have her stay with me and love her like a maiden aunt. But as of the happy termination of that time, I quit. I have long been dissatisfied with the futility and general absurdity of my supposed job. But when a great talent can be so dissipated, distorted, and seduced, I repeat, I quit. With best wishes for more stringent laws against artistic rape, I remain Elizabeth Carlisle."

Just before one o'clock two things happened. A telegram was delivered that read: WHAT GREAT TALENT? DOES IT WORK FOR US? IF NOT CAN WE GET IT? WARMEST PERSONAL REGARDS. CANDOR.

"Take a—"

"I'm ready," Yvonne said.

"It does and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I quit. Carlisle."

Then the second thing happened. The outer door opened, footsteps sounded, and Sari swept into the room, followed by Jasper Granach.

Sari whirled in the middle of the limited floor with her usual grace.

"So this is where you work, Liz!" Her perfect forehead very nearly frowned. "Crummy, isn't it? Surely Daddy could do better for you than this."

"In many, many ways," Elizabeth said evenly.

"Hello," Jasper Granach said.

Enthusiastically Sari said, "Jas knows of a place where they serve nothing but omelets, which he says are exactly righ-

"I 'creamwash' daily with Noxzema to help keep my skin looking smooth and fresh," says Polly Aaron of Norwalk, Conn. "It's a fine *greaseless* powder base, too!"

Rough, Dry Skin: "For 10 years Noxzema has been my regular beauty aid," says Mrs. Phyllis Molberg of Springfield, Minn. "It's a wonderful help for dry skin—so refreshing!"

Blemishes*: "Whenever my skin breaks out, Noxzema quickly helps heal it," says Pat Wolcott of New York City. "I depend on it to help keep my complexion in tip-top shape. It's a fine *greaseless* night cream."

"Teen-age complexion problems started me using Noxzema," says Beverly Bruce of Long Beach, Cal. "It helped heal my blemishes* fast. I use Noxzema at bedtime and as a make-up base."

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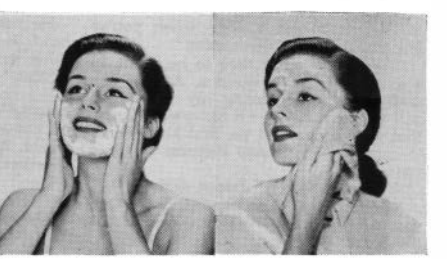

Morning: 1. For thorough cleansing, apply Noxzema liberally to face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water *wash* your face with Noxzema as if using soap and water. How fresh and clean your skin looks after "creamwashing"! No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Apply *greaseless* Noxzema as long-lasting powder base.

Evening: 3. "Creamwash" again with Noxzema. See how make-up and dirt disappear.

4. Now apply Noxzema as your night cream to help your skin look softer and smoother. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. It's *medicated*—that's one secret! And it's *greaseless*, too. No smeary face! No messy pillow!

*externally-caused

for lunch. Although why they should be I don't exactly know."

Jasper said, "Won't you—"

"I have a lunch date," Elizabeth said.

His eyes dropped from her face to the manuscript open on her desk. He looked at the page she had been reading.

"A novel? Any good?"

"Yes," Elizabeth said. "I think so. But"—the bitterness burst out of her—"when has Classic Pictures paid any attention to anything *I* thought?"

"Would it make a picture?"

"Yes. *I* think so. But—"

"That's all right," Jasper cut in hastily. "I remember that part. You're sure you won't come to lunch?"

"No," Elizabeth said. "Thank you."

Then she marched bitterly off to keep her luncheon date. In the afternoon there was yet another telegram, which gently and inexorably read: DON'T BE SILLY, DEAR. LOVE. TIM.

The next day, she discovered with a sense of complete panic, was Saturday. She dressed hastily, left the apartment before Sari was awake, and invested a dollar or two in the nearest telephone booth. She called everyone she liked, everyone she didn't dislike, and finally everyone whose neuroses were not too extreme, and arranged a linking pattern of dates that successfully kept her away from her own apartment for practically the whole long, threatening weekend.

MONDAY morning she was weary but triumphant; she had not seen Jasper at all. She was dictating a report to Yvonne when the phone rang.

"Long time no see," Jasper said rather crossly.

"We glamorous New York career women," Elizabeth said tonelessly, "lead very glamorous lives."

"The ones I know just work hard."

"From Twenty-One to El Morocco," Elizabeth insisted, "day after day, with our tinkling laughter and our minks. You can't imagine how peachy it is."

"What's this about your quitting? Tim is upset."

"Hah!" Elizabeth said bitterly.

There was a silence, and when he spoke again his voice was chilled.

"Have you done a report on that novel you were reading the other day?"

"I'm dictating it right now."

"I'd like to see a copy when you've finished it, if you don't mind."

It was Elizabeth's turn to be silent, in a state of mixed emotions. At last she said, "I'm not changing my mind. I've still got to quit. But I'd like you to know that you've just said the first kind words to come out of Classic Pictures in three years."

"You're welcome," Jasper said.

At five o'clock Sari phoned. "Liz? Can you meet me? I'm—sort of in trouble. At the Stork."

"I'll be there," Elizabeth said. "But can't you show any originality?"

Sari was not in the half-empty bar. Elizabeth walked bravely through it to the doorway of the room beyond. This, too, was nearly empty, and here, too, Sari was not. But a man rose from a table near the door, rushed toward her, and clutched her hand. He was a young playwright named Wagstaff about whom she knew nothing but a play. It had been submitted to her, she had liked it, and Classic Pictures had not. Or at least they had never mentioned it. And the play had never been produced.

His face was serious as he searched for the right, the precious and precise, words. At last he found them.

"You did it," he said.

"I did what?"

He was leading her toward his table, and she saw the reality just as he spoke the name.

"Mr. Granach told me. He would never have become interested in the play if it hadn't been for your report—an enthusiastic report from you, whose judgment he knew he could depend on. He would never have sent for the script, nor come East to discuss it with me. None of it would have happened, he would never be directing my play, if it hadn't been for you!"

"Hello," Jasper Granach said.

Elizabeth wandered around the table and sank into a chair beside him, but she didn't exactly look at him.

Mr. Wagstaff took Elizabeth's hand again and pumped it earnestly. "If ever you need anybody to walk on—"

He went away, and Elizabeth pawed helplessly in her purse until Jasper Granach handed her a cigarette and lit it for her. Then she sat up straight and asked, "Did he say something about judgment? Did Wagstaff say you trusted mine?"

"That's what he said."

"They were true, the things he said?"

"Good Lord, yes! What did you think you continued to get paid for, girl? Not," he added pointedly, "that all of Classic Pictures is as uniquely perceptive, as sensitive to your abilities, as *I* am. The thing is, you could do a good job for Hollywood all your life and never get a Christmas card. They take that for granted because they're willing to pay lots of money for it. It's when you're not doing a job that words are spoken."

"I—see," Elizabeth said. "I should have seen."

"The next rustle you hear," Jasper said, "will be the rustle of a resignation being crumpled up."

She looked at him then, directly and smilingly and foolishly. "Yes," she said.

"Do you think you might stop hiding from me, then, and growling at me, and generally being unattractively provocative?"

"Yes," she said. "But I wasn't provocative."

He just looked at her and shook his head, but what he said was, "Do you think we might begin by being friends?"

"Yes," Elizabeth said.

THEN she remembered what had become obscured by this bright new world. Everything made sense and fitted together, and then there was Sari left over.

Don't begin to be happy, she warned herself.

She said, "Sari asked me to come here. Was it just a plot you two hatched?"

"Sure," Jasper said cheerfully. "Sari's been having a nice long walk around one block."

He nodded significantly to a hovering waiter, who nodded back at him and vanished. Almost immediately he reappeared in the doorway, ushering in Sari and her covey of young men.

Sari looked questioningly at their table, then waved the young men to a table on the other side of the room before coming over. She looked searchingly at Jasper.

"Okay?"

"Okay."

She turned serious eyes on Elizabeth. "I'm sorry I lied to you on the phone. I didn't like to, but I had to get you here. You weren't liking Jasper or understanding him because you didn't like me. And why should you have liked me? I was *awful!*"

SHE MELTED beautifully into a chair and leaned forward earnestly.

"Both Daddy and Jasper tried to tell me these things out in California, but I had lived a kind of peculiar life and was a kind of peculiar girl and didn't know very much. But it didn't make sense to me until I saw how people who weren't 'somebody's daughter' acted. How *you* acted, Elizabeth, being nice to me when you really didn't want to at all. It astonished me. Imagine doing something you didn't want to do! You understand me?"

"I understand you," Elizabeth said incredulously.

Proudly Sari said, "But by the time Jasper got here he didn't have to tell me a thing. He didn't have to give me any more lectures because I had already begun to figure it out." She said impressively, "I'm going to be an actress. Not like Hollywood," she added scornfully. "A real actress."

"There's nothing the matter with Hollywood," Elizabeth said stanchly.

"Not if you know something else, I guess. But I've got to learn those other things. You know why I'm going to be an actress? Because people like the way I look, and the way one looks is important if you act. One should make use of what one's got, shouldn't one? But I don't mean that I'm just going to get by on *that*. I've enrolled in a dramatic school, and I'm going to study and learn." She giggled. "Daddy will be so *surprised*. And, you know something else, I'd like to be a really *good* actress. If I worked hard, don't you think maybe I could?"

Seriously Elizabeth said, "I certainly think maybe you could."

With that beauty, that fire and appeal, and the addition of even the minimum of stage technique—the thought was catastrophic. It was also, Elizabeth thought with awe, very, very shrewd.

"Well," Sari said, "I just wanted to tell you, and I just wanted you and Jas to be friends. You didn't like him, and I could tell he's just crazy for you."

"You may go now, Sari," Jasper said coldly.

"That's another thing," Sari said. "I *will* go. I'll find an apartment and stop cluttering up your place. But—I hope *we* can be friends, too." Embarrassed, she turned and waved madly at the young men across the room, who waved eagerly back. "Aren't they *sweet*? A girl can be serious but she shouldn't give up everything, should she? This would be *dreary*."

Elizabeth could think of nothing to say, not to anyone, about anything. But she had to say something.

"Sari."

The girl, already moving across the room, turned hesitantly back.

She hoped that perhaps Jasper would understand, too, when she said, "Call me Liz—"

Then his hand was on hers, and he was pulling her to her feet.

"Come along, Elizabeth," Jasper Granach said gently. "I know a place that caters to adults." THE END

"My guy is afraid to marry me...

afraid I'll turn out to be like his own sister! Maybe the things they say about her are true. But if you don't love your husband... and you're crazy about somebody else... haven't you got a right to do something about it? Like Mae did! My guy's afraid that maybe I'd act the same. And you know something? Maybe I would... maybe I would..."

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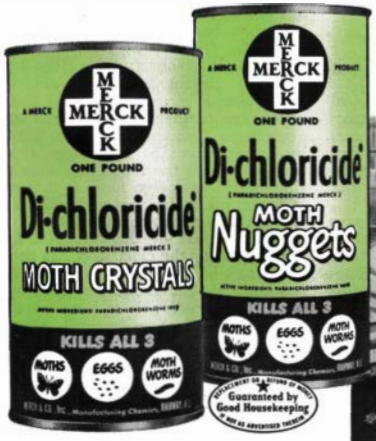

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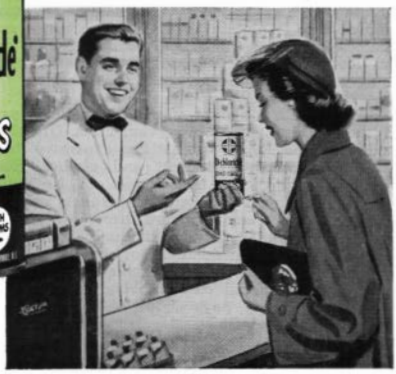

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The Harry Binghams of Bangkok *(Continued from page 34)*

(which is flush with bordering canals and flooded from May to October). This terrace is a breezy retreat from the sun-drenched rooms upstairs, and it's the best place in the house for Katie's and Terry's playpens. On the lawn just beyond the terrace eight-year-old Susan, four-year-old Jeff, and the two pet goats play. The two ayahs in their white nurse's uniforms hover in the background, knitting, mending, murmuring a brand of pidgin English intelligible to babies, goats, and ducks alike.

Upstairs are two living rooms, four bedrooms, full-length verandas front and back, and two "baths"—slat-floored affairs with a huge Ali Baba-proportioned crock full of cold water, which you ladle out and splash copiously over yourself. (Hot water is thoroughly repulsive since the thermometer lurks around 85 degrees most of the time.) There are no screens, and at night they all sleep under huge mosquito nets. It takes gallons of DDT monthly, twelve months of the year, to make any headway against the mosquito crop.

The furniture is utilitarian rattan and teak because of termites, mold, and rot. Heirlooms and the family pieces Nancy's grandmother left her are in homeside storage. It's a pang for Nancy: She loves and treasures such things.

For this house the Binghams pay the equivalent of two hundred dollars a month, without lease, and feel they're lucky. The landlord is polite and gentlemanly; and if the roof leaks (it does) or the wall plaster mildews and falls off (it does), it's up to the tenants to foot the bill for repairs, or else they're free, so very free, to move.

To run this establishment, it takes eleven servants—a cook, a No. 1 boy, two baby ayahs, two wash ayahs, a coolie, two gardeners, a driver, and a watchman. The last two are paid by the company, but the other nine cost the Binghams the equivalent of $135 a month.

No one could be more appalled at the number than the Binghams, but they recognize Siamese climate and temperament, and conform. When a Siamese woman undertakes to cook, she does just that. She doesn't fancy serving at table, making beds, or answering the doorbell. She is queen of her domain and reigns accordingly, provided there is plenty of admiring court around her to lord it over and gossip with. She would consider cooking wholly repugnant and uncongenial in a household where there were no other servants. The driver feels the same—and so does the No. 1 boy and the No. 1 baby ayah. Their admiring court is usually made up of the lowly lesser-skilled coolie, wash ayahs, and the like.

NANCY'S day begins at six-thirty. It is broad daylight by then, and hot, and the hubbub of the ayahs dressing the children, the goats bleating for breakfast, has begun. Along about this time the cook comes back from market, perhaps with a live mallard or a parrot she has picked up for the children.

Siam abounds in fruit, so breakfast is largely a meal of fruit—papayas and bananas all year round, and pomelos, mangoes, rambutans, custard apples, pineapples, and mangosteens in season. There is no fresh milk, so the children drink the powdered variety and take a daily battery of B-complex tablets. Eggs cost a dollar a dozen—that is, large, fresh, nonfishy eggs do. The cheaper variety are the size of Ping-pong balls, slightly antique, and have a herring taste, since they are produced by fish-fed hens. Vitamin and calcium doses are a *must*, since local vegetables don't have the vitamin content of those grown in temperate climates.

All homeside staples—coffee, butter, tinned and powdered milk, cake mixes, cereals, baking powder—cost a staggering amount. Each item is pegged at about twice the price at which it sells in the States because of freight for the long haul across the Pacific and Siamese import duties—more than fifty per cent. Coffee is $1.75 a pound; butter in tins, $2.10 a pound; cake mix, $1.20; cigarettes, 35¢ a pack; Scotch, $8.50 a fifth; and gin, $6.50—when obtainable. If they're not, it takes three months to order them.

The alternative is to use cheaper, but less varied, native produce. Nancy's constant headache is improvising new dishes out of overwalked, stringy chickens, string beans, fresh pork, rice, sweet potatoes and, occasionally, beef. Fish is always good and plentiful, but there are no salad foods safe to eat.

Harry's headache is to balance the budget and still allow the family all the basic foods and vitamins necessary to maintain high resistance to such things as malaria, dysentery, fungus skin infections, and dengue fever, often called bone-break fever because it feels that way.

It's a sleight-of-hand feat, Harry says, this juggling of servant costs, DDT bills, and staples against less expensive items, like entertainment and clothes. Some savings can be counted on: No winter overcoats, woolens, or blankets are necessary, and standard dress, a white-cotton suit tailored individually, can be had for fifteen dollars. But somehow, Harry says, a balance is achieved—helped by the special cost-of-living allowance the company pays above basic salary.

The business day begins early. Harry is at his office by eight, often earlier, and doesn't leave until five-thirty.

The car that takes Harry to the office also delivers Susan to the International School—a new project recently launched by several enterprising American mothers for children from the first through the ninth grades. It uses the classroom formula and textbooks worked out by the Calvert System in Baltimore, and it accredits pupils, after examinations, to schools anywhere in the United States.

This is a great boon for the Western community of four thousand Danes, Britons, and Americans in Bangkok. Heretofore the Thai government banned all alien schools unless the Thai language, with its Sanskrit alphabet, was used for instruction. The school term begins May nineteenth, with the advent of the cooler monsoon season. (Children beyond the ninth grade must be sent away; the nearest high schools are in India, 1,800 miles away, or in the Philippines.)

Since there are no kindergartens in Bangkok, Nancy has worked out a routine of preschool cutting and pasting and coloring for Jeff and Katie.

FOR NANCY time is filled with frequent committee meetings—planning an international bazaar, a Red Cross drive, a Sports Club gymkhana, parent-teacher discussions. During her busy mornings, she wedges in a lesson in Siamese. A knowledge of Siamese is helpful around the household, and it's a part of knowing her adopted country, Nancy believes. Siamese is complicated, though, its varying tonal nuances requiring a maestro's ear; *ma* said in an even tone is the verb "to come"; *ma* with rising inflexion means a horse; and *ma* in a falling tone means a dog.

A random afternoon in this household is typical of the ingenuity, adaptability, and cheerfulness required. Nancy has just brought Jeff home from an ear treatment for a fungus, acquired, as is usual in tropical climates, by not drying sufficiently after swimming. He goes charging off around the garden with the young goats. Susan is having a riding lesson. The ayahs are hovering over Katie and Terry. Does Nancy lie down on a chaise longue with a box of chocolates and read while a coolie fans her?

Well, no. Here's what actually happens. It's Harry's birthday, and Nancy has planned a surprise buffet supper for him. She has already baked a devil's-food cake (his favorite) and starts now on a batch of cherry pies (his second favorite). Baking is done in detachable ovens atop a series of charcoal chatties, which are earthenware fireboxes set on a platform. The cook regulates the heat by inserting or withdrawing a stone from a hole in the front. She adds more charcoal occasionally, fanning it expertly to flame; otherwise soot and ashes would whoosh up and festoon the pies.

In the midst of this the No. 1 boy appears to say the electricity has gone off and won't be fixed until morning. That's not unusual—Bangkok's electrical equipment hasn't been able to keep pace with the increased urban demand. Also, one power station suffered during last summer's *coup d'état*. Many foreign families install their own generators to keep refrigerators, fans, and lights working at night. The Binghams are without a generator, however, and at this moment it sounds like calamity. No ice, and thirty guests due for cocktails and buffet! It's a surprise party so, of course, Harry can't be called on for help.

Nancy bolts for the desk (they have no telephone). She dashes off notes to a dozen friends, asking some if she may borrow portable ice-storage boxes, and asking others to bring ice with them in thermos bottles. She dispatches the driver in all directions with these chits. He must still be ready to bring Susan and Harry home at the appointed time. Meanwhile, Terry has broken out with prickly heat and doesn't want his bottle,

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MATE TRAIT

Frank B. Canning

One wifely habit gets me down—
I wish I could taboo it:
She tells me what I ought to do,
Just as I start to do it.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

and the baby goats have set up hungry bedlam.

Incredibly, miraculously, Terry subsides, the baby goats get fed, the guests arrive to be received by glamorous candlelight, Harry is enormously surprised, and there is ice enough for all!

Theoretically, in addition to a long leave in the States every three years, Harry gets two weeks' local leave each year. But except for one week in Baguio —the hill station above Manila—he has always felt too busy to leave his desk.

Besides, there are no hill stations, no cooler air for relief, around Bangkok. The nearest sea bathing is forty miles away on the Gulf of Siam at Sirichaja—four hours on a jolting road, which makes it too strenuous a Sunday jaunt for the children. Furthermore, gasoline is thirty-eight cents a gallon, and there are malarial mosquitoes all along the way. However, a year ago Christmas they rented a bungalow in Sirichaja for the weekend holiday, packed the car with powdered milk, DDT, provisions, Christmas ornaments, and ayahs. They all had a beautiful time on the beach and enjoyed dancing around the Christmas tree Nancy made out of bamboo.

Meanwhile they spend their Saturday afternoons and Sundays at the Royal Sports Club swimming pool. Nancy and Harry are good tennis players and frequently play in the club tournaments. Occasionally they go to a rugby match, or a gala performance of Siamese classical dancing, or watch Siamese boxing, a lethal semijujitsu, semiwrestling boxing in which eighty-four varieties of punch, slug, shove, and kick are recognized. There is only one air-conditioned night club where they can dance, and movies are overcrowded. There is duck and snipe hunting in the rice fields outside town, but neither Nancy nor Harry are interested in this.

The most important entertainment is friends—Danes, Britons, Chinese, Americans, and party-loving Siamese who drop in for bridge, or come in for small dinners. Four times a year the Binghams give a large cocktail party for eighty or more; in between they serve frequent buffets for twenty-four—all cooked on the charcoal chatties. But whether there's a party or not, the lights-out routine at night is always the same—Nancy counts the table silver and locks it away with all cash, passports, and jewelry in the safe next to her bed.

LAST SUMMER, when bullets began flying over and through the upstairs during the weekend *coup d'état*, the storeroom became the most important room in the house. The family laid mattresses behind the thick masonry walls, and they sat, slept, and ate there for three days. When the shooting stopped, they counted twenty-seven holes and embedded bullets in the walls and furniture. However, three hours later Nancy was giving a ten-o'clock coffee party for a women's committee. The fighting didn't put the cook off either: she went to market each morning and even managed a present or two for the children.

The Binghams enjoy Siam and the Siamese people enormously, but this doesn't in any degree affect their feeling for the United States and their ultimate return to it. Meanwhile they are responsible, adaptable, and cheerful, doing a conscientious job as parents and as Americans. THE END

The Male View of Feminine Charm *(Continued from page 44)*

from the street for their break-up value in old metal, hard stones, feathers, and leathers. When you look at a girl with class what you see is the girl.

The girl with class has a certain reserve. She doesn't tell you everything she knows the first time she meets you. You may be in doubt about what she thinks on a number of subjects even after knowing her for quite a time. But her coolness is pleasant, like the feeling you associate with cool fingertips. You decide she is cool because she takes relationships seriously. A love affair with her would be important; neither of you would be the same afterward. The coolness is a promise that she has something more, something held back.

Since this girl isn't a climber and isn't promoting anything, you can have fun with her at any level, casual or intimate. Every relationship with her is what it is. It may grow or it may not. She will wait and see, rather than force it. She makes a good dinner partner, or a good wife. Men recognize the fact that she is what she seems to be. She can forget herself in what is going on at the moment.

(The girl without class, poor, fierce, intense thing, never forgets herself. She is the center of her little universe. She stares at a new man in absorption, calculating the possibilities. She is lost in herself and can't find the way out.)

IN THOSE hours after midnight, when it is too late to go home, I've heard men try to explain class.

The girl they have in mind seems, somehow, to live effortlessly. You are more aware of her reticences than of her problems. She seems not much concerned with the minutiae of living. She never mentions something she has just bought or talks about some dreary little advantage she has gained in life's unending struggle. She is unanxious. She never asks you to notice her clothes—because she knows darn well you'll notice them.

She lights her own cigarette, but you like to light hers for her. She doesn't need your help getting out of a cab, either, but you like to give it.

Because she is on the level in her relationships, a man can be on the level with her. It is hard to describe what a relief this is to a male. Man needs woman, and has to choose his woman from among those he knows. If he has to pay the customary price, in the form of putting up a front, doing a little biologically justified fibbing, he does it without griping. It is not for him to challenge nature's laws. But when he meets the girl with class, the need for these usual grim necessities of the war between men and women evaporates. He can bring his problems, not merely his false front, to her. He can even tell her he's broke. It's perfectly all right.

One of the differences between the girl with class and the girl without is that the girl with this elusive quality stirs a man's protective feelings. It seems to him, somehow, that she's too good for him, maybe too good for this world. The girl with her eye on the main chance rouses a man's protective instincts about as much as a python would. But the girl who throws herself generously into the sea of life seems a proper object of his concern. He is assailed by the awful thought that she can be hurt. If a girl has class, each man feels he alone understands her, that this unique knowledge is a sacred trust he must exercise for her good. The thought of other men, so obviously coarse, having power over her makes his gorge rise, and he hastens to take steps to protect her from this fate.

ANY GIRL can have some class if she tries. She can probably have more than she has now. There are degrees. Some girls have a lot of class, some have a little, and some have none at all. A careful study of the following precepts should enable a girl to pass muster.

1. Don't overemphasize sex appeal. Nothing lets a girl in for more jokes among the boys. The sex appeal of the girl with class is a thrilling essence, inherent in her total appearance, even, in outstanding cases, in the mention of her name. The secret, strangely enough, lies in a kind of unself-consciousness of body. The physical contacts social custom—from dancing to subway riding—fosters do more to a man when the girl seems entirely unaware of them than when the look in her eye says she knows a big moment when one comes along. Cool unself-consciousness of body has an impact no television dress can match.

2. Don't be a special-events kid. The girl (over the age of sixteen) who gets an ecstatic, excited look at parties and begins to fly shortly after ten P.M. will never have class. Meet her on the street some day and she looks as if a near relative had just died. The girl with class doesn't expect much from parties, but she expects a good deal of honest amusement in the ordinary round of her days.

3. Don't live too "female" a life. The girl who is always yukking with girl-friends, in office, elevator, and tearoom, is inescapably a kind of ridiculous figure. It doesn't seem fair, but it's true. A girl lunching alone has, for some reason, more class than a girl lunching with other girls. A girl with tremendous class can do anything and get away with it, but the average female who immerses herself in the "girlfriend" atmosphere becomes de-classed. Perhaps there is a feeling on the part of men that such girls don't really like men very much.

4. Don't push destiny. The girl with class doesn't try to solve her life's problems at every party, by picking the most eligible male present and going after him like Napoleon plunging toward Austerlitz. She is interested in everybody she meets, and there is no specimen of the opposite sex so woebegone and decrepit that she won't give him some of her attention, and a good listen. If this habit drives a man with real interest in her nuts, that doesn't do any great harm, either. This even interest in all people is part of the selflessness that is the real root of class.

5. Throw a few surprises. To tell a man casually, "By the way, I've just moved," is much more impressive than to have had him share your agonies of indecision about where to move, when to move, how to move, etc. It gives him a feeling that you've got a mind of your own and you can be unexpected. Nothing confers more distinction than the ability to make minor decisions without exhausting discussions.

6. Do as you like. But be *sure* you like it. The ability to do what one likes (or

even to like something very much) is becoming rarer all the time, as standardization creeps over us. The ability to like something very much arouses tremendous respect. It is the essence of class, maybe because it's an indication one is whole of soul. Most people don't have enough verve to like red apples and to walk three blocks looking for one.

7. "Face" isn't "class." The girl who turns down a last-minute offer of a date to show she isn't that easily available may save face, but she doesn't have class. A girl with genuine class could take the date and carry it off. Face is a phony version of class—a concentration on small points of prestige that class never thinks about. Face is the terrible dignity of a drunken woman in a side-street bar pretending to be sober; class is what lets her get away with her pretense, picks her up, dusts her off, and helps her, with a smile.

The boat is beating its way back up the inlet. The fish are all caught; the food is all eaten. The last beer can has been blasted out of the water with the target .22. It is time to talk of women.

The boys almost always start by bringing up the women they find ridiculous; it's the easiest way of introducing the subject of dames. They mention the woman who hates her husband and has ways of letting her male acquaintances know that fact. The boys find this one extremely amusing.

They give a minute to the girl they dislike most in the world, the one who leans on them and paws them at parties but turns pale when they get her alone in the moonlight and shifts the conversation to how important it is to be a "real person" or some such nonsense. If murder ever becomes legal, this one will get it first.

Soon, crabwise (like their boat, sliding obliquely through the riptide), they reach the subject of the girl with class.

SHE DOESN'T drink much, but if you're ever drunk around midnight, under circumstances that might be socially disastrous, she'll sober you up in her place, with hot coffee, cold wet handkerchiefs, and no moral disquisitions. If you're seen leaving her apartment, her reputation, which is good, won't suffer, because those who know her know that when she falls in love it won't be a secret.

She's the girl who is amused by your moods, and knows them; she will let you have your sentimental moment, then give you an out afterward, if you want one, by asking you, with cool detachment, how much of it you meant.

She will walk in the rain with you and understands how to conduct herself at a waterfront bar. But if she happens to want a cab and dinner at a good place, and knows you can handle the check, she'll tell you. Neither door mat nor demigoddess, she knows how to hit the precise note of equality in her relations with men.

Call it class. Maybe it can even be defined. For years they've been dinning it into our heads that to give up overconcern with oneself and to become truly interested in others and the world gives one an enormous increase in personal power. Class in a woman is just that, as specifically applied to the duel between the sexes. THE END

Have They Really Licked Tuberculosis? *(Continued from page 37)*

public mistook them for cure-alls. Such misunderstanding and consequent disillusionment can result in countless personal tragedies.

To avoid such misunderstanding the medical profession has rules governing the release of medical news. Doctors' reports on discoveries are usually printed first in medical journals. The journals are read by the nation's doctors, who, armed with the clinical facts, can then answer the queries of their patients.

About the new TB drug, however, doctors knew no more than what they read in their newspapers. They couldn't answer questions, much less prescribe the drug—which cannot be released for sale until it is tested and approved by the Federal Food and Drug Administration. (By the time you read this article, the drug may already have been approved.)

Those are the reasons that the morning of February twenty-first was a nightmare to the men who had responsibility for the TB drug. They could see what was coming and were helpless to stop it. It came. The headlines got bigger and bigger. Packs of photographers roamed unchecked through the wards of the hospital where the drug had first been tested. Pictures of patients dancing in the corridors and such jubilant captions as "New TB Pills Bring Health and Happiness" filled the nation's press.

The reaction was immediate. The drug manufacturers and the doctors whose names had been published were deluged with phone calls from TB victims with pitiful pleas for the drug; May or June, they explained, might be too late for them. The doctors could give no answer.

In one sanitarium a copy of the newspaper story was pasted on the wall. One of the patients said, "We're like boys staring at our first circus billboard. We lie awake wondering what this may mean."

The public, too, is wondering what it means. Can we hope that at least some of the high hopes will be justified?

Here, then, is what is *actually* known about the new TB wonder drug.

THE MOST important fact for patients themselves to understand is this: No TB drug, no matter how miraculous, can replace surgery, bed rest, and careful medical attention. There is no prospect that, as some newspapers reported, TB hospitals and sanitaria will soon be empty of patients. No patient treated with the drug can be pronounced absolutely "cured" for a long time to come.

The only clinical reports published appeared in April and dealt with experiments on a very small group—fewer than two hundred patients—and the longest period of treatment reported is only fifteen weeks. In tuberculosis, which can drag on for twenty years, that is roughly comparable to half a day in a bout of pneumonia.

The first tests were started in June, 1951, and at that time, the discoverers faced a perplexing human problem. They had something that looked wonderful in the test tube, worked well on animals, and yet might be harmful, perhaps fatal, to humans. Still the drug showed such promise that to delay trying it out on humans would be to gamble not with just scores but with thousands of lives.

The doctors solved this dilemma by limiting their first experiments to patients for whom little or nothing could be done by conventional treatment. The purpose of these tests was to find out if the drug produced bad side reactions.

The drug passed this test. There *were* side reactions, but no very serious ones.

The next step was to see what effect the drug had on the disease itself. A new series of experiments began with ninety-two volunteers. The spectacular results of these tests leaked to the press and caused last February's feverish headlines.

It is true that the patients improved amazingly. Weight gains were astonishing, in some cases nearly fifty per cent of the weight before treatment. In nine weeks, 44 patients gained an average of 19.7 pounds. Temperatures, which had ranged from 100 to 105 degrees, subsided, sometimes so abruptly that their charts looked like the course of a ski jump. Poor appetite, a problem in TB cases—became ravenous in most cases. Some patients began eating eleven eggs for breakfast.

After two weeks of treatment patients generally coughed much less. Many stopped coughing completely.

Just as interesting to the doctors was the drug's apparent effect on the TB germs. They examined sputum under the microscope and, in some cases where bacilli had crowded the slide, they now had to search to find a single active rod of the bacillus. In 80 per cent of the cases the bacillus count was reduced and in 20 per cent it became completely negative. This was good news indeed, though its implications, as we shall see, were by no means clear cut.

What made these tests even more dramatic was the dire condition of the patients before treatment. Many had been considered hopeless cases, in some instances near death. At the time of the first reports two patients, too far gone to save, had died, but the rest had not only lived but were thriving.

Why, then, were the doctors still so cautious in their hopes?

The reason lies in tests being conducted at this moment on a much wider basis than the early tests. These new tests deal with two crucial issues: Does the drug actually *kill* tuberculosis bacilli in the body or are the negative counts due to some other factor; and will the bacilli become resistant to this drug as they have to other miracle drugs?

NOBODY yet knows the answers. The treatment of an illness with a drug involves a three-cornered fight among the body, the disease, and the drug. The body tends to fight *all* alien influences. It fights drugs in much the same way it fights disease, and it is often an amazingly dogged and adaptable fighter. The struggle starts every time you take a bite of food: gastric juices set to work dissolving it. If you were to swallow, instead of a piece of apple pie, a tablet of penicillin, gastric juices would destroy 30 per cent of it before it even passed through the stomach. And so tests on TB patients who are not so weak and debilitated as the advanced cases first studied may show that the body, which cannot distinguish friend from enemy, is capable of resisting the drug, destroying it before it can do its good work.

So far the drug seems to have the upper hand, but the tests haven't been exhaustive enough to prove that it will continue to be effective against the struggle put up by the body.

The outcome of the battle between the drug and the bacillus is even more unpredictable. The bacillus is amazingly adaptable and wily. It learns to resist, or accommodate itself to its enemies. As, over millions of evolutionary years certain animals learned to resist cold by developing coverings, the TB bacillus learns, over rapidly succeeding generations, to resist drugs. The bacillus fights, hides, dodges, and adapts. The fittest bacilli survive, developing, through succeeding generations, progeny of increasing drug resistance.

Generations succeed each other so rapidly that evolutionary changes we normally think of in terms of millions of years can be achieved, in the microbial world, in a matter of months.

Recent experience with the savagely resistant powers of the TB bacilli when attacked by streptomycin is an example. In some patients the bacilli not only evolved strains resistant to the drug but are suspected of having developed one strain that thrives *only* in the presence of streptomycin. Some of the best TB researchers in the country have become infected, in their laboratories, with streptomycin-resistant TB.

IN THE early tests of the new drug no resistance was observed. However, the doctors warn, if it does show up there is no way of guessing ahead of time how serious it will be.

Even the "negative" bacillus counts can be misleading. They don't prove that the bacilli aren't hiding somewhere in the body nor do they prove that the *drug* knocked out the germs. It is possible, for example, that the drug merely stimulates the body to increase its own germ-battling activities. Doctors are anxious to learn more about this possibility.

So far, then, the drug has shown promising—even marvelously hopeful—results, but inconclusive results.

In hospital wards that not long ago echoed with the continuous terrifying coughing of the mortally ill, there is now a good deal of hope.

But the story doesn't end there. The patients, elated as they are by their dramatic recovery, are under no delusion that they are cured. They aren't dancing, despite the newspaper photographs. In many instances they still face major surgery, and they still require rest and extensive treatment. Many have been disillusioned in the past by drugs that worked wonders for a short time. They are as cautious about their future as the physicians are about the future of the new drug.

In the months to come new evidence will be painstakingly gathered and evaluated, and everybody concerned--doctors, chemists, patients—will be holding his breath, hoping for good news and yet prepared for bad news.

Curing a case of tuberculosis, one of man's oldest and wiliest enemies, is like pushing a stalled car up a hill. Every push helps, but if the car falters, no matter how close it is to the top, it may roll all the way downhill again.

The new drug appears to give an added push to the uphill struggle but it's much too early to tell how far that push carries. THE END

When You Eat Alone *(Continued from page 58)*

table; others (and nearly all women) discover the joys of *not* sitting bolt upright. Instead, carry your plate to a coffee table, the arm of an easy chair, or the floor. Once settled, be sure to follow the rule of all happy lone diners of both sexes: Keep your mind occupied with a book, newspaper, magazine, puzzle, radio, or television. You need not, *must* not, look dolefully at nothing while concentrating on each morsel chewed. And for goodness' sake, if yours is the kind of work that can be done while eating, forget that possibility. *Don't work.*

Be sure to eat nourishing foods. Although your instinct will probably be to open a can of beans night after night, resist that instinct! A balanced diet is imperative. The kind of food you eat is reflected in everything about you—in your quickness of thought, brightness of eye, vitality of movement. Besides, keep in mind that fine looks follow right behind fine health.

By this time you must be fully aware of the basic foods you should eat every twenty-four hours, so we'll hurry over them: green and yellow vegetables; citrus and other fruits; a pint of milk; meat, poultry, or fish; an egg; bread or cereal; and butter. Drink eight glasses of water a day. And occasionally eat sweets for quick energy.

One emphatic point: you should get up in the morning in time to eat a nourishing breakfast. All modern nutrition experts agree that a well-balanced breakfast is essential to your well-being. You should have protein (as in an egg) to give you lasting energy, and whole wheat (as in bread or cereal) to regulate your system. The protein will prevent midmorning fatigue, thus saving you from devouring a fattening midmorning doughnut. Such a breakfast gives you energy for the whole day.

Make your meals easier by preparing ahead of time.

It is a good idea to start your dinner preparations at breakfast time. You can partly prepare a salad, casserole, dessert, or vegetable. Boil an artichoke to eat cold with mayonnaise at dinner. (If you get a marvelous last-minute dinner invitation, grab it. The artichoke will keep for tomorrow's dinner.)

Even if you find your larder barren of dinner ingredients, you can plan your dinner. Write out the menu and a shopping list. This will relieve you of that lost feeling you get just before dinner when you wonder vaguely, "What'll I eat tonight?"

"I get sick of eating the same old foods!" All lone diners have the identical battle cry: "How can I get variety into my meals?" Well, every store you enter is a treasure chest of tidbits you've been blindly overlooking. For instance, when buying meat for a lone dinner, we'll bet you invariably think of lamb chops, cube steaks, or hamburger. Right? Well, next time you're face to face with the butcher, why not order kidneys, sweetbreads, sausage, or a small broiling chicken? Or try liver—even more nourishing than kidney and ideally cheap—the lone diner needs only thirty cents' worth. Or you can buy excellent canned meats in small quantities: tongue, canned beef, dried beef to mix with cream sauce and serve on toast or canned fish—salmon, tuna, crab meat, lobster, kippers or fluffy codfish cakes ready for frying.

Also, when next you're fingering canned soups, why not buy such taste-bud sensations as green turtle soup, lobster bisque, onion soup, or Russian borsch? While staring, bored, at the vegetable stalls, don't always settle for carrots, string beans, or spinach. Try such delicacies as eggplant, mushrooms, squash, onions, or green peppers.

As a spur to trying new kinds of food, remember that many an everyday food is full of surprises. For instance, the infinite variety found in a potato can be equaled by the banana. Natives use bananas for every course in a meal; we can do the same. Here are some ideas:

For a main course for either dinner or breakfast, fry a banana and serve hot with crisp bacon. For a pleasant vegetable, bake a banana right in its skin—peeling it, hot, with your knife and fork,

"I think he's going to be a doctor."

before eating it. To change this baked-in-its-skin banana into a fancy dessert, pour brandy over it, light it—and then eat it! For another good dessert, bake a peeled banana in the oven, first spattering it with sugar, butter, and a bit of lemon juice. For a simpler dessert, slice a banana—still in its skin—lengthwise and broil it like a chop; when it becomes crusty brown, sprinkle powdered sugar on top and eat it right out of its shell.

There is another good spur toward variety in foods. Ask yourself, "What is a famous food of a particular region?" The city of Philadelphia, for instance, gave the world that strange food, scrapple—which you can buy in the can, slice, fry, and serve either with a poached egg or with maple syrup. Many of our most succulent dishes have come from other countries: France gave us omelets, soufflés, sauces, and casseroles; Italy offered us spaghetti, macaroni, and noodles; England presented us with Yorkshire pudding and beefsteak-and-kidney pie. Turning back to America, we're indebted to the South for some of the finest foods there are.

Don't forget your public! Right here, we advise all lone diners to stop, look, and get weighed. It is not our object to have you eat yourself into a pear-shape, any more than we want you to become skeletal. Buy an inexpensive little calorie chart so you can keep a daily watch on your intake.

If you're overweight, figure out how much weight you want to lose. A slow-but-sure way to lose weight is to cut 500 calories daily out of your present consumption. This 500-calorie drop will remove a pound every eight days. Find out what nonfattening substitutes you can make for fattening foods such as milk (drink skimmed instead of whole); noodles (eat them made of spinach, not white flour); salad dressing (use lemon juice instead of an oil dressing).

For a happy final thought: a sound diet *always* produces results!

Don't get in a rut. While it has been our purpose to convince you mournful lone diners that eating-alone periods happen to everyone and are rarely permanent, on the other hand, it isn't wise to enjoy your lone meal so much you get in a rut. You definitely shouldn't eat alone every day. For proof, let us once again quote the psychiatrist we quoted earlier:

Said he, "There is something wrong with a person's human relationships if he eats alone *often*. While every lone diner should have the attitude 'This, too, shall pass,' he should meanwhile make an effort not to eat alone all the time."

These words are not intended to drive you into disorderly panic—don't rush into indiscriminate entertaining. A good book is far better company than a meaningless mob. But next time you're smacking your lips over a tasty dish, plan on serving the same dish to some well-chosen friend on Friday. Bestir yourself—at least once a week ask friends in for a meal. Remember that nothing contributes to camaraderie more than good food served in a home atmosphere.

So dine alone tonight cheerfully, tastefully, and with the realization that your good meal will pay off in good health and good looks. Meanwhile, plan a meal in a few days to which you'll invite friends.

Bon appétit!

THE END

A Point of Honor (Continued from page 61)

and cleared his throat, "you *are* from the press, aren't you?"

Jonesy just opened his mouth and closed it again. He looked pretty foolish. I managed to get out a weak sort of yes. It was the first time I had ever thought of myself as exactly "from the press."

MONKEY Bradley looked all around carefully and lowered his voice. "You gentlemen," he asked cautiously, "haven't seen anything, have you?" There was a blank pause. "I mean to say," the man continued, and cleared his throat again, "I mean to say, gentlemen, if you have seen anything, er, *unusual*, about the circus grounds, I hope you will consider it a point of honor not to use it in your papers."

Neither of us said anything.

"About the animals," Bradley said. "The *dead* animals."

He said that in the manner the actors in traveling companies at the Davidson Theatre always played the ghost scene from "Macbeth," and I felt the skin crawling on my back. I almost jumped when Monkey Bradley leaned forward and pushed his reddish, slightly bulbous nose into our faces.

"They're *all* dead," he repeated. "All forty of them—lions, tigers, leopards, snarling jungle pumas. All dead."

Bradley rolled his nose toward the sky and then leveled it at us again.

"The heat killed 'em," he said.

For a moment I thought he was going to cry, but he shook his big shoulders and waved a hand, which held an immense cigar, in a brave gesture. I knew it was a brave gesture because I had seen it at the Davidson Theatre.

"But the rest of the show," he said, his voice swelling with pride, "will be as colossal, as stupendous as ever. Beautiful girls and beautiful horses. Dazzling aerialists who have thrilled Europe's crowned heads. Even without the sixty—uh, forty—wild beasts it will be a stupendous attraction. Colossal."

He handed each of us a fat black cigar.

Jonesy and I went back to town together on the streetcar. We didn't smoke the cigars. We talked about the heat and whether Walker Whiteside would play the Davidson again. Neither of us mentioned the forty dead animals.

When I got back to the *Monitor* office I went right to my desk and wrote that story. I hadn't forgotten what the man in the green vest had said about our making it a point of honor not to use it. But I was pretty certain that the *Banner* would have it, so it stood to reason that we would have to have it, too.

Just the same, I didn't feel any too good about it, and I managed to avoid running into Jonesy the rest of the day.

The *Monitor* came off the press first. That afternoon my story was on the front page, top of the page, outside column, two-column head:

HEAT WAVE STRIKES CIRCUS

To make it up to the circus man I had put in what he'd said about the rest of the show. About the aerialists and the crowned heads and the magnificent horses. It was all there, just the way he had said it. I hurried down to the hotel and tried not to act too excited while I waited for the boy from the *Banner* to bring up the papers that went on the cigar counter every evening. When he got there, I was the first to put down my money.

The story about the circus was not on the front page. I took the paper to the rear of the lobby and, as inconspicuously as possible, read every page. The story wasn't anywhere in the paper.

I was scared then. Scared to death. I knew Jonesy must have made it a point of honor not to betray the confidence. I wondered if the *Banner* would impugn my honor the next day. It would be pretty serious for a young reporter to have his honor impugned right at the start of his career, I could see that. I hoped Jonesy would decide to be a sport about it.

Instead of going back to the office I went home down a back street. For a while I thought I would not even use the complimentary ticket to the circus. But after a hot meal I felt better. It occurred to me that if the circus was going to cost me my job and my honor, I might as well see it.

Just the same, I managed it so that everyone was already in the tent when I got to the circus grounds. I could see the dark shapes of elephants and camels assembling outside the little menagerie tent for the grand triumphal entry.

I had thought I could slip in quietly and unobserved. But Monkey Bradley was waiting for me in front of the big tent. He had changed his vest—he was now wearing a fancy white-satin one. He was champing on a cigar.

He saw me right away and hurried out to meet me. "Son, son, son," he said, "I began to think you weren't coming."

For a moment I thought he was sore, but I saw right away that he was smiling. It was a big smile. He linked an arm through mine and almost dragged me through the menagerie tent and out to where two elephants were ready to lead the triumphal entry. It struck me as odd that there were no cages in the menagerie tent, but I figured that as long as the animals were all dead, a circus would hardly need cages. Monkey Bradley gave me no time to wonder what he had done with all the cages since morning. He threw away the chewed remains of his cigar, took a new one from a pocket of his vest, and waved it at the bandmaster and the big man in the turban standing beside the lead elephant.

"Strike her up," he said. "We'll walk in front."

Before I knew it I was walking arm in arm with the stocky, red-faced man around the hippodrome track of the big circus top. Since I was a little kid I'd always dreamed of doing that someday, but now that I was there the sudden light after the darkness outside almost blinded me.

Everybody in town must have been there. I'd never seen a circus tent so packed and jammed in our town. They were even sitting on straw around the edges of the hippodrome track.

The elephants were right behind us, and the band was just behind the elephants. When we got to the box seat in front of the main, reserved-seat section, the whole procession had to stop for us while Mr. Bradley helped me into the box and then sat down in the chair beside me. I stumbled a little getting into the box, but it didn't matter, even with everybody I knew watching me, because I was too happy to care.

In particular, I was happy because now nobody could impugn my professional honor. If the owner of the circus was willing to forgive my using that story about the heat wave killing all his wild animals, it seemed to me that the *Banner* couldn't very well object.

IT WAS a good show. At least it started out that way. But the more I thought about those wild-animal cages that weren't there, the less I saw of what was going on in the two rings and hippodrome of Bradley's Mammoth New Century Circus.

Forty animals, the man beside me had said. Counting two animals to a cage that would be twenty cages. Even counting four to a cage, that would be ten cages. When you added the two elephants, the three camels, the zebra, and the ponies, there just wouldn't be room for ten cages in that little two-pole menagerie tent.

When I looked at all those people in the reserved seats and the bleachers and on the fresh straw by the track, I felt terrible. Even the fact that they seemed to be enjoying the show didn't help.

All at once I thought about Jonesy—and I wasn't only sick, I was scared silly. There wasn't even any use hoping that Jonesy would be a sport about this.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

HOME-TOWN OPERETTA

Loyd Rosenfield

The program lists all actors, ditties
And personnel of twelve committees;

Soft desert moonlight, sandy kisses,
A steam pipe in the loges hisses,
And when the sultry harem rises,
How many different shapes and sizes!

Arabian costumes are in order
From just below our Southern border;
The rough male tribesmen, hell-for-leather,
Sing all for one, but not together;

Rebounding spotlights, blown-out fuses,
A duet race—the tenor loses;
One shackled slave girl, then another,
Cannot resist a wave to mother;

The hero stands there, silent, hardy,
The prompter is the one who's tardy;
The chanteuse flees, the bandit stops her,
He lifts her, stumbles, staggers, drops her;

Six curtain calls with much applauding,
Reviews all great, extolling, lauding,
Which, I fear, is sufficient reason
To stage another show this season;

Why should I be the vexed, perplexed one?
—Because my wife is in the next one!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Bright new idea that's sweeping the country!

Vermouth "on the rocks"

Some like it sweet...

Some like it dry...

Some like it Half and Half...

Find out why!

SO MODERN . . . *this* bright new idea that's sweeping the country! It's delightfully *light* . . . and downright *delicious*. Try Martini & Rossi Vermouth "on-the-rocks" yourself —and taste why so many smart people are serving it today! Yes! find out why it's great when you drink it straight!

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IMPORTED VERMOUTH

SWEET OR EXTRA DRY

RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., N. Y., N. Y.

Then I started to get mad. I was mad at the fat Mr. Bradley with his elegant satin vests and his big black cigar. I didn't like anything about him. But when I turned around to glare at him I couldn't stay mad. He was staring hard at me with the saddest look I've ever seen. Like he was reading my mind, and it was making him awfully unhappy.

So I just got mad at myself. I got so mad at myself that I didn't even notice when the big circus owner slipped out of the box and left the tent.

When the show was over I ducked out quick between two sections of seats and under the rolled-up side wall. For a minute or two I stood outside the tent blinking at the darkness, which was lighted by what looked like a hundred yellow-red flares.

Somewhere off to one side of me I heard the sound of workmen's voices.

"Craziest thing I ever heard," a gruff voice growled.

"Old Man's losing his grip," someone else agreed. "We been carrying them empties on the cars since he bought 'em for a song in K.C."

"It's the heat," the first man grumbled.

I didn't have time to wonder what they were talking about because just then I saw the big crowd gathering up at the front of the circus grounds where the side show had been. The tent was gone already, but there must have been three hundred people standing around there, chattering like a bunch of blackbirds in a catalpa. I had a hunch I wouldn't be a reporter after eight o'clock in the morning, but I knew my duty, so I hurried up to the edge of the chattering crowd.

I could hear a kid's high, piping treble. "I betcha the lions was in that one right there," he kept saying over and over. "Yes, sir, I betcha they was in that one right there."

There were ten cages lined up in a long row where the side-show tent had been two hours before. They weren't much to look at. The paint had pretty well peeled off, and there was no lettering on them. But they *were* cages—and they *were* empty.

I got out of there in a hurry, before anybody could see me crying.

TWO YEARS later, when Bradley's Mammoth Circus came back to town, I quit my desk as city editor of the *Monitor* and went with the show in a front-office job. I've been with Monkey Bradley ever since. Monkey has never said anything about that night, and I've never told him what I saw as I left the lot.

Most people when they leave a circus grounds never look back. But a fellow who is a sucker for a circus always stops at the gate and turns around. So I saw what I guess nobody else noticed. Each of those battered cages had a piece of paper tacked to the front, just under the driver's footboard. Now, anyone who is a sucker for a circus knows that cages don't have pieces of paper on them. So I went back, skirting the edge of the crowd, and took a close look at the square of paper tacked to the front cage. It was hand-printed, and it read:

SHERIFF'S SALE

WARNING: This cage is condemned. Not to be used to house animals unless completely reconditioned.

THE END

First Mate

(Continued from page 47)

it quickly assumed heavy, shadowed proportions when Crosset saw how Francine looked at the man. It was only in the look, but Crosset knew. It was painfully easy to see because she had truthful eyes. Her manner was restrained, with natural dignity, but her eyes were bluntly truthful, and during those days on the *Setter* and these days on the life raft her eyes had told Crosset she was discarding him for the other man.

Now she said, "We're drifting closer."

"I hope so," Garrison murmured. But he looked doubtful. His head turned slowly as he studied the path of the ocean current.

She gripped Garrison's arm. "What is it, Bill? Don't you think we'll make it?"

"These tides," Garrison said. "They have a habit of changing their minds. If we only had oars or a sail. When you drift, there's no telling where you'll go."

CROSSET lowered himself so he was comfortably supine on the floor of the raft, his head against the cushion of thick rubber along the side. He looked at his wife and told himself it would be a pity if she died. He saw the silver-blonde hair, the beryl-green eyes, and the slim elegance of form. But beyond that was the knowledge of her generous nature, her simplicity, and her quiet, unadorned sincerity. He was sad and sick with the thought of losing her, and it had nothing to do with death—she was still very much alive and he was losing her. The feeling of loss was even deeper than the realization that he had never truly possessed her.

He had been married to Francine for seven years, and only recently had given up hope that she would ever fall in love with him. He had tried desperately to make her love him.

Thinking back on it, he itemized all the attempts he had made, and was forced to smile at himself, at his frenzied, futile efforts to win the heart of Francine. In a tangible sense, he had given her much more than a reasonable tribute. He was a multimillionaire, an oil tycoon, and so the lavish and glittering gifts represented no special sacrifice. But in his desire to please her, to demonstrate his love, he constantly sacrificed, catered to her every inclination and mood, sublimated his own wishes to a shake of her head. At times he tried to be angry with her. But he realized it wasn't her fault.

Crosset raised his head to look at the island in the distance. Then he looked at Francine and immediately forgot about the island. As always when he looked at her, he begged himself to discover why she couldn't fall in love with him. It was a maddening question because the goal seemed so near.

Except for the one major one, all the elements were there. Francine was fond of him, she treated him with respect and kindness, and her physical response was genuine because physically they were well mated. He was only six years older than Francine, who was thirty-two, and he knew himself, without conceit, to be an impressive figure of a man. He was built along compact lines, a stocky, beefy bulk of masculine force. His complexion was a healthy red, and he had kindly, friendly gray eyes, a good crop of tawny hair parted far on the side and

kept flat and shining in other days. Francine often told him he was good to look at and good to touch. But her eyes told him that she wasn't in love with him.

The purchase of the yacht, the subsequent voyage across the globe, had been another of his attempts to make her love him. He had felt that moonlit waters and the vast expanse of ocean and sky would provide an atmosphere conducive to changing Francine's conception of him. Or, if the trouble was not in him but was something within her, it would help her rid herself of it and become able to return his intense love.

He had suggested that they make the trip alone. Francine had said no, it was stupid and selfish to limit such a large yacht to two passengers.

And so, although the moonlit nights were there, he had stood alone at the rail. Behind him, in the party room, the sounds of laughter were thorns of irony. He wanted to be enraged, to project his bitterness at Francine. But he had never been able to feel bitterness toward anyone who was honest with him.

FRANCINE had been utterly honest with him from the moment of their meeting in Nevada, in Las Vegas, where she was singing in one of the big night clubs. He saw her and was dizzy. He danced with her and was lost. Within a week he was crazily in love and proposed, and Francine said no. A year later, in Buenos Aires, he was still proposing and she was saying no. After Buenos Aires it was Montevideo, then Quito and Caracas. At times he was almost crazy when he watched the men at the tables in the night clubs and saw the way they looked at her.

In Bogotá, Francine's business manager pulled a deal that took away every cent she had saved. The disaster was too much for her, and she broke down during her act and lost her job. Crosset told her to forget singing, to stop worrying about money and marry him. She agreed to marry him and told him it was only for his money. She couldn't have been more honest.

All her statements had been honest. She said he would receive his privileges as a husband, but he mustn't expect her to bear children. It was her conviction that children should be a product of love, not mere mating. She promised she'd be physically faithful, but if she fell in love, then a divorce would be only fair and logical. It was highly improbable, she added, that such a situation would ever occur.

It had never occurred until this thing with Garrison. And with Garrison it was like seeing a thundercloud and waiting for it to burst. As they began the long cruise from Madagascar, heading east toward Australia, there was very little talk between Francine and Garrison. The new first mate, Crosset decided, was either playing it slowly and shrewdly or was too much of a gentleman to display his feelings. Or perhaps Garrison was truly paying no attention and wasn't the slightest bit interested. It was impossible to figure the man, but then Garrison as a personality was not important. The only important issue was the magnetism generated, and the way Francine seemed to be magnetized.

They were four days out of Madagascar when Francine told Crosset of her feelings toward the first mate. It was late at night, and they were alone at the

rail. She explained with a quiet blending of kindliness and blunt truth that something deep and fine and real had come into her life, and she emphasized that Crosset must be prepared for a termination of the marriage. He stared blankly at the ocean and murmured that he hoped the situation would work out the way she wanted it to work out. He said he certainly hoped she knew what she was doing. Then he looked at her and saw the integrity in her eyes. And beyond the integrity he saw the tumult of her emotions, her seething endeavor to be as honest with herself as she was being with him. He sensed that she had not yet reached a decision. He discarded self-pity and pitied Francine. He told himself that her essential truthfulness, however admirable, might bring her to grief at the hands of Garrison. And there it was again. Neither of them really knew this man Garrison.

On the following night the yacht was caught in a swirling, raging storm and managed to hold its own until something went wrong in the engine room and there was an explosion. Then there was fire, and rafts were lowered. It all happened rapidly, and most of it was a smoky orange blur in front of Crosset's eyes as he staggered across the tilted deck, shouting Francine's name. He reached the rail and saw the rafts in the water, and the men working frantically to lash the rafts together with ropes. They all yelled to him, begging him to jump. There were five rafts, all filled, and the beckoning arms and the voices telling him he must jump. But Francine wasn't among them. and he raced around to the other side of the deck and saw two figures swimming toward an empty raft. The raft was drifting away, and they swam desperately.

He saw them reach the raft, Garrison getting there first, bending down, lifting her onto the inflated rubber. She seemed to be all right, so Crosset vaulted the rail and hit the water.

But he wasn't much of a swimmer, and the waves were huge. He told himself he wouldn't be able to make it. He pleaded with himself to continue swimming. He heard them calling to him, and he swam blindly with the fever of trying to stay alive. Then the raft came down over the side of a wave, and Garrison leaned out, grabbed him, and hauled him in.

IN THE MORNING the sea was quiet and the weather clear, but there was no sign of the other rafts. Garrison said the other rafts were maybe a hundred miles away by this time, and they might as well forget them and consider their own position. He was somewhat vague on their own position, muttering that they were somewhere in the middle of the ocean between Madagascar and Australia.

The nearest land, Garrison said, was probably Mauritius Island, about a thousand miles west by northwest, but it was mostly a matter of guessing and they mustn't hold him to it. He said if they were lucky the tide would take them toward Mauritius and into the area of ship lanes. If not, they were due for one hell of a long trip, and it was just as well he had lost his compass. There was nothing worse than a compass on a raft that had no sail and no oars.

The sail assemblage and the oars had been lost during the storm, and that was a bad break, Garrison said, but still they could count themselves fairly lucky. After all, the raft was strongly constructed and, in addition to the fishing tackle and water purifier, was equipped with rubber sheets to protect them from the sun. Garrison suggested they talk about cheerful subjects.

But their conversation was half-hearted, and there was only the slow flow of time and the drifting of the raft. Francine responded with conversation that was wholly impersonal, concerned only with the fundamental problem of survival. Sometimes, to break the monotony, she'd sing for them.

But one night it was very cold, and Crosset saw that she was shivering. He crawled toward her, wanting to shield her from the biting wind. As he started to put his arm around her she shook her head. He moved away and spent the night wondering whether he had the courage to throw himself overboard.

A few days later the water purifier broke down and Garrison worked on it from sunrise to dusk. He finally declared there was no way to fix it.

ALMOST an hour had passed since their initial view of the island. They seemed to be getting closer. There was very little wind, and they were dependent on the slow-moving tide.

Garrison kept shading his eyes with his hand, leaning out over the edge of the raft, measuring the distance between raft and island. Every now and then he turned and looked at Crosset, but Crosset was concentrating on the behavior of Francine.

Francine sat slumped near the prow of the raft. She was rubbing her throat and swallowing hard, and there were moments when she raised her head over the side and stared at the water. Crosset knew she was terribly thirsty. He began to wonder how long a human being could survive without water.

He crawled toward Garrison and said, "It's taking us a long time to get there."

Garrison rested his chin on clenched hands. "We may never get there."

Crosset looked at the sky and felt the emptiness and the quiet.

Garrison's arm stretched out in the direction of the island. "Look there. You see what's happening?"

Crosset squinted and saw the island seemingly slipping away to the right. He thought it must be an illusion, because it was taking place with such fantastic rapidity.

"It doesn't figure," Crosset said. He lifted his eyes toward the sun. "This time of day the tide ought to head toward land."

"Toward mainland," Garrison murmured. "And not always. There's such a thing as crosscurrents." Then his voice climbed a little. "It's a damn shame, isn't it?"

Francine crept toward them and Crosset heard her saying, "What is it, Bill? What's wrong?"

Garrison waited a moment. Then he sighed and shrugged. "It's the current. Taking us away from the island."

The quiet was very thick while Francine raised herself on the side of the raft and looked and saw the island going away. She winced, and began to bite on her lip, and it seemed, for an instant, that Garrison intended to touch her gently on the shoulder. But before he could, the raft lurched as Francine stood up. She stared ahead in the direction they were drifting and saw the empty horizon.

Her voice was toneless. "The island was our last chance."

"It's still there," Garrison said.

Crosset detected a certain significance in the other man's voice, and he asked quickly, "What are you thinking?"

GARRISON breathed heavily and was silent.

Impatience seized Crosset. He sensed that Garrison was using the delay to lure him in toward something. He said, "All right, whatever it is, I guess I can take it."

"I hope you can," Garrison told him. "I have a plan laid out, but it doesn't include you."

Crosset tried to rub the sun out of his eyes. He felt a buzzing in his brain.

"It's this way," Garrison said. "You're not much of a swimmer."

Crosset saw Francine backing to the edge of the raft and slowly lowering herself to the seat afforded by the bulge of inflated rubber. She stared at Garrison and waited.

Garrison smiled at her and said, "I don't want to tell you what to do. I want you to make up your own mind."

Without looking back at the island, she swept her arm in that direction. "How far is it?"

"Six or seven miles."

Crosset withdrew to the other end of the raft.

He heard Francine saying, "It's a long swim. I've never tried it that far."

"You're a good swimmer," Garrison said. "I saw you swimming when the yacht went down, and that was rough water." He gestured toward the ocean. "Look how calm it is now."

Francine leaned over the edge and dipped her fingers into the water. She gave a little laugh with a tinge of hysteria in it. "Nice and warm. But it's too warm to drink. And I guess the salt wouldn't taste good."

"There's plenty of fresh water on the island," Garrison said. "And we won't have trouble finding people." He pointed toward the mound of land. "I'm willing to bet that's Mauritius."

Crosset tried to swallow dryness far back in his throat and couldn't get it down. He opened his mouth to say something and decided to check it. He was waiting for her to look at him, but her eyes were on Garrison. Crosset could stand it no longer. He said, "No. I tell you no. It's too far, Francine. You're a good swimmer, but you can't swim that far."

She didn't look at him. She seemed to be speaking aloud to herself. "I think I can make it. If I get tired, I'll float."

"No," Crosset said. Then he turned and spoke louder, at Garrison. "Why do you need her? Why don't you swim it alone? When you get there, you tell the people and they'll send help."

Garrison shook his head. "It isn't that simple. As a swimmer I make a passing grade, but I'm no world-beater. If I go alone, there's no guarantee I'd make it." He paused for a long moment. "When it's a long swim, it's much better with two parties. If one gets in trouble, the other can help."

Francine nodded quickly. "Of course."

Crosset smiled. He looked past them and saw the island. He said, "Really?"

"Oh, stop being stupid," Francine

snapped at him. "Can't you see the way it is? We're just trying to figure out a way to stay alive."

"I wonder," Crosset said. He was looking at Garrison. "I wonder if that's the only issue." His face was expressionless, but his eyes jabbed into Garrison. "You want me out of it, don't you?"

Garrison frowned. "Look now, if you're going to talk like a sick man—"

"Not sick," Crosset said. "Wide awake. I can see now you're a dandy operator. A quick thinker. I imagine you play wonderful poker."

Francine moved toward Crosset and said, "Please don't. I mean it. This isn't the place. It isn't the time."

Crosset laughed lightly. "There won't be any other time. I might as well say it now."

She swallowed very hard. "Then say it to me."

But he wasn't looking at her. His face was expressionless again, and his eyes hit Garrison. "She's going with you because she wants you. I'm not condemning her for that. It was a bargain I made with her a long time ago, long before you walked in. If I thought you really cared for her, I wouldn't make this fuss."

"You'd better not make it," Garrison told him. "You'd better stop. Right now."

"No," Crosset said. "I want her to know. I want her to understand that you don't give a damn for her. You're thinking of the prize. A rich widow—"

"Stop it," Garrison warned.

"A rich widow with looks," Crosset said. "The money, the face, and the body. And you're gambling to get it. You're gambling with her life."

Garrison's eyes were narrow, and his lips stretched so that there were deep lines from the corners of his lips to his rigid jaw. The tenseness increased until it seemed his skin would crack. Then he was coiled, ready to lunge. Francine moved in quickly and grabbed his arm. He relaxed suddenly and looked at her expectantly.

She said, "I'm going with you, Bill."

Crosset sat there and watched them as they stood motionless, just looking at each other. He felt that he was being hit with a hammer blow he couldn't take, and the agony caused him to clench his hands until his fingers ached. They moved toward the side of the raft, preparing to leave the raft, to leave him alone. It was a dirty business, it was rotten. For an instant he forgot he was the victim and felt more like a witness. He was looking at the worst treachery. In the next instant he scolded himself bitterly for behaving badly.

"Well, anyway," he said to Francine, "good-by and good luck."

Francine didn't look at him. She didn't seem to hear him. She dived off the edge of the raft, and Garrison followed. Crosset buried his head in his hands and heard the splashing as they swam away.

THE OCEAN was baked a hot yellow, but far out toward the horizon there were wide bands of purple stretched across the water, curving up and into the sky. Above the purple the sky was an opal with all the colors of twilight in it as the big burning ball glided westward and began its descent. It was a fine, glorious view, and Crosset tried to enjoy it, but the loneliness was dragging him down. He could feel the tugging dryness in his mouth and throat. His body begged for water.

He rested flat across the width of the raft, his eyes closed and his hands folded under his head. He told himself there was no sense in waiting. It was almost masochistic; certainly not intelligent. He ought to try to be intelligent and understand this. Especially Francine.

It occurred to him that something amazing was happening within his mind; a particular area of his mind that had been dark for many years was now beginning to glow. He realized the drastic nature of recent circumstances had finally led him to discover the truth about Francine.

He went back seven years to when he first met her. She was a singer with a wonderful voice, but they didn't hire her for her voice. And so she was always quitting the jobs. She was always quitting the men who saw only the outer gloss and not the inner quality.

He told himself it was hypocritical for him to criticize the men. After all, he had been one of them. Just more persistent than the others. He'd had the desire and the money, and he'd thought that was enough. Sure, his intentions had been honest, but the pattern was wrong; the externals were sordid; he had allowed their marriage to start on a meaningless foundation. It was certainly not her fault. She had been battered and dazed from all the kicking around and didn't care what happened anymore.

And so, of course, that wasn't the time to marry her. That was the time for kindness.

DAMN IT, he should have waited. But he had had to rush the thing, and when he talked to her and she listened, he thought it was rapport. A dreadful mistake. When she finally said yes, she was like a customer weary of argument and giving in to the sales talk.

So there it was, a business arrangement. When it starts like that, there's no changing it, unless some kind of a dynamiting occurs. There had been a dynamiting, all right, the blasting moment he'd heard her say she would go with Garrison.

That Garrison. He was a smart man. A miserable dog, but smart. He ought to forget Garrison and just think about her. But why must he think about her? Wasn't there anything else?

No. There was nothing else. She was everything. The living wonder of her had made all else a vague composition in the background. Come to think of it, he'd had a fine life with her. Even though what he'd wanted most was the return of his love, he really had no legitimate grievance because she had given him everything she had promised to give. Now he ought to focus on the positive and pleasant side of the memory, and go back to all the places.

Like Maine. The summers in Maine. And the trip they took to Canada. He'd shot a bear, and she'd carried on something fierce and said she couldn't stand to see anything killed. Go back, go back to Manhattan. The apartment in Sutton Place, and the view from the window up high. The river in the evening in springtime. It was wonderful in Manhattan; it was wonderful in all the places. In Virginia, in Idaho, and on the crazy flights across the country whenever she wanted to hear Melchior sing, or he wanted to see Ray Robinson fight. Look back on it, get back there,

get away from now. Now was only himself and the raft. And the ocean.

Crosset turned over on his side. He looked out at the purpling sky and the quarter-circle of flaming orange that remained above the horizon.

FRANCINE and Garrison rested many times, treading water and floating, and when she said she was all right, they would swim on until she was tired again. At this moment they were treading water, and it was starting to get cold. The sun had gone down and only a little light remained in the sky.

The island was slightly more than two miles away. In the quickening dusk it was a shapeless hulk of gray-purple, blotched with green here and there. It looked like something heavy and dead floating on the water.

"How do you feel?" Garrison asked.

"I'm all right. I think I'm all right," she answered.

He threw his head back to get hair out of his eyes. "The thing to do," he said, "is to keep your arms moving. Just move your arms and kick your legs."

"I didn't know that," she said.

Garrison laughed lightly. "I only say it to remind you."

She opened her mouth to say something and swallowed some water. She began coughing. Her face contorted as she gagged. Then she choked on the water as it scorched her throat. Her arms went up, clutching at the air, and her head went under the surface. Garrison lashed his way toward her, grabbed her, held her securely. Presently she told him she was all right and he could let go.

He let go and suggested they float for a while. She nodded, and they floated for a stretch. Then Garrison asked if she was ready to resume swimming, and she said yes.

Later she got tired again, and once more they treaded water. She was breathing with her mouth wide open.

Garrison came in close. Despite the darkness, some light was reflected from the water, and he saw the sheen of her silver-blonde hair and the luminous green of her eyes.

He grinned at her. "You're doing fine."

"Am I?" She managed to smile. "You mean, I was."

"Don't say that. I don't want you to talk like that."

She closed her eyes and gulped hard on the salty pain in her throat. "He was right, wasn't he?"

Garrison said, "Don't talk about him."

"He claimed I couldn't swim this distance, and he was right."

"Listen," Garrison said, "forget him. Just forget him." He came bobbing in and touched his hand to her shoulder. "You're with me now."

She was silent a moment, and then she said, "Yes, I know. Let's swim."

They swam slowly, Garrison letting up on his stroke so she could keep up with him. This time they negotiated the wide current that skirted the island and came into the rolling tide heading inland. They could feel the big rollers taking them in. But all at once she was very tired, and she gasped loudly. Garrison saw her going down.

He lunged in and took hold of her. His face twitched with anxiety and the effort of keeping both of them above the surface.

She gasped, "Bill, I'm finished."

"Now, listen—"

"Please." She shook her head quickly. "Don't give me a pep talk. I know I'm finished, and this is silly. If you don't let go you'll only weaken yourself."

"Oh, come on," he said. "Come on. I'm telling you you'll be all right. We're going there together. We're going to Mauritius."

"When you get there—"

"I said *we*."

"When you get there, tell them to look for the raft."

The effect was immediate. She saw something happening on his face, and then he pulled away from her. Her eyes pierced the darkness and studied his face.

She saw the vindictiveness, the scheming, and the deceit. It occurred to her that she had seen it before, during the final moments on the raft. But during those moments it hadn't stabbed into her mind as it was stabbing now. Then she had been thinking solely in terms of survival. There hadn't been time to examine her reasons for deciding to make the swim instead of staying with Crosset.

But now she understood. Her decision had been instinctive, like that of an animal bent on saving itself and its mate. She realized that Garrison was selfish and venomous. And the knowledge of it, in that brief, glaring interval, somehow hit her harder than it had hit Crosset, because she foresaw that Garrison would not summon help for her husband.

It was so clear now. Everything was so blazingly evident. Garrison was only a scheming intruder, a composite of what she had thought most men—including her husband—to be. But Crosset had been a refutation of that theory. Crosset had not been thinking of himself when he had asked her to remain on the raft. It had been for her sake, just for her sake. Now, she realized, she had finally come to know Crosset. It was the thought of him that gave her the strength to stay afloat.

A rise of water came in and lifted her on its crest, taking her away from Garrison. The water carried her down its rolling slope, and above her it was a wall and above that there was the purple darkness of the sky. Then Garrison appeared over the top of the roller and came swimming toward her.

There was something in his approach that caused her to be afraid. As he moved nearer, his face was white against the black of the water and she saw his glinting eyes, his twisted mouth, and realized he was maddened by the knowledge he had lost his gamble. He swam close to her, and it was apparent he intended to push her under the water.

SHE TRIED feebly to swim away. But he came in fast and grabbed her. She saw his clenched teeth and heard the whistling of his breath.

They were hit by another roller, and his hands slipped from her shoulders. The distance between them widened. There were more rollers and all she saw was the dark water shining in the heavy fall of night. When she heard the sound it seemed to come from very far away. He was coughing and screaming to her. He was shrieking that he had a cramp, and he was begging her to come and help him.

She looked, but she couldn't see him. The shrieking ended, and there was only the crashing, battering booming of the waves. She discerned, against the blackness, the swirling white ribbons of foam, the breakers. Above that, beyond it, were lights. She was looking at lighted windows in houses on the island of Mauritius.

She wondered if she had the strength to go on and get through the breakers. The shore looked very far away, and she told herself it was too far away. She thought of Crosset, and her gasping lungs were torn with a sob.

IN THE MORNING the ocean was gray under a gray sky. The water was choppy, and it hacked at the sides of the raft. Crosset, feeling the chill and dampness of the air, looked up and tried to decide if it would rain. The rubber sheeting was wrapped tightly around him, as he sat near the edge of the raft with the cork handle of the fishing pole in his shivering hands, and the line limp in the water.

He was beyond the grinding pain of severe thirst, and now there was no pain at all. There was only the weakness and the hazy notion that he would like to have a drink, any kind of a drink. Even the blood of a fish. But then, really, that was a stupid thought. A fish might bite, but he wouldn't have the strength to haul it in. He hardly had the strength to hold on to the pole. He wondered if he had the strength to pull himself over the edge of the raft and end this ridiculous waiting.

Perhaps they had been granted some amazing luck and had actually made it to the island. He hoped they had made it, hoped he had been wrong about Garrison and that she would be happy with him. Francine was really a fine, decent girl. It was too bad their marriage hadn't given her the happiness she wanted, but maybe she would find it with Garrison. He certainly hoped so. He deeply hoped she was alive and was going to be happy. He forced himself to believe she had made it to the island. It was a pleasant feeling to have at the very end.

This, he decided, was the very end, and he let go of the fishing pole. He began to climb over the side. The water looked soft and comfortable and surely, in his present condition, it wouldn't take long for him to die.

He was climbing over the side, working to brace his legs to get leverage to throw himself over. His fingers slipped on the wet rubber, his legs gave way, and he fell back into the raft.

He had no more strength, and he was lying there, on his back, when he sensed the shadow passing over him. He had no idea what it was, and he didn't care. But then he heard the sound of engines, and he looked up and saw the plane. As it came nearer, circling toward the water, he saw it was a British navy patrol plane.

He saw it landing on the water and taxiing toward him. He tried to sit up and wave, and suddenly everything was mist. They were carrying him into the plane. He could hear their voices, but the mist was very thick and he couldn't open his eyes.

And then he was aware of a hand touching his brow. The cool, gentle touch. The other voices were gone, and there was only the one voice. His heart heard the words he had always yearned to hear from her lips. He surged through the wall of mist, and opened his eyes.

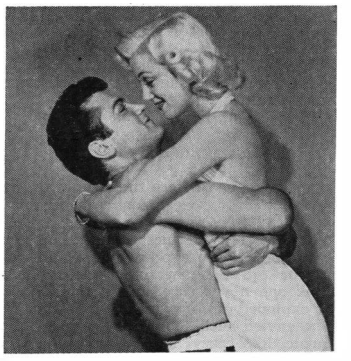
THE END

Movie Citations (Continued from page 12)

life, *My Six Convicts*, you'll be happy to find that in being transposed to the screen it has lost none of its humor, its characters are as colorful, and its quality of human understanding has, if anything, been heightened.

It is a startling commentary on American life that prison pictures are almost as successful commercially as Westerns—that is, the prison-break pictures with riot scenes and, usually, torture. "My Six Convicts" is a different kind of prison film. It is a comedy as well as a drama—a comedy of great depth. Stanley Kramer, who made the film for Columbia and who is among the most thoughtful as well as the most brilliant of the producers in the motion-picture industry, says of his document on the life of convicts under the modern penal system that it "assumes the responsibility for saying that the mere locking up of men behind bars, irrespective of the crime committed, will solve very little and cure absolutely nothing."

The novelty of this true story of Dr. Wilson's is that as a prison psychologist he did try to cure something and he did succeed. The six men he cured were a whimsical safe-cracker, a big-city gangster, a murderer, a fairly innocent city boy, an embezzler, and a thief. Under Hugo Fregonese's direction, Millard Mitchell, Gilbert Roland, and Marshall Thompson give refreshing, stimulating performances as the three prisoners on whom the story focuses. And John Beal, portraying Dr. Wilson, ties the story together with quiet finesse. This is a picture that fully merits a Cosmopolitan Citation. In addition to the further recognition it will surely be given as a contribution to film making, it is to be hoped "My Six Convicts" may ultimately have a beneficial effect on our penal system.



SPECIAL CITATION for the best performance by a new star—to Tony Curtis, for "Flesh and Fury," with Jan Sterling.

THE TWO other Cosmopolitan Citations being awarded this month are not to films but to individuals—one to an actor and one to a writer and director.

Tony Curtis, a handsome young man who is currently the bobby soxers' delight, is starring in a distinctive prize-fight drama called "Flesh and Fury," a Universal-International film. This is the story of a deaf mute who rises to the top of the pugilistic ladder; and Tony's portrayal of the handicapped boxer who is preyed upon by a tough night-club dancer, glamorous Jan Sterling, and confused by the sophisticated and intellectual world of writer Mona Freeman, is appealing, understanding, and authoritative. If he is not yet one of the great actors of the screen, he has at least done a splendid acting job that indicates he may yet offer his elders serious competition. His Cosmopolitan Citation is for the best performance by a new star.

George Seaton, of the famous Perlberg-Seaton production team, is currently responsible for "Anything Can Happen," which he wrote and directed for Paramount. Based on the delightful book by George and Helen Papashvily, "Anything Can Happen" details the adventures of a shy but resourceful young immigrant, played enchantingly by José Ferrer. The rest of the cast, too, is just about perfect—Kurt Kasznar as Ferrer's confident friend who knows everything; Oscar Beregi—Hungary's favorite actor in pre-Communist days—in the infinitely touching role of Ferrer's aged uncle; Kim Hunter as the ideal American girl, forthright and intelligent.

This is the most recent in a long series of wonderful films that Seaton either wrote or directed or both—among them "The Song of Bernadette," "Miracle on 34th Street," and "Apartment for Peggy." His great talent has again provided enormous pleasure for us all and it is a pleasure to give him, in turn, a Cosmopolitan Citation. THE END

The Doubtful Heart *(Continued from page 63)*

missed the comforting warmth of his hands and knees.

"Joel—"

He turned, and she went into his arms for a final hug.

"I love you, Hester."

She wanted to remember the quiet, unshakable way he had said it.

HESTER stood before the dressing-room mirror between dances, brushing her hair. She regretted lacking a certain heartiness she noticed in other girls her age. Volatile expressions of mirth or horror did not amusingly contort her face; she never screamed with laughter or exploded out of pique or astonishment. She envied such sounds; they were like music, like crazy music that made you want to dance and have fun.

". . . Fudgey, for instance," said a short, solid woman entering the powder room with a tall, thin friend, "she's certainly no beauty, but she's got whatever it is that men come to rely on. Take Joel. He's dated numerous beautiful creatures from New York to Provincetown, but he's come back to Fudgey time and time again."

Hester's fingers fumbled in returning compact, lipstick, and cigarettes to her purse. She recalled that Joel had mentioned Fudgey with affection. "You'll like her," he had said. But they hadn't seen any of his old friends since the night they met; there had been so much to talk about, a need, like the special need of a honeymoon, for being alone. They had set this dance, without saying so specifically, as a sort of coming out. Fate was challenging her almost before she had set foot out of the heaven she had been living in.

Joel was not anywhere around the dance floor. Perhaps he had stepped out on the veranda that hung over the bay, whence came a festive medley of voices. As she walked through the French doors, she was hailed by her mother, a vivacious blonde with close-cropped curls.

"Hi!" Mom called, turning from a group of acquaintances with a highball glass in hand and party raillery in her smile. "Having fun?"

Mom's lack of awareness could still surprise Hester, but she nodded with the expected brightness. Fighting an ancient bitterness, Hester made herself remember her decision, seven years ago, not to hope for understanding. She was just eleven when Mom and Pop came sailing into the hospital room where she lay with a large new doll in her arms, recovering from an appendectomy. Mom and Pop were dressed to go away for the weekend. Mom wore a violet-wool suit and a large pink chrysanthemum in her lapel, and she smelled good and looked gay as she bent to kiss Hester. "Oh, Rodge," she said to Pop, "I'm not too comfortable about this. We could still call it off. They'd understand." How Hester's heart had galloped! She would have hugged Mom except that Mom was not the kind you impulsively grabbed at without worrying about crushing her flower or ruining her lipstick. "Oh, but why?" Mom had gone on. "Mrs. Malloy promised to come and read her lots of stories. She's perfectly happy." Hester didn't deny it. While they were still there, her eyes began to burn, but she didn't cry until they had gone. Then she promised herself not to hope falsely again for what never had been possible.

"Well, how did everything go, Hester?" they asked her cheerfully when they came to take her home from the hospital.

"Fine," said Hester.

Now, drifting through the crowd, she sighted Joel on the veranda. He was sitting on the railing braced against a pillar. A girl had hold of his hand and was merrily attempting to unseat him.

"I want to talk to you *privately.*" Her voice rose distinctly over the covering murmur. "For instance, where have you been? I swept your filthy house—"

"Gee, thanks—"

Hester's skin prickled as she threaded her way through the crowd. Joel saw her coming and waved to her.

"Hi." He held out his hand. "This is Fudgey Ellison, Hester."

Hester leaned against the railing, weak-kneed and glad of its support. Fudgey's smile was almost one of motherly intuition and wise unconcern, Hester decided. She wore an Oh-so-that's-it sort of look. Poor Joel, stricken again. Fudgey was small, sturdy, perky. Her nose was peeling; there was a matronly set to her bosom. She made Hester think of a child's bob-about toy that, when knocked over, would pop right up again.

The band inside began to play lilting music.

"Come on," Joel said to Hester. "See you, Fudge."

THEY danced. She tried to concentrate on the pleasantness of his cheek against her hair, but she was increasingly conscious of a sense of doom growing in the pit of her stomach.

"*Dolphin's* back again. Like to go sailing tomorrow?" Joel asked.

"Love to," she assented too brilliantly. For it struck her that all sorts of disconcerting things were happening too fast to be overlooked. There was nothing wrong, of course, in his suggestion of a sail. But it did appear that Joel was getting restless and wanted to be doing something different.

They drove home along the road that circled the rim of the bay. The salty, low-tide smell was on the damp wind. Hester breathed deeply, trying to ease the suffocating tension.

As she kissed him good night, her dread became a conviction: This was their real good-by. There would be other times and other kisses but, because she cared for Joel so much, she would lose him. She would not be sufficiently gay, wise, and sturdy to keep him. Sudden tears spilled out of her eyes.

"Darling," he said in consternation, "you're crying. Why?"

There, I have done it, she thought. I have started it. What can I say?

He was holding her away from him. "Tell me," he demanded.

"I have funny ideas sometimes," she choked, sounding foolish to herself. What she felt was enormous, yet now that she had the impulse to be honest, whatever the consequences, she couldn't seem to bring it out so he could see it. "*Can't* feelings," she added, still frustrated.

"Can't what?" Joel asked gently. She swallowed and shook her head.

"Can't be worth much," she murmured finally.

"You silly thing," Joel scolded tenderly. "Why do you think I love you?"

Hester shook her head. He pulled her

against him and made her stay there, warm in his arms. Her tension gradually relaxed, leaving only weariness and bewilderment, as after a nightmare.

"You know something?" Joel spoke as they parted at the door. "It's always tough to wait until tomorrow."

His words were like a supporting arm, all the way upstairs.

Mom and Pop were in their room but they called to her, and Hester paused to chat. They were in bed; they faithfully followed a health regimen to keep young—they subscribed to yogurt, wheat germ, and the avoidance of tension. Mom was wearing a blue nightgown that matched her eyes. Pop, blasé in his striped pajamas and tortoise-shell specs, had been reading to her. How had she enjoyed the dance? they asked Hester.

Leaning on the doorjamb, Hester realized they never knew quite what to say to her and were always relieved when she left. Facing them, chatting about the dance, a sudden fury seized Hester. If they realized she was in love they would make a joke out of it. They would probably be very funny about her wedding. "Of course you'll have to wear a ghastly beige-lace dress and a picture hat or you won't make a proper Mother-of-the-Bride," Pop would tell Mom. And through it all he would wear that secret, wicked little smile that pulled up one corner of his mouth. Oh, there was no use hating them. She didn't hate them. She must just remember there would never be any point to wanting something she couldn't have.

Undressing in her bedroom, Hester wished she had been wise enough to conceal her misgivings from Joel. Her tears had been like the impotent tears of her early childhood that brought her no closer to her heart's desires. She did not wish to put doubts about her in his mind, and perhaps that was what she had succeeded in doing. Had he, driving home, worn a little frown, continued to think about the incident—possibly related it to the future? Oh, maybe, just maybe, if she never let it happen again— She'd learned her lesson, hadn't she? If you kept on smiling, and saying the right thing, nobody guessed what went on in your heart; nobody cared. Against this particular loneliness, it was foolish and futile to struggle. You could hold out a bruised finger for sympathy, but never your soul. Always, after this, she would try and remember the risk.

SHE WOKE up with a smarting nose and a sore throat. The sun was bright, the sky was blue, and a strong breeze was blowing in from the bay. Shivering, she pulled down the windows and dressed warmly in dungarees and a plaid-wool shirt. Sore throat or no sore throat, she intended to go sailing.

As she galloped downstairs, she heard Mom on the telephone giving her grocery order. Hester located Pop by the clacking of his typewriter. He was in the small room off the kitchen that he called his study. He had taken six months' leave of absence from the advertising firm of which he was one of many vice-presidents to write a novel. Pop had a roving eye for adventure of all sorts—he believed that whims were productive—and the difference between him and a number of other men was that his feet roved, too. Once he and Mom had blown a bonus check on a weekend flight to Paris.

"Here's Joel!" Mom called just as Hester sat down in the kitchen to a bowlful of cereal.

As he strolled into the kitchen, she loved his looks, from the snug denim pants and faded-blue T-shirt to his strong, sunburned arms and wind-ruffled hair. His morning happiness was contagious. Hester could have danced.

"Brought Fudgey along for ballast," he announced. "It's pretty breezy. She's out in the car."

Hester quickly steadied herself from an emotional lurch and asked casually, "Why don't you bring her in for coffee?"

"What's this why-dowd-you-brig-herid-for-coffee business?" Joel demanded looking worried. "A fine thing."

Hester smiled as he studied her concernedly.

"Look, it's going to be wet and windy out there. Do you think we'd better go?"

She hesitated, reasoning with her hurt. Joel seemed to have jumped rather quickly at the opportunity to call off their date. Remember, she urged herself, you've often been wrong about these things.

He pulled her to her feet. "Come on out on the porch and see how it feels."

As she stepped outside and waved gaily to Fudgey, she shuddered in the wind

"No, you'd better not try it today," Joel said. "We'll do it another time. We can drive over to Muldoon's Hollow. Beneath the cliffs there won't be any wind, and you can lie down and bake."

But she could sense his disappointment. "I can bake here," Hester said, brightly and firmly. "Out behind the house there's never any wind. And you go on ahead as you planned. Really. *Please* go, Joel."

He frowned and jiggled the car keys in his hand.

"I know what," she said. "Come on back with Fudgey, and we'll all have sandwiches."

"All right," he agreed. "We'll go out for a while."

"Have fun," Hester called, smiling brilliantly and waving from the porch.

She practically reeled into the house. Well, she thought in hectic triumph, I did it—and I didn't let him see I minded. But a pang grew in her breast as the motor's throbbing faded away. He would have been willing to stay, suggested a voice, so was it really so smart to hand him to Fudgey? Hester was exasperated with the inexplicable perversity that always drove her to acts she regretted. Dissatisfaction with her decision was going to make it harder to live through the morning.

Remembering she owed several letters, Hester took her writing kit and a chair into the sun.

The hands of her wrist watch moved torpidly through the morning. The wind tossed the treetops, turning up the silvery backs of the leaves. Birds fluttered by. Inside the study, just behind her, Pop laughed at a question from Mom.

FINALLY it was twelve, and she decided that she had earned a trip to the upstairs window. If the *Dolphin* was still on the bay, she might see it coming in before the wind, and recognize it by its black hull. But the bay, inky and ruffled with whitecaps, was quite empty, except for a fishing trawler heading outward. However, she couldn't see the harbor from the window; it lay in a quarter moon of the bay beyond an interceding point. Perhaps Joel was busily lowering the mainsail, or lashing it to the boom. She would lay out the sandwich fixings.

Twelve-thirty. One o'clock. One-thirty. Mom left for the club. Two-thirty. Three. Now Hester was dismally hurt and apprehensive. Her restless feet took her to Pop's study door. As she opened it, he turned from the typewriter, looking as if he hoped she would be quick.

"Pop, if Joel should come by or call"—her voice sounded queer—"tell him I'm out, will you?"

"Sure," Pop agreed. "When will you be back?"

"I don't really know," she said.

She would walk across to the ocean—that would take at least an hour. She simply could not afford to be home, pent up with jealous misgivings, when Joel arrived. This way Joel might be disappointed, but he would conclude, at any rate, that here was a girl who went her own way, who did not take casual plans too much to heart. Yes, this was the wisest course.

WHEN she returned, burned and buffeted by the wind, eager for news, nobody was home. Mom and Pop had left a note that they were having cocktails with the Millers. They said nothing, one way or the other, about Joel.

Hester walked incredulously upstairs. She was deeply aware of the irony that she should still be able to feel incredulity. From the upstairs bedroom window, she looked out over the bay. The gusty wind had died and the bay lay placid, a pale, shining blue. She heard the lonely put-put of an outboard motor. There could no longer be any reason for sailing. Where had they gone? What were they doing? Was this a habit of Joel's she was just catching up with—was he vague about appointments? But if he really loved her he'd have been here long ago.

". . . Joel's come back to Fudgey time and time again. . . ."

She'd been so anguished hearing that voice. Well, the reactions she had persuaded herself were out of proportion now appeared to have been justified.

Joel called at six o'clock. "Lord, I'm glad you didn't come along, Hester! We got stuck on a sandbar. All the pushing and pulling strained the rudder, of course, and that snapped off coming home. We had to be towed. I'm soaked to the skin and mad as a wet hen." (He didn't sound it, though, she thought. He sounded exhilarated.) "How are you?"

"Fine, thanks," she replied tightly.

"You sound better, not quite so husky. How about a game of chess by the fire?"

"Oh, don't feel you have to do that tonight," she said stiffly. "I'm sure you must be very tired."

"I'm dead," Joel admitted, "but chess doesn't require much energy. Besides, I want to see you!"

He had probably added that out of male compunction.

"Oh, maybe we'd better make it some other time," she parried. "Then you can get warm and stay warm."

Joel's small silence indicated that he was either baffled or pretending to be.

"All right." How quickly he agreed! "How about reading to the Standish kid tomorrow morning while I work on his portrait?"

"I'd thought of driving up the cape to see my roommate," she said.

"Oh, Lord. How long are you planning to be gone?"

"I don't know." She let a little hardness

creep into her voice. "Suppose I call you when I get back."

"All right," Joel said. "Good night."

The memory of his voice made her tremble after she had hung up. She had hurt Joel; she had really hurt him. Two steps at a time she ascended to her room, lay on the bed, and began to cry in big, racking sobs. Joel could have got stuck on the sandbar, could have been wildly impatient, all the time, to return to her. Her head twisted in agony on the pillow. Was she acknowledging this possibility only because she *wanted* to believe his excuse was valid? Oh, if she only understood which of her feelings were the right ones!

The door was opened abruptly, and her muscles tightened. She held her breath.

"*Hester.*" It was Mom's voice, shocked. But, of course—Mom wasn't used to seeing her cry. "Joel's downstairs."

Her doubts took flight and left her like a dream. She sat up, and then pictured her appearance. Aghast, she met Mom's eyes. Mom's blue eyes had darkened with an unfamiliar expression; there was understanding in them and compassion and what she had often hated but now was grateful for—humor. Hester returned an aching smile and then laughter.

"Go into the bathroom and throw cold water on your face," Mom said, sobering up. "I'll get my cake make-up."

Hester stood before the frank mirror in the bathroom while Mom went to work.

"That's better," she said, and gave Hester's shoulder a little push. "Good luck."

Joel and Pop were leaning on opposite ends of the fireplace mantel. Joel went on talking for a moment, and she lingered and listened politely but her heart stood still when he smiled.

"Come on out and look at the moon," he suggested.

"A good idea," Pop said. He sounded a little like an anxious father.

JOEL and Hester, holding hands, faced the bright moon over the black bay.

"I'm glad you came," she said suddenly. "I wanted to see you. I'm terribly ashamed of myself."

He gave her hand a squeeze but was silent for a moment. "You know something?" he said then. "It isn't enough for a man to tell you he loves you. You've got to believe it."

His voice seemed to reach into the very depths of her being, where no voice but her own had spoken before.

"I want to," she said.

"You're mine, and I'm yours. I want to spend the rest of my life with you."

Listening, Hester could see through the window Mom and Pop were not playing canasta—they were only pretending to play. Their thoughts were with her. It was possible to conceive, at this moment, that they loved her. Perhaps they had only just found it out. Her hand tightened in Joel's.

"There's something inside you neither of us understands," he said, "that won't let you believe you're loved. I know you'll be taking me more for granted in time. But this will probably happen again. And when it does—don't shut me out. Tell me. And I'll hang on to you until it passes."

"I hope I'll be worth hanging on to," Hester said.

"Always, darling," Joel said, his arms strong and tight around her. "Always."

THE END

Such Good Company *(Continued from page 56)*

we sort of have to pass along the hospitality. If Maris and George do move here, they'll be pretty lonely at first and helpless, like we were."

I wouldn't say we were anything like wise and assured in the ways of the country, but our house in the hollow was snug and sound. We had sheep instead of weeds on our twenty acres, and Joan and I had completely redone the house. Among such people as the Trowbridges and the Beltons across the road, with whom we maintained a distant cordiality, Joan had an impressive reputation as a decorator. In the basement were the new washing machine and dryer I'd bought with Dad's help and, as I say, we had got nearly enough money together to buy the freezer.

In our third summer, just ahead of us, we would put aside a lot of food. We had a garden and fruit trees and arrangements with Joe Belton for tomatoes and other things. We even talked of sharing our benefits with Maris and George if they found a place.

Shortly after we met them, they did find a place, in Beardsleyville, and, since we're on the road to Beardsleyville and the Trowbridges are not, the Lloyds began dropping in on us.

Maris was a mixture of Irish and Italian that gave her very black hair and very fair skin, bristling energy, and infectious charm. Her first husband, a dairyman, hauled her from farm to farm and failed time after time as manager. He knew every possible way to impose on people, Maris said. Her wealthy uncle kept bailing them out of failures until she got a divorce and married George. And then the uncle died and left a lot of rented property and enough money so they could put a down payment on the farm.

George was Welsh and had the broad, pleasant face of a peasant. He always wore dungarees and blue-denim shirts and a hunting cap, the earflaps of which were tied together over the top of his head. The getup made him look amiably foolish. He was sketchily educated but intensely ambitious. When we met the Lloyds, George was assistant maintenance engineer in a department store in town. In that job he had learned to be a fairly good semiprofessional plumber and electrician.

He and Maris were very happy, and we came to look forward to seeing their battered sedan wobble down our lane. Usually the back of the car was loaded with rugs or a Morris chair or a pile of utensils they were bringing from their house in town. As a rule they brought two bottles of wine.

TOWARD the end of May, as we sipped wine after lunch, George said, "We're moving out here today. I've quit my job. It wasn't like yours, where you make a good salary. If I was to commute, I'd lose money."

"I suppose you would."

"I'm going to try to set up as a plumber and an electrician."

"We're going to get a tractor and plant hay," Maris said. "The thing to grow is hay."

In an offhand way she then outlined the acre-and-a-half truck patch she planned, the orchard, the chickens, and several other operations. Joan and I winked and listened. "Living in the country is cheap," Maris went on. "You don't have to buy food. You just raise it."

They had some soiled laundry with them—a good deal of it, in fact—that they were going to have done in Beardsleyville. They wanted to get to know their neighbors by doing business with them. But they let Joan persuade them to do the wash in our machine and dryer. That took a while, and George and I went to make some coffee.

WE GRIND our own coffee. Joan's sister gave us an electric grinder as a wedding present, and we've grown to prefer the fresh-ground beans.

George thought grinding coffee was very elegant, as elegant as our neat kitchen with its hand-rubbed wood cupboards. I was explaining how to oil, wax, and rub woodwork—what a long, hard job it was but what a satisfaction after it was done, when the grinder fired a sheet of blue flame and stopped.

At once George was alert. "Shame." He shook his head knowingly, disconnected the grinder and examined it. "Sounded like the field burnt out."

"Oh, I don't think so," I said. But I knew nothing about such things. George might be right. "Probably just a wire." I transferred the coffee to our hand grinder.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this, Bill, but it's the field."

I sighed. "I guess I'll have to get it fixed tomorrow."

He patted me on the back. "You leave it to me. This is my business, boy. I'll fix it for you, and it won't cost you a cent."

I didn't want him to do it, but it was no use. Then I tried to insist on paying him for doing it. But Maris came in while we were arguing and wouldn't hear of being paid.

"After all you've done for us, Bill? You and Joan?" She made it sound like much more than a few meals. "It's the least we can do."

Joan thought it was a wonderful idea, too. We would be George's first customer. I had to give in. George assured me he would fix the thing and bring it back at the end of the week.

Of course, when they came over for lunch at the end of the week and stayed on to do another large batch of laundry—it turned out there was no laundry in Beardsleyville—poor George had been too busy to fix the grinder. They'd bought a ton-and-a-half truck, a tractor, a hundred chickens, fifty ducks, and twenty geese. All the equipment was financed, of course. They'd also bought a second-hand freezer that George had fixed. With all this stuff to get into operation and making trips into town in order to bring out furniture and arrange to rent their house, George was sure I'd understand about the grinder.

"Why didn't you bring it back?" I asked. "I'll get it fixed."

"Oh, no," Maris said at once. "We want to do it for you, Bill. You've both been so nice to us. We *want* to do it."

After they left Joan was impatient with me for insisting. Why make such an issue? Why not trust them? Couldn't I see that Maris would make George fix it as soon as he could? Maris was wonderful!

"That's what you said about that babe, Corinne, who lived next door to your

family in town," I reminded her. "If she hadn't got disgustingly drunk one night and told you what a sucker she thought you were, you'd have given her every single one of your good clothes instead of only most of them."

"That isn't so." But she couldn't face me. "Besides, Corinne didn't mean it. She had an awful life, like Maris and her first husband, and it made her bitter." Then she was defiant. "Corinne was generous, and so is Maris, and if it's going to spoil our friendship, I don't care if they never bring back that grinder!"

There was no answer. She was lonely, and I knew it. I didn't mind her being friendly with Maris, but I wanted the grinder. About the middle of July I drove up to Beardsleyville to tell George a thing or two about responsibility and other people's property.

George wasn't there, but Maris was. She was standing on their precipitous front slope rinsing brook trout under the stream of a garden hose, sluicing the innards down a small ravine. She greeted me with her usual aggressive enthusiasm, which made everyone she met a party to teeming growth and expansion and easy explanations for everything.

The grinder, she told me, was still at their house in town where George had taken it to fix. They had leased that house.

"We've got a lot more things to bring out," she said, tossing a cleaned trout into a bucket of brine, "and we're going in after them as soon as our tenants have been there a while. I hate to be one of these landladies who keep barging in on tenants, though. Don't you think they're simply awful?" I said I did. "I do, too. I hate people with no consideration. But just as soon as a decent time goes by, we'll get your grinder."

What was the use? I shrugged and turned to go, but she stopped me. "What are you and Joan doing about tomatoes?"

"Joe Belton, across the road from us, has a big crop. I guess we'll buy from him."

"Oh? Well, that's all right. I just thought—we can get such good prices up here, being farther from town, and George is so friendly. He knows everybody. I thought you and Joan might like to go in with us."

"That's nice of you, Maris. But I think we'll get tomatoes from Joe Belton."

I DIDN'T tell Joan about the tomatoes. I felt I'd settled the matter, and I didn't want it reopened. I knew Maris came by every week or so to do her laundry and to ask Joan's advice on decorating and other things. The visits brightened Joan's life, but I was glad Maris sensed my dislike and always left before I got home. I felt she wouldn't dare propose a tomato deal.

Joan made a point of keeping me posted on the Lloyds. They were doing well. They were trucking produce into town. "Maris is going to take in some of our lima beans and sell them for us," she said pointedly, to show me how wrong I was. We had a bumper crop of beans that year.

I told her that was nice and went out to cut the grass. We'd reached the point of not talking much because she always talked about Maris. It was depressing. One of the reasons we fell in love was because we enjoyed talking about all sorts of things. Now we grew edgy and silent.

Of course Maris never took any beans. It was never convenient when she came to do laundry. And she didn't make any of the special stops she promised to. Joe Belton took some beans—about half the crop—and Louise sold them at her roadside stand. When the crop was gone I asked Joan how much Maris made for her on lima beans. I got no answer.

But that didn't cure things. Maris had a whole string of reasonable excuses. The excuses were as thin as the ones about the grinder, but they satisfied Joan. The next news was a deal on peaches.

Our first two summers the peach trees didn't do so well, but I sprayed and fertilized, and this year they were so loaded some of the limbs cracked. I wanted to share the crop with the Trowbridges and Joe Belton. In fact, Joe had offered to trade tomatoes for peaches, but we hadn't arranged anything.

Trust Maris not to miss the peaches. The Lloyds didn't have any peaches. Maris was wistful, and Joan was touched. Maris could take all the peaches she wanted. As usual, the day she was there was not convenient.

"But you've been so nice to us," she told Joan, "I'd like to help you on the peaches. I tell you what. The farmer down the road—his name's Albert—has ten children. And he's offered to let them help us do any picking we need. Why don't I bring them over? We'll pick your peaches, and I'll take them home and put them up and bring you half. I *want* to do it, Joan."

I first heard of this the evening I came home and found all the peaches gone. When I say "gone," I mean there wasn't a single peach left on the place. Joan explained her wonderful peach arrangement. Then she sprang another surprise. "Maris and George have found a man with tomatoes."

"I thought we decided to buy them from Joe Belton."

"I didn't decide that." I didn't comment. "They're bringing this man by next week. It's a wonderful bargain. I told them we'd take six bushels."

"I see. I suppose they got ten or twelve bushels of peaches." She nodded. "When will Maris bring ours back?"

"When they come to talk about tomatoes."

"Does she ever mention our coffee grinder?"

"I never ask her about it."

"Or the lima beans?" She didn't answer. "How much did Louise Belton send over for the beans she sold?"

She bit her lip and turned away. I went to comfort her. She was mine. I married her because she was beautiful in the way of a wistful child and kind enough to be just the sort of sucker she was for Maris. But she wouldn't be comforted. She drew away, went upstairs, and left me alone.

THE LLOYDS came to talk about tomatoes at dinner the next Friday night. For once they were invited. Joan took special pains to look lovely. I wanted to hold her close and tell her she could give the whole place away, but she wouldn't let me touch her, and she wouldn't speak to me. We were growing to be strangers.

I tried to get along with the Lloyds. Maybe that would please her. It wasn't too hard. Both of them were charming. George, especially. He was just a simple guy with a lot of ambition. He'd married his first good break, and he loved her and obeyed her.

WHILE Joan fixed dinner, and Maris, an expert now at running our machines, was doing some laundry, George and I sat on the terrace and had cocktails. They were going to buy a washing machine and a dryer as soon as they could afford them, George said, but they thought they'd get a different kind from ours. "Your machines aren't too good," he went on. "The ones we've been looking at are much better."

That was all right. I understood. Our sheep grazed through the slanting sunlight of the August evening. Our buildings and our lawns were tidy. I felt wealthy enough to understand about the washing machine. Having the same kind would remind them.

"By the way," I asked, "how did Maris make out on the peaches?"

He snapped his fingers. "Oh, by gosh. I knew we forgot something. She had to can them, since you don't have a freezer. I meant to bring them. We froze ours. You don't lose so much when you freeze them. Canning shrinks peaches a lot."

"I guess that's right."

It was still light at eight when the tomato man drove down our lane. We hurried to get the twelve bushels into the cellar before dark. Afterward George thought we ought to give the man—he was Albert who had the ten peach-picking children—thought we ought to give him a drink. I offered him the blended whisky we were drinking. He declined. His doctor had forbidden him to drink anything but bonded stuff. With his red hunting cap, his raw bones, and his strong smell of cow manure, he didn't look like a man under a doctor's care. I shrugged to show him he could do without.

But he pressed the issue. Of course, if we weren't the sort who had bonded whisky, that was all right. He'd pass it up. He examined the room critically, as if he were Robsjohn-Gibbings at a sale of imitation baroque.

We keep a little bonded stuff for special occasions. This wasn't one, but I got the bottle. I wasn't going to have this lout lording it over me. As long as I was pouring it, George thought we might as well all have some. We did. And finished the bottle.

Albert wanted seventy-five cents a bushel for his tomatoes. Joe Belton was asking fifty. I glanced at Joan. She avoided my eye. "Can I give you a check for my share?" I asked Albert.

"Sure." He fondled his drink.

"Uh—Bill," George said, "I wonder if you'd mind. I haven't been able to get in for any cash, and I'm a little short. Why don't you give him a check for the whole amount, and I'll take care of the canning?" I stared at him. "I wouldn't ask you, Bill, but you know how hard it is to keep a supply of cash out here."

"We certainly do," Joan said. "Bill will be glad to put it all in one check, won't you, dear? And you can take the tomatoes to the cannery in your truck."

"Yeah," I said. "Just like the lima beans."

She pretended not to notice, and so did George. I asked him why he didn't make out a check. Say! That was an idea! But he'd forgotten his checkbook. I shrugged and went to my desk.

Albert followed me. "I guess you might

as well put in the money for the picking, too," he said.

"The picking? I thought I was buying these tomatoes picked."

"Well," Albert said, "I don't know. George and me didn't talk about that, but we always charge for the picking."

I looked at George. He looked back: bland, wide-faced, and foolish. I started to put away my checkbook. "I guess I'll pass up your tomatoes. This sounds like a racket."

"My wife picked them tomatoes on order for George," Albert said in a hurt way. "She's gonna be mighty disappointed. Besides, Mr. Wimbish, I'm surprised you been out here so long and you don't understand yet about the picking."

"Bill's just learning," George said patiently. "I tell you what, Bill. You just pay for the tomatoes. I'll straighten out the picking." He emptied his glass.

"What happened to your ten children who pick peaches for nothing?" I asked Albert.

"You mean stop them picking my apples so they could pick your tomatoes?" The idea shocked him.

Maris and Joan came out of the kitchen. "We've got to go, dear," Maris told George.

They left very quickly. I made out the check and gave it to Albert. It was do that or reload the tomatoes and have an argument. When Albert was gone, I said pointedly, "Quite a bargain in tomatoes, dear."

"But, honey"—she came near and pleaded—"Maris doesn't know we could get them cheaper. And she's so pleased they could do us a favor. Maris is sweet, and she's such good company. Please don't be mad."

I kissed her. "I wonder," I said, "whether George will get around to taking the tomatoes to the cannery."

She stiffened and turned away. "Of course he will."

EARLY the next week George came by, but not to get the tomatoes. He came to bring the peaches. He left eight pint jars. "Aren't they beautifully put up?" Joan said.

It was open to argument. Each jar was smothered with fancy silver ribbon and red sealing wax, none of which went very well with green mason jars. "Pretty small return from ten bushels of peaches," I said.

"Maybe there were too many overripe ones that rotted before Maris could get to them."

"I guess that's it."

"And she probably had to give some peaches to the people who helped her pick them."

"You mean Albert's kids?" I nodded. "Yes, Albert, our expensive, whisky-drinking tomato man probably got most of the peaches. By the way, what about the tomatoes?"

"George is coming later this week, as soon as he can get the transmission repaired on his truck."

But he didn't come, of course, and the tomatoes began to soften and rot. We couldn't wait. We took the tomatoes to the cannery and got back eight cases, which were all the cans the tomatoes made after the rotten ones were culled.

I called George and told him the tomatoes were ready. "I paid the canning charges," I said.

"Oh. That's a shame. I'm sorry you had

to do that, Bill. I guess you had to get them fixed, though."

"Yes. They were rotting. We lost about half of them."

"Gee. I feel awful about that."

"Well, I guess we can get it straightened out when you come after your tomatoes. I've got four cases for you."

"Four cases? Gosh. That'll sure give us a lot. You see, Maris found some wonderful tomatoes and traded corn for them. We were going to tell you about them, but we thought with all the tomatoes you had already, you wouldn't want any more. Maris couldn't resist these others. She froze them. I'd like to give you some, but you haven't got a freezer. Say. I wonder if some of your friends wouldn't like our share?"

"I don't know, George. I didn't plan on having to peddle them."

"Look, boy. You know I won't have you getting stuck, after you've been so nice to us. If you can't unload those tomatoes, you just let us know."

As I expected, Joan couldn't blame Maris. She would have done the same thing herself, she said. She sold the four cases to her father at ten cents a can above chain-store prices. That's what the cans cost us.

The night before her father came for the tomatoes I arrived home very excited. We could finally afford the freezer. It was something we'd discussed so much I thought it would distract Joan from the Lloyds. But she hardly heard me tell her. She was puzzled and annoyed. "I thought you paid for the tomatoes, hon," she said at dinner.

"I did."

"The picking, too?" I told her George was taking care of that. "Well," she went on, "Albert was here for the case of tomatoes you and George promised to pay him for the picking."

"Did you give it to him?"

"What else could I do? He went into the barn and took it."

"You could have told him to get off the premises, and you could have told George and Maris what a couple of cheap chiselers they are!"

She put down her knife and fork. "Chiselers? Why should George pay for the picking? He didn't get any tomatoes. It's your fault for not paying for everything."

"It's wonderful," I said bitterly, "to have a wife who's on everybody's side but her husband's."

"Maybe you'd feel better if I went into town and stayed with Mother for a few weeks."

"I don't know how I'd feel, but I wouldn't be here when you got back. Marriage isn't something to run away from."

Having said these things we didn't mean, we had our coffee in miserable silence. Marriage is a fragile structure of faith with a lot of chinks. Ours began to shake and crumble. We talked of divorce without quite knowing how we started. It was an odd conversation.

WE'VE ALWAYS been politest to each other when we're maddest or most hurt. Now each of us insisted we didn't want any of the property or wedding presents. Gravely we decided we ought to buy the freezer anyhow because it would add to the value of the house.

On Saturday we went to order it. And it was inevitable that George should be at the Farm Bureau when we arrived. He was most cordial, but he avoided discussing peaches or tomatoes. I wanted to outstay him so he wouldn't find out about the freezer, but a thirty-cubic-foot mass of white enamel, unpacked and in the middle of the floor, was too much for Joan. She gave the show away. It seemed to me she did it intentionally. At once George was more excited about it than we were.

They brought the freezer and installed it the next week. That same week we put the house on the market. After the real-estate man left, every view and prospect seemed more sadly lovely. The wisps of fog at evening were old friends we were abandoning; the sheep were orphaned children. But we were not pioneers, after all. We were city dwellers, like everybody else, unequal to sharp trading. That was the greatest disappointment.

Selling a house for a good price takes time, though. Ours took the most beautiful time and the saddest: autumn. Joan bore the brunt of showing unsympathetic strangers our bedroom, the curtains for which she'd made; our gardens, which she had planted and watered and nursed; and our freezer, perfectly new and never turned on because we had nothing to put into it.

I never loved her more than after one of those days when evening came and she wandered aimlessly and didn't know what to do with her hands. We forgot the Lloyds. Maris had stopped coming over. Occasionally I wondered where she was doing her laundry and what became of our coffee grinder, but I didn't linger over it except to think how strange it was that the couple who wrecked our lives had walked out of our lives. There was no longer any reason for what we were doing, but tragedy is like that.

AS IT turned out, though, the Lloyds hadn't forsaken us. I wouldn't have believed that on a windy October night I would find George's truck in the drive, but I did. In the house was an air of crisis. The Lloyd freezer had broken down, and George and Maris had rushed everything over to ours.

Everything was a hundred pounds of their own stuff and two hundred pounds of beef that belonged to Albert, the tomato man. Beardsleyville had freezing lockers. So did several other places nearer the Lloyd farm. In fact, it was a lot of extra trouble to bring the stuff over to us. But, as usual, Maris had whipped Joan up to such a pitch of excitement she didn't see the flaws in the proceedings. By the time I walked in this crisis was more important than our separation or selling the house or anything else.

I didn't comment. I was numb. I didn't even mind storing Albert's beef. Soon somebody would come and offer the right price for the house. Too soon. And too soon I would stop seeing the lovely face, the soft, full figure, and warm brown hair of my wife. If she thought this was necessary, if she got this final pleasure from Maris, why protest? I didn't wish her unhappiness.

I ate the supper Maris cooked from her frozen goods and said nothing. I listened to her wash clothes in our machine. I told George the gossip was right: We were selling our place. They left us with our freezer running. It was one fourth full. But all we had in it was a package of butter.

"Don't you think it'll help sell the place with food in the freezer to show people?" Joan asked hopefully.

"I'm sure it will."

I was not surprised to see six weeks go by without the Lloyds coming back for their food. But I never expected things to work out the way they did.

IT HAPPENED Thanksgiving week. I came home and found our dining table wearing our finest linen and glasses for wine and everything served on silver. Our demitasse cups, which Joan uses only for company, were set out. She was changed, too: tender and solicitous but very nervous.

I didn't understand until she told me some people were ready to take the place at our price. Then I knew. This was our farewell supper, an event of sad gaiety. It was a wonderful meal, with vichyssoise and beef Strogonoff. I made melancholy jokes about losing such a good cook. Finally I asked what she was going to do about the Lloyds' food.

She smiled a funny smile. "I called Maris about it, but I didn't get a chance to tell her about selling because you know what she said? They sold their freezer."

"They what!"

"They decided it didn't pay. They want to leave their things here until—"

"But how can we sell? These people—I won't saddle them with Maris and George!" I didn't want to start a fight on our last night, but this was just too much.

"I know. So I took the food to Wourtley and put it in two lockers and mailed Maris the keys."

"Wourtley? That's miles away from them. It's miles away over terrible dirt roads."

Her eyes were large and innocent, the way they were when she told me yes. "It's ten miles. But I couldn't find one more inconvenient. So now we can sell," she said in a tiny voice, "if you still want to."

It was a shame not to finish a mocha mousse as good as the one she had made for dessert, but we had to be near each other and let our house and all the things we were draw close around us. It was darker and later and the wind blew outside when she said: "I guess we'll have to keep the freezer running."

"For the mousse?"

"No. I kept four of Albert's steaks and one of his rib roasts to pay us back for the tomatoes and the peaches."

I sighed with relief. That closed out the Lloyds except for one little thing. One morning we came down and found the coffee grinder in the snow on our doorstep. The snow was still falling, and it had covered the footprints. Joan brought the grinder in. There was no note with it, nothing. I expected it to be covered with solder and flux and otherwise messy, but it wasn't. It was brightly shined and clean.

Hesitantly Joan put it aside. "I guess we ought to get it fixed. After all, it was a wedding present."

"I guess so." But a terrible itch seized me. I couldn't resist plugging the thing in. It ran perfectly.

Joan listened thoughtfully to the hum. She didn't blush, but I did.

"I suppose I ought to call and thank them," I said.

She shook her head. "That's just what they want." THE END

How to Live with a Migraine Headache

(Continued from page 65)

youth now have only mild troubles, like short dizzy spells or brief spells of depression and mental detachment when they feel only half alive and uninterested in the world about them. A few women who have little or no preliminary headache will occasionally go into a spell of abdominal pain and vomiting so alarming that an unwary surgeon will think he is dealing with acute appendicitis or intestinal obstruction, and will operate. Such attacks, called "migrainous equivalents," sometimes follow an emotional storm.

Migraine in men. Why, so far, have I been talking only about women? Don't *men* have migraine? Surely; but they usually have so much less pain that they seldom consult a doctor. Most of them take two aspirin tablets and keep at work. Few men reach the vomiting stage. These men have much the same temperament as migrainous women, but I haven't recognized any characteristic build.

The diagnosis. Migraine can be safely diagnosed when a doctor learns that a migrainous type of person is suffering from severe, throbbing, unilateral headaches preceded by a blind spot and followed by nausea or vomiting. (A blind spot is an attack of fuzzy vision that interferes with reading. In typical cases, as the central vision fails a bright, pulsating, zigzag line goes out to one side or the other. Just before or during a sick headache many people see bright spots or flashes of light.) It is an even surer diagnosis if the headaches are brought on by fatigue, travel, or some happening out of the usual, and surer still if, as a child, the patient used to come home from school vomiting. Often, too, one or more of the patient's relatives suffer from migraine. Another clue is the statement that aspirin is of no help.

Unfortunately for the diagnostician, many migraine headaches are not unilateral but are felt all over the head. Many headaches seem to be in the back of the neck, high up. In such a puzzling case it may help to learn how the headache started. For instance, it may have begun in or over one eye, and later, when it got very bad, spread all over the head. Some people feel pain even in their ear lobes and teeth, and their scalp becomes so tender that "every hair hurts."

For about twenty minutes before a headache, many migrainous people experience a blind spot. During the headache some people feel chilly and lonely and frightened, as if detached from the world. That the brain is not working well is shown by the fact that during even the preliminary blind spell the person may speak or write words other than the ones he thought he was speaking or writing. Later he may have little memory of what happened.

Often I have been sure of the diagnosis of migraine the minute I walked into a room and saw a woman sitting there in a spell: apathetic, fishy-eyed, and entirely different from the charming, wide-awake person I had seen the day before. In milder spells the victim may be able to keep going, but she will be unsocial, taciturn, and mentally detached. A young husband seeing his bride in a

spell for the first time will be puzzled and disturbed at her lack of interest in him.

Some women get warning of a headache the night before, when they feel unusually energetic, talkative, affectionate, or hungry.

The digestive tract is usually normal. The headachy storm does not start in the abdomen; to the best of present-day knowledge it starts in the brain and spreads down the two long vagus nerves into the stomach, just as a similar storm does in the case of seasickness.

When, during vomiting, a little bile comes up, this does not mean something is wrong with the liver. It means only that waves are running backward over the upper part of the small bowel and causing it to empty into the stomach.

Headache is only one of the troubles of the migrainous person. As a woman once said to me, "Stop talking about my headaches! What I want to be cured of are tenseness, nervousness, fatigability, sickliness, and my inability to keep up with my husband. I so want to be able to go with him to a baseball game or a night club or on a vacation without getting tired out quickly and wanting to go home. I want to be cured so that when I make an engagement I can be sure of keeping it."

The mechanisms underlying a migrainous attack. The storm with which an attack of migraine starts causes a big artery in the brain to dilate so that the blood can go pounding through. The blood vessels are among the most sensitive tissues in the skull, and their distension causes pain. Any drug—alcohol, for instance—that opens up arteries will tend to bring on a headache, while a drug, like ergotamine, that decreases the bore of the arteries is likely to stop the pain.

Glands of internal secretion. Temporary changes in these glands can lessen or increase the tendency to migraine. Thus, in women, sick headaches may come at puberty and go with the menopause, or come with menstruation and disappear during pregnancy. If we doctors could only identify the substance—perhaps in the blood—that stops migraine during pregnancy, we'd have a cure.

CAUSES OF THE HEADACHE

The major cause is the inherited tendency. Unless one is born with the tendency and the associated peculiar type of nervous system, one probably cannot have migraine. Next in importance is the existence of an added factor that the patient finds irritating, and, finally, there must be something that will trip a sort of trigger in the nervous system. I often think of this trigger as resembling that in the old-fashioned mousetrap. As a child I learned that if I adjusted the spring too loose the trigger was hard to trip, and the mice would get the cheese without getting caught. If I adjusted the spring too tight the trigger went off by itself as I walked away.

Sensitizing causes. If a migrainous woman has an easy and happy life or has just returned from a restful vacation, the trigger in her brain may be set so loosely that it will be months before she has a headache. But if she is full of worries, annoyances, conflicts, resentments, and uncertainties, if she lies awake night after night contemplating a divorce, or if she is worn out, her brain will get so irritable that the trigger will be ready to go off at any moment and she is likely to have a headache every day.

Great nervous tension is the most common cause of migraine. The hardest thing to learn is to work without fretting. I often think of the bank teller who got an attack whenever he saw more than six people standing in front of his window. As I said, why worry? His job was to serve the man right in front of him.

I always suspect migraine when a woman admits that, in preparing to give a dinner party, she sets the table the night before. Many women of this type wear themselves out trying to keep the house too clean, or trying to make the children into perfect little angels. Most sufferers from migraine could be well overnight if they would only learn to be lazy and easy-going. I have never seen migraine in anyone who is lazy and easy-going.

Also, because the migraine sufferer so often has fine intelligence, a tendency to think clearly, leadership, and willingness to assume responsibility, members of her family dump their troubles and worries on her. And often she gives too much of herself to clubs and charitable groups.

The great influence of psychic strain. A nice old prelate once consulted me about his headaches. From the time he was sixteen until he was thirty-six, he had worked very hard, first to put himself through college and then to merit a fine church. During this period he had much trouble with severe migraine. Then he settled down into a comfortable, happy pastorate and had no more headaches until, at sixty, he was made a bishop. Then, with a heavy burden of correspondence, the responsibility for raising money, and the need for pouring oil on troubled waters, he got his old migraines back in force. As he said, he knew the cause of his trouble, but he saw no way of getting back to his old happy mode of life.

Effect of marital satisfaction and dissatisfaction. Because marital dissatisfaction is such a common sensitizing cause of migraine, I once asked 178 migrainous women what sort of husband they had. Eighty-four per cent said their husbands were kind and good and considerate. Many remarked how fortunate they were in this because they needed a kind man when they were ill.

Unfortunately, thirty of the 178 women had found it necessary to marry twice to get the sort of mate they needed. Many of the thirty first married young and chose attractive scamps who made love well and danced divinely but soon showed they couldn't be bothered with a sickly wife. On the second try, with more knowledge of what they needed, twenty-one of the thirty women got the proper husband. However, even some of these twenty-one were unhappy and still having headaches because the new (and usually older) husband wasn't much of a lover, although kind, a good provider, and a respected member of the community. An average woman would have looked on him as a good catch, but the migrainous woman, desiring to have everything perfect, wanted to live beautifully, richly, eventfully, and romantically, and was doing anything but that.

The husband, on the other hand, usually expressed himself as well satisfied with his marriage; as he said, when his wife was well she was so merry and entertaining that she amply made up for the bad days.

Predisposing causes of severe migraine, and particularly of migraine that occurs late in life. Whenever I see a woman, particularly an older woman, who is having several severe headaches every week or month, I have a number of hunches.

One of them is that she is abusing her brain. She may be full of internal conflicts, resentments, unhappiness, doubts, dissatisfactions, or unsettled questions; she may be overworking, carrying too big a burden of responsibility, struggling with some life problem she hasn't been able to solve, or she may not be getting enough rest. Occasionally she is carrying a great sorrow. She may be having trouble with her mother-in-law, who is competing with her for the love and attention of her husband.

Occasionally such a woman is suffering from a mild, unrecognized psychosis that leads her into many conflicts.

Another sensitizer is, in rare cases, an epileptic inheritance.

In the older people who long ago largely lost their migraine it sometimes comes back after a minor stroke.

Things that trip the trigger. One of the commonest of the few dozen stimuli is waiting too long for breakfast and, particularly, coffee. Another common stimulus is acute fatigue. A woman may have a poor night's rest on a train, lose her temper and spank a child, or have a fright; she may see a dog run over in the street, she may eat some chocolate, or she may start to menstruate, and bang!--there comes a headache.

The migrainous woman is usually so sensitive that a bright light, loud talking at a party, or a strong smell is likely to upset her. She cannot stand for long anything that is shimmering or flickering, such as certain patterns on floors or walls or fabrics. I always suspect migraine when a woman blinks at the light coming in the window of my office.

Anything out of the ordinary is likely to upset a migrainous woman. Anticipation, even of something pleasurable, may bring an upset. One woman said, "As a child I never got to a picnic because on that day I always was sick from anticipation." Another said, "I never packed my bag to go on a trip; Mother had to do it for me because I was too busy vomiting from excitement." As one would expect, the migrainous woman is usually a poor traveler and a poor sightseer. She cannot shop for long, and she has to avoid crowds and social functions.

A curious stimulus is a sudden letting up of strain. A businessman may get a headache when he leaves his office at one o'clock on Saturday, a minister may get a headache on Monday morning, and a nurse may get one on her day off.

Some physicians think migraine is just allergy, but an allergic sensitiveness to some food is just *one* of the things that can spring the migraine trap. And sometimes food does not cause migraine headache. Thus, though I am both migrainous and highly allergic to a number of foods, eating one of them never throws me into a migrainous attack—it just upsets my stomach.

TREATMENT OF MIGRAINE

The treatment of migraine consists of two parts. First, an effort must be made to prevent the onslaught of attacks, to lengthen the intervals between them. Second, when an attack starts, an effort must be made to stop it or to make it shorter or less severe.

The prevention of attacks. The aim is to lessen the sensitiveness and irritability of the brain. Then the trigger will be set so loose that the harmful stimuli will be unable to trip it. Theoretically sedative drugs should be able to quiet the brain but, in practice, I have never found one that helped. In my experience, to get results one must see that the brain is rested, by a good vacation, for example, or a more relaxing home or office regimen.

I learned this years ago when I treated a young woman who, because of a very trying job, had three or four bad headaches a week. For years some of the best physicians in her city had given her many sedatives and had even operated on her without lessening the number of her spells. Then I got her father to take her on a two-month vacation—and she became well.

Many a woman could be cured by a legacy that supplied her with a good maid or set her free from an unpleasant job or an unhappy marriage.

The sad thing is that often the patient, like a widow working hard to support her children, cannot ease up. Then there is little a doctor can do. Fortunately, even an overworked salesgirl or secretary can help herself by refusing to fret and stew and by getting more rest on weekends.

The harried mother can lie down in the morning and take a nap in the afternoon. Such rests can help a lot. Many a woman would be well today if she had spent on a maid all the money she spent on doctors and injections and operations.

Often a woman's husband could easily cure her (and save himself a pile of doctors' bills) simply by showing her more consideration and affection, or by giving up a habit—like gambling or drinking, or even so small a matter as eating his soup noisily—that keeps her constantly upset. I knew a minister's wife who said her husband could easily cure her migraine just by starting work on his sermon in the early part of each week. When he put it off until Saturday she was "fit to be tied."

Many a woman could cure her migraine by deciding once and for all what she is going to do about an unhappy marriage. Either get a divorce or stop thinking about it. If she is never going to be tough enough to divorce her husband, she should settle down and start making her marriage happier and more satisfying.

All migrainous women should try to keep from getting tense; the housewife should, whenever possible, drop a job the minute she begins to wilt. Some public-spirited women could cure themselves simply by retiring from a number of committees. Insomniacs could get needed rest and better health by taking nightly sleeping tablets for a while.

Often a woman gets better when a doctor explains her disease to her, and so rids her of her great fear of the attacks. Once she knows they are not due to a brain tumor or any disease in her abdomen, that they will never injure her, and that someday they'll stop, she is likely to feel like a new woman.

Much can be accomplished by remodeling a life. To prove this point I need only quote extracts from a letter that just came from an able woman who, six months ago, was a mass of jittery nerves. She had one severe headache after another. All I did was talk with her about her principal sources of fatigue and dissatisfaction, and what might be done about them. She writes, "Today I am well because I have rearranged my life. I can go to parties, play in a golf tournament, and enjoy life. Why? Because I take care to store up my energies for special occasions. I have learned how to turn off my mind like an electric light, so I can rest and nap. I make decisions quickly and do not mull them over again and again until I am worn out. I have retired from public affairs, appeasing my conscience with the vow that when my children are grown I will dedicate to charities and civic projects twice the time I used to spend on them." Would that more headachy women would do this sort of thing!

Medical examinations are rarely helpful. Many a migrainous woman wastes hundreds or thousands of dollars getting examined again and again, always hoping that a localized cause of her trouble will be found. I am ashamed to say that at college most of us doctors were taught so little about migraine that some of us, also, hope that with bigger and better examinations we can eventually find a removable cause. But we won't, because it is hidden inside the brain. Even in those rare cases in which an examination does reveal something abnormal, like gallstones, an operation seldom stops the headaches; it cannot cure the patient because the gallstones are not the prime cause of the migraine. At most, an operation can only wipe out one of the triggers that start the headaches.

Another reason examinations seldom pay off is that, as a group, migrainous people are remarkably immune to serious disease. They may be tired and nervous and ailing, but only rarely, before they are old, do they get such illnesses as high blood pressure, cancer, or serious disease of the heart or kidneys.

It is all right for the migrainous to be examined once a year, but they should understand that an overhauling will not point the way to a cure of the headaches. When a migrainous woman asks me for help, the most efficacious examination I can make is a study of her life, her habits, and her problems.

Eyes, ears, nose, and throat, and teeth. I like to have a patient's eyes carefully checked, particularly for evidence of an imbalance of the muscles that move the eyeball. In many people the muscles on one side of one eye must pull hard in order to avoid a squint, and such a strain will sometimes serve as a trigger for the headaches. Prisms ground into the glasses will correct this difficulty. The sinuses and the teeth should be checked, even though disease in them rarely serves as a trigger.

Uselessness of operating. I have seen hundreds of women who, in the hope of getting well, cheerfully parted with teeth, tonsils, appendix, gall bladder, or uterus, but I remember very few who were rewarded in the slightest for these sacrifices.

Induction of an artificial menopause. Because writers of books cling to the old and now disproved idea that the menopause regularly brings relief to the migrainous, many women welcome the suggestion that they have the menopause brought on by removal of their ovaries or irradiation with X-rays. It is a poor gamble, so poor that I never let my patients take it. I found that in a series of such treatments only one in seven had been helpful, while one in four had been harmful! Some patients had become depressed and blue, others, five years later, were still suffering tortures from hot flushes; and many were unhappy because they had lost their sexual responsiveness.

Treatment with glandular products. Many physicians give glandular products, but I have had no luck with them. Estrogens or ovarian extracts should probably be avoided because we know that large amounts in the blood, as during menstruation, can bring on headaches.

Diet. When headaches come infrequently it may help to keep a record of what was done or what was eaten shortly before an attack started. Eating a certain food, like chocolate, may precede a migraine-headache attack. If a woman is having three or four sick headaches a week she should go for a few days on an elimination diet, living on nothing but, let us say, oatmeal and a little butter and sugar for breakfast, and lamb, rice, carrots, butter, sugar, and canned pears for luncheon and dinner. If her headaches cease, she should test other foods until she finds which ones have been causing trouble.

Desensitization to histamine. Dr. Bayard Horton has found that in some cases the patient stops having headaches for some time after being desensitized to histamine. During the course of a month or two the patient is given daily small but gradually increasing amounts of histamine. One trouble with judging the value of this treatment is that when the patient goes to a distant medical center to get the injections it is hard to say how much of the relief obtained is due to the medicine and how much to rest from work and household cares.

One must not expect a cure. Because migraine is so intimately built into a patient's whole body, mind, and spirit there is no real hope for a permanent cure with any drug or regimen; one can only hope to lessen the number of attacks, or to make them milder, to tide over until the day when, perhaps, they will disappear of themselves.

HOW TO STOP A HEADACHE AFTER IT HAS STARTED

When trying to stop a sick headache the quicker one takes the prescribed medicine the more likely the relief. After an hour or two, the wall of the throbbing artery is so swollen it cannot be contracted enough to relieve the pain.

The second important point to remember is that if a person is nauseated it is

The above article is a condensation of a booklet to be published by Wilcox & Follett.

generally useless to give him medicine by mouth; his stomach will not absorb it. At such times medicine, to be effectual, must be injected hypodermically or put into the rectum.

A severe migrainous headache is not relieved at all by aspirin or any ordinary headache tablet. In milder spells the pain may be relieved by aspirin taken soon, or by a mixture of aspirin and other drugs, of which codeine is one. Codeine is derived from opium, but its tendency to be habit-forming is slight. In thirty years I have known of only one woman who got to taking too much of it, and she stopped the minute I asked her to. Unfortunately, codeine is not a very effective pain reliever, it constipates, and some people are allergic to it.

When aspirin and codeine fail, we physicians have no other drug we can safely give for the relief of pain. The powerful painkillers, such as morphine, Dilaudid, Demerol, and methadon are too likely to produce addiction.

Some physicians give salicylates, but I doubt if they work any better than does their close relative, aspirin. Phenacetin, Acetanilid, and Aminopyrine have about the same pain-relieving power as aspirin. They can be tried out by patients who are allergic to aspirin. Aminopyrine should be used with caution because some people are highly sensitive to it. Practically all the patented headache remedies on the market are mixtures of aspirin and phenacetin. A few people get help from nicotinic acid, atropine, Benzedrine, or caffeine. An occasional person can stop a headache by putting his head under cold water, which tends to close down the arteries. Other people find relief in breathing pure oxygen or a mixture of ninety per cent oxygen and ten per cent carbon dioxide —but it is very troublesome to go to a physician or hospital anesthetist to try out the inhalation. When a sufferer finds that the inhalation works, he can buy a small tank of the gas, a reducing valve, and a Boothby oxygen mask to fit over the mouth and nose.

Of all the dozens of drugs that have been recommended for stopping attacks of migraine the only reliable one (which will give relief in eight out of ten cases) is ergotamine. In the United States, ergotamine is sold commonly under the trade names of Gynergen and Cafergot.

Cafergot is a tablet containing ergotamine and caffeine. Every person who suffers from migraine should try these tablets, taking two the minute a spell starts. One tablet is seldom enough, and sometimes the patient has to take an extra one each half hour until relief is obtained.

Because there are people who are uncomfortable after taking ergotamine, the manufacturers have developed a milder drug, called Dihydroergotamine, or, for short, DHE45. But in many cases it is not strong enough to stop the headache.

AFTER ALL else is said, I must re-emphasize that, because the disease is closely built into the person's nervous system, there is no "cure," although most people, if they will only learn to live calmly and sensibly, will largely outgrow the headaches, perhaps by the time they are thirty. Anyone who, after forty, is still suffering much is probably bringing on the pain and may be able to reform and get well. THE END

What Really Goes On in the Press Box *(Continued from page 75)*

of invading actors, prize fighters, men-about-town, and other professional crashers. Most of the baseball writers had to use empty beer cases for seats and desks. Hughie Fullerton was the only one who was able to defend his position against the usurping mob, but at the cost of having to do his work with Louis Mann, a popular actor of that era, sitting in his lap.

It was this intolerable situation that caused the organization of the Baseball Writers of America. Reforms (that have since been copied in all other sports) were then instituted in baseball parks. How times have changed was illustrated two years ago when the New York Yankees, at the request of the writers, took down the foul screen from in front of the mezzanine press box because it interfered with the press's vision. This arrangement pleased everyone but Hugh Bradley of the New York *Journal-American* who didn't relish the thought of having his skull fractured by a foul ball. Bradley told Dan Topping, one of the Yankees' owners, that if he didn't get protection in twenty-four hours he would boycott the club. Next day Mr. Bradley arrived at the press box to find a two-foot-square screen directly in front of his position.

Even the strongholds of practically lily-white amateurism now cater to sportswriters. Yale, ever since the Bowl was opened in 1914, had been forcing football writers to do their typing on sloping benches, in defiance of the law of gravity. But a year ago Yale suddenly became aware that the age of foolscap and goose quill was over and installed flat-topped writing benches.

But occasionally the sanctity of these comparatively new Shangri-La's is violated. The pleasant calm of the Yankee Stadium press box was shattered at a night game a few years ago when a badge-wearing husky collared Charles Dexter, who was trying to get a class angle out of the game for the *Daily Worker*. As the John Law hauled Dexter out, the writers, sensing a story of international importance, flashed their offices to stand by for something sensational. A bedraggled Dexter returned in about an hour and explained that a discharged Treasury Department agent who had held onto his badge had spotted Dexter in the press box and mistaken him for a lawbreaker he had been hunting before he lost his job. He put Dexter "under arrest" in the hope that he would be restored to duty. Dexter was cleared himself and dropped the matter. But comes the revolution, an ex-T-man will go to the salt mines.

SECOND-GUESSING managers is an ancient press-box occupation that usually yields only screams of wrath from the harassed pilots. But it won James Gallagher of the Chicago *Herald-American* a job as general manager of the Cubs. Jimmy told his readers what was wrong with the team so often and so convincingly that Phil Wrigley called him in one day and offered him the post.

Nowadays Jimmy Gallagher objects to being second-guessed by his former colleagues. He doesn't mind, however, when they recall the day in the Ebbets Field press box when he called one of the hardest shots in baseball. Gallagher's pet aversion at that time was Jimmy Gleeson, a Cub outfielder. In the game in question, Gleeson had struck out several times, dropped a fly, and been caught off base. As he came to bat for the last time, with the bags loaded and nobody out, there was hardly a hair left on Gallagher's head.

"All right!" he screamed. "You've done everything else. Now let's see you hit into a triple play."

The words had hardly left his lips when Gleeson obliged by doing exactly that. To this day, Gallagher's newspaper friends think he is clairvoyant.

The Cleveland ball park press box is noted for its managerial talent. Until Bill Veeck came to town and made friends with the writers, the Forest City was known as a managers' graveyard. For a dozen years, one pilot after another gave up the ship, unable to stand the continuous sniping. Roger Peckinpaugh, Walter Johnson, Steve O'Neill, and Oscar Vitt were victims. Johnson, one of the mildest of men, often told of his reception in Cleveland. Upon arriving to take over the job he had hardly unpacked at his hotel when his phone rang. One of the sports editors was on the wire. He said, "Hello, Walter. I'd like to see you at once."

"Well, I just got in and I'm tired, but I guess you can come over," replied Johnson.

"Oh, no," the sports editor said stiffly. "You come over to my office."

Startled, Walter asked, "Is it as urgent as all that?"

"Yes," said the sports editor. "I think you and I ought to go over the line-up together."

TO OCCUPY the press box at Griffith Stadium, Washington, a sportswriter must be able to defend himself with his fists because it is a common occurrence for an athlete to attack a press critic. Because Shirley Povich of the Washington *Post* once gave Joe Kuhel an error he didn't think he deserved, Joe chased Shirley from the ball park. Shirley sought refuge in his car, and just managed to raise the window and lock it as Kuhel let fly a haymaker.

Manager Ossie Bluege once hit Bert Hawkins of the *Star* for quoting Gerry Priddy, the Senators' second baseman, as saying the players didn't like their manager. When Priddy refused to repudiate the interview, Owner Clark Griffith, backing up his manager, peddled the player overnight to St. Louis for $25,000—although he had had an offer of $100,000 for him from Detroit. Later St. Louis sold Gerry to Detroit for $100,000 *and* a pitcher. So Manager Bluege's punch cost the Senators at least $75,000.

Bob Ruark, who now does a syndicated column on general topics, practically learned to write by describing a run-in he had, back in his baseball-writing days, with Bobo Newsom, the man mountain of the mound. Not a blow was landed in this free-swinging affair, but with each succeeding reference Bob makes to this, his favorite subject, the battle becomes more gruesome.

To the outlander, the press box may seem like a little bit of heaven, but some hellish happenings have at times disturbed its Elysian tranquillity.

One night in Madison Square Garden the customers forgot all about the fight going on in the ring as they focused attention on a free-for-all in the press row. Jimmy Powers of the New York *Daily News* had written a burlesque titled "Snow Mike and the Seven Dwarfs," lampooning some of his fellow writers whom he accused of being too lenient to Promoter Mike Jacobs' boxing cards. That night when Ed Van Every, dean of the boxing experts, encountered Jimmy, he had at him furiously. Confreres had hardly separated them when Jack Miley, since deceased, a former member of Powers' staff, squared off with Jimmy and gave him a busy thirty seconds. Powers has since made his peace with boxing and, as the Madison Square Garden TV commentator, is one of its strongest boosters.

ARTHUR Patterson, who now works for the New York Yankees, owes his present position to a joust he had with Larry MacPhail in the Ebbets Field press box when Larry was president of the Dodgers. The scuffle—which was brought about by something Patterson had written in the New York *Herald Tribune* about a game postponed on account of rain while the sun was blazing brilliantly down on Ebbets Field—took place before the first game of a Memorial Day doubleheader. After the scuffle, MacPhail sent word to the press box that he would hold a press conference in his office during the intermission. The writers backed up Patterson and black-listed the conference. But that didn't stop Larry. He returned to the scene of his battle with Patterson and, as blandly as if nothing had happened, said, "Boys, what I wanted to see you about—you, too, Red—is soliciting your aid in keeping Durocher's actor pals off the Dodger bench." It was such a typical MacPhailian gesture that the writers cut loose with spontaneous belly laughs that rocked the grandstand. A few years later impulsive Larry's first act after acquiring a share of the New York Yankees was to engage Patterson as the club's publicity director. He recognized a fighter when he traded wallops with one.

During Benito Mussolini's heyday, he sent a team of amateur boxers to America one summer to meet an American amateur team in an international tournament. When the judges ruled against the Fascist fighter in the bout that decided the meet in favor of the Americans, hot-headed spectators—followers of Il Duce—started throwing things into the ring. An open dirk with a blade six inches long whizzed by James Parnell Dawson's ear so close the *Times* gentleman didn't have to shave next morning.

Also a bit annoying to a writer trying to compose one-day literature is the habit wrestlers have of throwing each other at critics of their pseudo art. If I had a dollar for every time a burping behemoth was heaved at me as I crouched apprehensively under the ring apron recording the zany antics of these roughhousing buffoons, I'd be able to retire. Often I've almost been sent into retirement as a 250-pound hairy ape, usually thrown by one of the Dusek brothers, for whom I was a perennial target, grazed by my ear. Wrestlers may be only pretending when they are growling and snarling at each other, but the chips are down when they try to knock a vitriolic press critic into the side pocket with a carom shot.

A press-box classic in the comedy-of-errors category concerns the late Jack Ryder, a baseball reporter for the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Covering a World Series in Chicago, Jack lingered too long in the convivial atmosphere of press headquarters and arrived at the ball game feeling neither pain nor the urge to bat out a gem. So he did what all sports-writers similarly situated have done since the first infinitive was split by their craft: He asked one of his confreres to write a story for him. Then he forgot about it, asked another, and then another, plus two more. Late that night at press headquarters, where Jack had resumed his merrymaking, he received this wire from his understanding sports editor:

THOUGHT YOUR FOURTH STORY BEST. RECOMMENDING YOU FOR A BONUS.

Another press-box mix-up had as its innocent victim the late Tom Rice, star of the Brooklyn *Eagle* sports staff for years. Tom was assigned to cover the Dempsey-Carpentier bout in Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City, on July 2, 1921. With no more liquid refreshment to inspire him than an occasional bottle of pop as he sweltered on the sun-baked Jersey flats, Tom turned out his usual competent story, gave it to his telegraph operator to send to the *Eagle* office, and then departed for a Fourth of July holiday in the country. As the deadline approached in the *Eagle* office and not a word had come over the wire from Rice, the sports editor frantically ordered a staff man to rewrite one of the wire-service stories and put Tom's by-line on it.

WHEN RICE read the *Eagle* at his home the next day, he was furious at what the office had done to his copy, but not half so furious as he was when, on his return to the office, his sports editor accused him of having fallen down on the job. No amount of indignation could convince the boss that Tom wasn't fibbing to cover a lapse motivated by weather hot enough to drive a saint to drink. But vindication, though long in coming, finally arrived.

The following Christmas Eve the *Eagle* office was in the throes of a staff Christmas party when the staccato clicking of a telegraph instrument was heard above the revelry. Reluctantly leaving the party, a mystified operator started copying a press story date-lined: "Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City." For a half hour the telegrapher sat typing, with growing amazement, a masterfully written account of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, under the by-line of one Thomas Rice.

After it cleared, the operator rushed the story to the sports editor who then summoned Rice, showed him his long-delayed classic, and asked, "What can I say, Tom, after I say I'm sorry?"

The explanation was very simple: Tom's classic had been shoved into the wrong pigeonhole. Another operator, cleaning up the desk on Christmas Eve, came across the Rice story and, thinking it was something filed that day, transmitted it to the *Eagle* office.

Sometimes it isn't necessary to wait a half year for the belly laugh that climaxes one of these press-box comedies. The New York Giants were playing a spring-training game in Los Angeles in 1932 when the city was rocked by an earthquake. Concluding that this was news fit to print, John Drebinger of the

New York *Times* rushed his newspaper the details of the quake along with a report on LeRoy Parmelee's outstanding pitching.

A few minutes after the story had been cleared, John's operator took down from the home office a return message that is listed as one of the classic anti-climaxes of journalistic history. It read: DREBINGER—HOW MANY E'S IN PARME EE?

Strange things are always happening to Mr. Drebinger. A jolly chap with a keen sense of humor, John loves a practical joke, even when he's the victim, as he was at the Yankees' St. Petersburg training camp three years ago. Being hard of hearing, Drebby wears an earphone. One day during the usual press conference with Manager Casey Stengel, the gentleman from the *Times* was startled out of his accustomed complacency by the sudden realization that he wasn't hearing a thing. He quickly checked his ear-aid battery and found it was turned on. Yet there were his writer pals questioning Manager Stengel, as he could plainly see by watching their lips move, and Casey's characteristic gestures furnished eloquent proof to John that the manager was giving out important news that he was missing. Drebinger stepped up the juice a bit and cupped an ear, but the result was still utter silence. Just as the *Times* man was about to shout that he had been stricken stone deaf, the *Daily News* man sneezed and that was the end of the carefully rehearsed gag.

TELEGRAPH operators often come to the rescue of sportswriters who for one reason or another—but mostly one—are unable to turn out their piece. At Saratoga one afternoon, the late Bill Macbeth of the New York *Herald Tribune,* affectionately known to his friends as Bunk, didn't show up for the races. True to tradition, the Western Union operator pieced together a story under Bill's by-line by grabbing paragraphs at random from other writers' copy. Next day, after reading the crazy-quilt opus that appeared under his signature, Bunk sought out his rescuer and scolded, "If you can't crib better paragraphs than these, I'll have to give my file to Postal Telegraph."

From years of association and cooperation in press boxes, it's often hard to tell where the telegrapher ends and the writer begins. In fact, many a telegrapher winds up as a writer. Roscoe McGowen of the New York *Times* baseball writing team started out as a big dot-and-dash man in the Middle West, and that's why he is never scooped by a rival.

While Roscoe sits in front of his typewriter, apparently in deep meditation, he hears the telegraph instruments clicking all around him. As a result he knows what the opposition's baseball story is going to be before the editors of those papers know. Nor is this eavesdropping, because, unless Roscoe wears earplugs, he can't help overhearing the dots and dashes and subconsciously translating them.

At one of the Poughkeepsie Regattas, the Associated Press and United Press had taken elaborate pains to cover the big intercollegiate crew race, with telegraphers posted at intervals along the three-mile course to flash descriptions of how it was progressing. In the main press stand above the Hudson at the finish line, each of the two wire services had a corps of men to whip all this information into colorful stories to be flashed all over the country. Sitting in a corner, all by himself and rather forlorn-looking, was Jimmy Kilgallen, the International News Service's veteran ace. Jimmy was the only man covering the event for his service. If his story was the best written, the most informative, and the first on the wire after the race, it was because, in addition to being a great reporter and a genius at weaving a lot of loose ends into a colorful story, Jimmy Kilgallen had started his career as a telegrapher.

While writers for the two rival services had been wasting time feeling sorry for him, Jimmy had been carefully taking down the reports he heard coming in over their wires from the relay stations.

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It's bad enough for telegraphers to have reporters reading their key but when a ballplayer breaks in on their wire, that's cause for Samuel Morse himself to whirl in his tomb. In 1929, when the Polo Grounds press box was still on the ground level, Fred Leach of the Giants came in from the field just as a telegrapher was sending the play-by-play report of the inning just ended. The ballplayer pulled up sharply in front of the clicking telegraph instrument and exclaimed hotly, "I did not misjudge that fly!" Fred, who had begun his career as a telegrapher in Idaho, had taken the words right off the wire.

One of the unwritten laws of the press box interdicts the practice of reading over a fellow journeyman's shoulder. A writer traveling with one of the New York clubs two decades ago (who shall remain anonymous because he is still working on a newspaper) was a notorious violator of this article of the code. The cribber developed a crick in his neck from reading over other people's shoulders.

One day a sportswriter sat down at his machine and pounded out a story about a trade in which several star players of the club were involved. Then, leaving the copy in his typewriter, he stepped out of the press box for a few minutes. Next morning Little Boy Peep had a beat on the big trade. Unfortunately for him, however, it lasted for only one edition. The clubs involved proved the story was pure fabrication. Thereafter, thanks to the planted bait the culprit had swallowed whole, his associates had no more trouble with him.

The World Series assembles writers from all over America. Usually, small-town sportswriters stand in awe of their big-league brethren, but the provinces occasionally produce a creator of the third-best cliché who earnestly believes he wrote the book. At the Yankees–Pirates series in 1927, an Indiana lad who couldn't be accused of having an inferiority complex sat next to a good-natured, stout, plain-looking man who was describing the strategy employed by the two teams to the man on his right, who was pounding it out on his typewriter. The gentleman from Indiana, listening to his stout neighbor's comments, smiled with amused tolerance and began to check him up on some of his statements and analyses.

The situation finally became so intolerable that Pat Robinson of the International News Service, who sat at Mr. Know-It-All's left, said, "Pardon me, Buster, I'd like to have you meet Wilbert Robinson, manager of Brooklyn." The Indiana whippersnapper, his ego deflated, soon found an excuse to slink out of the press box.

As press boxes have grown more palatial, they also have become more humdrum. They are no longer populated by the colorful characters who frequented them in the days when the writers had to rough it. No sportswriter of this era compares as a personality with Bill Phelon, the rugged Cincinnati individualist of bygone days who used to bring his pet monkey to the ball games and entertain the fans during the dull stretches by letting Jocko do acrobatics on the foul screen. He also had a defanged fer-de-lance that he brought along for company on Jocko's days off. Phelon sent snake venom instead of language over the wire whenever the Reds were in a slump.

Now the press box is as inviolate as an embassy. A park owner who gets fresh on this isle of immunity within his own property is likely to be heaved out on his ear. It wasn't that way always. When the great Charley Dryden was writing baseball in New York, he so infuriated Andy Freedman, owner of the Giants, with his barbed references to the way the club was being run that Freedman barred him from the park. Did Dryden come begging to him for mercy? He did not. He climbed a telegraph pole outside the ball park and described the games from this lofty perch with ink of such vitriolic content that Andy, finding himself the laughing stock of the town, was only too glad to welcome the rebel back to the press box.

Amid their luxurious surroundings, where everything is handed to them on platinum platters, members of the craft have been known to wonder if the quality of present-day sports writing wouldn't be improved if the boys still had to fight for everything, including their press-box seats.

THE END

Brokenshire Is Back

(Continued from page 80)

night, until those voices were as familiar as the voices of members of the family. Lonely spinsters who had never heard a male voice in the confines of their chaste boudoirs could become Juliets as Brokenshire purred through his midnight love poems. Let Brokenshire go? The studio that dared do that would bring down on its head the wrath of the mother whose boy had been fired.

BROKENSHIRE'S value to radio was not limited to his popularity. He had an instinctive flair for knowing what the public would want, and a passion for studying the details that would help him in his art. He spent hours in the library reading up on the old music masters, on the cathedrals in Paris, on Iowa corn production, on modern poetry, on the Battle of Gettysburg, on anything, in fact, that might help him fill a lull on any conceivable type of program.

Sometimes Brokenshire's resourcefulness opened whole new fields. Once an orchestra failed to appear for a thirty-minute show, and Broke was forced to ad-lib his way through the period. He started out strong, and was just sailing nicely into a description of the delights to be found on Forty-second Street when his voice began to fail. Laryngitis, the nightmare of announcers, was moving in. Broke, who had been perched on the window sill while describing the scene below, met the situation with an inspired, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I bring you a special event, the voice of Forty-second Street itself." And with that he opened the window and hung out the microphone. The Sixth Avenue elevated squealed to a stop, a trolley clanged loudly, and a confused chorus of auto horns floated up toward the mike. While Broke recovered his voice an enraptured audience in the hinterlands thrilled to the snarl of traffic and participated in the life of a big city. The mail response to this expedient was so tremendous that the "special-events" program became a feature of radio from that day on.

On another occasion, possibly with less fortunate results, Broke sired the soap opera. Again he was caught with a long period to fill and nothing to talk about. On his studio desk, left by a secretary, was a book of short stories by Irvin S. Cobb. He picked up the book, his eye lighted on a story called "Fish Head," and he began reading. The story was longer than he had expected, and his time was up just as he reached the climax. With a hurried, "—and that's all for today," he signed off with a feeling that another emergency had been dealt with. Not so. Within twenty-four hours the studio was swamped with phone calls and mailed requests for the end of the story. Broke had to read more stories and more, always ending each on a note of suspense. Soon stories were being written especially for the program, and then actors and actresses were added to instill even greater realism into the roles. The soap opera was firmly on its way to wherever it is doomed to go.

Two events in quick succession came now to interfere with the "one big happy family" atmosphere of radio. The first was the discovery that while radio was growing too big to survive on the sale of radio sets, it could survive handsomely

on the sale of air time to advertisers. Radio-station antennas began sprouting all over the country faster than the sprouting of oil derricks in a boom town. The second event was the discovery that radio stations could be linked together in a network, and one announcer could serve a score or more stations. Announcers in Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles, and hundreds of other stations found themselves in direct competition with announcers in New York, and vice versa. The battle for survival was on.

Typical of the early skirmishing for position was the intense rivalry between Graham McNamee of WEAF and Brokenshire of WJZ. On the occasion of the inauguration of President Calvin Coolidge, both men were instructed to go on the air from the steps of the Capitol in Washington at eleven A.M., but both knew that the first on the air would be the one to capture the largest audience. Through his spies, Broke learned that McNamee planned to go on the air at 10:45. He moved his own opening time to 10:30. McNamee had his own spies out, moved his time up. When the skirmish was over, both had committed their networks to going on the air around nine A.M.

By ten it was clear that McNamee had outsmarted himself. In order to eliminate outside noises he had installed himself in a soundproofed, glass-enclosed booth high above the platform on which Coolidge would take the oath of office. It now became a trap. He sat there in solitary grandeur, frantically trying to dig up things to talk about. Broke, with no such luxurious handicap, was moving around outside, trailing yards of wire from his portable mike. Every now and then, with the dexterity of a cowboy, he would flip the wire and rope a hurrying senator. "We're on the air all over the country, Senator," he would say before any burst of wrath could hit the mike. "Wouldn't you like to tell your voters back home all about this wonderful occasion?" The color, excitement, and change of pace Brokenshire provided during his four-hour talkathon made his broadcast a sensation, and overnight he found himself nationally famous.

Not so successful was he in his skirmish with Ted Husing. Though they were brother announcers on WJZ, a commercial network account was something else again. Both Broke and Ted were all-round announcers, but Broke was being featured more as the smooth, "silk-hat" voice, while Ted was turning more and more to sports. An admitted student of the Brokenshire style of delivery, Husing was also a fanatic for accuracy in sports reporting, and he had his own idea of who should be the featured sports announcer.

Ted's chance came during a broadcast of the Poughkeepsie Regatta, which was being covered by radio for the first time. Broke had the assignment, and Ted was along as stand-by, the two of them sharing a fast launch loaded with short-wave equipment. As their launch pulled alongside a craft loaded to the gunwales with movie and newspaper cameramen, Ted felt that sudden glow that is the sign of inspiration at work. "Broke," he said excitedly, "here's our chance to get WJZ on the front pages and in the newsreels. Fall overboard, and every camera on that boat will get the picture."

Broke needed no diagrams to get the publicity value of the stunt, nor was he averse to getting his name in the papers. He balanced on the stern only long enough for the photographers to focus, and then he plopped in, every ounce of ham in him going into the act. It was a sensation. But a slight hitch developed. Either the waves weren't right, or the current was wrong, but even with Ted helping the boat captain, the launch seemed to have a lot of difficulty in getting back to pick up Brokenshire. By the time the rescue was effected, Broke was waterlogged, and his voice was possessed of a decided gurgle. Ted broadcast the whole regatta so vividly his career as a sports announcer was never again seriously threatened.

During those incredible twenties, radio announcers became the pampered darlings of all levels of society, and none more so than Broke. All of a sudden he found himself snowed under with fan mail, courted by celebrities, cherished by hotel managers, and all but drowned in the free drinks pushed his way by the speakeasy boys. Never before had so much power to influence millions of people been packed into a single individual. A single favorable announcement was often enough to assure the success of a new night club or play or vaudeville act or piece of music, and those concerned with such enterprises made every effort to see that the announcements were favorable.

Along with fame came the perquisites. Although station salaries remained at about fifty dollars a week, many commercial broadcasts brought in additional revenue from the sponsor, often as much as twenty-five dollars for a few minutes' work. Just as convenient was the way money would blossom under an announcer's plate every time he broadcast dance music from a hotel ballroom or night club. And there was liquor. A bottle for the engineer, another for the announcer, and free drinks for all the announcer's guests.

Broke was only a social drinker at this time, but he was getting into an awful lot of society. His tremendous strength and vitality kept him going. It was nothing for him to open the station at seven A.M., handle a dozen or more shows, and sign the station off the air from some night club at two A.M. In the light of present methods, the range of his work was fantastic. Up to the top of St. Patrick's Cathedral, climbing the outside of the spire like a human fly, to broadcast the chimes. Down the bay in a tug to welcome shipboard celebrities. Up Broadway in an open car describing the Charles Lindbergh reception. Out to sea in an airplane to meet the *Graf Zeppelin*, thus becoming the first to complete an air-to-land general broadcast. The Atlantic City Beauty Pageant, the funeral of William Jennings Bryan, the Kentucky Derby, the funny papers—the list is as varied as it is long. He read poetry, conducted orchestras, toured in vaudeville, composed and sang his own songs, and created "The Children's Hour."

He also fell in love.

The fact that he had fallen in love almost escaped him. He was dimly aware, however, that he was becoming an increasingly lonely man. The adulation he had accepted as his due was no longer as attractive as it had been. He even began to suspect that some of it was being paid to his influence as an announcer. In the early hours of the morning, alone

in his room, he began finding more congenial company in his gift bottle of genuine, imported hooch, fresh from a Brooklyn still. One morning he confided as much to Eunice Schmidt, the dark-haired beauty from Pittsburgh who served WJZ as head of the talent bureau. She was properly sympathetic, and he began to find considerable ease of soul when he dropped around of a dull morning. And that, as far as he could see at the time, was that.

ONE DAY he decided that radio was a big, glowing bubble, enclosing nothing. The decision was bolstered by a long and liquid lunch, during which he saw a pathetic picture of himself trudging down through the years, microphone in hand, to some grubby destination. That night he went on the air with a dance band. He was filled with hooch, self-pity, and a great awareness of the futility of life in general. He announced the first number, and then he kept right on talking.

Behind Broke the orchestra crashed into a chunk of hot jazz, but their microphone was dead, and the radio audience heard the music only as it filtered through Broke's mike, an ironic background to one of the great farewell speeches of all time. Broke held the air endlessly, waxing eloquent and maudlin, while horrified officials tried frantically, at that late hour, to bring in another program. Appeals to Broke himself brought only a tightening of his grip on the mike and the assurance that any interference would result in a big squabble on the air. A remote-control program was finally brought in, and Broke finished his farewells to a dead mike.

He awoke to find himself famous, jobless, and flat broke. Fortunately Atlantic City's station WPG felt it could profit from the prestige brought by a big-city announcer, and it was a repentant, sober Brokenshire who went down to preside over the boardwalk.

It was a gay life in the convention city, wetter even than in New York, but now Broke had no Eunice to confide in on gray mornings. Her absence began to bother him. It was then that he discovered he was in love. He called Eunice in New York. "Either you marry me right away," he began, "or I don't know what will happen."

Eunice, by her own admission, was not overly impressed by the dramatics, and she had been too long in radio to fall for the round, mellow tones of an announcer's voice. But Broke was persistent. He sobered up, announced vague plans for a less hectic career outside of radio, and finally convinced her that they were made for each other. They were married in Washington, D.C., in December, 1927, and, to the utter amazement of their friends, they have been married ever since.

The honeymoon set something of the pace their marriage was to keep for the next eighteen years. True to his word, Broke quit radio and got a job as cruise director on the S.S. *Transylvania*, sailing to Egypt and back. Somewhere along the way the amiable cruise director got the idea that the cruise was in his honor, and that it would be an act of discourtesy not to treat each passenger as his personal guest at the ship's bar. He was heroically engaged in drinking his way through the passenger list when the captain, longing for a set of irons in which to clap him, chopped off his seagoing career in mid-ocean.

The years that followed were on the hectic side. Broke could get jobs all right, as lecturer, fund raiser, small-time announcer, and even as guest announcer on some big shows, but he could get nothing he could sink his teeth into. Frustrated, he turned to the bottle, and in turning to the bottle lost big chances that would have ended his frustration.

During this period, for a short time he did a midnight show for the CBS network, and did right well at it. It was one of radio's truly beautiful shows, featuring the Coral Islanders under the direction of Walter Kolomoku, and often, to the background of their Hawaiian music, Broke would read poetry, extracting the last ounce of meaning from every word. His following was tremendous, sponsors were being attracted to his voice, and CBS was looking forward to big things for Broke. But the show started late at night, and the speakeasies opened early in the afternoon. He missed one show and then another. When the blow fell, it was final. Not only was he fired from his job, he was banished by the network.

That was all he needed. There was no place to go but up. "There's nothing down there really to hold one," he says with the voice of experience. Up he came in full vigor. Radio was still suspicious of his reform, but Hollywood picked him up for a role with Ginger Rogers in "Young Man of Manhattan." After that he appeared in "The Big Broadcast" and "The Great Ziegfeld." Another chance came with the introduction of a new thing called radio transcriptions. These were recorded shows and they were made to order for Broke's comeback. Sponsors wishing to buy the famous Brokenshire voice but leery of the sincerity behind his reform could buy a whole series of his transcriptions with the assurance that he would not turn up drunk. Years later, when Broke was an unemployed down-and-outer, these transcriptions were still keeping his voice ever fresh before the public.

BROKE stayed sober for a year and a half. It was a great, glorious, booming period that started with a chance to announce the Chesterfield show. After that Broke had more shows than he could handle. Mayor Jimmy Walker crowned him King of Radio Announcers. A nation-wide newspaper poll placed him first in popularity. He was Mister Big and Mister Radio and The Voice I Would Like to Be Alone with on a Desert Island.

On the crest of the wave, he accompanied Leopold Stokowski to Philadelphia to broadcast a performance of the Philadelphia Symphony from its home town. The City of Brotherly Love had never been friendlier, and in this expansive atmosphere an expansive Brokenshire decided it would be ungracious not to accept a drink. And another. Not until the next day, with a heavy surf roaring through his skull, did he awake to the realization that he had missed the train after the show and had failed to show up for his schedule in New York.

Broke wasn't fired. Again he had become too popular to be summarily dismissed without injury to the show. But thereafter a stand-by announcer stood ready to take over the show should Broke fail to appear.

Broke was treading the primrose path,

but at least he was doing it in the grand manner. He wore a sprig of mint in his lapel, a jaunty little emblem that also provided leaves to chew when he wanted to kill the smell of liquor on his breath.

He made only one wise move during this whole period. Keeping a long-standing promise to Eunice, he bought a parcel of land near Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island, and began the construction of a home. The completion of the roof called for a little celebration. The little one grew into a big one, and the next day Broke was gone from the haunts of men.

Where Brokenshire went that night or why he does not know, but ultimately he found himself on the high seas, bound for Bermuda with no ticket, no money, and only the clothes he had on. The captain was understanding but adamant. Broke could pay for his passage upon his return; meanwhile he would remain confined to a cabin, with no shore leave.

WITH LITTLE company and no drinks, Broke had plenty of time to figure things out soberly. He decided there was enough good in him to make himself worth salvaging. But what to do about it?

For a time it looked as though he would have to do nothing. The Brokenshire stock had dropped so low that when Eunice asked for a job, she was advised to use her maiden name. "We don't even want his name around here," she was told. Swallowing her pride, she went to work as talent caster for a new form of entertainment called television. She made enough to finance another of Broke's many "cures."

Broke came away from his cure ready to start over again. What was incredible was that he got the start. One man in all of New York was willing to take a chance on him—that was Will Rogers. "What he misses, I can fill in," said Rogers, "but I reckon he won't miss much with me."

The "Good Gulf Gasoline Show," starring Will Rogers, went on the air in June, 1934, and by fall Broke was back on the top of the heap. Under the soothing influence of the cowboy humorist, Broke worked hard, remained sober, and found other shows returning to him one by one. Everyone thought he was great, better even than before. So did Broke.

One day, when he had exuberantly begun to kick over the traces, Rogers said to him, "You know, Broke, your trouble is that you're a better announcer drunk than most of them are sober. The point you've got to watch is that they'll be able to stay sober a lot longer'n you can stay drunk."

After that, as long as he was with Rogers, Broke behaved himself, seeming to find a real support in the great humorist's understanding of his problem. Then, in the summer slump, with all his big shows off the air, with Rogers out of town, and with too much time on his hands, Broke slipped again. But he had faith that he would straighten out when Rogers returned for the fall show.

On August 15, 1935, while Will Rogers and Wiley Post were flying over Alaska, their plane crashed and both were killed.

On October 1, 1935, after all the big shows had signed up other announcers, Broke moved into a cheap Broadway hotel. A sympathetic maid and a fan who ran the hotel's coffee shop kept him going. From that point on he went down, and down, and out.

Broke and Eunice finally decided to move into their still-unfinished house at Lake Ronkonkoma. It had no gas, electricity, or furnace, but they could keep reasonably warm in the winter by huddling over the fire in the fireplace. Eunice got a job as secretary to a lawyer and thus staved off foreclosure of the mortgage. Broke handled odd jobs when he could get them, as painter, carpenter, electrician's helper—anything.

Broke finally applied for a WPA job. Returning home after leaving the WPA office, he and Eunice stopped at a roadside diner for coffee just as the radio blared out the story that Norman Brokenshire, once one of the greats of radio, had been discovered living in an unfinished shack at Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island. The discovery had been made, intoned the announcer, after Brokenshire, obviously impoverished, had applied for a WPA job. Broke has never forgotten the way his fans responded to his plight. Letters came in by the hundreds, enclosing everything from a dime to ten dollars, and a pale, shaken Brokenshire cried like a child as Eunice took out the money and read the messages.

The war shocked Broke out of his alcoholic lethargy. His early training as an apprentice draftsman with General Electric provided him with some technical background, and he got a job as a parts inspector in an aircraft plant. With the long hours and hard work came a return of the old fanatical zeal and driving energy. All day he worked at his job; at night he wrote a column and helped edit the company house organ. In between he hunted up ways of improving production. Two of the blueprints he drew up in his spare time won awards of merit and were credited with saving hundreds of man-hours of labor.

And with many announcers off to war, he got back on the air on a small station in Washington, D.C., handling an early-morning, morale-building program aimed at Government employees.

During his first few months in Washington he was brilliant. Then he was offered a drink. He listened, hesitated, took it, and was lost. Months later, he was back in Ronkonkoma, so completely wrecked he had to take up weaving to quiet his shaking hands. To ease him through the long hours of the night, when his fears were the greatest, Eunice read to him from the Bible. The Twenty-third Psalm had a strangely quieting effect on him, and there always came a time during the night when he would request it. And each time Eunice came to the verse, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me." he would nod his head and say, "Yes, that's the verse. That's the verse for me."

BUT HE had to walk through the valley of the shadow of death before he would believe it. One day he received by mail an offer of a small job on a new program. Eagerly, feeling once more himself, he put on his one and only suit and hitchhiked to New York to see about it. What he heard crushed him. The station was a small one, and an enterprising program manager had dreamed up an idea. "We'll get a lot of old has-beens," he told Broke. "They've still got a name, and they'll work for peanuts. I want you as master of ceremonies."

Sick to his stomach, knowing all too well that he was included among the has-beens who would work for peanuts, he fled to the refuge of a bar where he could still cadge a drink.

Late that night he caught the last train home. His mind was a total blank, but his strength was not yet overcome by the vast quantity of liquor he had consumed. He walked from the front of the train to the back, moving steadily and smiling benignly upon all and sundry. He was still walking steadily when he came to the rear vestibule of the last car. There the story of the old Brokenshire comes to an abrupt end.

Just east of the town of Westbury, as the train was picking up speed, a startled trainman saw a large hulk fall from the rear vestibule and roll for several yards along the track. This hulk, torn and bleeding and jammed with cinders, was transported to a county hospital, where it was given emergency treatment because it still showed signs of life.

The next day, as Eunice sat at the bedside, the bandaged hulk was transformed into a man who was peering alertly through a slit in the gauze wrappings. "Get me out of here," spoke the voice of Brokenshire. "We've got things to do."

In a week Broke was out and around. In ten days he had contracted to modernize a roadside bar and grill, and in four more days he was working with his crew of carpenters, running a power saw with his uninjured hand. "God was with me that night," he told Eunice. "He is still with me."

About this time Broke learned about Alcoholics Anonymous and went to a meeting with a fellow worker. He was ready to welcome help. He came away convinced that through mutual fellowship, and with the help of God, he could whip his drinking.

THE NEW Brokenshire was a man beside himself with energy. Though the war had restricted the amount of building going on, he got what jobs there were to be had. In the meantime, he volunteered his services to the U.S.O., the Red Cross shows, the Stage Door Canteen, and hospital and camp shows.

His big chance came with the offer of a job as master of ceremonies at the big War Bond show being staged daily in the Statue of Liberty booth in Times Square. For six weeks, working ten hours a day, Broke presided over a continuous show featuring some of the greatest radio, theatrical, and movie talent in the land. When it was over, the sales of War Bonds had run into millions of dollars.

This, then, is the story Brokenshire told the executives of United States Steel when they sought an announcer for "The Theatre Guild on the Air." A story of great success and miserable failure, complicated by long periods of deep uncertainty. Yet the story was good enough for them. As Broke said his last word, J. Carlisle MacDonald, assistant to the chairman of the board of U. S. Steel, rose from behind his desk and held out his hand. He said, "I hope you won't miss your vacations too much. We want you fifty-two weeks a year for the next five years."

That was almost seven years ago. Sober and genial, Broke has been with United States Steel ever since. Seven years of a winning battle that proves a man can, with hard work and faith, surmount the temptations of alcohol.

THE END

Around the World On Champagne

(Continued from page 77)

level. It is exactly the sort of thing that overthrew the Russian czars, dissolved the Roman Empire, and caused the French Revolution—but for once in our hard-working lives, it's a hell of a lot of fun, and nuts to the Comintern."

None of these statements was exaggerated. They all came true. Many an unexpected adventure happened as well.

The much-disputed "Fielding's Caravan Through Europe and Africa" (called "Fielding's Folly" by the newspapers) was conceived over strong liquor at three o'clock one morning, seven months before its start. One of its creators was Temple Fielding, a handsome, thirty-eight-year-old New York writer whose book *Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe* has been one of America's best-selling tourist tomes in recent years; its influence on United States travelers gave Fielding immense importance in the eyes of many European governments. His co-inaugurator was Joseph Brooks, president of Time Travel Service, a travel agency in New York City. Fielding remarked to Brooks, "After years of collecting material around the world for my travel book, I'm convinced that most tourists yearn to get away from the famous cities in favor of unknown, off-trail places." Brooks replied, "But they'd like to see those out-of-the-way spots in silken luxury." With these two statements, the Fielding Caravan was born.

In the next few months, frantic plans were made. The two men decided to limit the travelers to fifteen in number; Fielding would escort the small group personally and arrange for his many European friends to entertain them officially (at government receptions) and unofficially (in their homes). Fielding and Brooks agreed that the whopping initial fee of $14,850 would pay for every detail of the trip—liquor, cigarettes and cigars, food, lodging and transportation, personal maids, limousines, corsages, stamps, stationery, secretarial service, laundry, tipping, and life and baggage insurance. These plans made, Fielding wrote the flamboyant booklet, while Brooks darted over the 27,000-mile route making elaborate arrangements.

Meanwhile, news of the trip had reached the ears of startled reporters, who rushed into print 2,700 stories about the fabulous journey—some mocking it, others praising it. The *Wall Street Journal* printed a staid story on it; the Louisville *Courier-Journal* ran a biting editorial entitled "A Booby Trap for a Booby Trip." Syndicated columnists Bob Considine, Mel Heimer, Earl Wilson, and Frank Farrell gave the venture their wry blessing. Society columnists gloated over its luxurious trimmings.

With the help of a fascinated press, the silken web had been expertly spun. Now, who would walk into it?

ON JULY fifth, when the "Caravanians" gathered in New York City preparatory to departure, it turned out that only seven had obliged. (Each was met on arrival by a limousine and chauffeur, and whisked to a $145-a-day suite at the swanky Hampshire House hotel.) None of them was famous, and none (except for one mother-and-daughter combination) knew any of the others. There were

five women: Mrs. Norman D. (Jeanne) Wilson, a pretty thirty-two-year-old widow from Erie, Pennsylvania; Miss Thelma Collins, forty-eight, 1950's highest-paid woman executive, from Dallas, Texas; Miss Mary Pyke, twenty-three, and her fifty-one-year-old mother, Mrs. Robert W. Pyke, from Franklin Lakes, New Jersey; and Greta Plattry, thirty-nine-year-old New York dress designer. There were two men: Rodney De Lange, sixty-one, an oil man from San Antonio, Texas; and thirty-six-year-old William McKelvy, a Portland Cement executive from Easton, Pennsylvania. McKelvy carried a motion-picture camera, and during the trip he shot a four-thousand-foot movie travelogue.

These paying passengers were joined by Miss Ann Neville, twenty-six, a secretary sent by Time Travel Service; by Temple Fielding himself; and by Fielding's friend Bert Brandt, ace photographer for United Press Newspictures, who had taken a leave of absence in order to snap two thousand pictures of the travelers as they journeyed. From the beginning, there was no social distinction made between the paying and the non-paying passengers; all ten immediately began acting like one large family. Later on, the European newspapers were to describe them as "the ten American millionaires."

Even at their farewell-to-America dinner, held at the Hampshire House on July sixth, it was apparent that caviar was the order of the day. The dinner, for which the Caravanians dressed in black tie and evening gowns, consisted of six courses of rare foods washed down by ten different wines. Together with the cocktails beforehand and the liqueurs later, it cost $2,500. The dazzled travelers found themselves immortalized by Time Travel Service in a twenty-two-minute movie. They were introduced to a number of outside glamour guests, including columnist Dorothy Kilgallen and pianist Victor Borge. At the end of the meal, Mr. Bartow H. Underhill of the State Department made a speech exhorting the travelers to remember that they were "Ambassadors of Good Will from America."

THE FOLLOWING day they left in a daze of glory. After a Hampshire House cocktail party, a parade of airport busses and Cadillacs carried the Caravanians and their friends out to Idlewild Airport. In the airport building another cocktail party was held—with seventy-five guests, eight girls dressed in the costumes of different countries, and a six-piece orchestra. Trans World Airlines, going all-out, laid a brand-new red carpet from the airport building to the giant sleeper plane on which they would fly to Paris; one by one, the Caravanians walked the carpet to the "Ambassador" Constellation. At five o'clock, with cameras clicking and a band playing (and four ordinary plane passengers staring at them pop-eyed with astonishment), the Caravanians and their fifty-six pieces of luggage were finally on their way.

As the plane winged through the night, they ate their way through an elaborate seven-course dinner, accompanied by wines. In their honor, TWA had stowed on board two hundred and fifty pounds of extra food and liquor.

They were off, complete with brandies, champagnes, whiskies, and cigarettes to suit each of their fancies for the entire 27,000-mile trip—a matter carefully checked beforehand by means of a filled-out form. Thanks to the same form, each was seated in the part of the plane he liked best. Each was given a large box of white Cartier stationery with his name engraved on it in blue, below the engraved heading, "Fielding's Caravan Through Europe and Africa."

Orly Airport, near Paris, greeted them the next morning as all airfields were to greet them—with a cocktail party, complete with caviar canapés and every kind of liquor. There was an orchid corsage for every woman. While they were busy meeting French government officials and the French press, their luggage was quietly whisked through customs. Then each climbed into a big black limousine to drive in solitary splendor into Paris—after sipping champagne from silver coolers placed in the back luggage rack of each car.

BUT AS they approached Paris—headed for a fabulous two-day whirl topped by a luncheon on the Eiffel Tower given them by the French government—some disturbing developments were taking place in Washington, D.C.

Representative James G. Fulton, Republican from Pennsylvania, had just heard of the Fielding Caravan and, before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, he was roaring out an indictment against the "Devil's Caravan," as he dubbed it.

The Caravanians were "playing hob with America's foreign policy," he shouted. "This is a great opportunity for propaganda for the Russians, and demonstrates the Communist contention that Americans live on the fat of the land while they ask their European friends to accept austerity uncomplainingly." He wound up demanding that the State Department revoke the passports of the Americans because, he declared, their trip would "endanger the security of the nation."

But William C. Foster, ECA administrator, said the Caravan would take needed American dollars to Europe. Columnist Inez Robb, and many another American, agreed with him.

All this acrimony was cabled to Europe. From then on, the Caravanians were called "the ten American millionaires." They were mobbed by European reporters and photographers at every airport.

Let us pause further to look closely at these ten "millionaires." They were a singularly pleasant, attractive, and unpretentious group of people.

Despite the proffered maid service everywhere, the women all laundered their own stockings and underwear throughout the trip. There were no mink coats among them, and only three diamond rings. In Paris, when self-made millionaire De Lange found himself eye to eye with a French valet, he blurted, "I don't know who is more embarrassed, you or I." Shortly thereafter, he dispensed with valets. All the tourists did their own packing—and, after Paris, they flatly refused to ride in solitary limousines. "It's too lonely," they explained to Fielding. From then on, they crowded into two or three cars.

At first they were shy and awkward with the press. But long before they left the Scandinavian countries—where newspapers pictured them on the front page

and caricatured them on the back—they got over being shy. Zealous Danish photographers shadowed them everywhere—even crowding into the famed Danish baths in Copenhagen with the male Caravanians. "First time I've been photographed à la nude, standing on the scales," marveled De Lange.

By the time they reached Cairo, after sixteen days of the tour, they were old hands at making fake exits from planes in order to accommodate photographers. In Egypt, where the press called them "kindly, but crazy," they not only made the front pages of newspapers, but two Egyptian magazines ran pictures of "millionairesses" Mary Pyke and Jeanne Wilson on their covers.

They grew expert at answering queries hurled at them by the press. "They kept asking how I'd got the money to pay for the trip," says deep-voiced Thelma Collins, secretary-treasurer of the S. W. Nichols Corporation in Dallas, "and I told them the truth: I'd earned it myself." When reporters asked pretty twenty-three-year-old Mary Pyke why she was making the trip, she replied, "Some people bet fifteen thousand dollars on the races, or buy new cars. We travel."

Says weather-beaten De Lange, who started out in life shining shoes, "They asked if I'd inherited my money. I told 'em hell, no, I'd started life with nothing—and now I employed people who bought houses and electric refrigerators with the money I paid 'em. I said this was the way things could happen in the United States."

MEANWHILE, their 27,000-mile race to the ends of the earth was unreeling without a hitch. On leaving Paris, they flew north. At Æröskoebing, on the tiny Danish island Ærö, the island's entire population (2,000) took a holiday to gape at the "American millionaires." In Svendborg, Denmark, they had the rare privilege of spending the night in a 106-room castle (with one bathroom) as guests of the Baron and Baroness Axel Reedtz-Thott, who are friends of Fielding's. In Alta, a tiny town in Finnmark above the Arctic Circle, they fished for salmon (and caught codfish) at two A.M., by the light of the midnight sun.

During their three days in Finnmark —each night spent in a clean but simply run government guest house—they drove by automobile over the barren land left desolate by the Nazi scorched-earth policy. They saw, with deep depression, the stark remains of concentration camps where prisoners of the Germans had lived like animals, digging holes in the rocky soil with their fingernails to make shelter from the elements. They were astonished to meet nomadic Lapps, dressed in reindeer skins, with giant herds of reindeer. Their final night was spent in Hammerfest, the northernmost city of the world—a thousand miles above the Arctic Circle.

Then they swept south—to Oslo, Norway; to Frankfurt, Germany; to Rome, Italy. They had an audience with Pope Pius XII at his summer palace, Castel Gondolfo. (His Holiness gave them rosaries and medals; Fielding gave His Holiness *Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe.*) In Rome, the jump-off point for the African leg of the journey, they were joined by CBS reporter Bill Leonard, who wanted to narrate their African adventures on his daily radio show "This Is New York." Throughout their ten-day race through Africa, the Caravanians good-naturedly endured a three-way publicity attack: Leonard tape-recorded their reactions, Brandt snapped their pictures, and McKelvy shot his movie.

By this time, they were a tight and friendly unit, with a store of family jokes. Aware they would stay no more than two days in any one place, they had a motto for themselves ("Temple Fugit") and an emblem (a candle burning at both ends). Always tired, they drank all day long to keep going. They had cognac for breakfast in place of fruit juice, and on plane rides they drank champagne, Scotch, and bourbon. McKelvy and Brandt were established as the comedy team of the trip. Meanwhile, photographer Brandt had put two of the paying customers to work for him: Mary Pyke wrote a day-by-day journal for his future use in picture captions, while millionaire De Lange lugged the camera equipment everywhere.

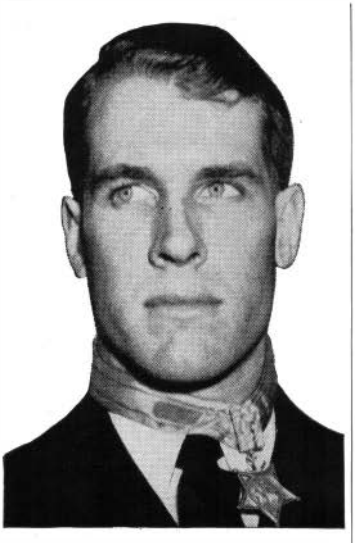
Africa was their favorite part of the trip. They saw Cairo—and Cairo certainly saw them—for a breathless twenty-four hours. They rode camels bearing such names as "Canasta" and "Brooklyn Dodgers" out to the Pyramids and to the Sphinx, bought Arabian robes at the Mosky Bazaar, and spread out over the whole second floor of the famous Shepheard's Hotel, which has since, unhappily, burned to the ground. De Lange occupied the giant suite once optimistically reserved by German General Rommel for use when he conquered Egypt.

Then they flew for seventeen hours across the jungles of Africa to Nairobi, Kenya Colony, British East Africa. Here, in the game preserves, they found themselves nose to nose with lions, zebras, and giraffes. (One of their family jokes started when three lions ran in terror from Bert Brandt; Mary Pyke cracked, "Three African lions were scared by one New York wolf.") They saw tribal gatherings in native villages. Near the equator, only a week after catching codfish above the Arctic Circle, they pulled giant rainbow trout out of a stream. Some of them played golf on an eighteen-hole course, pointing out signs that stated, "Balls may be removed from buffalo and elephant tracks."

FOR ONE exciting night, they stayed at the famous Treetops Hotel, a two-story, six-room house built thirty feet above the ground in a giant fig tree. (Elizabeth of England was told of her father's death and her ascent to the throne while staying in this fabulous structure.) From its rough porch, they peered down uneasily at wart hogs, waterbuck, and a herd of 150 elephants in the water hole below—and dined, at a trestle table spread with fine linen and silver, in their customary luxury.

While elephants trumpeted below, they ate soup, kidney pie, roast chicken, and dessert and, of course, they sipped champagne. It was here, however, that one of their few losses occurred. When Greta Plattry made her way across a wide branch to the treetop outhouse, she dropped her toothbrush into the jungle.

Then came what all of them agreed was the high point of their thirty-seven days: their audience with Emperor Haile Selassie at the Royal Palace in Ethiopia. As usual, preparations were hurried. Their plane landed in Addis Ababa only an hour before the royal reception. They spent the hour in the



airport learning royal manners (advance, bowing repeatedly; retreat, backward, also bowing; call him "Your Imperial Majesty"). When their limousines deposited them at the palace, they walked on a wide red carpet that literally unrolled before their eyes—palace attendants unwound it in front of them as they moved up the palace steps and through the entrance hall.

Inside the magnificent throne room, they found the small dark emperor and his empress seated on golden thrones on a raised dais. One by one, they left armchairs grouped near the throne to talk alone with him. "He spoke perfect English, and was able to discuss all our home states," says Greta Plattry. The Caravanians received gifts from His Majesty—bright saris for the women, gold medallions for the men. Afterward the Americans watched as Haile Selassie reviewed 150 Ethiopian troops bound for Korea.

Nothing else on the trip impressed or touched them more than the dignified little emperor and his African country. Although Bill Leonard punned, "It was highly significant as well as Selassie," he agreed with the rest. McKelvy spoke for them all when he said, "How many of us get the chance to meet the ruler of a wild African kingdom nine thousand miles from New York City?" Their subsequent race through Europe seemed mild by comparison.

BETWEEN Rome and Switzerland, they rode the famous Italian train on which Mussolini and Hitler signed the Axis pact. They were joined overnight by columnist Earl Wilson and his wife, and they ate a breakfast aboard the train that they still remember with mixed feelings. Instead of the coffee and toast they longed for, they were served by loving Italian hands with caviar, shrimp, mussels, pâté de foie gras, truffles, lobster, baby octopus, turkey, ham, and whipped-cream pastries of every sort. "All we wanted was hot coffee!" moaned the Caravanians.

Rushing onward, they met the president of Switzerland, ate a $75-apiece Swiss luncheon, and stayed in Zermatt to stare at the Matterhorn. They skimmed through Geneva, caught their breath on the Spanish island of Majorca, and came to rest in Madrid. (While attending the bloody bullfights, two of them fainted dead away. These were the two Texans, Miss Collins and De Lange; they were carried out.) In Madrid they made a radio broadcast over the "Voice of Spain." And here, on August twelfth, their trip as a group was over. Thence, they drifted singly or in pairs, and by devious routes, back to New York. Their return fare was included in the original price tag.

It had, they all agreed, been "27,000 miles of pure luxury." Never once did they bother with customs officials like the rest of us. Always their rooms were banked with flowers; for the women, corsages had been routine. They had eaten reindeer in Lapland, antelope in Ethiopia, and caviar everywhere. Mail from home had reached them regularly, even in Darkest Africa. What's more, they had got along famously as a group, with no quarrels, no illnesses, no flirtations. "We were just like a family, with Temple as papa," they report. They came home loaded with gifts from the governments of countries they visited —ashtrays, leather boxes, pottery bowls, scarves, pins, silver spoons. They staggered under six thousand dollars' worth of presents they themselves had bought around the world. The sole flaw was the Caravan clothes list given them at the start of the trip. It had been full of misinformation.

"We women never wore our many evening gowns abroad, and the men never wore white ties," says Mary Pyke. "In Norway, we had to buy country clothes —we hadn't brought slacks or walking shoes with us. Most of the time we froze to death; the list hadn't included a warm coat, and several of us had nothing but jackets."

HOME again, each has experienced many aftereffects of the trip. In Pennsylvania, Jeanne Wilson has made several talks to local clubs, as Mrs. Pyke and Miss Collins have done in New Jersey and Texas. Soon movie screens will show Bill McKelvy's travelogue. Greta Plattry's new line of dresses shows the journey's influence. It carries the Kenya Bush Print, the Elephant Rust Shade, and a two-piece dress modeled after the costumes worn by Egyptian dragomans. De Lange wore his Arabian robes in a Los Angeles golf tournament. Bill Leonard, a ham radio operator, chats regularly over nine thousand miles with a fellow ham he met in the Kenya Colony. "We all made a lot of new friends, both in and out of the Caravan," everyone reports. "The trip was truly a dream come true."

These happy comments are music to the ears of both Temple Fielding and Joseph Brooks. Although the two are no longer associated, each plans future caviar-studded caravans. Fielding foresees two giant de luxe trips in 1952 that will span the globe, and in addition six inexpensive junkets. Brooks's plans are just as expansive.

"This summer we've got three new caravans lined up," Brooks says. "One of them goes over the same route as the Fielding Caravan, and the charge, for five weeks, is sixty-five hundred dollars. The other two caravans go around the world—twenty-nine thousand miles in fifty-two days on one trip, during which ships will be used as well as planes; and forty thousand miles in fifty days on the other trip, made entirely by air. The travelers will visit Alaska, Korea, Japan, Siam, Australia, India, Europe—and all for only twenty-two thousand five hundred a person!"

Again, as with the Fielding Caravan, there will be special privileges: lunch with Chiang Kai-shek on the island of Formosa; a weekend in the gargantuan palace of an Indian maharaja; a reception hosted by the mayor of Hiroshima.

His advance booklet has the same old flamboyant statements, too: "A carefully selected geisha girl will be assigned to each participant during the entire stay in Japan. She will untie your shoes, help you into your kimono, assist you in enjoying the islands, and entertain you in Oriental style." It promises that the travelers will go "to Bali—the most enchanting and romantic spot in the world: isle of sweaterless girls." Triumphantly, the booklet states: "There will be malice in wonderland when Hollywood hears about this production."

There might be malice elsewhere, too. Is Congressman Fulton in the House?

THE END

The Little Girl from Greenville *(Continued from page 67)*

better than any woman before or since. Televiewers may feel a twinge of surprise when she does a few steps while rendering a song; if so, they will be interested to learn that Kate was so good as a dancer that between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one she was a featured comedienne in three Broadway musical hits—"Honeymoon Lane," "Hit the Deck," and "Flying High." She got the name of Kate when Eddie Dowling decided to put her name in lights and found that Kathryn Smith wouldn't fit on the marquee.

So Kate was a success, but she was a frustrated one. She wanted to be a singer, not a dancer. Which brings us to the beginning of her association with Ted Collins. The present generation may be pardoned for considering Kate Smith and Ted Collins an inseparable unit, as though they were born twins. They weren't.

Ted Collins was sales manager for Columbia Records (not then connected with CBS). He "caught" Kate's act in "Flying High"; he went backstage to sign her to a recording contract; and he ended the interview by making a deal whereby he would manage and Kate would sing and they would be fifty-fifty partners. The mutual faith of this new partnership was touching. Ted quit his job and Kate quit the show, and they didn't even sign a contract (they never have).

THIS WAS in 1930. A young man named Bill Paley had just been handed fifty thousand dollars by his father, who manufactured La Palina cigars, to form a new radio network, named Columbia Broadcasting System. To this young radio entrepreneur Collins took his new protégé (then billed as "The Songbird of the South," on account of her Virginia birthplace), and on Kate's twenty-second birthday, May 1, 1931, she went on the air.

Soon she had a sponsor, La Palina cigars, a strange connection for a girl who has never smoked or taken a drink in her life. Within a year she was nationally famous, and there wasn't an American in a hundred who didn't know her theme song, "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountains," her opening line, "Hello, everybody," or her closing, "Thanks for listenin'."

Kate's entire philosophy of life, since that night in 1930, can be summed up in three little words: "Ted knows best." Ted Collins' can be summed up almost as succinctly: "Kate can do anything." Whether from arrogance (of which he is accused by virtually the entire American public), or courage (which no one denies him), or simple confidence in Kate's abilities, Collins has never hesitated to take on any assignment; and Kate has unhesitatingly gone along with him. If there was ever a disagreement between the two, it is the best-kept secret since radar.

The arrogance was never more apparent than in 1938, when Collins devised a daytime program in which his singing star would never sing—she'd just talk. Talk to whom? To Ted, of course. (Ted says that was because he'd have had to pay anybody else, but probably he just wanted to get into the act.) The whole project was considered foolhardy enough in itself, but seemed downright suicidal when Collins selected the hour from twelve noon to one, which was supposedly the time mothers were fixing lunch for their schoolgoing children and wouldn't listen to anything. But "Kate Smith Speaks" quickly became number one among daytime programs, and its rating of 13.7 was higher than the average of nighttime shows.

Kate made her daytime television bow from behind a similar eight ball. No one would buy the hour from four to five P.M. Husbands not yet home from work . . . wives fixing supper and too busy to look at a screen . . . children still playing outside.

Add to this the fact that everyone—including the intrepid Collins himself—had doubts about how Kate Smith would go over on television.

"I was fooled," he admits now. "They told me, 'If you weigh a hundred pounds, on TV you look like two hundred. If you weigh two hundred, you look like four hundred.' I kept thinking, What will Kate look like?"

From the time television began to spread, two or three calls came in every day asking for Kate to make a guest appearance. She had made one in 1933, on the inaugural CBS television program; Ted hadn't liked it, and she hadn't been on television since. He had some reason for his feeling, because Kate's movies, made at the peak of her career, had met a lukewarm reception. Now, in 1950, he turned down every request.

The fact remained that television was becoming the big thing, and that Kate Smith would have to try sooner or later—or else give up. "Well," Collins decided, "if we're going to flop, it isn't going to be on somebody else's show. At least we're going to have a run for our reputation. It will be on our own show or not at all."

That's what he told Sylvester ("Pat") Weaver, NBC television head, when Pat asked for a guest appearance; and since Weaver was once an account executive for Young and Rubicam, the advertising agency that handled Kate's show when she was at her peak, he replied, "Let's have lunch and talk it over." At that lunch, the present Kate Smith daytime show was born.

It was a success unprecedented in television. It doubled its rating every week. The first week it rated 4, just enough for sustaining. The second week it was 8, and sponsors were lifting their eyebrows. The third week it was 16 and fully booked. By the sixth week it was 25, well above the nighttime average (though Berle has topped 50, and Ed Sullivan and Godfrey and a few others have ranged in the 40's), and it had fourteen sponsors, as it has today.

WHO GETS the credit for this success? NBC gambled two million dollars on the outcome—or did they? After all, they had to provide *some* show from four to five for their network stations, and they had never sold that time. They tied up one theatre full time for the daytime show. They tied up their biggest theatre, the Center in Rockefeller Center, three days a week for the evening show. They supplied all the money, some ninety thousand dollars a week, for technicians and stagehands and musicians and comfortable salaries for Kate and Ted, but much of it they would have

had to spend anyway because they had to have *some* kind of show on the air at that hour.

Collins gambled a goodly segment of Kate's future. A flop would have been a setback for at least months, maybe years. But, after all, Kate had no television income at the time, so there was little for her to lose.

From the vantage point of hindsight, it becomes clear that the television success of Kate Smith should have surprised nobody. It succeeded in surprising everybody. The experts had been led astray by Kate's apparent eclipse on radio in the years since 1945. Most of them didn't realize that all the time Collins was being crazy like a fox. He deliberately accepted the diminished audience to get a doubled income. And then, as it finally turned out, the income was very nearly quadrupled.

The Kate Smith shows on the big networks (they had taken their programs from CBS to the American Broadcasting Company) had been "packaged shows." This means the sponsor provided a flat sum, out of which the Smith-Collins combine had to pay all the expenses. What was left was their profit.

When the war ended, an economy wave struck the big advertisers who had been spending their excess profits so lavishly. They began to reduce their budgets, and Collins was asked to take a twenty-five-per-cent cut on the Kate Smith shows. This meant a cut either in quality or in the net income to Kate, and Collins didn't like either idea.

"Besides," he says, "once they start cutting, you never know where you'll wind up." The unions wouldn't let him use fewer technicians, so the principal part of his budget couldn't be reduced. He decided that they would not renew the contract at the lessened rate, and Kate went "co-op."

IN A CO-OP show, each individual station sells the time to a local sponsor. In Kate Smith's case, three big stations of the Mutual network—WOR in New York, WNAC in Boston, and WGN in Chicago—guaranteed about double what Ted figured he could net from a package show. That left all the lesser stations to be heard from. Eventually Kate wound up with 435 stations, and some of the smallest—250-watt stations in tiny towns—were paying as little as five dollars a week, one dollar per show, to put Kate Smith on the air every weekday at noon!

But the end result was that Kate and Ted earned nearly four times as much with the co-op show on Mutual as they had with the package show on CBS.

In fact, the co-op show was so successful that NBC decided to do the same thing, and for the first time in its history there is an NBC co-op show, the noontime radio program of Kate and Ted.

In changing to co-op Kate lost much of her Hooperating, but apparently the audience she lost was the casual listeners. The faithful followed her, and they are the people who buy her sponsors' products. When her television show began, they followed her again and formed the nucleus of its big audience.

As for Ted Collins' miscalculation when he feared Kate would look too big on the TV screen—he failed to consider the effect of the many legends that have grown up about Kate Smith. Since her earliest days, puns based on her size had been part of the standard publicity line. "Kate Smith was immense," said a review of her first Broadway show, "—immense in more ways than one." "She has contributed heavily to the war effort," said a columnist after she set an all-time record by selling half a billion dollars' worth of War Bonds. "She's the biggest thing on the air," said a radio magazine when her Hooper reached the top.

"The point is," explains Ted Collins now, "that people in Hartford and Chicago and Atlanta and other places who had never seen Kate Smith were so fooled about her size that when they actually saw her on the television screen she seemed small by comparison."

Kate Smith isn't small. She tops five feet ten inches and approaches 250 pounds. But she is still a revelation to those who have heard about her bulk and then get a look at her dimensions for the first time.

Her doctor insists that she isn't fat—not for her size. "She's just a big woman," he explains. "I've seldom seen a woman of her height and bone structure who carries less weight, or carries it as well as she."

KATE WAS born with a combination of talents, athletic as well as artistic. She can sing, dance, draw pictures, act, and play all games well. Her figure has often been compared to Babe Ruth's, with broad shoulders and narrow hips and shapely legs, and she shares his grace in footwork and muscular coordination; she can play golf, having broken 90; and skate; and ski (which is her principal winter's diversion at her lodge at Lake Placid).

Her physique is doubly valuable to her, for it permits her to carry a schedule that would be backbreaking for anyone else. Kate works like a horse. Five radio shows a week, five hour-long daytime TV shows, and one evening TV hour that many performers would consider a full-time job. Yet when asked if she intended to continue all three shows, she stared at the inquirer with honest puzzlement. "Why not?" she asked.

She makes no effort to keep her weight down, and even insists that she isn't a big eater, though the record belies this. Once a member of the orchestra who was going out for a sandwich asked, "Kate, can I bring you anything?" She thought for a moment and then replied, "Yes, some ice cream." He asked, "What kind?" She said, "Surprise me." To be on the safe side, he brought back a quart of mixed vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry, and she ate it all.

Unquestionably sweets are her weakness. One morning long ago when she was making a picture, the shooting was to be on Leo Carrillo's farm, which is fifty-five miles out of Hollywood. Kate had to get up at five-thirty to make it. She didn't mind the early hour, but she did get a blow when she asked for a frosted chocolate at breakfast and Collins said no. "Who ever heard of ice cream for breakfast?" he asked intolerantly. "Ham and eggs, there's a breakfast for you."

The voice of authority had spoken and Kate submitted, but she didn't like it. She pouted. Not an open pout, just a mental one. Kate wasn't angry, she was just unhappy. So unhappy, in fact, that the director couldn't get the scene right. Finally, in desperation, he demanded,

"Is there something you want?" and Kate broke down and confessed that she *would* like a frosted chocolate. So everything stopped while the director sent a thermos bottle back to Los Angeles for a frosted chocolate. When it arrived from its lengthy trip, Kate drank it happily. Then they shot the scene, and it was perfect.

BECAUSE of her dependence on Ted Collins, Kate is a child in many respects. She is accustomed to leaving to Ted everything regarding money, decisions, worries. This was Ted's own wish. When the Smith–Collins partnership was formed, his words were, "You do the singing. I'll do the worrying."

In their fifty-fifty arrangement, Ted takes in the money and invests it. For Kate he invests it conservatively, so she'll never lose and never have to worry. For himself he invests speculatively, in such ventures as the New York Yankees football team or a uranium mine in deepest Africa. Either because of luck or because of sage judgment, Ted has probably come off better than Kate, but she was never in any danger, and he has been, more than once.

Some who know Kate personally insist she hasn't the slightest idea how much she is worth, and doesn't care: Ted will provide. She is generous to a fault, but often reverts to the standard of values she learned as a girl. Once, in Washington, they were taking up a collection for an unfortunate ex-member of her orchestra. It started with Kate, who said enthusiastically, "I'll give fifty cents."

Without a break in the rhythm, Ted, who was standing beside her, said, "Well, Kate gives fifty dollars, so I'll give fifty dollars." The collection continued, and the correction was hardly noticed.

Freed of worry—financial, business, and production—Kate is precisely the type of jolly girl she is popularly pictured to be. In rehearsal she is all over the stage, chatting with the dancers, the musicians, the technicians. "We have to figure an extra hour for every rehearsal," says Ted resignedly, "because it takes that long for Kate to catch up on how much Joe's new baby weighs, and whether the vet could fix up Fred's sick dog, and where Pete and his family are going for their vacation."

Kate really cares, and her sincerity is the major factor in her appeal to Americans, male and female. Especially female. Kate is jolly, but she isn't the stereotype of the jolly fat girl. Her jollity entails no loss of dignity. When she says something, you can tell she means it. Critics complain that both Kate and Ted Collins offend them with the pontifical air of knowing everything, but radio and television audiences seem to enjoy it.

Her size is probably the second factor that enables Kate to conquer the glamour girls in what should be their best medium, television. A woman's femininity bristles when a voluptuous figure looms on the screen and the man of the family leans forward three inches. In Kate, women do not see this kind of competition.

Ted Collins is an effervescent and voluble individual with inflexible convictions but enough charm to sugar-coat them. The volubility prevents your ever getting a word in edgewise. The charm keeps you from caring.

He is the dictatorial producer of the Kate Smith shows. "Yes," said one of the executives, "Barry Wood is associate producer and Garrison is director and Miller is conductor. But Ted Collins is the boy."

Ted picks the talent, chooses the songs, accepts or vetoes the sponsors. He tells the conductor how to conduct, the performers how to perform, the band how to play, the cameramen how to photograph. He sits and watches the stage surrounded by a couple of dozen staff members who have nothing to do but listen to him. He tells Kate where to stand and what she can do. When she made her first guest appearance recently, on the Milton Berle show, it was the only time in history that Berle didn't get into the act. Ted didn't think the scene would be just right if Milton and Kate stood together at any time.

Just two things Ted never does. He doesn't tell Kate how to sing; his entire approach to the entertainment business is based on the assumption that she already knows that. And he never interferes with her ad libs.

Among her numerous other accomplishments, Kate is a peerless ad-libber, a master of imitations, and a sound-producer beyond compare. "I'm a one-woman sound-effects man," she says, and so she is. She can imitate a bird, a railroad whistle, a trumpet, or a Crosby gargle. She can arrange both her face and her voice to give you Joe E. Lewis, Red Skelton, or Gigi Perreau. Collins likes to have her do imitations, but he will never allow her to plan or rehearse them.

"If she does, it's lousy," he says. "She gets self-conscious."

THERE'S one other quality of Kate Smith's that might explain everything—her earlier as well as her later triumphs. Kate is a saleswoman.

The ability to sell by voice is an imponderable thing. Advertisers have discovered it chiefly by testing. One radio announcer can say, "Now, you send me a dollar and buy this," and dollars will pour in. A much more famous and more admired announcer can utter the same words with the same feeling and draw scarcely a penny.

Kate Smith has always been able to sell. She doesn't have to sell herself; Ted Collins does that for her. So she sells other things. Dolls for underprivileged children (she got twenty thousand from one appeal); or War Bonds (when her appeal brought in half a billion dollars President Roosevelt said to Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, "Why don't you just turn over the campaign to her?"); or contributions to the Red Cross (four million dollars in three weeks, earning her the only Legion of Valor ever awarded by the Red Cross to a private citizen); or even, anticlimactically, the products of her sponsors, which leads to thousands of housewives' going to their hardware store and asking, "What was that new floor wax Kate Smith was talking about on her television program?"

The housewives must certainly realize that Kate hasn't known for years what kind of wax polishes the floors of her skytop Park Avenue apartment. It doesn't seem to matter. Whatever she asks them to try, they buy. Perhaps it's just because they like Kate . . . they like her a lot.

THE END

For information about
CAMPS, SCHOOLS, COLLEGES
turn to pages 136-141

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Helen Hayes, President
Summer Term: June 16—August 23. Fall Term: September 15—November 25. Apply Now.
351 West 48th Street New York 36, N. Y.

Our Next First Lady (Continued from page 73)

furnishes her house with American furniture, and serves American food.

If Ike is the Republican nominee, voters will see Mamie Eisenhower as the little flashing-eyed woman with the bangs standing smiling between her stalwart, thirty-year-old soldier son and her grinning, waving, five-starred soldier husband. And if Ike becomes President, Mamie will make the White House as comfortable as the quarters of the commanding officer at an infantry post.

YOUNGEST, prettiest, and perhaps best educated of the wives is Nancy Pigott Kefauver, redheaded wife of the crime-busting senator from Tennessee. And she is one of the two wives—Mrs. Warren is the other—who were born abroad. Her mother, of Tennessee, and her father, of New York, were residing in Glasgow, Scotland, where her father was connected with a shipbuilding firm when she was born in 1914. Her father designed the engines for the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*.

Mrs. Kefauver studied art in London, Paris, and Glasgow, and holds a degree from the Glasgow School of Art. She still paints when she can find time from her four young children: Linda, 10; David, 5; Diane, 4; and Gail, 14 months. In 1949 one of her paintings won an award in a Washington exhibition.

Due to the peculiar nature of Tennessee politics, Mrs. Kefauver has also had considerable experience as a zookeeper The raccoon is the Kefauver trade-mark and mascot, and in a Kefauver campaign entourage there is always a crate of fighting, snarling coons. They have to be exercised, fed, and displayed. The senator wears a coonskin cap while speaking.

"Coons are hard to take care of," Mrs. Kefauver explains. "They have to be exercised every day. Sometimes we get into a town just before a meeting, and volunteers come up and ask what they can do to help. I always put them to exercising the coons."

In the back yard of her Washington home Mrs. Kefauver now keeps two cocker spaniels, a deodorized skunk, and two pure-bred Tennessee coons. The yard is the gathering place for all the children of the neighborhood, because, besides the animals, there is a motor bike. The senator made it himself, and he allows the children to ride it.

If Kefauver should win the nomination and the election, the White House would have young children in it for the first time since Theodore Roosevelt's term. The Kefauver children are apprehensive at the thought of leaving their present home, but Mrs. Kefauver has satisfied them by promising to make ten-year-old Linda lifeguard at the White House swimming pool, and by pointing out that the back yard at the White House is ideal for coons.

If the Presidency were to be awarded to the man with the largest, handsomest, and most life-loving family, the winner would be Governor Earl Warren, of California. His wife, Nina Palmquist Meyers Warren, was born in Sweden in 1896. Mrs. Warren has a background of hard work and success. Her parents brought her to the United States, and then, when she was thirteen, she and her two sisters were orphaned and penniless. She went to business college, worked as a bookkeeper, and all three sisters soon had excellent jobs. Her first husband was musician Grover Meyers, but when he died three weeks after her son was born, she went back to work in a women's specialty shop and soon became manager of a chain of shops.

Noted for her beauty and as shapely as Betty Grable, Mrs. Warren concedes the legend that she captured the governor in a bathing suit. "But I spotted him just as quick as he spotted me," she insists. When they were married they planned to have a large family, and they carried out the plan.

The Warrens' family life could serve as a model for most Americans. "We've always followed one rule," Mrs. Warren declares. "We don't discuss Earl's professional life at home. His personal life is completely divorced from his profession. I worked so much myself that I know how a person feels when he comes home at night tired."

When a clamoring audience once insisted that Governor Warren let his wife speak, he replied, "We have one sacred, unbroken rule in the Warren household. I do the talking in public. She does the talking at home."

Mrs. Warren opposed her husband's first pursuit of the governorship, and she is credited with having insisted that he turn down the nomination for Vice-President in 1944. She reluctantly agreed to his race in 1948, as well as to the current one, because she feels the children are now grown and can stand transplantation. She is a noted cook. She absolutely refuses to discuss politics with anyone.

If the Warrens campaign for the Presidency, the Republican National Committee will have to hire at least one extra coach for the campaign train to carry the Warren children. And the whistle stops will be crowded with folks who turned out not only to hear a political speech but to look at the biggest, happiest, and handsomest political family.

Esther Glewwe Stassen, born in 1908, was one of fourteen children. She was working as a secretary in a law office when she met Harold Stassen. They were both members of the same young people's organization at a Baptist church.

Mrs. Stassen has made one political speech at the request of her husband's friends. In 1944, while the governor was in the Pacific theatre on Navy duty, he was politically embarrassed when his appointee, former Senator Joseph Ball, pledged his support to Roosevelt, not Governor Thomas E. Dewey. Mrs. Stassen then appeared on the platform with Governor Dewey in Minneapolis and spoke briefly, stating that she and her husband would vote Republican.

As the wife of the president of the University of Pennsylvania, Mrs. Stassen is known as a gracious hostess who is well-informed but guides conversation away from politics. She has two children —Glen, sixteen, and Katherine, ten.

THESE six women have many distinguishing characteristics, but they also have much in common. They are all mothers; they are all ambitious and competent; and they are all strong women who have influenced the lives of their husbands. One of them is likely to win the big prize in 1952, to see her husband become the most powerful man in the world, and to become mistress of the White House.

THE END

America's Smartest Set *(Continued from page 69)*

in Fort Dix, New Jersey, tells of the eager-beaver second lieutenant, a Harvard man, who reported for duty one day wearing The Key on his blouse next to his good-conduct ribbon. "I'd suggest you take it off, sir. It ain't GI," the sergeant pointed out dutifully.

Bowing to the cruel military regulations forbidding the desecration of a uniform by embellishments extraneous to the military profession, the lieutenant removed the emblem. However, his high-octane I.Q. quickly found a solution. Today he wears the shining badge of his intellect on a chain around his neck, next to the lowly steel dog tags. "He takes more showers than any other man in his company," reports the sergeant. (This almost parallels the case of the frustrated Navy Phi Bete who, unable to wear his key in the service, had a facsimile of it tattooed on his chest.)

For female braintrusters, The Key provides a permanent piece of costume jewelry. At present, the vogue is to sport it at the throat, suspended from a slender golden necklace. Also in style with the schoolgirl smart set is wearing it as a lapel fob, a charm bracelet, or an anklet. Coleen Gray, the movie starlet, achieved brief fame a few years ago when she posed for cheesecake pictures with The Key dangling from a garter around her thigh. Investigation revealed that the actress was not entitled to claim membership in PBK. The stunt had been a press agent's hoax.

Many a legitimate Phi Bete, however, is modest about being a mental VIP. Actor Franchot Tone is a full-fledged member of Phi Beta Kappa, but when he first tried to get a job in Hollywood he parked his key in the bureau of his rooming house. He was afraid that exhibition of the golden badge would type him as a smart-aleck show-off. Helen Wills Moody, the tennis champ, has countless fans, but few of them know she is a Phi Bete. Paul Weston, the well-known orchestra leader, lost his key several years ago and has never bothered to replace it. And human encyclopedia John Kieran was once stumped on an "Information Please" radio program because he did not know that Eleanor Roosevelt was a holder of The Key.

Socially The Key often provides its wearers entree. Not long ago, on the eve of a gala affair in New York, the wife of a French diplomat sent hurry calls to several colleges requesting extra men. She specified Phi Betes only. She was warned by a bemused college official that Phi Betes, although scholars all, might not be the best dancers.

"That's all right," she said firmly. "I've heard terrible stories about the manners of American college men. But if these are so intelligent, they surely won't spit on the floor!"

PHI BETA KAPPA, America's oldest Greek-letter fraternity, enrolled intellectual aristocrats from the beginning. The organization was founded at William and Mary College in Williamsburg, Virginia, in the tense year of 1776. Although it has long since dropped any pretense at secret hocus-pocus, PBK in its infancy set the pattern for the social fraternities that followed.

It had a Latin motto, candle-lit initiation rites, a loyalty oath, and a secret salute. The salute was so secret that the founders, who had described it in their minutes, hastily erased the entry when Lord Cornwallis' troops began to plunder Williamsburg. Soon there was no living person who remembered the way it went. For a hundred and fifty years Phi Betes shook hands like you and me. Then, some years ago, a United States Treasury expert succeeded in deciphering the passage. Now, when a Phi Bete in a ceremonious mood meets a brother, he offers his hand with the ring and little fingers folded back against the palm. Then he hits himself on the mouth with his knuckles, and offers his hand again. In this way, Phi Betes can recognize Phi Betes the world around.

THE KEY provides an edge, professionally speaking, on competition everywhere. Other things being nearly equal, a job or an opportunity goes to the Phi Bete. Bernice Fitz-Gibbon, advertising chief at Gimbels New York store, who coined the famous slogan, "Nobody but nobody undersells Gimbels," figures that the way to get smart employees is to hire 'em young, ambitious, and bedecked with a Phi Beta Kappa key. A three-inch ad each June turns the trick:

WANTED
2 cub copywriters
Advertising Department
ONLY PHI BETA KAPPAS NEED APPLY

Some bosses would sooner put a cross-eyed aardvark on the pay roll than a Phi Beta Kappa. Especially a freshly minted one with the classroom ink still on his pavis and the shine still on his key. Not Gimbels Advertising Director. Gimbels is where all junior geniuses long to go. You can't be too brainy, too bright, too bursting with youthful abandon for Gimbels. The bigger your brain, the better to write Gimbels copy with, my dear! So wash that museum mildew right out of your hair. Your key is the golden passkey. Write Gimbels Advertising Department.

Why does Miss Fitz-Gibbon (who is not a Phi Bete) hire only fresh-off-the-ivy brains? "I'll be frank," she told me when I interviewed her. "If I ran a straight ad for a college graduate, I'd get some two thousand replies. By insisting that only Phi Betes apply, I immediately screen the applicants down to about two hundred—all excellent potentials."

Thus far Gimbels has hired about forty Phi Betes. Most of the fledgling writers turn out so well that in a year or two the big New York advertising agencies lure them away with better offers.

Although the male and female Phi Betes sit beside each other in the same offices, there has as yet been no matrimonial merger of the minds. This situation may soon be changed, however. Recently one of the girls confided to Miss Fitz-Gibbon that she would never wed unless she could marry a fellow Phi Beta Kappa. "It's not that I'm a snob," she declared. "I want two keys in the family so I can wear them as earrings!"

Because possession of The Key earns for its wearer a respect that cannot be acquired any other way, phonies try to obtain them illicitly. The author, on a tour of New York's pawnshops, counted nine Phi Bete keys that had been hocked by indigent members. In each instance the price asked for the coveted emblem ranged from double to quadruple its retail value.

There are many honest pawnbrokers, however, who, rather than exact a premium price for resale of The Key to some fourflusher, notify Mr. Billman at national headquarters. Mr. Billman then buys it back so it cannot be resold.

A jeweler named Balfour, in Attleboro, Massachusetts, is official keymaker for the society. Contrary to popular belief, he reveals, the keys are ten-carat, not fourteen-carat gold. Balfour makes keys in three sizes. Most PBK men favor the large seven-dollar key, three-quarters of an inch long, exclusive of stem. There's a middle-sized key, five-eighths of an inch long, selling for six-fifty. And finally there is the small key not quite half an inch long, which sells for five and is preferred by women because it looks nice pinned on a dress. The only chapter that doesn't order from Balfour is the one at Brown University, which prefers a key nearer square than the standard design.

Unemployed or down-on-their-luck Phi Betes help one another via the "Situations Wanted" column of *The Key Reporter*, PBK's official publication. To avoid embarrassment, members are listed anonymously. Often the column is used by Phi Betes who wish to pursue a more exciting career. Phi Bete adventure seekers, according to a recent issue, include a chemist who longs to "leave his ivory tower," a widow who desires an interesting position in a big city, and a young man who has a master's degree in parasitology but wants to work his way to Europe as a guitar-playing waiter.

ABOUT once every ten years the members hold a convention. At the last one, in Madison, Wisconsin, delegates included physicians, lawyers, professors, judges, and scientists. Externally there was nothing to tell the casual observer that here were assembled the greatest minds in America. You might easily have taken the gathering for an Elks Club jamboree or a Republican rally. Almost no one wore rumpled tweeds, horn-rimmed glasses, or carried an encyclopedia under his arm.

As one convention-bound Phi Bete expressed it, "The only thing we have in common are brains."

"Is brains," another corrected gently.

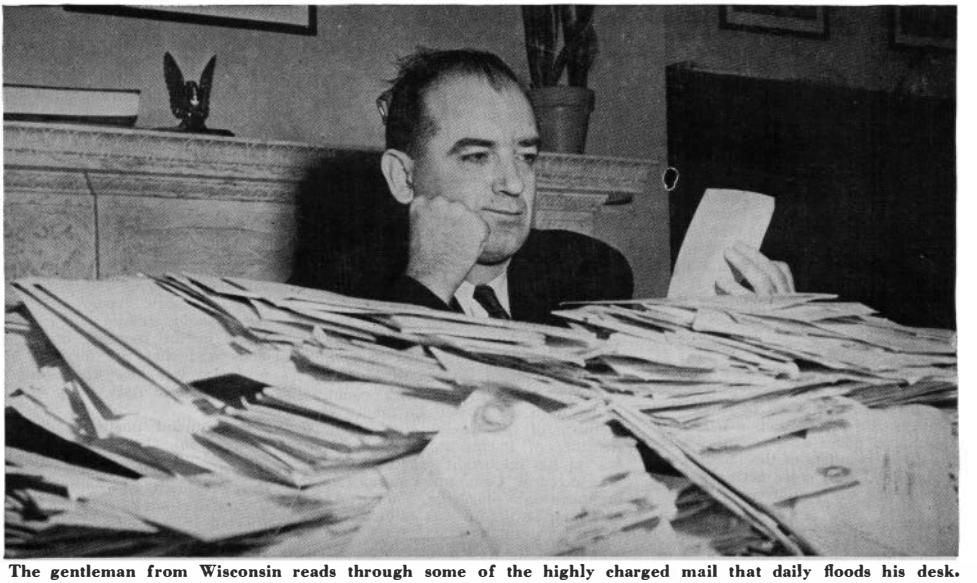
In New Haven's Grove Street Cemetery, in the vicinity of Yale University, are interred the remains of many famous Phi Betes. Here lies PBK Noah Webster, who compiled the first complete dictionary. Here also is the final resting place of PBK Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin. Timeworn tombstones dot this graveyard, many of them inscribed with quaint epitaphs.

Recently, reports Dick Lee, of the Yale University Press Bureau, an Eli Phi Bete surveying this famous necropolis, was inspired to author his own requiem, to be inscribed on his tombstone when he expires. To wit:

There once was a Phi Beta Kappa
Characteristically dappa.
His wife once suggested
He retire de-vested
Which shocked him and forced him
to slappa.

THE END

(Continued from page 41)



The gentleman from Wisconsin reads through some of the highly charged mail that daily floods his desk.

SENATOR McCARTHY *answers some important questions*

arrested in 1945 in connection with the notorious *Amerasia* espionage case, he was "cleared" and reinstated in his job by Dean Acheson.

After I presented the case to the Senate and the Tydings committee, FBI microphone recordings were given to the committee proving that Service met with Philip Jaffe, who has been named as a Communist agent, in Jaffe's hotel room and turned over highly secret State Department documents to this Soviet agent. Despite this the Tydings committee cleared Service and reported, "We cannot and do not conclude that his indiscretion in the *Amerasia* case is sufficient to brand [him] . . . as disloyal, pro-Communist, or a security risk."

While in China, Service's reports to the State Department strongly favored the Chinese Communists. Patrick Hurley, then our ambassador to China, protested that Service was going behind his back to aid the Chinese Communists and requested his recall. Service, instead of being removed from power, was later put in charge of promotions and placements in the Far East area.

At the time I first discussed the Service case, Acheson authorized a statement calling my charges "dead, discredited, and disproved," and offered "the sympathy and good wishes of the entire department" to Service.

The evidence in the Service file brought forth a very different reaction from members of the Loyalty Review Board. During a board meeting in February, 1951 (months before Service was removed from the State Department), one member is reported in the minutes of the meeting as saying, "I would say he was unsuitable for public service." Another said, "All the information we have [on Service] has been known to the [State Department Loyalty Board] for two years," and summed up his remarks by saying, ". . . we have been committing a fraud on the public."

Finally, on December 13, 1951, the Loyalty Review Board overruled Acheson's many clearances of Service and ordered him dismissed.

What has happened to Ambassador Jessup and Far Eastern expert John P. Davies, who were named by you?

Ambassador Jessup has been declared unfit to represent this country by a subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, which rejected his nomination as a delegate to the United Nations, but he is still the Number Two man in the State Department.

John Patton Davies was cleared by the State Department Loyalty Board but his case has since been referred to the Attorney General by the McCarran committee.

Why were the people who were forced out of

Turn to next page →

the State Department as a result of your evidence all cleared by the State Department's Loyalty Board?

This is best answered by the following excerpts from a transcript of a meeting of the Civil Service Loyalty Review Board on February 13 and 14, 1951.

Chairman Bingham:

. . . The State Department . . . has the worst record of any department in the action of its Loyalty Board. The Loyalty Board in all the cases they have considered in the State Department has not found anyone—shall I say guilty—or not found anyone disloyal under our rule. It is the only board that has acted in that way.

* * *

Clark:

What are you going to do when the attorney who is presenting the charges acts as though he were the attorney for the incumbent? I read a hundred pages of a record where the three members of the [State Department] board were acting as attorneys for the employee.

* * *

Meloy:

Oh, you're talking about the State Department. They're taking the attitude that they're there to clear the employee, and not to protect the Government. We've been arguing with them since the program started.

What is your answer to the State Department's attempted ridicule of your evidence on the ground that your cases are "old cases"?

It is true that many of those exposed should have been dismissed years ago. Alger Hiss was an "old case," too.

OWEN LATTIMORE

What proof was presented that the State Department's adviser, Owen Lattimore, was a Soviet agent?

General Barmine testified under oath before the McCarran committee that, according to the head of the top Soviet espionage apparatus, General Berzin, Owen Lattimore was one of "our men."

Alexander Barmine is a former Russian general who was attached to Soviet Military Intelligence for fourteen years. He renounced communism and escaped to the United States. He is under sentence of death by a Russian court.

At one time, according to Barmine's vitally important testimony, General Berzin offered the services of Lattimore and Joseph Barnes for a Soviet project—namely, the secreting in China of military equipment (falsely labeled as truck parts) for the use of the Chinese Communists.

However, according to Barmine's testimony, Berzin later changed his mind and decided that Lattimore and Barnes could not be spared for the Chinese project but should be kept for the more important task of using the Institute of Pacific Relations as a cover for Soviet "military-intelligence work in the Pacific area."

A year and a half before Barmine testified, I told the Senate, without naming him, the essence of what Barmine's testimony would be if the Tydings committee would call him. Tydings refused to call him.

What sworn testimony did Louis Budenz give that Lattimore was a Communist doing important work for the Party?

Louis Budenz, testifying under oath, has stated that when he was editor of the *Daily Worker*, Jack Stachel, director of Communist propaganda, had warned him that Lattimore was doing important and secret work in the Party, and Stachel told Budenz to conceal Lattimore's Party affiliation.

Budenz further testified that instructions with respect to an important change in the Communist Party line on China were brought to a politburo meeting in 1943 by Frederick V. Field, and that Field stated he had received these instructions from Owen Lattimore.

Budenz also testified that Lattimore was identified by symbols "XL" and "L" in highly secret Communist Party documents, including reports to Moscow.

Budenz told the Tydings committee under oath that Owen Lattimore was a member of the Communist cell in the Institute of Pacific Relations, and that one of his important functions as such was to recruit Communist authors for the organization's magazine, *Pacific Affairs*, of which Lattimore was editor for seven years.

Much of the sworn testimony of Louis Budenz concerning Owen Lattimore has been corroborated by other witnesses, and in many instances by the Institute of Pacific Relations files, whose contents have been revealed by the McCarran committee.

Who is Louis Budenz?

Louis Budenz, former editor of the Communist Party's *Daily Worker*, was the Government's chief witness against the eleven top leaders of the Communist Party who have been given prison sentences as criminal conspirators against the United States. In many other instances, too numerous to mention, Budenz has served his Government and his country well since he renounced communism in 1945.

What about your statement that Lattimore had a desk in the State Department?

In 1950 Lattimore denied this under oath, and the State Department ridiculed it. However, a great deal of light is shed on Lattimore's veracity as a result of his cross-examination by the McCarran committee on this subject.

In his book, *Ordeal by Slander*, advertised on its jacket as "completely honest," Lattimore wrote: "I told the newspaperman that Senator McCarthy was crazy if he had got me mixed up with the State Department. I had never been in the State Department."

In 1950, in his sworn testimony before the Tydings committee, Lattimore said: "I do not have a desk in the State Department. I do not have a telephone there."

In 1952, however, Lattimore, testifying before the McCarran committee finally admitted under cross-examination that he did have a desk. Letters were produced, signed by Lattimore, which showed he had regular hours in the office of Lauchlin Currie, also named under oath as a Communist, in the State Department building.

Did Acheson deny that Lattimore had any influence whatsoever in the determination of Far Eastern policy?

Yes. In a letter to the Tydings committee, dated April 27, 1950, Dean Acheson wrote: "I welcome this opportunity to state personally and categorically that during the period in which I have been Secretary, Mr. Lattimore, so far as I am concerned or am aware, has had no influence in the determination of our Far Eastern policy."

Despite this denial by Acheson, it has been established that Owen Lattimore, in August, 1949, prepared the Communist-line memorandum on the Far East "for the guidance of Ambassador-at-Large Philip Jessup."

This is only one example. Evidence before the McCarran committee has proved that Lattimore, Frederick V. Field, and Ambassador Jessup were the guiding lights in the Institute of Pacific Relations and that the institute exerted a profound influence in shaping our foreign policy in Asia.

What official positions did Lattimore hold in the Government?

In 1941, Lattimore was appointed by the President as political adviser to Chiang Kai-shek.

From 1942 to 1945, Lattimore was director of Pacific operations of the Office of War Information and then a consultant to the OWI.

In October, 1945, Lattimore was appointed by the President as a member of the Pauley reparations mission to Japan. According to Lattimore's book, he was paid for his "services" by the State Department.

In 1944, Lattimore, together with John Carter Vincent, head of the China desk in the State Department, accompanied Vice-President Henry Wallace on a trip to China for the purpose of drawing up a policy on China for the State Department.

In 1946, Lattimore lectured to State Department foreign-service officials for the purpose of "indoctrinating" them.

In August, 1949, Lattimore, at the request of Dean Acheson, submitted a written memorandum entitled "For the Guidance of Ambassador-at-Large Philip Jessup."

In October, 1949, Lattimore, according to the sworn testimony of Professor Kenneth Colegrove and Governor Harold Stassen, was one of the two leaders in shaping State Department policy for the Far East.

Did Lattimore promote the Communist line while he was director of Pacific operations of the Office of War Information?

Yes. Lattimore's job as head of the Pacific division of the OWI included supervising and editing all broadcasts beamed to the peoples of the Far East. The Communist Party line runs throughout those broadcasts written and edited by Lattimore.

Here is an excerpt from one of the broadcasts prepared under Lattimore's supervision. It was written by Communist agent Agnes Smedley and broadcast to Asia on July 23, 1944:

> The Chinese Communists have established four colleges. Education is compulsory behind Communist lines. The schools are free. Once this was a poverty-stricken region. Today everyone works or fights. There is no opium traffic. There is little vice.

There are no laggards, for only those who believe in the cause of Chinese liberation are here. This is the Chinese Communist government. The Communists have worked out the problems of all the people, living, working, and fighting together. . . . If we are to succeed, we must organize the workers politically. The Chinese Communists want political rights for themselves and all the people. They want a going democracy.

Did Lattimore knowingly insist on the employment of Communists in Government?

Yes. When Lattimore was head of the Pacific division of the OWI, he wrote a letter on June 15, 1943, to Joseph Barnes, head of the New York division of the OWI, in which he warned Barnes to keep the letter "strictly secret." Barnes has been named under oath as a Communist agent.

In this letter, Lattimore advised Barnes to get rid of all Chinese in the OWI except Chao Ting Chi and Chew Hong, and to recruit a new force of Chinese from the *New China Daily News*.

At the time I made this letter public, I pointed out that this meant that Lattimore was directing Barnes to staff the Chinese office of OWI with Chinese Communists.

After both the State Department and Lattimore denied this, I put into the *Congressional Record* the secret Loyalty Board files on Chi and Chew Hong, which show that the Loyalty Board considered Hong to be a Communist and Chi to be at least a Communist fellow traveler. Those files showed that the Loyalty Board had rated Hong ineligible for Government employment because of his membership in the Communist Party and that the rating of ineligibility was canceled *only* because of Lattimore's strong insistence. According to the files, Lattimore stated that he wanted to keep Hong "even if he is a Communist."

These Loyalty Board files also showed that the *New China Daily News* was an official Communist paper and that any Chinese recruited from the paper for the OWI would obviously be members of the Communist Party.

Chao Ting Chi has since been named in sworn testimony by several witnesses as a member of the Communist Party.

Did Lattimore advise Ambassador Jessup to follow the official Communist Party line on Asia?

Yes. At the request of Dean Acheson, Lattimore prepared a secret memorandum in August, 1949, entitled "For the Guidance of Ambassador-at-Large Philip Jessup."

This was to be Jessup's "bible" in working out a State Department policy for Asia.

Lattimore's memorandum "for the guidance of Ambassador Jessup" followed in all major aspects the official program of the Communist Party on Asia. In that document, Lattimore recommended that the United States withdraw all support from South Korea; that we give no support to the anti-Communist forces on Formosa; that we refuse to support any league of Asiatic countries against Communism; that the United States "accept a list of countries recommended for admission to the United Nations by Trygve Lie" (Lie had urged admission of Red China to the UN); and that the United States withdraw its forces from Japan.

When I first revealed the fact that Lattimore had prepared this secret memorandum for Jessup, Dean Acheson called a press conference and denied the existence of such a memorandum. I then served notice on the State Department that if it did not make the document public I would. Within hours, Lattimore's "guidance" for Philip Jessup was made public.

What proof is there that the State Department followed Lattimore's advice to adopt the Communist Party's program for Asia?

The testimony of Governor Stassen and Professor Kenneth Colegrove before the McCarran committee, left absolutely no doubt that Lattimore was the key figure in formulating the State Department's policy for Asia.

Governor Stassen and Professor Colegrove were members of a State Department round table in October, 1949. The meeting was called for the sole purpose of "forming a foreign policy for Asia that would serve as a guide for Ambassador-at-Large Jessup."

General George C. Marshall and other trustees of the Communist-front Institute of Pacific Relations were also members of this State Department round table.

Both Stassen and Colegrove testified that Owen Lattimore consistently argued for the adoption of a program for Asia that followed the official Communist Party line.

Both men testified that the group led by Lattimore dominated this meeting.

The unrefuted testimony of Stassen, given under oath, was that Jessup (for whose guidance this meeting was called) told him that he agreed with Lattimore's ideas because they had the force of the "greater logic."

While Lattimore was advising the State Department, was he in contact with the Chinese Communists?

Yes. One such occasion was when Lattimore was welcomed at Yenan, Chinese Communist military stronghold, at a time when only "friendly" visitors were allowed through the lines. Traveling with Lattimore were Philip Jaffe and T. A. Bisson, both of whom have been identified as very important Communist Party members in testimony before the McCarran committee.

In describing this visit to Yenan in the pages of the Communist Party's magazine, *New Masses*, Jaffe wrote: "Our visit to Yenan was climaxed by a huge mass meeting addressed by Chu Teh, Lattimore, and myself . . ." Chu Teh was and is generalissimo of the Chinese Communist armies.

In his own testimony before the Tydings committee, Lattimore grudgingly admitted he had addressed this "huge mass meeting," describing his speech by the phrase "partial address."

Is there any proof Chinese Communist officials admitted Lattimore was doing a job for them in America?

In 1944 Lattimore and John Carter Vincent, upon the recommendation of Lauchlin Currie and Dean Acheson, accompanied Henry Wallace on a tour of China. Upon his return Wallace wrote a book entitled *Soviet Asia Mission*.

In his book, Wallace states that while he and Lattimore were traveling through China, Sergei Godlize, a high Soviet official—president of the executive committee of Siberian territory—and an intimate friend of Stalin's, toasted Lattimore and John Carter Vincent at a dinner as the men *"on whom rests the responsibility for the future of China."*

It has been published that Owen Lattimore was close enough to the agents of the Soviet government to be granted the extraordinary privilege of using the Soviet diplomatic pouch for transmitting his messages. What are the facts about this matter?

When asked about this matter by Senator Hickenlooper, Lattimore said under oath to the Tydings committee: "I may have used it on one occasion, in 1947." It is hard to believe that any American citizen who had nothing to hide would be unable to give a straight-

forward yes-or-no answer to the question of whether he used the Soviet diplomatic pouch.

Did Lattimore at one time support Chiang Kai-shek?

Yes. He did so while the Communist Party program was to support Chiang. When the Communist Party line changed, Lattimore changed with it.

While the Russians were reeling backward under the impact of Hitler's armies, Russia was begging for every last ounce of support from Chiang to keep Japan from attacking Russia and was offering all-out support to Chiang. After the Russian victory at Stalingrad the Communist line changed as they felt they no longer needed Chiang. At this time Lattimore's line also changed.

What does the Soviet Union think of Lattimore?

The authoritative Soviet magazine, *Novy Mir*, for November, 1950, carried a long and exceedingly favorable review of Lattimore's book, *The Situation in Asia*.

Novy Mir said: "Lattimore's views are entirely different from the wild, nightmarish views of American reactionaries."

Novy Mir, voice of Stalin, continued with the observation that "the utterances of this bourgeois American observer [Lattimore] are an indictment of the ruling circles of the United States" and that he is "one of the few collaborators of Acheson who is actually acquainted with conditions in the Far East."

What does Lattimore think of the Soviet Union?

In 1945, Owen Lattimore wrote a book entitled *Solution in Asia*, in which he said:

"The Soviet Union stands for strategic security, economic prosperity, technological progress, miraculous medicine, free education, equality of opportunity, and democracy: a powerful combination. The fact that the Soviet Union also stands for democracy is not to be overlooked. It stands for democracy because it stands for all the other things."

The Communist magazine *Soviet Russia Today* picked up this Utopian picture of the Soviet Union as painted by Owen Lattimore, and quoted it for its own propaganda purposes.

How long has Lattimore been a propagandist for the Soviet Union?

For many years.

Twenty years ago, Owen Lattimore published a book in which he wrote:

"Russia appears to be the only nation of the modern world that is 'young' enough to have men of 'destiny.' . . . Russia . . . more than any nation of the West, is launched on a career of growth, and grow it will. . . . Russia, of all countries, is the one of which it can be said that something new not only *may* happen, but that something new is *bound* to happen. . . ."

Much has been said of the *Amerasia* spy case. What was *Amerasia* and Lattimore's connection with it?

J. Edgar Hoover was quoted as having referred to the magazine *Amerasia* as "a tool for Soviet espionage."

For four years Lattimore was a member of the editorial board of *Amerasia*.

Others serving with Lattimore on the editorial board of *Amerasia* were Frederick V. Field, self-proclaimed Communist, William T. Stone, who still holds a key position in the State Department, and Philip Jaffe, who pleaded guilty to the theft of "classified" Government documents in the notorious *Amerasia* case.

Lattimore was a close associate of all the principals in the *Amerasia* case. Two of the *Amerasia* principals, Andrew Roth and John Stewart Service, were guests in the Lattimore home the night before their arrest.

The Institute of Pacific Relations was referred to by Senator McCarran as "taken over by Communist design and . . . used for espionage purposes." What was Lattimore's position in the IPR?

The sworn testimony is that Owen Lattimore, Philip Jessup, and Frederick V. Field led and shaped the policies of the IPR. Field, incidentally, was jailed in connection with the trial of the eleven convicted American Communists.

How did the Institute of Pacific Relations put over the Communist Party line?

Their method is clearly described in a letter from Owen Lattimore to E. C. Carter, executive head of the I.P.R.

In this letter, Lattimore wrote: "I think that you are pretty cagey in turning over so much of the China section of the inquiry to Asiaticus, Han-seng, and Chi. They will bring out the absolutely essential radical aspects, but can be depended on to do it with the right touch."

Asiaticus, Han-seng, and Chi have been named repeatedly under oath as members of the Communist Party. The words "cagey" and "right touch" bespeak Lattimore's cynical assurance of what these three Communists would do in a study for the Institute of Pacific Relations.

In the same letter, Lattimore wrote: "For China, my hunch is that it will pay to keep behind the official Chinese Communist position—far enough not to be covered by the same label. . . ." This was a bald proposal in keeping with Communist trickery and deception.

Also in this letter, Lattimore wrote: "For the USSR—back their international policy in general, but without using their slogans. . . ."

Who published Owen Lattimore's book, *Ordeal by Slander*?

A publishing firm by the name of Little, Brown published Lattimore's *Ordeal by Slander*. Angus Cameron, then the guiding light of Little, Brown, for years has been a notorious fellow traveler and was named under oath as a Communist. He has since been fired.

Immediately after its publication, the New York *Compass* began the serialization of Lattimore's *Ordeal by Slander*. The *Compass*' editorial policy closely parallels the Communist Party's *Daily Worker*.

The New York *Herald Tribune* selected John K. Fairbank to review Lattimore's book. Fairbank has also been named under oath as a Communist. He has been active in the Institute of Pacific Relations.

Ordeal by Slander was praised by such celebrated pro-Communists as Edgar Snow and Kirtley F. Mather. The latter was recently singled out by a report of the House Committee on Un-American Activities as an example of the Communist infiltration of the academic world.

What, if anything, have the real experts on communism said about Lattimore's book, *Ordeal by Slander*?

One of the outstanding authorities on communism in the United States, the eminent author and journalist, Eugene Lyons, had the following to say in a review of Lattimore's book:

"The anguished wailing and handwringing over his 'ordeal' by the professor [Lattimore] and his reviewers are pretty ludicrous, especially in the light of events in Korea and China. Even if his multifarious relations with Communists were merely innocent stupidities (not incompatible with erudition)—even if his influential views just 'happened' to be helpful to the Kremlin—it is well that the facts are now public, as a warning against the man's unfitness as a policy mentor. . . . Those who now weep publicly over his distress may yet be as embarrassed as they were when the Hiss case was clarified."

Do you still say that you will let your case stand or fall on the charges you made against Owen Lattimore?

Yes.

DEAN ACHESON

Why do you say Acheson is pro-Communist?

Because all the evidence points to it. For example, Adolph Berle, former Assistant Secretary of State, labeled Acheson's group in the department when he testified before the House Committee on Un-American Activities on August 30, 1948:

> As I think many people know, in the fall of 1944 there was a difference of opinion in the State Department. . . . I was pressing for a clean-cut showdown then [with Communist Russia] when our position was strongest. *The opposition group* [the pro-Communist group] *in the State Department was largely the men—Mr. Acheson's group, of course—with Mr. Hiss as a principal assistant in the matter* . . . I got trimmed in that fight and as a result, went to Brazil, and that ended my diplomatic career. [Italics mine.]

Mr. Berle's diplomatic career was ended because of the power of the Acheson-Service-Vincent-Hiss clique.

Acheson states that he is fighting communism. Do you think he is honest or deliberately trying to deceive the American people?

Whether Acheson is trying to deceive the American people or whether he is woefully ignorant, I do not know.

If Acheson is actually fighting communism, then the American people have a right to expect him at the very least to know what the leaders of communism have said publicly about their own aims. Their aims have been kept no more secret than were Hitler's, which were set forth in *Mein Kampf*. Yet Acheson

gives no indication of being aware of Soviet aims.

As long ago as 1919 Lenin said: "It is inconceivable that the Soviet Republic should continue to exist for a long period side by side with imperialistic states. Ultimately one or the other must conquer. Meanwhile a number of terrible clashes between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois states are inevitable."

Yet in 1945 Acheson went out of his way to demonstrate his love for Russia by appearing at a Madison Square Garden rally called by the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship. Other speakers at the rally, called to welcome the Red Dean of Canterbury, included none other than Corliss Lamont, Paul Robeson, and Joseph E. Davies. Soviet intentions at this time were crystal clear, but Acheson told the assembled crowd of Communists and fellow travelers, "There is no specific reason to suppose" that "the vital interests of the American and Russian people" will ever clash.

"We understand," said Acheson, "and agree with them that to have friendly governments along her borders is essential, both for the security of the Soviet Union and for the peace of the world."

Acheson has not repudiated that speech. Instead, since his speech in 1945, sponsored by the Communist-front National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, Acheson has consistently helped Soviet Russia remove the "unfriendly"—anti-Communist—governments along her borders.

How did Acheson aid the Communists in Poland?

During the crucial struggle for power between the Communists and anti-Communists in Poland, the Communists secured a loan of $90,000,000 from the United States Government. Dean Acheson admitted under oath to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in January, 1949, that he approved the loan when he was Assistant Secretary of State. Acheson further testified that his old law firm (of which Donald Hiss, brother of Alger, is a member) received a fee of over $50,000 for representing the Communists in this matter.

At the time, Arthur Bliss Lane, our ambassador to Poland, begged that the loan be refused. He advised that more than half of the loan was earmarked to arm the Communist secret police in Poland. But Acheson approved the loan.

The Acheson who would not turn his back on Alger Hiss turned his back on the people of Poland who were struggling against communism. Acheson put the guns, the clubs, the whips, into the hands of the Communist secret police and Poland was lost.

Arthur Bliss Lane resigned as ambassador to Poland. His book, *I Saw Poland Betrayed*, documents the story of the State Department's sell-out to communism in Poland.

What kind of people has Acheson promoted and given his all-out support in the State Department?

Some of the individuals supported by Acheson have been:

1. *John Stewart Service*, who was arrested in the *Amerasia* spy case upon the orders of Under Secretary Joseph Grew. After Grew insisted upon the arrest, he resigned because of "bad health." Acheson then stepped into Grew's job and reinstated Service. Later, Acheson promoted Service and put him in charge of the board having control of promotions and placements in the Far Eastern area.

2. *Gustavo Duran*, who was forced out of the State Department because of his Communist connections, was promoted to a highly paid job in the United Nations upon the recommendation of the State Department.

3. *Haldore Hanson*, who, by his own admission, was arrested with a Communist group in China and who wrote a book extolling the virtues of Mao Tse-tung and other Chinese Communist leaders, was given a job as the right-hand man of Under Secretary of State William Benton. Subsequently, he was promoted to a job high in the Point Four program. Hanson's book, *Humane Endeavor*, has mysteriously disappeared from practically every bookstore in the United States and from most libraries.

4. *Esther Brunauer*, wife of Stephen Brunauer, who has since quit the Navy rather than appear under oath before the Navy Loyalty Board, was quickly shifted up the State Department ladder and finally represented the United States at UNESCO. Incidentally, Esther Brunauer was also in the office of Senator Benton when he was Under Secretary of State. When her case was before the Loyalty Board, Benton appeared as a witness on her behalf.

5. *Philip Jessup*, who had no experience in matters concerning Asia but who was affiliated with six Communist fronts, who was a close friend of Lattimore, and who accepted Communist money to support his publication, was selected by Acheson as an "expert" on Asia and made the Number Two man in the State Department.

6. Alger Hiss, who was named as a Communist agent in 1939, under Acheson's guiding hand reached such a pinnacle of power in the State Department that he helped draft the disastrous Yalta agreement.

These are but a few of those who were catapulted from obscurity into positions of power, with no noticeable qualifications except Acheson's approval.

Is Acheson responsible for Alger Hiss?

Yes. As early as 1941, Acheson was informed that Whittaker Chambers had named Alger Hiss as a member of a Communist cell. Acheson immediately vouched for Hiss unreservedly and used his influence to prevent a State Department investigation. Some years later, in 1946, he used his influence again to save Hiss. Even after twenty jurors (eight in the first trial and twelve in the second) had found Hiss guilty of perjury in connection with espionage, Acheson still publicly announced he would not turn his back on the convicted traitor.

This protection of Hiss by Acheson, plus Acheson's sponsorship of Hiss for policy-making jobs—such as promoting his appointment as adviser to the President at Yalta and then as first Secretary General of the United Nations—aided Hiss immeasurably in his work for the Communist Party.

What evidence is there of the closeness of Acheson to Hiss?

The statements of Assistant Secretary of State Adolph Berle before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1948 are striking evidence on this point.

Referring to Chambers' statement, in 1939, that the Hiss brothers were Communists, Berle told the committee: "I checked with Acheson and later checked on the Hiss boys. Specifically, I checked with Dean Acheson and later I checked when Acheson became Assistant Secretary of State, and Alger Hiss became his executive assistant. That, to the best of my knowledge, was the first time when Hiss would have been in a position to do anything effective. Acheson said that he had known the family and these two boys from childhood, and could vouch for them absolutely."

If it is true that Acheson has protected disloyal people in the State Department why hasn't Congress done something?

Congress has attempted to do something time after time.

In fact, in June, 1947, the security situation had become so bad in the State Department under Acheson's administration that a Senate appropriations

subcommittee addressed a memorandum to General George Marshall, then Secretary of State:

> It becomes necessary due to the gravity of the situation to call your attention to a condition that developed and still flourishes in the State Department under the administration of Dean Acheson.
>
> It is evident that there is a deliberate, calculated program being carried out not only to protect Communist personnel in high places but to reduce security and intelligence protection to a nullity.
>
> On file in the department is a copy of a preliminary report of the FBI on Soviet espionage activities in the United States, which involves a large number of State Department employees, some in high official positions. This report has been challenged and ignored by those charged with the responsibility of administering the department with the apparent tacit approval of Mr. Acheson.
>
> Should this case break before the State Department acts, it will be a national disgrace. Voluminous files are on hand in the department proving the connection of the State Department employees and officials with this Soviet espionage ring.
>
> . . . The network extends into the office of the Assistant Secretary Benton [now Senator Benton].

Doesn't the Loyalty Board of the State Department act as a check on any State Department officials who might attempt to protect Communists or pro-Communists in the department?

No, because the Secretary of State has the power to select and fire those State Department officials who serve on the department's Loyalty Board.

To illustrate just how ineffective the Loyalty Board is in acting as a "check" on those officials who protect Communists and pro-Communists in the department, let me cite the case of O. Edmund Clubb who until early this year was director of the State Department's Office of Chinese Affairs.

The evidence presented on Clubb was so strong that even the State Department's own Loyalty Board did not clear Clubb.

After the State Department's security officer had approved the Loyalty Board's adverse report on Clubb, Acheson stepped in and reversed the board's decision.

After being thus "cleared" by Acheson, Clubb obligingly resigned with a life pension of $5,800 a year.

Did the Communist Party attempt to get rid of the anti-Communists in the State Department?

The Communist Party conducted a successful campaign to remove from office those men in the State Department who opposed the policies of the Communist Party.

According to the testimony of Louis Budenz, this was done by several methods.

Word was sent out through the *Daily Worker* to all loyal Communists that the resignation of these men should be demanded. As a result, various types of pressure were applied through Communist-front organizations and through left-wing newspaper-columnists and radio commentators.

The Communist Party used men within the State Department to sabotage the work of the anti-Communists. The Communist Party had the active assistance of the "Acheson clique." Budenz, testifying under oath, cited one example: "The Communists relied very strongly on [John Stewart] Service and John Carter Vincent in the campaign against Ambassador Hurley."

The campaign was so successful that Earl Browder, then head of the Communist Party, met with Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles and secured from him a public statement that anti-Communist policies within the department would not continue.

Was the Communist Party successful in its campaign to remove anti-Communist officials from the State Department?

Yes.

All the men singled out by the Communist Party—such as Grew, Dooman, Ballantine, Berle, and Hurley—left the department.

What were some of the changes that then took place?

Dean Acheson replaced Grew as Under Secretary of State.

The Hiss–Service–Vincent–Davies group were then brought into prominence by Acheson and given important policy-making jobs.

Was the Communist Party satisfied when the Acheson group replaced the Grew group?

Yes.

Acheson's appointment caused great joy at Communist Party headquarters. The *Daily Worker* declared that Grew's resignation and Acheson's succession to his job meant that "the forces in the State Department that were relatively anti-imperialistic were strengthened."

The *Daily Worker* had previously praised Acheson as "one of the most forward-looking men in the State Department." Several months after he succeeded Grew, Acheson was praised by the pro-Communist newspaper *PM*, which stated, "Now State Department policy has a better appreciation of what the Soviet Union wants."

Did Lattimore and Acheson see eye to eye on the issue of postwar policy toward Japan?

The evidence points in that direction.

According to Eugene Dooman, who was present when the policy toward Japan was being drawn up, Acheson bolstered his argument by quoting "virtually textually" from Lattimore's book, *Solution in Asia*.

What is more significant is that Acheson, according to the following news story in the left-wing Washington *Post*, used Lattimore in an attempt to get President Truman to go along with the Communist plans for Japan:

> Finally, in order to convince Truman [to follow what was then the Communist line] Acheson asked him to discuss the matter with Owen Lattimore, one of the foremost American authorities on China and former adviser to Chiang Kai-shek.
>
> Lattimore talked to Truman for thirty minutes just two days before he departed for Potsdam. The President listened most carefully but made no comment.

Was the Acheson–Lattimore line on Japan the same as the Communist line?

Yes. The official Communist line was that we should force a "hard" peace on Japan—remove the emperor, destroy all successful business, confiscate property, in short, reduce Japan to a weak state that would make it ripe for communism.

Professor William McGovern of Northwestern University heard Lattimore argue the Acheson–Lattimore case for a "hard" peace against Japan in a Government policy-making meeting.

Testifying under oath before the McCarran committee, Professor McGovern said: "I was somewhat shocked and horrified, not only as to his [Lattimore's] views with regard to the emperor, but he wanted to have not only a strict and stern policy, but a bloody peace in Japan . . . he wanted to completely reduce Japan to beggary and impotence."

Is Acheson's attitude toward Japan the only example of his following the Communist line on the Far East?

By no means.

Point by point Acheson advocated the Communist line on China. A few examples of Acheson's conforming to the Communist Party line follow:

The idea, originally set forth by Owen Lattimore and adopted by the Acheson–Service–Vincent–Davies group, that the Chinese Communists were not really Communists but merely "agrarian reformers" was the Communist-conceived frosting to make the Chinese Communists acceptable to the American public.

Acheson has stated under oath (during the MacArthur-ouster hearings) that no State Department employee ever wrote off the Chinese Communists as agrarian reformers, but his own White Paper refutes this statement. In addition, John C. Caldwell, who headed the "Voice of America" program for China during General Marshall's mission, has said: "When Mr. Acheson says that no officers in the Department of State have ever written off the Chinese Communists as agrarian reformers he is simply not telling the truth. All through 1944 and 1945 every one of us in the Department of State was subjected to indoctrination as to the fact that the Chinese Communists were not real Communists and that if we were patient long enough we would find a *modus vivendi* with Far Eastern communism."

Acheson's attempt to force the anti-Communist government of China into acceptance of the Communists in their government—a scheme publicly made official policy by Truman in December, 1945—was Communist in origin. Former Ambassador William Bullitt, testifying before a Congressional committee, stated that "a coalition government in China could only mean that the nation would follow the route of Latvia, Estonia, and all the other Soviet satellites that have lost any semblance of political independence." In describing this Russian technique of conquest without guns,

Bullitt said, "The Red authorities professed amiability just long enough to learn the ropes and then closed the iron fist within the velvet glove."

The orders that all arms and ammunition be cut off from the anti-Communists in China was part of the official Communist platform, which stated: "Demand . . . an end to all . . . plans to aid any elements . . . of the Kuomintang."

The Acheson-voiced argument that Chiang was corrupt and therefore should be forsaken by America has been set forth in Communist newspapers and official documents too numerous to name.

Did the Communist Party recognize that the State Department was following the Communist Party line on China?

Yes. Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party until 1945, has stated under oath: "The policy we had advocated was substantially incorporated into the policy of the United States Government."

Browder elaborated on this statement by saying: "In 1942 it became unnecessary any longer to bring such pressure upon the Government of the United States, because the officially declared policy from that time . . . was that the United States pressed upon China the coalition of the Kuomintang, the Communists, and all democratic mass forces in one united government."

Louis Budenz, former editor of the *Daily Worker* and member of the Communist national committee, has confirmed Browder's statement.

Asked whether the Communist Party tried to influence the Far East policy of the United States, Budenz replied: "Yes, sir; that was one of our main assignments from the international Communist organization. . . . Successes were reported on a number of occasions."

Do you think Acheson realized he was following the Party line in Asia?

Either he knew what he was doing or he was incompetent beyond words. As late as November, 1945, William Z. Foster, head of the Communist Party of the United States, notified the world that China was the prime target of the Soviet Union: "On the international scale, the key task . . . is to stop American intervention in China. . . . The war in China is the key of all problems on the international front, and it is here, above all else, where we have to deal the hardest blow to reaction. . . ."

Yet Acheson only one month later—having sent Henry Wallace to China in 1944, with John Carter Vincent and Owen Lattimore as assistants, to draw up a China policy—adopted as official U. S. policy the policy that was recommended by Wallace, Lattimore, and Vincent.

Their report advised that we shift our support to the Chinese Communists and abandon our friend and ally. Acheson's policy was completely in line with the recommendations in that report.

The following year, on June 19, 1946, Acheson went before the House Foreign Affairs Committee and asked that the United States supply arms and ammunition to ten Chinese Communist divisions.

How was Acheson able to put across a China policy that was Communist in design without the American people knowing it at the time?

Owen Lattimore, the architect of his Far Eastern policy, revealed the *modus operandi* in a publication of small circulation that counts most of its readers among Communists and fellow travelers.

Writing in the pro-Communist *Compass*, eleven months before the start of the Korean war (July 17, 1949), Lattimore said that the problem General Marshall faced when sent to China to enforce Acheson's policies was "how to allow them [China] to fall without making it look as if the United States had pushed them."

Lattimore went on to say that what had been done in China should also be done in Korea. "The thing to do, therefore, is to let South Korea fall—but not to let it look as though we pushed it."

Do the facts bear out the idea that Acheson's technique was to "let them fall but not to let the American people know we pushed them"?

According to General Patrick Hurley, "secret diplomacy enabled pro-Communists . . . in the American State Department to distort the truth and mislead the people."

Acheson not only withheld from the American people and the Congress the warnings and advice of real *American* experts on China whom he ignored—such as General Hurley and General Wedemeyer—but also falsely denied he was following the advice of men such as Wallace and Lattimore.

At the very time he was withholding these facts, Acheson, on March 20, 1947, was advising Congress: "The Chinese government . . . is not approaching collapse. It is not threatened by defeat by the Communists. The war is going on much as it has for the last twenty years."

On February 24, 1949, in answer to fifty-one Republican members of the House who asked, "What is our policy for China?", Acheson said we would have to "wait until the dust settles" before deciding upon a policy.

After a Red dust had settled over China, Acheson, on August 5, 1949, released the White Paper, and declared in the letter of transmittal: "Nothing that this country did or could have done within the reasonable limits of its capabilities could have changed that result [the Communist victory in China]."

Acheson, who in 1947 declared there was no danger of Communist conquest in China and in 1949 said it was too late to fight communism in China, has never explained when it was—between March 20, 1947, and August 5, 1949—that he discovered communism was a serious threat to China.

Who advised Acheson on China?

Acheson, who said he preferred "to be guided by experts who think . . . along my point of view," selected the following men as his advisers and policy-makers on China:

Alger Hiss, on whom Acheson declared he "would not turn his back" even after Hiss was convicted of perjury in connection with Soviet espionage;

Owen Lattimore, who has been named under oath as a member of the Communist Party and as a Soviet agent;

Lauchlin Currie, who has been named under oath as an important tool of the Communist Party and as having aided the Silvermaster spy ring;

John Stewart Service, who was arrested in connection with the *Amerasia* espionage case, then cleared of disloyalty charges by Acheson, but finally dismissed on order of the Loyalty Review Board;

John Carter Vincent, who has been named under oath as a member of the Communist Party, but who was recently "cleared" of disloyalty charges by Acheson who commended him with "full confidence and best wishes";

John P. Davies, who was accused by General Hurley of operating behind his back to support the Communists and who, in his official reports to the State Department, adopted the thinking of Agnes Smedley, a known Communist agent, whom he described as one of the "pure in heart" in China; and

Various "experts" too numerous to list, supplied by the Institute of Pacific Relations, which has been labeled by Senator Pat McCarran as an organization "taken over by Communist design and made a vehicle for attempted control and conditioning of American thinking and American policy with regard to the Far East."

Since the fall of China has Acheson admitted that his planning was a tragic failure from the American standpoint?

No. There is no indication that Acheson considers the loss of China to communism a "tragic failure."

The Secretary of State did not share the horror of the free world when China fell to communism. Instead, he hailed it as "a new day which has dawned in Asia."

About a month after 400,000,000 people of Asia fell under the bloody rule of the Kremlin's puppet, Mao Tse-tung, Acheson declared in a speech before the National Press Club in Washington: ". . . what we conclude, I believe, is that there is a new day which has dawned in Asia. It is a day in which the Asian peoples are on their own and know it and intend to continue on their own. It is a day in which the old relationships between East and West are gone, relationships which at their worst were exploitation and which at their best were paternalism."

How did Acheson explain this sell-out of China?

He attempted to explain it in the White Paper, which was edited by Ambassador-at-Large Philip Jessup.

The White Paper obviously misstated the facts. Do you think the State Department deliberately tried to deceive the American people or was it honestly mistaken?

Professor Kenneth Colegrove of the Political Science department at Northwestern University testified before the McCarran committee that the White Paper "was one of the most false documents ever published by any country." Even that was an understatement.

In regard to Acheson's letter of transmittal of the White Paper, Professor Colegrove said: "That letter of transmittal was thoroughly dishonest, especially the paragraph of the letter that says that . . . the United States had left nothing undone that might have saved him [Chiang Kai-shek] and kept the Communists from winning the victory. . . . That obviously was a lie."

What about the State Department's excuse that we withdrew aid from Chiang Kai-shek because his government was corrupt?

The Chiang government had been engaged in a devastating war with Japan and the Communists for fifteen years. During that time, all the disruptions of war beset Chiang. It would be naïve to deny there was corruption and incompetence in his government.

But if corruption and incompetence are grounds for turning an administration over to the Communists, then William Z. Foster should be President of the United States today with Harry Bridges as Secretary of Labor and Alger Hiss as Secretary of Defense.

What about Acheson's claim that we gave Chiang Kai-shek over two billion dollars since the end of World War II? Is this true?

No, that is untrue. Acheson made this claim in a letter to Senator Pat McCarran on March 14, 1949, in arguing against any further aid, which, according to Acheson, "would almost surely be catastrophic."

Of the phony two-billion-dollar sum $335,800,000 was for repatriating Japanese soldiers in China and transporting Chinese Nationalist armed forces to accept the surrender of the Japanese. Even President Truman declared that those expenditures should properly have been charged to World War II.

The two billion dollars also included UNRRA payments, part of which went to Red China.

Nationalist China was also charged for war materials never received—no one will ever know how much. For example: 120,000 tons of ammunition was dumped in the Bay of Bengal shortly after Japan's surrender, and China's Lend-Lease account was charged at the rate of $1,000 per ton.

China was charged shockingly high prices for the material we did deliver.

Some slight idea of the fantastic prices we charged China can be obtained from these figures quoted in Freda Utley's book, *The China Story:*

	"Surplus" price to other nations	List price	Price to China
Bazookas	$3.65	$36.25	$162.00
Rifles, .30-caliber	5.10	51.00	51.00
Rifle ammunition (per 1,000 rounds)	4.55	45.55	85.00
Machine-gun ammunition (per 100 rounds)	4.85	45.85	95.00

And so runs the sordid story of dishonest bookkeeping that is the basis for Acheson's claim that China fell to the Communists despite our two-billion-dollar generosity. Left-wing radio commentators and newspaper columnists have parroted this attempted deception.

Did Acheson and Marshall recommend that we aid the Chinese Communist army?

Yes. On June 19, 1946, Acheson appeared before the House Foreign Affairs Committee and requested that the United States Government arm ten Chinese Communist divisions.

At the same time, Acheson reported that Marshall had agreed to assign 69 U. S. officers and 400 tons of American equipment to train the Chinese Communist armies. The plan was to give the Communist army leaders a brief period of training in the United States and eventually to set up a West Point in Communist China.

Acheson, of course, did not say whom the Communists should be armed and trained to fight in 1946.

Is it true that Marshall, under State Department instructions, signed an order cutting off not only arms to our friends in China, but also all ammunition so that the arms they had would be useless?

Yes. The victory thereby handed the Chinese Communists was fully covered by Admiral Charles M. Cooke in his testimony before the McCarran committee.

Marshall's embargo on all arms and ammunition to China during 1946-47 was a boon to the Communists. At the same time, he forced the withdrawal of Chiang's troops from the Kalgan Mountain Pass, the gateway from China to Manchuria, thus giving the Chinese Communists access to the Russian-controlled arsenals and captured Japanese equipment in Manchuria. As a result, the Communist armies, which numbered 300,000 badly equipped troops when Marshall went to China in December, 1945, had increased to 2,000,000 well-equipped troops when he left in January, 1947.

Marshall knew what he was doing when he signed the embargo order. At that time he said: "As Chief of Staff I armed thirty-nine anti-Communist divisions, now with a stroke of the pen I disarm them."

Furthermore, at the time it was known that the Soviets were arming the Chinese Communists. Admiral Cooke so testified and John Carter Vincent so admitted before the McCarran committee.

How did the truces General Marshall forced between the Chinese Nationalists and the Communists work out?

There were four such truces, and each worked to the advantage of the Communists. They were all made when the Communists were losing, and each time the truce was broken by the Communists when they thought they had sufficient strength to win. Once the Communists started to win, we adopted a hands-off policy and refused to take any part in enforcing the truce agreements the Communists had broken.

What was the Wedemeyer Report, and why was it suppressed?

In the summer of 1947, the President sent to China General Albert C. Wedemeyer, our former commander-in-chief in the China theatre. Wedemeyer's job was to write a report on conditions in China. Upon his return, however, his report was suppressed. It was denied not only to the American people, but also to the Congress of the United States.

General Marshall not only admitted that he suppressed the Wedemeyer Report; he bragged that he had suppressed it. When asked by the chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee in September, 1950, why he joined in the suppression of the report, Marshall said: "I did not join in the suppression of the report. I personally suppressed it."

Why? Because Wedemeyer did not agree with the Marshall–Acheson sell-out of China.

Did not the United States send a sizable military mission to aid Chiang Kai-shek?

Yes, *but*, as Ambassador Bullitt said: "Nearly half of the 1,500-man military 'mission' was composed of fellow travelers and Communist sympathizers."

Do you feel that Acheson is knowingly working toward the triumph of communism? In other words, do you feel that he is a traitor?

I cannot plumb Acheson's mind to discover what prompts him, but his actions have resulted in great damage to America.

I do not know whether he is in the same category as his great friend, Alger Hiss, or whether all his blunders were honest mistakes. The thought occurs, however, that if Acheson were honestly mistaken, at some time he would make a mistake in America's favor.

Do you claim that General Marshall, who has long worked with Acheson, was knowingly working for the Communist cause in China?

As I stated in my book, *America's Retreat from Victory—The Story of George Catlett Marshall*, I cannot delve into the mind of Marshall. I can only present the facts to the American people. Whether Marshall knowingly betrayed China or whether he honestly thought that he was helping China, the results are equally disastrous for America.

Senator, why did you play with political dynamite and give the history of that popular hero, General Marshall?

Because that job had to be done. The Truman Administration has asked the American people to adopt Marshall's global strategy—the strategy that has lost the free world 100,000,000 people a year to communism since World War II. Why, I asked myself, should Americans follow the leadership of one who has turned victory into defeat? Looking for the answer, I discovered that no complete, coldly documented biography of Marshall was available.

Therefore, in a speech before the Senate on June 14, 1951, and in a book entitled *America's Retreat from Victory*, I gave the picture of Marshall—a picture drawn not from the pens of Marshall's enemies but rather a picture drawn by men friendly or neutral toward him, such as Winston Churchill, General Mark Clark, Admiral William Leahy, etc.

What part did the Yalta agreement play in giving China to the Communist world? Why do you call it a sell-out?

At Yalta, Roosevelt (advised by Alger Hiss) gave the Communists complete control of Manchuria by turning over to Stalin control of Manchuria's railroads and of the major seaports of Darien and Port Arthur in Manchuria.

Stalin's paltry bribe for those prizes was the promise that Russia would enter the war against Japan. At the time Roosevelt accepted this bribe, we did not need Russia in the Pacific War. Japan had already made overtures of peace.

I have branded this a sell-out not only because we did not need Russia in the Pacific war but because Chiang Kai-shek was not informed that we were offering his Chinese territory to Stalin, the loss of which meant that Chiang's enemies were given a gateway to Russian arms and supplies in their war against him. Later it made possible the easy entry of Russian-trained Chinese Communist troops into Korea and turned the tide of the Korean war in favor of the Communists.

Could Truman have undone the damage Roosevelt did at Yalta?

Yes, at Potsdam. Instead he confirmed the disastrous Yalta agreement.

Truman did so against the urgent advice of fifty of the Army's top intelligence officers. On April 21, 1945, three months before the Potsdam conference, those fifty high-ranking Army officers made a report to General Marshall, who was the military adviser at both Yalta and Potsdam, as follows:

> The entry of Soviet Russia into the Asiatic war would be a political event of world-shaking importance, the ill effect of which would be felt for decades to come. . . . [It] would destroy America's position in Asia quite as effectively as our position is now destroyed in Europe east of the Elbe and beyond the Adriatic.
>
> If Russia enters the Asiatic war, China will certainly lose her independence, to become the Poland of Asia; Korea, the Asiatic Rumania; Manchuria, the Soviet Bulgaria. Whether more than nominal China will exist after the impact of the Russian armies is felt is very doubtful. Chiang may well have to depart and a Chinese Soviet government may be installed in Nanking that we would have to recognize.
>
> To take a line of action that would save few lives now, and only a little time at an unpredictable cost in lives, treasure, and honor in the future and simultaneously destroy our ally China, would be an act of treachery that would make the Atlantic Charter and our hopes for world peace a tragic farce.
>
> Under no circumstances should we pay the Soviet Union to destroy China. This would certainly injure the material and moral position of the United States in Asia.

How different history might have been if this Intelligence report had not been ignored at Potsdam!

If you could replace Acheson, what would you most want in a Secretary of State?

Intelligent concern for America.

You have stated that Philip Jessup is unfit to hold his job as Ambassador-at-Large and delegate to the United Nations because of his "affinity for Communist causes." What evidence did you present to the Senate subcommittee on Jessup?

The following are highlights of the evidence that was submitted in the Jessup case:

1. Photostats showing his affiliation with six organizations officially cited as fronts for and doing the work of the Communist Party. The citations were either by the Attorney General or by legislative committees.

2. Excerpts from Jessup's writings showing he followed the Communist Party line in taking the inconsistent position of urging that we send arms to the Communist elements in Spain and withhold arms from England and France during the Hitler–Stalin pact.

3. Photostats of part of the checks totaling $60,000 of Communist money contributed to the Institute of Pacific Relations. The uncontradicted evidence before the McCarran committee shows the institute was largely run by Jessup, Owen Lattimore, and Communist Frederick V. Field.

4. Sworn testimony before various Congressional committees identifying as members of the Communist Party and as espionage agents a sizable number of individuals on Jessup's staff and writers hired by the Institute of Pacific Relations while Jessup was chairman of the Pacific and American councils of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

5. Testimony given under oath by Jessup in the second Hiss trial showing his continued support of Hiss after the facts on Hiss's Communist activities were made known in the first trial, together with Jessup's sworn testimony before the Tydings committee in which he continued to support Alger Hiss after his conviction.

6. Reproduction of a petition signed by Jessup in which Jessup followed the Communist Party line and recommended that the United States quit manufacturing atomic bombs, and destroy atomic-bomb material by dumping it into the ocean.

7. Reproductions of letters from IPR files and excerpts from sworn testimony showing Jessup's close relationship with and support of Communist Frederick V. Field.

8. Reproduction of a letter showing that an *Amerasia* defendant, Andrew Roth, who was named as a Communist, was "rated very highly by Jessup."

9. Reproduction of sworn testimony showing that Jessup urged that Red China be recognized.

After hearing your evidence on Jessup what action did the Senate committee take?

After hearing my evidence and a considerable amount of additional evidence, the Senate subcommittee recommended against Jessup's confirmation as delegate to the United Nations.

What did the President do after the Senate subcommittee found that Jessup was unfit to serve as a delegate to the United Nations?

The President appointed Jessup as delegate to the United Nations, where he has been serving without Senate confirmation.

TYDINGS COMMITTEE

What was the Tydings committee, and why was it set up?

The Tydings committee was set up as a result of information I gave the Senate on February 20, 1950, regarding the Communist connections of a sizable number of present and past State Department employees. I informed the Senate that, although I did not have the staff, the power of subpoena, and the facilities to produce all the available evidence about those individuals, nevertheless, the evidence I had was enough to indicate that many of the 81 I designated were either Communists or doing the work of the Communist Party. Others were marginal cases who might be able to prove their innocence.

The Senate thereupon voted unanimously that the Foreign Relations Committee hold hearings; that this committee subpoena all of the files on those I named; and that, in effect, they house clean the State Department. The Tydings committee was given all the money, investigators, and power it needed to do its task.

The Tydings committee, of course, was carefully selected to do the job of whitewashing, which it finally did. At that time there was in existence a special Senate investigating committee fully staffed that could have done the job. The Judiciary Committee, headed by a great American who is anti-Communist, Senator Pat McCarran, also could have done the job. Ex-Senator Scott Lucas, majority leader at the time, was insistent, however, that the Senate, "give the Committee on Foreign Relations jurisdiction of the proposed investigation, rather than have the Committee on the Judiciary or the Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments, or some other committee immediately take jurisdiction. . . ."

Clearly, Lucas' selection of the Tydings committee was to make sure that some other committee of the Senate did not go into the matter. It would appear therefore that the Tydings committee was not formed to make a complete investigation but rather to prevent an investigation by an experienced, honest committee. Why the Administration feared a genuine investigation has, of course, become obvious as the McCarran committee has revealed the facts of Communist infiltration in the Government.

Did you present all of your evidence to the Tydings committee?

Being a member of the minority party, I had no control whatever over the Tydings committee. I had no power to order the committee to take evidence it did not want to hear. I was not permitted to present all of my evidence.

At great expense and effort we found some thirty witnesses who were willing to testify under oath regarding the Communist activities, associations, and connections of those I had named. Senator Hickenlooper, also a minority member of the committee, asked Tydings to call these witnesses, and Tydings refused.

Robert Morris, minority counsel for the committee, trying to get the committee to examine certain witnesses, said: "There is a case of a man named Theodore Geiger. He has been an employee of the State Department. He is now one of Paul Hoffman's top assistants. He is doing work that is quasi-State Department in character. I have gone and gotten some witnesses together who will testify that he was a member of the same Communist Party unit as they were, and I think we would be delinquent if, in the face of this evidence that is now on record . . ."

Tydings brushed him off by saying: "Turn it over to the FBI or do something else with it. I would like to get a decision here. We don't want to waste this afternoon."

On page 2519 of the hearings, Senator Hickenlooper reminded Chairman Tydings that the committee had failed to call some 20 or 30 witnesses who were willing to testify under oath and give the detailed facts on Communists in the Government. The witnesses were never called.

CONGRESSIONAL IMMUNITY

The left-wing press has been objecting to your use of Congressional immunity to expose Communists. Why do Senators have such immunity?

This question was well answered in 1808 by a Massachusetts court in one of the first lawsuits questioning Congressional immunity. The Court stated: "These privileges are thus sacred, not with the intention of protecting the members against prosecutions for their own benefit, but to support the rights of the people, by enabling their representatives to execute the functions of their office without fear of prosecutions, civil or criminal."

In the following syndicated column written by David Lawrence on August 9, 1951, the value of Congressional immunity to the American public is clearly demonstrated:

> Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin, Republican, has given a public demonstration of the importance, as he sees it, of Congressional immunity—and why he thinks the press, too, recognizes its advantages.
>
> Congressional immunity is the right of a member of Congress to say what he pleases on the floor or in a committee proceeding and yet to be free from prosecution for libel or slander by those individuals who may consider themselves unjustly attacked or subjected to ridicule.
>
> The Wisconsin senator offered on a television program to make public the names of the twenty-nine employees of the State Department who, he says, are now being investigated by the department's loyalty board in connection with charges involving "security" risks.
>
> But promptly the moderator of the television program declined to have the names given, and Senator McCarthy said he understood and sympathized with the desire of the broadcasting company and the sponsor to avoid responsibility for such disclosures.
>
> So the Wisconsin senator announced that he would meet the next morning at his office the reporters from the press associations and give them the names for publication. He said he not only would announce the names but would permit the reporters to give his own name publicly as their source or authority for the information. He made, however, one condition—that the press associations assure him in advance they would print the 29 names.
>
> The press associations declared that they would give no guarantees in advance that they would print anything about anybody and that, if Senator McCarthy issued the names, they would then decide on their own whether or not to publish them.
>
> Mr. McCarthy, of course, knew that, the moment the names were printed, all immunity vanished not only for him but for the press associations as well as all the newspapers served by them that printed the names. There is no certainty that the individuals would refrain from filing lawsuits against the newspapers and sue only the Wisconsin senator, though the press would be jointly liable with him. If he issued the names and they were not printed anywhere, the senator could be sued for disseminating slander to reporters. He would then have to stand alone in court in his attempt to prove the charges.
>
> But the purpose of the stunt was achieved. What Mr. McCarthy wanted to do was to emphasize the real reason for Congressional immunity—to protect not only members of Congress but the newspapers and periodicals that desired to publish the information made available by members of Congress and governmental agencies. Without Congressional immunity, many a scandal, like the recent revelations of the RFC, would appear in print in only a few publications ready to risk lawsuits. Nation-wide publicity on such wrongdoings would occur only very rarely. . . .
>
> There have been suggestions lately —principally from critics of Senator McCarthy—that Congressional immunity be abolished. Again and again it has been asserted that the Wisconsin senator would not dare repeat outside of the proceedings of Congress some of the charges he has made concerning individuals who he claims are Communists or Soviet agents. While the senator did not charge any of the twenty-nine State Department employees with disloyalty or affiliation with the Communist cause, he did seek an opportunity to demonstrate that even so innocent a governmental proceeding as a mere inquiry into charges of disloyalty — which conceivably could

wind up in a clearance of all twenty-nine of any wrongdoing or disloyalty —runs into the hurdle of refusal to print unless someone utilizes his Congressional immunity to make the information "privileged."

What about the abuse of Congressional immunity?

Every senator and representative has the right to make use of immunity given him by the Constitution. However, every member of Congress has a heavy responsibility not to abuse this right—which actually was provided for the benefit of the American people and not for the benefit of Congressmen.

A glaring example of abuse of Congressional immunity was Senator Dennis Chavez' vicious attack on Louis Budenz. In that speech he smeared Louis Budenz with material compiled by Harry Sacher, well-known Communist lawyer, who was defending John Santo, a Communist against whom Budenz testified in a deportation hearing.

It was obvious that Chavez' Senate speech was made for only one purpose—to discredit Louis Budenz who at that particular time was testifying before the Tydings committee and substantiating my charges of Communist activities in the State Department. Everyone knows, of course, why it is necessary for the Communist Party to smear and try to discredit Louis Budenz, who has helped convict so many Communists.

In his Senate speech, Senator Chavez, in effect, handed over Congressional immunity to the Communist Party and gave it the benefit of this privilege, which belongs only to the American people. Nothing served the Communist Party more at that particular moment than Chavez' smear of a man who has done great damage to the Communist Party in the past six years.

Incidentally, many papers headlined the Chavez speech, but made no mention of the fact that Congressional immunity was abused.

Did Senator Kefauver, chairman of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, use senatorial immunity?

Yes.

Did Senator Kefauver make a speech criticizing you for using senatorial immunity to expose Communists and traitors in Government?

Yes.

How about the claim that you have used Congressional immunity to smear innocent people?

This is the type of general statement made by men like Drew Pearson, and publications such as *Time* Magazine, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the Milwaukee *Journal*, etc., and also the official organ of the Communist Party, the *Daily Worker*. However, they all refuse to name a single innocent person whom they claim I have smeared. If by exposing Communists I have smeared them, then the district attorney who convicts a murderer and his accomplice is also guilty of "smearing" "innocent" people.

Have you ever made any of your charges without the protection of Congressional immunity?

There is no Congressional immunity attached to this article.

Over the past two years I have made speeches from the Atlantic to the Pacific and the Gulf to the Canadian border exposing Communists and pro-Communists in government. I have repeatedly named names and documented cases. At such times there was no Congressional immunity.

GUILT BY ASSOCIATION

Isn't a person presumed innocent until proved guilty?

Yes.

Why do you condemn men like Acheson, Jessup, Lattimore, Service, Vincent, and others who have never been convicted of any crime?

The violation of our espionage laws is not the sole criterion by which a man may be found unfit to represent this country in its unceasing fight against communism.

Consorting with, supporting, encouraging, or collaborating with Communist traitors should also disqualify a man for Government service of any kind.

You would never hire a baby-sitter who had a reputation of consorting with criminals, hoodlums, and kidnapers. You give your baby the benefit of all doubts. You take no chances.

In choosing public officials, the American people are entitled to the benefit of all reasonable doubts.

A Government job is a privilege, not a right. There is no reason why positions of power in Government should be given to men who consort with Communists, who refuse to turn their backs upon traitors, and who are consistently found at the time and place where disaster strikes America and where success comes to international communism.

Does the mere fact that a person was affiliated with a Communist-front organization prove he is disloyal to his country or in sympathy with the Communist cause?

No. One of the principal and rather successful aims of the Communist Party was and is to trick loyal and well-known Americans into believing that various Communist fronts are good American organizations. The Communist Party has given these organizations innocent-sounding names in order to induce well-known Americans to lend their names to the Communist cause as a cover for the work of the organization.

As one of our top Intelligence officers put it, while membership in one Communist front does not prove disloyalty, the conditions of the person's membership should be carefully checked to make sure that the individual in question joined without realizing what he was supporting.

But, as this Intelligence agent pointed out, if you find a man in our State Department, for instance, whose task is to fight communism and know all the workings of the Communist Party, who joins and sponsors or is affiliated with a number of Communist fronts, then you can assume that he is either so naïve that he should be removed from his job or he is loyal to the Communist cause.

But what is your answer to the charge that you employ the theory of guilt by association?

This should properly be labeled *bad security risk by association* rather than guilt by association.

I have not urged that those I have named be put in jail. Once they are exposed so the American people know what they are, they can do little damage.

J. Edgar Hoover pointed this out when testifying before the House Committee on Un-American Activities on March 26, 1947, when he said: "Victory will be assured once Communists are identified and exposed, because the public will take the first step of quarantining them so they can do no harm."

If the theory of guilt by association, or what you call *bad security risk by association*, is sound, why does not the State Department adopt this theory in its loyalty program?

The State Department, whose publicity agents scream the loudest about guilt by

"And *I'm* telling you to keep your hands down."

association, has adopted what it calls guilt by association in its loyalty yardstick.

For example, the State Department, according to testimony of Dean Acheson before the Senate Appropriations Committee, has declared unfit for service in the State Department ". . . a person who has habitual or close association with persons known or believed to be in categories A or B [a person who is a member of or in sympathy with the Communist Party or a person who is engaged in espionage] to an extent that would justify the conclusion that he might, through such association, voluntarily or involuntarily divulge classified information without authority."

In this connection I might add that the State Department's loyalty and security yardstick is all right, but it does not use this yardstick when measurements are made.

THE FBI

Why not leave to the FBI the task of exposing and removing Communists and fellow travelers?

J. Edgar Hoover answered that question when testifying on March 26, 1947, before the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

At that time Mr. Hoover pointed out that the FBI cannot even make a *recommendation* that a man be discharged. Mr. Hoover explained that the FBI has no power to fire anyone; it merely reports the facts it finds, and the agency in which the person works must discharge him.

Mr. Hoover then cited a typical case in which the FBI's investigations showed a man to be a Communist but who was kept on in a high Government job. This case involved a man named Doxey Wilkerson who worked for the Federal Security Agency. All the facts were given to this agency, according to J. Edgar Hoover's testimony, but the FSC refused to fire him.

According to the director of the FBI: "Wilkerson then transferred to OPA and resigned on June 19, 1943. Within less than twenty-four hours he announced his new job as 'a Communist Party organizer.' He was later appointed a member of the national committee of the Communist Party. To be eligible for service in the national committee, one 'must have been a member of the Party in continuous good standing for at least four years.'"

This case was given by Hoover as a typical instance in which all the FBI evidence proving a man was a Communist was disregarded by a Government agency and he was kept on until he finally quit and took a job as a top official of the Communist Party.

When someone says by digging out Communists, McCarthy is reflecting on the FBI, keep in mind that this case is only one of hundreds. Let them disagree with J. Edgar Hoover on this point, if they will.

THE SMEAR

What is the reason for the intense smear attack waged against you since you started to dig Communists out of the Government?

The Communist Party, if it is to succeed, must try to destroy the reputation of anyone who dares to expose undercover Communists. The Communist Party naturally tries to smear and discredit anyone who exposes Communists so his evidence will not be believed.

Louis Budenz, former editor of the *Daily Worker,* has given the names of 400 men in press, radio, and the movies who are active but concealed members of the Communist Party.

These men are under orders from the Communist Party, according to Budenz, and they do the bidding of the Communist Party in their writings and broadcasts—their main task being that of smearing, discrediting, and destroying whoever is dangerous to the Communist movement.

In that connection, here is what Gus Hall, national secretary of the Communist Party, since picked up by the FBI, had to say about McCarthy in the *Daily Worker* of May 8, 1950: "I urge all Communist Party members, and all anti-Fascists, to yield second place to none in the fight to rid our country of the fascist poison of McCarthyism."

Later in April, 1950, the *Daily Worker* said, "Communists are keenly aware of the damage the McCarthy crowd is doing."

On October 9, 1951, the *Daily Worker* praised *Life* Magazine and its editor, Henry Luce, for an editorial that attacked me by saying: "A broad united-front struggle against McCarthyism is necessary. . . . The admissions made by Luce in his editorial on McCarthy offer some disinterested confirmation of our conviction that such a broad united front is definitely a tangible possibility at this time."

The Communist Party of Maryland distributed a pamphlet saying: "The main enemy is . . . McCarthyism and all of its workings, and our main effort must be that of directing our fight against it."

To what extent has the Communist-Party-line smear against you hampered your work or been personally disturbing to you?

It disturbs me not at all. In fact, the louder the screams of the left-wing elements of press and radio become, the more damage I know I am doing to the Communist Party.

It has hampered the task to some extent, because it scares off the more timid of our friends who are afraid of the effect of the smear upon their political futures. To those people I commend the following quotation of Abraham Lincoln, which hangs over my desk:

"If I were to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business.

"I do the very best I know how—the very best I can, and I mean to keep doing so until the end.

"If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, then ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

THE END

This article is a condensation of the book "The Senator McCarthy Story," which will be published shortly.

Refund for Murder (Continued from page 31)

and the thunder in the distance was an almost continuous roll. Beth was in the living room when Marian let Crees in.

He stood tall and square in the doorway and nodded briefly. "I expected to meet your attorney, Mrs. Talbott."

"Could my sister stay with me?"

"I'd prefer to talk to you alone."

Marian gave an audible sniff and left the room. Crees sat by the windows, balancing the brief case on his knees. "What have you decided?" he asked.

"You're going to have to tell me what you are driving at, Mr. Crees. I don't understand. I told you that yesterday."

THE CONTEMPT in his voice was apparent. "Here we have an odd case. A man who can't seem to hold a job. Do you know why?"

"He was restless, Mr. Crees. He couldn't seem to stick to anything. He couldn't stand being shut up in an office. He tried to sell things, but without much luck. I don't understand that part. He could be very persuasive, very likable. We never had enough money. I'd saved a little, but it all went. We didn't have accident insurance or hospitalization. I owe my sister and brother-in-law over two thousand dollars. I haven't any idea of how I'm going to repay them."

He looked at her with remote, cool admiration. "You're a remarkably plausible woman, Mrs. Talbott."

"I'm not lying. You can check with his employers. All of them."

"I have. This habit of his of disappearing for days at a time didn't help him in his work."

Beth looked down at her hands. "He wasn't faithful to me," she said flatly.

"You believe he went off with other women?" There was a chiding note in his voice.

"That was the only possible explanation. He'd never tell me."

Crees gave a patient sigh. "Let's talk about the night of the accident, then."

"What has this got to do with income tax?"

"I believe you may know how it ties in, Mrs. Talbott."

"I don't see how. He'd been away for three days. I'd given up phoning police and hospitals when he disappeared. It just made me look ridiculous. There wasn't any money in the house. I borrowed ten dollars from my sister to tide me over. Our credit was no good at the stores." Crees made a sound suspiciously like a snort. Beth looked up at him sharply, and then went on. "He drove up at night in a borrowed car. He seemed very excited. In good spirits, I guess. He'd been drinking. He said he had a new job, and I was to pack and come along on a trip with him. I told him I'd decided to leave him. He told me everything was going to be all right. I guess—I wanted things to be all right again. I can remember going out to the car with my suitcase. It was raining hard. He said we had one stop to make. And I can't remember anything else. I can't even remember getting into the car."

"That's convenient, Mrs. Talbott."

"I don't like your tone of voice. I'm not a criminal or a liar, Mr. Crees. You can ask the doctors. They'll tell you that a skull fracture can wipe out all memory of the hours preceding the accident. With some people it wipes out months and years. They say it may come back slowly, or all at once, or never. They call it 'traumatic shock.'"

He leaned back in the chair, put the tips of his thick white fingers together. "And the rain had begun to freeze on the pavement. Roger Talbott lost control of the car on the Valley Turnpike and struck a tree, killing himself instantly. Now you are the survivor. The long-suffering wife who had lived in respectable poverty, borrowing money, trying to make ends meet."

"Don't talk to me that way!"

CREES leaned forward. "I suppose you don't know a thing about that car? You don't know Roger Talbott purchased it for forty-three hundred dollars in cash in Boston last year, using the name of Horace Taylor. You don't know he got new plates for it this year. You don't know he was keeping it here in Thrace, in an out-of-the-way garage, using it for his periodic trips. Please don't tell me you know nothing about that automobile, Mrs. Talbott." His words struck her like small sharp stones.

"It—was a borrowed car," she said, her voice trembling.

Crees sighed again. He took a small notebook out of his pocket, slapped it softly against the back of his hand. "I want you to understand, Mrs. Talbott, that your position is untenable. To maintain it, you will have to convince the court that you did not know your husband was making over a hundred thousand dollars a year. You will have to deny that you knew why he took those misleading jobs that permitted him to move around the city freely. You will have to convince the court that the pair of you weren't running for cover when you had that—poorly timed accident."

"Running for cover? Like criminals?"

"That is the word I would use. But the bureau isn't interested in the legality or illegality of the source of income. It is only interested in complete and proper tax returns."

"I can't seem to talk to you, Mr. Crees. Could some other man come here? Someone who would listen to me?"

"This has been assigned to me," he said. "Mrs. Talbott, let me give you some well-meant advice. You *can* be sent to prison. You're young, but it would be a mistake to think you could serve time and then come out and retrieve your savings. Serving a sentence does not cancel out the monies owed. You'd find it impossible ever to spend that money. I'll be lenient with you. The bureau will settle for a sum of two hundred and thirty-one thousand dollars. I have reasonably accurate figures on the total income and outlay, and that should leave you a nest egg of twenty-odd thousand."

The figures were so monstrous as to be almost meaningless. Beth repeated the total blankly. She began to laugh, felt a rising wave of hysteria, and clamped her hand over her mouth quickly.

Crees looked steadily at her. "Please don't think, Mrs. Talbott, that this is something that can be delayed indefinitely. We're ready to move—and we intend to move quickly."

"Please, please," Beth said, trying to break through that wall of formal officialdom. "Stop hammering at me!"

"We've contacted your doctor, Mrs. Talbott. He says that another ten days to two weeks should see you fit enough to answer a summons. If you intend to stick to your present attitude, you'll no doubt wish to employ the best legal talent available." He permitted himself a small, quick smile. "And you'll need talent, Mrs. Talbott. Good day."

AFTER he had gone, Beth, feeling tremblingly and exhausted, repeated as much of the conversation as she could remember to Marian. Marian sat on the couch beside her and gasped at the proper moments.

Until the accident there had not been much warmth between the sisters. Beth had always felt that Marian somehow envied her, in spite of the worry of being married to Roger. When Beth had been desperately in need of a small loan, Marian had seemed to take an oddly twisted pleasure in granting it, as though it helped ease that curious envy. Even as children they had not been close. Marian—gay, pretty, extroverted—had

managed to evade most of the work around the household.

But this accident had apparently brought out in Marian all the warmth hitherto concealed. Their relationship was better than ever before.

WHILE Beth recounted what Crees had said, she saw the avidity with which Marian listened and found herself wondering whether Marian had found the capacity to be generous not out of love, but rather out of the satisfaction of seeing Beth humiliated. She rejected the thought immediately and felt ashamed at having even considered it. After all, she knew she would do the same for Marian were their roles reversed, and do it gladly.

"It's insane!" Marian said.

"But if they are right about that car, if they can prove it, where on earth would Roger have got the money for it? Money for that sort of car was as impossible for Roger to get as the huge sum Mr. Crees spoke of."

Marian lit a cigarette, frowning. "So, being logical, if he could have got the car, he could have got the rest of the money."

Beth struck her knee with her fist in an angry, impatient gesture. "He's supposed to have bought the car last year. We lost our home last year. He would have been able to save it."

"For heaven's sake, we're talking nonsense. We all know Roger was just a big, good-natured good-for-nothing—I'm sorry, honey."

"That's all right. It doesn't hurt anymore. I was going to leave him, you know."

"I don't like this business of a summons, Sis. Aren't you scared?"

"Not yet. Just numb. But I'm going to be. I'm going to be terrified. Do you think Roger was a—thief?"

Marian shook her head slowly. "I hardly think so. When they get that sort of money back, I think it goes to the people it was stolen from. The tax people wouldn't take it." She giggled a little too harshly. "Imagine the tax return. Occupation: Burglar."

"If Mr. Crees is right, it answers one thing, Marian. I never could understand why Roger couldn't hold a job. He was really bright, you know. And had a good personality. I used to cry every time he was fired because it seemed like such a terrible waste."

"Harry and I were just as wrong as you were, Sis. We thought he'd make a wonderful husband."

"I guess I stayed in love with him right up to when I realized there were other women. That killed something, Marian. I couldn't stand that. Then I stayed because I told myself he needed me. I'm terribly frightened, Marian."

"I'll have Harry get a lawyer."

"They cost money."

"*Please* stop worrying about money. Harry's still making it. When you're on your feet, you'll pay it back."

"Out of the forty dollars a week I was making before I married Roger?"

"Harry will get you a lawyer. Don't fuss at me, Sis. This is serious, you know. If Roger *was* making that much money, who on earth is going to believe you didn't know about it?"

"But he would have—shared."

Marian shrugged her comfortably plump shoulders. "Or maybe kidded himself along, Sis, telling himself that he'd keep you in the dark until it was time to run away with the bank roll."

Beth finally agreed to see a lawyer. That night when Harry came home, they told him the second installment of the Crees story. He was incredulous, and yet obviously nervous about it. "A lot of these Government people," he said, "get an idea in their head and can't admit they're wrong. And with the kicking around the Internal Revenue people have taken lately, they aren't exactly easy to get along with. But I guess they never were."

Beth said, "I hate to cause more expense, Harry."

He patted her shoulder awkwardly. "Can't have you in a jam like this without doing something about it, Beth. I'll have my lawyer stop around tomorrow evening. Good man. Name's J. Kane Thompson. Lots of tax experience."

That night Beth lay awake for hours. Her thoughts kept revolving in a slow circle from which there seemed no escape. She had always taken stern pride in making her own way. During the lean periods with Roger, borrowing money had seemed to be the ultimate humility. She tried to remember how he had acted when they had been without money. Never worried, certainly. Always childishly confident that things would come out all right. Had he been too confident?

Now she was in debt, both financially and emotionally, to her sister and to Harry. Harry made, at best, a comfortable living. She knew this drain must worry them, no matter how much they pretended it didn't.

If Roger had made all that money, where was it?

HARRY brought J. Kane Thompson home with him. Beth had hoped he would be firm, confident, optimistic. He turned out to be a portly man, short of breath, with sleepy eyes and cigar ashes on his vest. He asked questions with an air of vast indifference. When she had told him everything, he sat blinking in a tired way, a cigar pinched between thumb and middle finger.

"Mr. Thompson," she asked, "what if Roger *did* make all that money, over a hundred thousand dollars a year? Since I didn't know about it, can they do anything to me?"

"Depends. You signed the returns. Have to prove absolutely no knowledge of the extra income, plus no knowledge of where the money is. Another thing, too. Sounds like they were ready to grab your husband. He died. I don't want to accuse anybody of being vindictive, but you're available and he isn't. See what I mean?"

"Yes, but to be punished for something I didn't know anything—"

Thompson waved his cigar. "Please, Mrs. Talbott. I'm an attorney. Every one of us has seen the guilty go free, seen the innocent punished. After a while you get used to it. The law isn't infallible. It catches most of the guilty, lets most of the innocent go free. Maybe that's all you can expect. A good average. We'll try to get you out of this. Being sick is handy. We can wangle postponements until we can get it before a judge we like the looks of."

"I don't want this hanging over me," she said tensely.

He inspected his cigar, tapped it on the glass ashtray beside him. "If you had the money, we could dicker."

"But I don't have the money. I don't know anything about any money."

"If you did, it would be smart to tell me, Mrs. Talbott."

"Now you sound like Mr. Crees."

He studied her for a few moments. "Well, I'll give you a ring tomorrow. I'll see what I can find out."

Thompson telephoned Beth just before noon the following day. He said, "Mrs. Talbott, I couldn't find out much. Howard Crees is a good man. A worker and a digger. The local police have nothing on your husband."

"What do I do now?"

"We've got to find out what they know. They won't talk. So we'll have to do some digging on our own. I'm sending you a good man. A licensed investigator. Good reputation. Very shrewd. His name is Brock Ellison. Be frank with him. I took the liberty of telling him to call on you at three this afternoon. Is that all right with you?"

"That will be fine."

AS THE clock moved slowly toward three, Beth built up an image of Brock Ellison, compounded of equal parts of Dashiell Hammett and B movies. She was nervous about talking to him. Employing an investigator seemed unnecessarily melodramatic.

She watched the gray rain slant through the maples and wished she had told Mr. Thompson she didn't want an investigator. Yet she had a great eagerness to learn what they thought Roger had done, or what he actually had done. Mostly, and this she knew to be slightly absurd, she wanted to know about that expensive car. There had to be some perfectly sane and ordinary reason.

Brock Ellison arrived promptly at three. She waited in the living room as Marian took his coat and hat, and she heard a mild, pleasant voice saying something about web-footed weather.

He came into the living room, smiling and at ease, utterly destroying her preconceived picture of him. He looked about thirty, a man with a lean, alert face and quick gray eyes. He wore quiet clothes well, and seemed rather like a young doctor or lawyer. He came toward her, smiling, and took her hand, saying, "You're the lady in a jam? I'm Brock Ellison."

There was something neatly compact about the way he moved; his control was almost feline, yet not distasteful. He brought into the room that air of assurance she had expected from Thompson, and had missed so keenly. There was something both amiable and mocking about him, and she felt as if she had been admitted to a small, select circle that believed the world to be a sad and comical place.

"They tell me I'm in a jam, Mr. Ellison."

He turned toward the doorway and smiled at Marian. "Come in and help answer all the rude questions, Mrs. Palmer."

Marian showed her pleasure at the invitation. Brock said, "If you ladies will permit, I'll tromp around while I ask questions. I can think of more this way. The correspondence course said to start at the beginning. I've heard J. Kane's version of the Crees visit. So let's go way back. Where did you meet Roger Talbott?"

"It was years ago. We were both at Thrace Academy at the same time, but

I was a freshman when he was a senior. I didn't know him at all well. Later on, after two years of working his way through college, he was drafted. He was in the Army for six years, and when he came back I met him again. His mother had died while he was overseas. He got a job selling insurance out of the office where I was working as a secretary. Except for my sister and her husband, I was alone, too. We were married six weeks after he got the job. I helped with the down payment on the house. We lost it later on. I guess I should have gone back to work. I kept thinking that maybe if he had the responsibility for me, it might straighten him out."

"Straighten him out?"

"Well, at first he didn't sell much insurance, but they don't expect new men to. I remember my boss telling me that Roger had everything it takes to be a success in that line. Likable and quick with figures."

"But it didn't work out that way?"

"No. He made calls all the time, but he couldn't seem to make real sales. Just little ones."

"As far as you knew, he was working hard?"

"Oh, yes. It seemed that way. I kept waiting for the tide to turn. I was—proud of him, you know."

ELLISON put one foot up on a hassock, leaned on his knee. He smiled at her. "When I get carried away by my own curiosity, Mrs. Talbott, please let me know. He wasn't doing well, you say. Did he brood about it? Did you quarrel about it? How did he act at home?"

"Losing jobs and being short of money just didn't seem to make much of a dent on him. He seemed irresponsible, like a child. And whenever we were absolutely broke, he'd manage to borrow ten or twenty. I couldn't seem to wake him up about money, to give him any ambition. He just didn't seem to care. He kept saying that everything would turn out all right."

"How about his disappearances?"

"When he came back and I tried to question him, he'd always get annoyed and irritated, and then turn ugly. He'd tell me it was none of my damn business. I'd tell him he was my husband, and it *was* my business."

"How often did he go away?"

"Maybe three times the first year, and then six or seven times the second year. Quite often this last year. Each time I would think he was never coming back. He should have been fired oftener, but he could talk his way out of it for a long time."

"I'm trying to get a picture of the guy. What he was like. His reaction to things. What did he believe in?"

"Himself, I guess. That everything would come out all right in the end. You couldn't ever talk really seriously to him. He was always joking. Maybe, if it hadn't been for his going away, I could have been happy with him, even living the way we did. But once there was lipstick on his shirt. And another time a handkerchief with perfume on it. I couldn't take that. I couldn't share him. I was going to leave him."

"Do you have a picture of him?"

MARIAN went upstairs and came back down with a picture. Brock Ellison took it. Beth watched him stare at the familiar face, that broad, open-looking face with its blunt features, its merry eyes. A laughing picture that, even during the worst periods of their marriage, had still touched Beth's heart.

"Nice-looking guy," Brock said. "Mind if I keep it for a time? Good, I'll just slip it out of the frame. How about high-school days? What was he like?"

"Popular with everybody. He worked at a soda fountain after school. They voted him most likely to succeed. His marks were good."

"He never goofed off?"

"Oh, never! He was a worker. That's why I could never get used to the way he couldn't hold a job."

"What was your reaction to Crees's accusation?"

"Complete disbelief, Mr. Ellison."

"You've had a chance to think it over. What's your impression now?"

"I'm—a little frightened. Because, when I look back, it seems to fit. But if he was doing something illegal, *why* couldn't he have brought home more money?"

"Maybe he would have had to explain where he'd got it, and maybe you would have left him when you found out."

"I wanted him to go back to school on the GI Bill when we were married. I said I'd work while he finished. He just laughed. Laughed and rumpled my hair and called me a slave driver and told me he'd had all the education he wanted. He said he was sick of anything to do with the Army. He wouldn't even use his rights when we bought the house. We had to make a bigger down payment and pay five-and-a-half-per-cent interest on the mortgage. He didn't talk much about it, but he was sort of bitter about the Army. Bitter about six years he had lost."

"He didn't get out until 1948? Where was he stationed?"

"In Japan. With the occupation forces."

"What was his rank?"

"Second lieutenant."

Ellison walked over to the windows and stood looking out at the rain. "I can't get the guy straight in my mind. Sounds like a decent citizen, in many respects." He turned abruptly. "Mrs. Talbott, I heard what J. Kane Thompson had to say. I know that Crees is a good man. Frankly, Mrs. Talbott, I've been spending as much time here trying to figure you out, as trying to get a clear picture of your husband. I came here with a strong hunch that you might be making the mistake of trying to conceal the money. On the surface, it looks that way. Now my hunch is getting a little shaky."

Beth said, with slow anger, "I'm getting terribly tired of—"

He smiled. "You can get as angry at me as you want to. But look at it as though you read it somewhere. A young husband leads a double life and makes over a quarter of a million dollars on the side, and his loyal wife knows absolutely nothing about it. Would you find that easy to believe?"

"No," she said, after a pause. "I see what you mean. One way I'm very devious. The other way I'm just plain stupid."

"Stupidity is usually in inverse ratio to someone else's cleverness, Mrs. Talbott. So let's assume Roger Talbott was an extremely clever young man."

"And assume he made the money?"

"Yes. And if he had it, he kept it somewhere. You lived in an apartment?"

Marian said, "While she was in the hospital I packed up their things and put them in storage. I brought some personal things here for Beth. There wasn't any money in the apartment, Mr. Ellison."

"Did he have a safe-deposit box?"

"Not that I know of. We had no use for one."

He sighed. "This looks like work. I'm naturally as energetic as a three-toed sloth. I'll have to dig into the past of one Roger Talbott. Thanks for being patient. I'll probably be back with questions."

THEY SAID good-by, and Marian saw him out. Beth, at the window, watched him swing down the walk, belting his raincoat. He slid behind the wheel of a small gray coupé and drove off.

Marian came slowly back into the room. Her expression seemed remote, withdrawn, somehow discontented. It struck Beth that perhaps Brock Ellison's visit had given Marian an awareness of her narrow horizons. When they were children it was always Marian who yearned for the far wild places and Beth who dreamed of closeness and warmth.

It seemed as though fate had tricked them in some wry way, giving Marian a pronounced matronly look, giving her a security that was, perhaps, unwanted. And Beth, who had wanted security, was plunged into a world of investigators, gross sums of money, threats of prison.

"I like him," Beth said.

Marian gave her a look that was slightly arch. "He does seem competent."

"And he looks expensive," Beth said.

"Please don't start that again, Sis."

"I can't help thinking about it. Do you know what he's costing?"

"If I did, I wouldn't worry you with it, hon."

BETH KNEW it was useless to insist. She knew Ellison was expensive. He had that look. And Marian's attitude bothered her a little. Almost as though Marian had decided to play a part—that of the generous and loving sister—and was now finding the part a bit difficult to maintain in the face of these new complications. Once again the thought that Marian, in some secret compartment of her mind, was enjoying the disasters that had befallen her sister came to Beth, but she discarded it resolutely.

Two days dragged by—days in which she heard nothing. There was no rain, but the skies were a flat gray, a watercolor wash. Each day she could walk with more strength.

Yet even the return of health was a trap. It merely brought closer the day when she would have to face a court.

On the third evening Marian and Harry went out right after dinner, saying they would probably be very late and not to wait up. Beth did the dinner dishes, read for a time, and then went to bed, falling asleep almost at once.

Nightmare came to her. A sick, sweetish nightmare, full of slow, heavy things, full of a dank shifting. She tried to fight her way up out of it, telling herself she was asleep, she was dreaming. But each time she felt she was about to emerge into reality, she fell back into the sweet sickliness where nausea and nightmare were strangely mixed.

Then something out of the nightmare grabbed her and started shaking her. Her head bobbed weakly, and she was aware of being supported, of being walked endlessly. Coffee scalded her mouth, and again she was walked. Whenever she forced heavy eyes open, she caught glimpses of uniformed figures, of a woman in white, and as she walked she could hear strange voices.

At last they let her go to sleep again.

In the morning, had she not found a nurse sitting beside her bed she would have believed it had been a nightmare.

"What happened?" she asked weakly.

"I'm afraid you had visitors last night."

"I don't understand."

"There's a Mr. Ellison waiting to see you. I promised him I'd let him tell you. Shall I tell him to come up before you have your breakfast?"

"Please. Could I have that scarf on the bureau, though? And the lipstick?"

Brock came in just after she hastily set the mirror aside. He pulled a chair over beside the bed. His mouth had a different set to it this time.

"The nurse said you'd tell me, Mr. Ellison."

"It's a dandy little story. Very pretty. Evidently the house was being watched. They came in when they were certain you'd be alone. They came in quietly, knocked you out with chloroform, then a morphine injection. Then they took the house apart. When your sister and her husband got in and saw the shambles, they came to your room at once. You were asleep on the floor, and the mattress was pretty well shredded. Insurance will cover about half the damage. Can't you remember anything about it?"

"A nightmare, sort of. As if I were smothering."

"Do you know why they came here?"

"No. I—"

"Crees thinks your husband had a pretty chunk of cash. Now he thinks you have it. Evidently so does somebody else. Maybe some associate of your husband's. Hijacking for stakes like that is popular sport. I'm sore at myself."

"Why should you be?"

"I should have anticipated it. Could have, if I'd used my head. I've been digging around. Your sister packed up your things and moved them out of that apartment. Not long afterward the apartment was torn up. Vandalism, the police called it. Somebody was looking for something. The storage people will be getting in touch with you soon. Somebody messed up your furniture. Even the car—and it was a total wreck—was gone over pretty carefully in the junk lot one night not long ago. Slashed what upholstery was left. Pried off door panels. So they could have been expected to come here. This, as far as we know, was the last place to look. And the riskiest."

"But there couldn't be anything here."

"I know that. And I don't think they found anything."

"How is Marian taking it?"

"She's a little sick at heart. That's understandable." Brock stood up. "You take it easy, Mrs. Talbott. I'll have more news for you when you feel a little better. I'm going to Boston. I'm looking for a man who called himself Horace Taylor."

ELLISON went downstairs and looked once again at the smashed and shattered living room. It looked as though twenty husky chimpanzees had been left alone in there with sledge hammers and saws and knives. He clucked and shook his head. It was taking entirely too long to get a decent line on Roger Talbott.

Getting the line on Talbott's Army career had been a help. The trouble was it didn't lead anywhere. And Beth Talbott wasn't in shape to listen to it yet. Fear was working on her. He could see that. She could still smile, but there were ghosts in her eyes. Damn Crees, anyway. Wouldn't pay any attention to an appeal to hold off for a while—a personal appeal. Maybe Boston would have some answers.

May had awakened Boston. The lunch hour brought thousands of stenographers and clerks out onto the curving walks of the Common. Pigeons strutted, and the grass was the pale, clear green of spring. Brock took Roger Talbott's picture out of his pocket. He sat on a bench and studied the blunt, laughing face.

The two hours spent bribing a lethargic clerk at the motor-vehicle bureau had been disappointing. Ellison had matched the plates and the make of car to the right Horace Taylor, had got a look at both applications for plates. A different address was given on each. Both hotels. And both with a record of Horace Taylor's having been registered there at the right times.

He had checked with the phone company, with the retail-credit bureau. This was the sort of work he liked least, and yet it had a certain fascination. The odds were so grievously against you.

He sighed and stood up, pocketing the picture. After a quick lunch he tried the power company. The girl who helped him was brisk and efficient. She disappeared into the files and came back in five minutes with a card.

"We had a service request from a Mr. Horace Taylor almost a year ago, sir. He paid a deposit. Our records show he moved out owing us for one month's service. We applied a portion of his deposit against the bill, and he still has a credit balance with us."

"Can you give me the address of the place he moved out of?"

She smiled prettily. "I guess that isn't against the rules. Twenty-fourteen Memorial Drive, Cambridge."

On the way to Cambridge Brock stilled his flutter of excitement by telling himself that it would turn out to be the wrong Horace Taylor.

Twenty-fourteen was a large brick apartment building facing the river. It had a look of sober respectability. Brock went into the shallow foyer, pressed the mailbox button labeled 'Superintendent.' Through the glass of the locked door he saw a smallish man come out of an apartment, stare down toward the door, then walk toward him with a quick, mincing stride.

He pushed the door open and said, with a cool smile, "If you are inquiring about vacancies, I'm afraid—"

"This is something else. I'd like to talk to you. I won't take much of your time."

"All our buying is done through a central office."

"Do you recognize this man?" Brock asked, holding out the picture.

The superintendent glanced at the picture, then gave Brock an interested look. His eyes were unexpectedly shrewd.

"That's Mr. Taylor. Do you know where he can be contacted?"

Brock smiled. "I might."

"Come in, please."

Brock followed him down the carpeted hallway into a small, cluttered apartment. The man sat behind a desk and waved toward a chair. Brock sat down.

"Where can I find Mr. Taylor?" the man asked sharply.

"I think we'd better trade information, Mr.—"

"Sillkirk."

"My name is Ellison. Mr. Taylor took this apartment almost a year ago. Is that correct?"

"Yes, they moved in at that time. Mr. Taylor gave me the full year's rental in advance. They were in Eighteen C. I'm most anxious to get in touch with Mr. Taylor."

"Mr. Taylor is dead, Mr. Sillkirk."

THE SMALL man bit his lip. "That's unfortunate. I've been in this place a long time, Mr. Ellison. I seldom misjudge people. Frankly, I liked Mr. Taylor. He was a most pleasant man. It shows you how wrong you can be."

"What happened?"

"He was a traveling man. Of course, you know that. They were a quiet, well-behaved couple. I was aware, of course, that Mrs. Taylor had a—friend who visited her often while Mr. Taylor was away. That sort of thing is none of my business so long as they don't disturb

or annoy the other tenants. In February, I was visited by the police. They asked a lot of questions about the Taylors. I was not aware that Mrs. Taylor was gone. They had a court order, and I had to unlock Eighteen C for them. They searched it carefully and left that fingerprint powder all over everything."

"Did they tell you anything?"

"That was the infuriating part. They completely ignored me. All they would tell me was that I could consider the apartment available to rent again. I felt sure Mr. Taylor would return and give me a reasonable explanation. He didn't return. At last, about ten days after the police had searched it, I unlocked it. I've never had such a shock in my life."

"What do you mean?"

"The damages amount to twelve hundred dollars. The apartment was wrecked. Completely wrecked. And, because it was wrecked while the Taylors were still legally in possession, they are financially responsible. The owners of this building are very anxious to locate them."

"Did you report this to the police?"

"Of course. And they came back again and went through the same procedure. That sort of thing is very distressing."

"Of course. Could you describe Mrs. Taylor for me?"

"A tall woman. I believe her hair, a very pale blonde, was bleached. She had a slightly hard look around the mouth. Not what I would call a suitable wife for Mr. Taylor. She dressed in a rather flashy way. But as I said, she was quiet and well-behaved. Now, I've given you quite a bit of information, and you've given me none at all. I hope you won't take the same attitude as those policemen."

"Frankly, Mr. Sillkirk, I can't tell you very much. I'll tell you this. His name wasn't Taylor, and she wasn't his wife. He had a very legal wife in another city. He and his legal wife were in an automobile accident in February. Taylor was killed and his wife was badly injured. Taylor was engaged in some sort of criminal activity. I don't know yet what it was."

"This legal wife who was injured—do you think she could be held responsible for the damage here?"

"I doubt it. And even if she could, she hasn't a dime."

"That's odd. Mr. Taylor paid a year in advance, and he had a very expensive automobile."

"Sorry I can't give you any more information. I just don't know any more."

"Maybe the police will help."

"That's what I'm hoping."

Sillkirk walked him to the door. He seemed embarrassed. He said finally, "This is a quiet place, Mr. Ellison. Things like this seldom happen. If you find out what is going on, I hope you'll tell me. Just idle curiosity, of course."

Brock smiled. "I'll give you a ring if I can," he promised.

IT TOOK Brock a full day and a half to break through the conspiracy of official silence. He was shunted from one enigmatic official to another, and spent hours in dusty oak waiting rooms.

At last he was sent to an obscure, ancient office building, to a fourth-floor office where the only indication that this was a federal agency feared and respected in certain illicit circles was the cryptic initials on the pebbled glass of the door. A gaunt, vague young man admitted him to an inner private office and closed the door, leaving Brock alone with a fleshy gentleman who looked half asleep. But his eyes were sharp, and his mouth had the look of a trap.

"You're persistent, Ellison. Sit down."

Brock sat, facing him across the desk. "I have to be. I'm paid for it."

"Because you're retained by Mrs. Roger Talbott, I've been tempted to keep on giving you the run-around, Ellison. On the other hand, we did some checking. You're a trustworthy citizen of good character, and your record shows that you've performed a few services for the federal Government."

"Why check on me?"

"In our business, Ellison, things are not always what they seem. Why didn't you get the story from Mrs. Talbott?"

"She doesn't know a thing."

The man shrugged. "Perhaps. At least I know you believe that. I don't think you'd still be on the case if you didn't."

"Care to give me a fill-in?"

"Narcotics control is strictly a discouraging operation. Too many ports of entry. Not enough men. Netting the ones who push the stuff isn't the answer. They're too far from the import syndicates, too far down the ladder. We like tips. We got one. Phone call. Male voice. Pay station. Go to such and such a tavern at such and such a time and pick up a big shipment. Two ship's officers are turning it over to a tall blonde wearing a white blouse, green-wool suit. We knew sizable shipments were coming in here. It looked like a break. It was."

"The blonde was Mrs. Taylor?"

"Right. On our books as an addict named Muriel Bard. The syndicates are safe when the pushers are addicts. But it isn't smart to use an addict as a courier. Three days off the stuff, and she was falling all over herself to tell us what she knew. Three years ago a man known to her only as Johnny arranged a contact between her and this Horace Taylor. He would come to town at intervals, contact her, give her a sealed envelope, tell her where to take it and who to give it to. She would meet seamen, pursers, oilers, so on. They'd be off ships from the Orient, South America, Italy. The bulk heroin she would take back to Taylor. The operation got bigger as time went on. She thinks she handled forty to fifty pounds during the period. And that, Ellison, represents a fortune in any man's money. While Taylor was in town she lived with him as man and wife. The apartment was a more recent development. In return for her services she had the use of the apartment, a hundred a week, and her habitual supply of drugs. We got her, got the two ship's officers, and also several other greedy gentlemen who had brought the stuff in in the past. We picked up the large shipment the tipster mentioned. We moved in as soon as the transfer was made. Oddly enough, the sealed envelope contained newspaper cut to money size. We went to the apartment. Someone had gone over it carefully, removing all traces of one Horace Taylor. That made the picture clear, both to us and to Muriel."

"What do you mean?"

"It meant that Horace Taylor was our tipster."

"But you seem to know that Taylor was Roger Talbott. Did Muriel Bard know that?"

"SHE KNEW him only as Taylor. It could have been a dead end. But removing all prints from a place is something more than difficult. We found a few that weren't Muriel's and didn't belong to her addict boyfriend either. Found them on the back of the medicine-cabinet door, on a light bulb in a ceiling fixture, on the underside of the soap dish in the shower. We built a set and had them run through the central files of the FBI. Back they came with the name of Roger Talbott, one-time guest of the Government at Leavenworth, home address Thrace. A few days had gone by, of course. I flew men up there right away. Roger Talbott was dead in a car smash. Wife still unconscious. My men worked in Thrace until they had to admit it was a dead end. Talbott was out of reach. And no basis for charges against his legal wife."

"Enter the Bureau of Internal Revenue?"

"Why not? We could tell them how much stuff Talbott got his hands on,

what he had to pay for it, and what the retail value was. That profit transaction didn't appear on his tax returns. His wife signed them, too. When we can't jail them on a narcotics charge, we like to be able to think of something else. At least, it's nice to remove all the profit from it."

Brock thought in silence for long moments. "Then Mr. Crees is taking the retail valuation of the estimated shipments and deducting what those boys usually pay at shipside, and calling the answer Talbott's net?"

"Something like that."

"You see the flaw, don't you?"

The flabby man smiled, almost sadly. "Of course. The narcotics business is too highly organized for a man like Talbott to be in business for himself. We concentrate men in New York, and it comes through Galveston or New Orleans. We shift men down there, and it comes through Boston. It's an international set-up. I'd say Talbott was an employee, and as an educated guess, I'd say Talbott crossed his employers."

"Then why is Crees directing his case as though Talbott were in business for himself?"

"He's the only one with the legal right to put pressure on Mrs. Talbott. We can't, because we have nothing on her. We cooperate, you know. He'll push her so hard she'll crack. Then she'll name Talbott's business connections in Thrace."

"What if she knows nothing?"

The man closed his eyes for a moment. "Put it this way. If she acts like she knows nothing, I'd say she was being smart. It's one way to stay healthy."

"You've told me a lot. I appreciate it."

The man stared at him. For a moment something harsh, almost vicious, showed in his expression. "Better bow out of it, Ellison. Even if she was nine times removed from direct peddling of the stuff, if she has guilty knowledge you couldn't get her soul clean with laundry soap and a wire brush. Let them take her over the jumps. You can't help her."

"You don't think much of her."

The man smiled. "I've seen them steer school kids onto it, Ellison. It isn't easy to forget."

On the quick plane trip back to Thrace, Ellison kept thinking of Beth Talbott. Her face was good. Humor and serenity in the mouth. A level decency in her eyes. Yet he had seen a boy once with the face of an angel—his voice low and sweet and clear as he told how he had disposed of the gun.

Though her face was lovely and had a look of strength, it could well conceal the determination to outsmart all of them. He told himself he was just a bit too old to tie milady's colors to his lance. He wondered if his desire to be with her was born of pure curiosity, or whether there was a personal and emotional angle. Very few women made you think, inanely, of marriage.

BETH was sickened by the damage that had been done to the house. And, as soon as she was up and about again, she sensed the change in Marian's attitude. There was hostility, watchfulness.

Beth tried to say she was sorry about what had happened to the house. It seemed a pointless apology. Slow days went by with no word from Ellison. Harry was remote, uncommunicative.

Harry came home one night, took Marian into their bedroom, and closed the door. Beth could hear their low voices. She busied herself in the kitchen, wondering what was happening. She knew she was gaining strength rapidly. Another eight to ten pounds, and she would be up where she belonged. In her bath she saw the slatlike leanness fading into the long familiar curves. Her hair was growing with a pleasing rapidity, though she knew she still looked ridiculously boyish.

AT DINNER Harry talked heavily and with false joviality about his day at the office. Marian prattled in an artificial voice. Both of them were very solicitous about passing things to Beth.

Over coffee Harry cleared his throat and said, "Beth, I'm afraid we're going to have to have a serious talk."

"Of course, Harry."

"I talked with Marian before dinner, and she agrees. You understand that this isn't a—pleasant or an easy thing to do."

"None of this has been either pleasant or easy," Beth said softly.

"I talked to my accountant today, and also to J. Kane Thompson. Up until Mr. Crees came into the picture, we'd spent about two thousand dollars. I had to pay Thompson a retainer. This Ellison fellow costs forty dollars a day and expenses. Insurance will cover only about half the damage to the house here. My accountant tells me that in order to go ahead, I'll have to liquidate some of the stock holdings I bought as a reserve for our old age. Frankly, Beth, I just can't see my way clear to going ahead this way."

"I—I know how ridiculous it is to promise to repay you within a reasonable time, Harry. But I certainly will pay back every penny of it eventually."

"We know that. Today I took the liberty of telling Mr. Thompson to pay Ellison up to date and let him go."

Both of them were looking at her with odd expressions. She said, "I understand perfectly. That's quite all right."

Beth saw Harry give Marian a helpless look. Marian said, "Go on, Harry. Say it."

Harry looked miserable. "Your sister and I, Beth, we thought that if you *could* lay your hands on some money—"

"I could sell my clothes and what furniture we had, but that wouldn't bring in anywhere near enough. I haven't any jewelry. That all went a long time ago."

"We don't mean that, dear," Marian said.

Beth stared at her and began to understand. "You mean," she said faintly, "that you think I might have—some of that money—"

Marian leaned forward. Her face looked puffy with anger, quite ugly. "Somebody thinks so. Somebody thinks so strongly enough to come in here and ruin my home."

"Marian!"

"I can't help what I think. How do I know you aren't—"

"Please, baby," Harry said heavily. "Let her alone."

"Please excuse me," Beth said. "I'm going up and lie down. I—I don't feel well."

Beth closed the door and sat in the single chair. The window was a rectangle of dusk. She sat alone, thinking of how everything was being taken from her, one thing at a time. Now Brock Ellison, and Marian. And no objection was possible. They'd done all that could be expected. More. They had a right to the security they had earned. She would convince Marian, all over again, that she knew nothing about the money, and yet something had gone out of the relationship that could never be replaced. She had a grotesque picture of what would happen if she were cleared by the court. Good old Beth. Just like when they were kids. Marian constantly gold-bricking while Beth was always stuck with the housework. Good old Beth, working to pay back all that money her kind sister had loaned her, retiring to her room in the evening after the dishes were done. Yes, my sister lives with us. She's a widow, you know, poor thing. Husband died in a horrible automobile accident. We just *had* to take her in. But she's really very understanding. Stays in her room when the work is all done.

She sensed how dangerously close she had come to those tears of self-pity. She lifted her chin. They'd purchased her services. They would get full value.

When they were kids, Marian had been the pretty one, and Beth had been strange and awkward. But during the last few years Roger had begun to call Beth handsome. He had said that "pretty" was a weak, tired word. "Lambie, there's nothing pretty about those cheekbones and that nice curve along your jaw."

She could almost hear his voice in the room. She was thinking of him when she heard the voices in the downstairs hall, heard Marian come up and tap on her door, saying in a sugary tone, "Sis? Mr. Ellison is here. Do you feel well enough to come down? He wants you to go out with him, but I told him you weren't feeling very good."

"Please tell him I'll be down in a few moments, Marian."

She went down the hall to the bathroom and sponged her face with cold water until her color was better. There had been so pitifully few new clothes during the short years of marriage. But the few things she had were good, and she had given them care and attention. The night was cool. She put on a green knit dress, a yellow scarf as a turban, a short oyster-white corduroy coat. She went down the stairs with her head high.

"Not you," Brock Ellison said. "I want that sick Mrs. Talbott."

Marian stared at her petulantly. "I guess you must be feeling better."

"I am, thank you."

SHE WENT out with Brock, and he helped her into the gray coupé. He drove two blocks, turned down a narrow street, and parked beside the curb where maples made black shadows.

"Cigarette?" he asked.

"Please."

He lit hers and his own, shook out the match. "I suppose you know I've been called off."

"My brother-in-law told me."

He slouched in the seat. "It happened today. I told myself I ought to be relieved. This is a nasty, unpleasant, unsatisfactory bit of work. I told myself I was well out of it. But it isn't that easy. I'd like to go on with it."

"I can't pay you."

"I assumed as much. You can owe me, if you want to."

"It will be a long time before I can ever pay you."

"That's all right. It doesn't matter."

"Mr. Ellison, I don't want charity. I'm tired of it, frankly."

"And I'm tired of wondering why I don't want to quit this case. I never work for free. Here is as close as I can come. I like your looks. I think you're in a bad jam. Maybe chivalry is raising its ugly head."

"Forty-dollar-a-day chivalry?"

"Okay. A forty-dollar-a-day mad infatuation. Or softness of the brain. I just know I want to complete the job."

"What have you found out?"

"I only talk to clients. Are you a client?"

Her voice thickened. "Don't tease me, Mr. Ellison. I can't—seem—"

"Hey, now," he said softly. "What goes here, Beth? What's happened?"

She could no longer hold back the ugly sobs. "Both of them. They think I know where the money is. Everybody thinks that. I think they stopped helping me to see if maybe I'd go and get the money. Nobody trusts—"

She felt his arm across her shoulders, pulling her gently toward him. She resisted, and he forced her head down against his shoulder. "Get it over with," he whispered.

She let the tears come. All of them. She had cried since regaining consciousness, but nothing like this. His arm around her and the harshness of the tweed against her face seemed to enable her to dig down to the very source of tears and find them all. She cried for all the lost years and hopeless dreams.

WHEN AT last the sobs became fewer and began to sound ridiculously like hiccups, she sat up and dug in her purse for a tissue. She wiped her eyes, blew her nose.

"Darn silly performance, Brock," she said sternly. "Feel your shoulder. Did I get you sopping wet? I bet I did."

"Felt good though, didn't it?"

"Yes, darn it."

"Made me feel masterful to have a woman crying on my shoulder."

She laughed in a choked way. He said, "That's the first laugh I've heard out of you, Beth. You know, there's a look of humor in your face. How long since you've laughed?"

"Don't make me feel sorry for myself again, or I'll start all over."

"Are you a client?"

"I—I guess I am."

"Then I'll tell you a story. A sad little story, Beth. All about Roger Talbott. You were right about him, in the beginning, back in the high-school days. A sober, industrious guy. They drafted him, and he looked like officer material. They sent him to OCS after he got out of basic. He was good with men. They gave him his little gold bar and sent him to India."

"He was assigned to the Air Corps."

"After he got to India. Right. He became the assistant to a Major Fineel with the Air Transport Command stationed in Calcutta. Fineel had something to do with the direction of aircraft maintenance. Fineel knew the East. He knew how easy it was to make money. That big, cheerful, gullible second lieutenant was a godsend to Fineel. I'm guessing some of this. I dug out the rest. Fineel kept sending Roger, on travel orders, up to China. Each time Roger went he carried a small box of what Fineel called 'critical aircraft parts.' Roger turned them over to a captain at the Fourteenth Air Force headquarters building near the Kunming airstrip. One day some CIC boys were waiting for him in Kunming. They took the box of aircraft parts away from him. Roger didn't know what was up. He was arrested."

"That doesn't make sense!"

"It didn't to Roger, either. Fineel was smuggling gold to a confederate in China, using Roger as an unwitting courier. There was a fat profit in smuggling those little gold bars from India to China. The Chinese Nationalists were upset about the gold smuggling. They put the heat on headquarters. Nobody was in any mood to listen to Roger, particularly after Fineel planted just enough currency in Roger's quarters to make his lies that Roger had guilty knowledge of what he was doing look better. Fineel figured that the more people he could rope in, the smaller the sentences would be. It was done in a hurry. Within ten days Roger was on his way back, along with the others, under guard. He drew five years in Leavenworth and served almost four."

"That's hideous!" Beth said.

"Roger turned sour and bitter. He had one break. His conviction never hit the home-town papers. He was lucky this city is as big as it is. His mother was dead. He had no reason to write to anybody. He served his time. You see, society had given him the name. He decided to get out and have the game as well. Now I start really guessing. He made contacts in Leavenworth. Somebody, perhaps, needed a man with a respectable front. He got his orders. Go back to the home town. Get a job. Marry a girl. Sit tight. We'll use you."

"I—I can see how it fits, Brock. He was so bitter about the war and about the Army. He refused to use his rights under the GI Bill."

"He didn't have any rights. Not with a dishonorable discharge."

"If I'd only known! If he'd told me, maybe I could have helped."

"He didn't want your help. He was helping himself."

"How? What was he doing?"

"This is going to hurt. A lot, maybe."

"Don't you see I've got to know?"

HE TOLD her, omitting no detail. She did not interrupt. She sat with her hands clenched tightly. He finished the story, and she did not speak.

"Are you all right?"

"Just numb, I guess. Dope. A blonde 'wife' in Boston. Seamen and sealed envelopes. It's a crazy sort of thing. I can't make it apply to me."

"If he'd lived, they would have jailed him. That girl would have made a positive identification. He was running, Beth. Running for cover."

"Maybe he got tired of all the filthiness."

"I don't know if we'll ever find out."

"I *must* think he was sorry, that he was getting over a—a kind of sickness. I have to think he was ashamed."

"Perhaps he would have been, if he'd lived, and if they'd caught him.

"Now, there is absolutely no evidence with which to jail you on a narcotics charge. The next best bet is to hammer you with the tax angle. If they hammer hard enough, the end result is the same. The business of the newspaper in the envelope indicates to me that Roger was double-crossing someone. You told me of his nervousness that night. It sounds as though he was in a running mood, and with good reason."

"That might have been it, Brock. I think I can remember asking him how long we'd be away, what I should pack, and him saying it didn't matter. That could mean that we were never coming back, and there was really nothing in the apartment worth taking along."

"You said that he wanted to make one stop before you left town."

"That's right."

"Did you make that stop?"

"I can't remember. I can't even remember leaving the driveway. I walked toward the car and walked—right into darkness."

"The accident happened on the Valley Turnpike, just over the city line, with the car headed west. Nobody saw the accident happen. Most through traffic takes the new highway. A trucker phoned the state police from a gas station a quarter of a mile from the wreck at five minutes of one. Can you remember what time you left the house?"

"Let me see. I'll have to sort of reconstruct. It was after ten, and I was

going to go to bed when Roger arrived."

"How much after ten?"

"Quarter after, maybe. He wanted me to pack. We argued. Then I packed, and he kept standing over me, smoking and walking around and telling me to speed it up. I think I must have been in the house not more than twenty minutes after he came."

"Call it twenty to eleven when you left. The wreck must have been seen within fifteen minutes of when it happened. Then it could have happened no earlier than twenty to one. That leaves two hours to account for. Driving time from your apartment to the scene of the wreck would be, at the most, twenty minutes. If he went back into the center of the city and then out to the Valley Turnpike, it would have taken an hour in that freezing rain. That gives us a one-hour stop in the center of town. And you can't remember what happened?"

"I can't remember any part of it."

SHE HAD turned in the seat so her back was against the door. When he drew on the cigarette, the red glow touched the alert, fine-drawn features. She was aware of the hard power of concentration that made him, in his own way, as impressive as Crees had been.

"Have you done this sort of work long, Brock?"

"Huh? Oh, several years now. I was a lawyer. Got a little weary of writs and torts and precedents. I had to get a license to do a job for one client. Word got around that I did adequate work. The law business started shrinking, and this started growing. Plenty of it is dull. Sticky-fingered cashiers, and pilferage in manufacturing plants, and easing respectable citizens out of badger traps and the like. That's why this one is fun. I shouldn't have said that. It's hardly fun for you, is it?"

"Not if people want to put me in a cell, or something."

"We'll see that they don't, Beth."

It gave her a warm confidence to hear the tone he used. He started the car up. "How about a drink in wanton surroundings, Beth? Just for morale."

"Love it."

He took her to a south-side place where the bar was very noisy and the adjoining lounge was quiet and dimly lighted. By unspoken agreement the talk was of shoes and sealing wax. Beth found that she was having a very good time indeed. She tried to remember the last time she had been on this sort of a date, if you could call it that. Long before Roger. Roger had chipped away at her morale, destroyed her confidence.

On the way home he brought up the case again. "Beth, this may sound silly to you, but I don't want you to take any walks alone, or get into any strange cars, or be alone in the house with the doors unlocked. We have an unknown factor in this. An X. X has been making a serious effort to find the money. We can assume a lack of success. Suppose X feels as Crees does, that you know where it is. X might wish to ask you direct, unpleasant questions. X might not believe that a skull fracture can destroy memory of the hours preceding the injury. And I think that stop was made, and I think if you could remember it, we could put our hands on the money."

"But Roger didn't stop to pick it up, did he? It would have been in the car, wouldn't it?"

"He came from Boston with the money that should have been in that envelope and wasn't. He added it to what he already had. And that stop was made, I'm almost positive, to put that money in a safe place. Perhaps he stopped at the railroad station and mailed it ahead. Or checked it through on a ticket. If you could only recall."

"I've tried and tried and it's all a blank."

"But be careful, please."

"I will, Brock."

He parked in front of the house, walked up to the porch steps with her, and turned and left when she was safely inside. Harry had gone to bed. Marian was sitting in the front room in a robe, reading.

"Had quite an evening, dear?"

"It was pleasant."

"Is Mr. Ellison still working for you?"

"Yes, he is."

"Seems odd that he'd work for free, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does. Maybe it's a charity case."

"Like a doctor going to a clinic one day a month, Sis?"

"Marian, do we have to be hateful to each other? We fought when we were kids. Aren't we grown up now?"

"You were a strange kid, Beth. You kept things to yourself."

"I haven't got the money, Marian."

"Oh, I know that. Did it sound as though I were implying you have it hidden away? I'm sorry."

Beth looked into her sister's unfriendly eyes for a long second, then said good night and went up to her room. After she was in bed she found herself thinking of the way his mouth looked when he laughed, those level eyes when he was serious. She told herself not to be a fool. Circumstances had made her dangerously vulnerable to any person who believed in her. And it seemed that he was the only one.

AFTER he dropped Beth off at her sister's house, Brock drove aimlessly, busy with confused thoughts and impressions. He knew he would never doubt her again. The feel of her head against his shoulder had performed some strange alchemy within him. Of late years he had begun to think of himself as definitely the bachelor type. His apartment was comfortable. He had sufficient resources within himself so that his own company never bored him. Now, oddly, the solitary life seemed less satisfying.

He thought of the problem that had presented itself and of how best to attack it.

At last he drove to the home of his good friend, huge Tom Blaskell—he of the restless energy, skeptical eye, detective-lieutenant rating. It took some time to root Tom out of bed, appease his surliness, and get him interested in the problem at hand.

Tom thought at length. "I think I know the guy we can use. A mealy little character named Lipe. Four-time loser and very, very cautious. He's a peddler, but we've never nailed him with anything on him. Does it have to be tonight?"

"It has to be."

"People like you I have to know. Take me three minutes to dress."

Lipe lived over a hardware store. The staircase smelled of paint and cabbage. Tom hammered on the door, and they stood and waited. The door was opened cautiously. Brock saw a small man, the light behind him.

"Hello, Lipe," Tom said heavily. "Stand still while I hold a light on you."

"What's the beef, Lieutenant?"

"Shut up. He the man, Mr. Ellison?"

Brock looked at the wary, twitching features, at the face the color of suet. "That's right, Lieutenant. I saw him distinctly when he ran out of my office."

"What office?" Lipe demanded querulously. "I never see this guy before! What are you trying to hang on me, Lieutenant?"

Tom held his gun on Lipe and said, "Patties out front, Lipe. Nice and easy. Don't move fast. You four-time losers make me nervous." He said to Brock, "He'll go up for the rest of his natural life, so what's he got to lose?"

Lipe licked his lips and put his hands out. The cuffs made two sharp metallic clicks as Blaskell fastened them. "Come on, Lipe," he said.

Back in the darkness of the apartment a woman began to cry, gutturally, helplessly. Brock felt as though he were pulling the wings off a fly.

Lipe came down the stairs meekly enough. He said, "It's a no-good rap, Lieutenant, and you know it."

"Lipe, Mr. Ellison here is going to swear it was you because he saw you. How tight does it have to fit?"

They shoved him into Brock's car, with Tom at the wheel, Lipe between them. Tom drove steadily, silently toward police headquarters. Lipe took it in silence for half the distance and then began to make small chittering sounds.

"You won't do it to me, Lieutenant!" "They always think it can't happen to them, Mr. Ellison."

When they parked in front of headquarters Lipe really came apart. He could hardly be understood.

Tom did it well. He turned to Brock and said, "Now, look, Mr. Ellison. I know you got robbed. We'll try to get your stuff back. But this Lipe, he's small fry. Would you drop it, Mr. Ellison?"

"Why should I?" Brock demanded. "What kind of law and order—"

"Okay, okay. It was just a thought. We've been looking for some information. I thought Lipe could supply it. You know. A trade. He tells us what we want to know, and he gets off."

"I'm no stool," Lipe said uncertainly.

"It would be a big help to us, Mr. Ellison."

"He doesn't sound as if he'd tell you anything, anyway."

"Can I give it a try?"

Brock acted grumpy. "All right."

WHEN Blaskell had dragged Lipe out of the car and hauled him halfway to the front steps of headquarters, the little man decided he would talk.

Tom brought him back to the car.

"Just answer the questions," Tom said heavily. "Who's this man?" He held the picture of Roger Talbott where Lipe could see it in the glow of the street lamp.

Lipe licked his lips. "Collection and drop-off for the wholesaler."

"Know his name?"

"Not till I saw it in the paper when he got it. His picture was in the paper."

"Did he contact you? How?"

"I'd get the word. I'd meet him on a city bus."

"Who did he work for, Lipe?"

"He could be working for lots of people. Maybe Sal Lorrio."

"Was it Sal Lorrio?"

"I didn't say so. If I said it was, and it got back, I'm dead."

"This collector, the guy in the picture—he crossed Lorrio?"

"He crossed somebody. The word was out to finger him quick, calling this certain phone number. He made a fast delivery to a lot of the boys, they said. Took money for a lot of powdered sugar. Nobody checked until the junks yelped they weren't getting no ride out of it. So he crossed somebody, and they got to him."

"Where did the money go?"

"I hear that's a problem. Some babe has it, maybe."

Tom said, "Mr. Ellison, he's earned a break."

"Suit yourself," Brock said angrily. They drove Lipe home. Tom unlocked the cuffs, and Lipe trotted across the sidewalk and dove into the doorway without looking back.

Tom drove away. "A good act, Brock. But—Lorrio! He got the big money. Roger got peanuts. How can you touch a guy like that? Ex-mobster turned respectable. Clubman. Owns garages and restaurants and apartment houses. Heavy money to the Community Chest. Kids in private schools. Plays golf with judges."

"Tom, he talked as if Roger were killed."

"No trick to it. Icy roads. Pick the spot and bunt him off the highway."

"I can see that. Maybe I'm naïve, but why should Lorrio try so hard to get the money Roger took? It couldn't have been much from Lorrio's point of view."

"They have a code. A cross is the unforgivable sin. You have to get your own back, so nobody else will try it. Talbott can't profit, and neither can his widow."

TOM PARKED in front of his house, yawned mightily. He said, "Just an angle you might check, Brock. Sal Lorrio's kid brother, Jimmy. He did some time in Leavenworth. Two Thrace boys might get together."

"Thanks for that, Tom. And thanks for tonight."

"Don't mention it. I got something out of it, too. But trying to do something with it is a horse with another collar. 'Night, son."

After Brock got back to his small, comfortable apartment, he made himself a drink and sat at the kitchen table, fitting the bits and pieces together. Sal Lorrio wasn't the sort of windmill you could tip over with a lance. It would be next to impossible to prove any contact between Lorrio and Roger Talbott. Yet there had to be some point at which to insert a wedge and pry more information loose. Nearly everything accumulated so far was hearsay evidence, not admissible in defense of Beth Talbott in court.

Each time he went over the case he found he kept returning to the ride that Beth could not remember. Roger had told her of a stop he had to make. Roger had known he was dealing with quick, ruthless people. Beth had said he seemed nervous that night. With good reason, Brock thought grimly.

BROCK phoned at noon, and Beth spent the rest of the afternoon feeling as though she were two women. One felt a welcome glow of warm anticipation. But the other was afraid. There could be little time left. Somehow it would have been easier if Crees had named a definite deadline. He had merely said that time was short. The woman who was afraid had begun to listen for the phone, for a stranger's knock at the door.

The afternoon was endless and breathlessly hot. The air was thick, and thunder rumbled in the distance. The tension of a coming storm turned Marian bleak and surly. It was very much like those nearly forgotten afternoons of childhood when they were both being punished by being made to stay indoors. She remembered that always, even when Marian had brought down the punishment on their heads, she had contrived to make Beth feel it was all her fault.

Brock picked her up at seven. She borrowed Marian's raincoat because the storm was closer, lighting the horizon at somber intervals.

As soon as she was with Brock some of the fear went away. He told her of what he had learned. Roger seemed far away, sad, pathetic.

At dinner, he cautioned her to speak softly. She said, "Lorrio! I've seen his picture in the papers, Brock. He's wealthy, isn't he? Why would he—"

Brock's mouth had a bitter look. "I think that to call it greed is an oversimplification. It's more twisted than that. I know a little about him. He was an underprivileged kid. He wormed his way to the top. Lies and deceit and violence. Maybe he couldn't stop outsmarting society. He had to keep doing it, to make himself feel like a big strong man."

"He has so much to lose."

"That makes it a gamble. And if you don't put stakes on the table, you aren't gambling. Of course, there is another answer, too. Maybe in the past he put himself in the bag with the syndicate. So he has to follow orders or be turned in for something he did long ago. Leave us stop thinking about Lorrio before it ruins my dinner. How about you? Better topic? Tonight we're going to see if we can make you remember the accident."

"Brock, I—I can't. . . ."

"We'll see. It might not be pleasant. But I want you to do this for me. We're going to go back and start where you started that night, start where your memory stops."

"Don't you think I've tried to remember? If you want to lift something, or move something, you have a place to put your hands, and you know how to use your strength. But remembering isn't like that. I don't know which way to push, or how to lift."

"We'll use a lever. The duplication of the circumstances, Beth."

As they left the restaurant, the first fat drops splattered down on pavement still warm from the sun of the day. Thunder was a continuous bombardment, louder than the city's roar. The sky was lit green by lightning as they hurried to the car.

Thunder was raucous most of the way out to the down-at-the-heel neighborhood where Beth had lived. By the time they arrived, the rain was coming down in hard sheets, muffling the electric display, drowning the windshield wipers. The headlights peered only a short distance into the gray curtain, and Brock had to drive slowly.

"There's the drive," she said. He turned in. It was an old house that had been cut into four apartments. Lights showed in one downstairs apartment.

"Did he park about here?"

"Yes."

"Did he walk out behind you?"

"No-o-o. I remember I had to lock the apartment door. He'd already gone out to the car. He was standing by my side with the door open."

REACHING around into the back of the coupé, Brock took out a small suitcase. "Now I'm a prop man," he said. "Take this up to the door and then turn around and come back across the yard with it. I'll stand outside the car the way he did."

She carried the suitcase up to the door. She turned and walked back to the car. He put the bag behind the seat, closed the door after her, went around and got behind the wheel. She told herself Roger was beside her, that they were starting off on a trip, that the clock had been turned back. It wasn't any good. Brock backed out into the street,

turned toward town. He came to the Culver Road intersection.

"Turn left here?"

"I—don't know. I can't feel anything. I'm trying to imagine how it was, and I can't."

"I'm Roger. This is a borrowed car. I'm nervous and excited. You're asking me where we're going."

"No. I can't do it."

He drove around the block, back up Shennatry Street to the apartment drive. He parked in the same place, reached into the back again, and brought out a pint bottle of whisky. As he peeled off the plastic and twisted the cork loose, he said, "This is going to be a little warm and nasty, so don't take it too fast."

"I don't want any."

"Do you trust me?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, in this bottle is a substance noted for busting down walls between the conscious and subconscious mind. You're tensed up. Trying too hard. So take some of Dr. Ellison's Elixir, Beth."

He handed her the bottle. She tilted it up. It *was* warm and nasty. She took two swallows before her throat seemed to clog. She shuddered. "Ugh!"

"Take some deep breaths and repeat the dosage."

Beth choked down two more swallows.

"Now, take a break. I don't want it going down so fast you get sick. Here's a cigarette for a chaser."

BETH leaned back in the seat. The liquor seemed to hit her stomach and expand, sending fingers of warmth out through her arms and legs.

"Leading you into paths of sin," he said. "Got any symptoms?"

"My lips feel numb and rubbery."

"That could be called one of the classic symptoms. Knock it again."

"Phoo," she said, but she swallowed again. This time she managed three deep swallows before the gag reflex closed her throat. He took the bottle from her, held it up, silhouetted against a street light, then recapped it and put it in the glove compartment.

"That should do it. Any more and you'll develop an insane craving for the stuff."

She stretched. Her hands looked far away. She bit her lips, said, "Umm."

"Umm?"

"You know, I like you, Ellison."

"That, too, is a classic symptom."

"I mean it, darn it. You're kinda sweet. Nobody else believes me. Nobody else truss me. Trusts me. But I don't want any rebound. Got a wife and kiddies, Ellison?"

"Had a wife once, Beth. She died about five years ago."

"Funny about people dying. Going away from you. No chance to say the things you should have said. Gone. Taking away pieces of you. Don't want any rebound, Ellison. Listen to me, Brock. Throwing myself at your head. Brock. Funny name. Sounds like hitting a couple boards together." She giggled. "Gee, I'm getting crocked, Brock. Crock-Brock."

"Now take the little bag and try your walk again, Beth."

The rain against her face steadied her a little. The world was a warm, swarmy place, with street lights soft-swaying, and tippy wet grass underfoot.

She stumbled as she got into the car and giggled again. He backed the car out. Got to try, she thought. Got to try to do what he wants me to do. She closed her eyes, and then snapped them open quickly as the car seemed to tip over.

It's that night again. And Roger. What was the car like? Green dash lights. That's something, anyway. Something I didn't have before. Couldn't remember being in the car before. Where does he want to go on this trip? Why take a trip in the middle of the night in this kind of weather? Cold. Rain icing the windshield. Heater blowing against her ankles.

"Left," she said in a faraway voice as he reached the intersection. Left, toward town, by the haloed street lights, with wetness funny against the asphalt like when you squint your eyes and look at the moon.

"Just a trip," Roger said. *"Get away for a while. Don't have to get heated up about it, Beth."*

"Did you steal this car? Did you?"

"You think I'm a crook? What gives you that idea?"

"I don't know what you are anymore, Rog."

She rode in Brock's car and she could hear the thin, faraway voices of that acid conversation. There is no spite and no hopelessness like that which shows through the words of the unhappily married, she thought.

"Things will be fine this time."

"Like every other time."

"This is different. You'll see."

"Let me out. I'll get a bus to Marian's house. I was silly to let you talk me into this. There's something wrong with it."

She lifted her eyes to the road ahead and said to Brock, "We stopped for a light here. The car skidded a little. I tried to open the door and get out. He wouldn't let me. He hurt my arm."

Brock drove on. She had the feeling of wrongness. She waited and then said, "We didn't come this way. We turned."

"How far back?"

"I don't know."

Her arm had hurt. Brock went back a dozen blocks, made a U turn and went on again. She had been rubbing the arm. Roger had taken the turn too fast for the ice, and it had thrown her against the door. That would mean a left turn.

"He turned left. I don't know where."

"I'll try Somerset first."

The neon of beer joints winked red and blue and green in the rain.

"What's this stop you have to make, Rog?"

"I'll tell you when we get there. I want you to do something for me."

"You've made me real anxious to do things for you, haven't you?"

A joint's sign flickered red. SANDY'S SANDY'S SANDY'S

AND SHE thought of tears then, and of salt like sand crusted on the stains of old tears.

"This is the right street," she said.

They went on. She gave a sudden start.

"What is it?" Brock demanded.

"He—he made me watch out the back window. And he started going around a lot of turns. He acted frightened. More than at any other time. He wouldn't tell me what he was afraid of. Then we parked on a dark street for a while, with the lights out. I could never remember all those turns."

"You're doing wonderfully, Beth."

"But I don't know what happened next."

He pulled into a narrow street and parked. He said, "Okay, think it over."

She leaned back and closed her eyes. Cluttered impressions. Senseless things.

"Talk while you're thinking, Beth. Say it out loud."

"I had to walk. It was dark and icy. He gave me something, and I was carrying it. There was noise, and a big place and . . . I don't know."

"Positive?"

"Brock . . . I can't . . ."

"So we try a hunch." He started the car up and drove swiftly through the back streets, turning so that he entered the downtown section beyond the river, in the area of missions and empty buildings with broken windows. He drove across the overhead and parked by the gloomy railroad station.

HE GAVE her the bag and told her to walk in alone, that he would follow.

She walked, feeling far away from all the world. Her heels echoed sharply on the tile floor of the station.

She stopped and turned and waited for Brock. "I came in the other door."

"What were you carrying?"

"String, cutting my hand through the glove. A package. He was waiting a long way off. Two blocks. Through dark streets. I had to do just what he said and then go back to him."

He walked her over to the other door, told her to walk on into the station. She turned directly toward the ticket windows. She stopped, uncertain of what to do.

"You bought a ticket, then."

"I must have."

"And checked through the package on the ticket. What happened to the baggage check?"

"He gave me an envelope. I put the baggage check in the envelope and mailed it in that wall box over there."

"Where was the ticket to?"

"I don't know."

He asked the ticket sellers. He went to the baggage room. No one remembered her.

She stood, drugged by fatigue and by the liquor. He gave her a smile and took the small suitcase from her and said, "Well, this is a dead end. What you need is sleep. We'll start here tomorrow night, and see if we can pry it open a little further. You must have looked at the address on the envelope. And you'll be able, sooner or later, to remember where you bought the ticket to. Come on, honey. I'll take you home."

"I won't ever remember."

"Yes, you will. We've started the process now. It will come along by itself."

They walked out of the station. The rain had dwindled to something more mist than rain. The air had a washed smell. They walked toward the car.

She slowed her pace, stopped, stood frowning. "What is it?" he asked.

"I think I remember the ticket now. I tore it up in little pieces as I walked back to the car. He told me to do that."

"The rest of it, all of it, will come back the same way, Beth. A little at a time. We've started the process. That's what counts."

She yawned violently. "I've never been so tired. Ever."

They reached the car. He set the small suitcase down on the damp pavement, bent over to fit the key in the lock. She stood aside, barely able to keep her eyes open. The wet empty sidewalks were black-shiny, mirroring the haloed street lamps. Far away a stop light clicked

from red to green, controlling the nonexistent traffic with idiotic efficiency. She caught a bit of movement from the corner of her eye, heard a muted scrape of leather on wet pavement, and some ancient reflex warned her, brought her rigid out of the lethargy of weariness.

SHE TRIED to turn toward the movement, toward the shadow. It moved faster, sliding behind her before she could see it. And her wrist was caught by a coldness that seemed part of the night. It was twisted quickly and brutally up and back.

Brock turned with an exclamation. The station lights, half a block away, made a thin and wicked high light on the metal that pointed at him. For a moment both Brock and the smallish man, with collar high, hatbrim down, were caught there in time. Brock would die now, and in her fear for him she forgot pain, tried to move toward him.

The one with the gun took a half step back, hooked a cautious foot forward, and pulled the small suitcase toward him. The metal caps on its corners rasped on the sidewalk.

A taxi, dome light glowing, came down the street. The shadow behind Beth turned her a bit toward the cab. The man facing Brock pulled the gun back a bit, his elbow tight against the dark coat. The taxi slowed, then leaped ahead as the driver stepped hard on the gas.

"Pick it up," the shadow whispered.

The man with the gun bent his knees, groping for the suitcase handle, his eyes never moving from Brock. "Very cute, doc," the man with the gun said softly. "Checked it, did he? Cute as bugs."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Brock said. Beth sensed Brock was trying to keep his voice casual.

"Just get it done," the shadow behind her whispered.

She tried to cry out, tried to say a hundred things, but there was no time. The metal glint flickered and came up in a short, brutal arc. The viciousness of it sickened her. Brock tried to block it, but the metal made a crisp sound against the angle of his jaw. As Brock sagged against the car, the man facing him kicked him in the stomach.

The man who held her spun her around to face him. As she staggered, off balance, he followed her. His small, hard palm ripped back and forth across her face, across her mouth, dazing and bewildering her, exploding flashes of light across the darkness. She fell to her knees and was picked up by the front of the raincoat, dimly aware that it had ripped and that Marian would be furious. The flat-handed blows continued, and now they came to her through a numbness, without pain. She lay with her cheek against wet cement, knowing only that she was being left alone. Someone whispered, "Okay." And then she was on hands and knees, sobbing silently and with an odd shame through broken lips, hearing the neat cadence of their heel taps as the two men walked away into the night. She went over to Brock on her hands and knees. His jaw sagged at a crazy angle. There was blood at the corner of his mouth. The keys were in the car door. She unlocked the door, climbed into the car, and leaned on the horn ring. The hard, continuous blasting of the horn began to fill the night. She was in a half faint, and only barely aware when someone moved her, shifted her away from the horn ring.

THEY let her see Brock the next afternoon. He was sitting up in bed, his jaw heavily bandaged, his teeth wired to hold the jaw in place. He stared at her and said, his words distorted by the wire, "Aren't we the pretty pair? Did you run into a swinging door, Beth?"

"Does—it hurt?"

"It isn't exactly a caress, but I'm not going to break into tears. We got even with them, though."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm glad I put a little weight in that suitcase to make it more convincing to you. Can't you imagine their faces, or Sal Lorrio's, when they brought it in proudly, opened it up, found a mess of newspapers and magazines? By the way, smart work on that horn business. Tom told me about it."

"I'm so sorry this happened, Brock."

"Don't be. A good lesson for me. I was a sap to let them take me so easily."

She sat on the chair by the side of his bed. She didn't look at him. She said, "It came back, like you told me it would. All of it. Part of it is horrible. That car gaining on us, and Roger cursing, and the way it cut in on us. At the last minute, he shoved me down onto the floor. Then the whole world exploded."

"How about that letter?"

"Mr. H. Taylor. General Delivery. Chicago. And the ticket was to Chicago."

Brock nodded. "I see. He thought they might be suspicious, that they might have got word of the Boston tip and added two and two. And if he was stopped and searched, he didn't want to be caught with the money, or with any evidence of where to find the money. That would have been fatal. But they'd added two and two and got six and wanted him dead, very quickly, without ever a chance to say he was just taking a little innocent trip with his wife."

"It must have been that way. Brock, the police have been questioning me about those men. I couldn't tell them anything. What will I do?"

"They've been here. I got word to Tom Blaskell. You didn't make an official complaint, did you?"

"No."

"Good. Now, let me handle this. Just sit tight. I'll be out of here tomorrow. Phone my office and tell the girl to get me a noon plane reservation to Chicago. I don't know how long they keep unclaimed baggage shipped through on tickets."

"You aren't well enough!"

"By tomorrow I'll be able to get around."

She stood up, twisting at the catch on her purse, avoiding his eyes. "You made me drink that whisky. I think I said some silly things."

"Stop looking like a spanked kid. What silly things? Say them over."

"Please, Brock."

He reached out suddenly and caught her hand. "When I was a little kid, Beth, they made me go to dancing school. It was brutal. But one day, in the hall, I kissed a little girl who was wearing about two pounds of braces on her teeth. Remarkable experience." He pulled at her hand.

"No, Brock. You don't want—"

"Let me figure out what I want."

She kissed the corner of his mouth cautiously, lightly, and fled, hearing his quiet laugh as she turned down the corridor.

IT WAS a conference room. Beth sat in the corner, her lips dry. Brock had guided her to that chair, told her not to speak unless he, and only he, asked her to. Crees sat with his brief case on the table in front of him. In the hallway Brock had introduced her to Tom Blaskell. She had liked him at once—a big, shaggy man with an oddly shy smile. There were other men present. She did not know them. They had a harried, official look, and an air of expectancy. There was smoke and low conversation.

"All right," Crees said. "Who's going to run this?"

Blaskell was standing by the windows. He said, "I know a lot of the angles."

"Go ahead, Tom," Brock said.

"This isn't a hearing," Blaskell said. "It isn't even as formal as a conference. You men represent a lot of agencies and departments. I think before we decide on any course of action, we ought to hear from Brock Ellison."

A heavy man said, "Can the lady wait outside?"

"She stays," Brock said firmly. "You all have some groundwork on the Talbott case. My client had no idea her husband was engaged in any illicit undertaking. You all know that she and her husband lived in a very meager way. She had no idea that he had an outside source of income. Mr. Crees, do you still intend to charge her with fraud on those tax returns?"

CREES fiddled with a buckle on the brief case. "Put it this way. Unless you can prove what you just said, we intend to go ahead."

"Talbott worked for somebody else. All you gentlemen realize that. There are no lone wolves in the highly organized narcotics business. Talbott was crossing the organization and making his escape the night he was killed. Mrs. Talbott has recovered her memory of that night. I have here a statement from her doctors explaining that this is not an unusual phenomenon with a skull fracture or concussion. What she remembered gave me a clue to the location of the money that Talbott hid. I recovered it in Chicago the day before yesterday. It is here in this brief case. Fifty-three thousand odd dollars. This money, I would judge, can be considered a part of the estate of the deceased."

"Just a moment," Crees said. "Unless you can prove your assertion, Ellison, that Talbott was acting as an agent, as an employee, we'll have to stick to our original computation of his total income."

"What happens if I can prove not only that Talbott was an agent, but that his wife had no knowledge of his—*sub rosa* activities?"

"That's a big 'if.' I expect we would consider that money as additional income not reported, prorate it over the three-year period, and figure the tax plus interest, without penalties. And then we would take an inheritance tax on the balance. The state income and inheritance taxes would also figure in. There would be something left. Not much, of course."

"I don't want any of it," Beth said.

They all turned and looked at her. Brock said quickly, "I don't think anybody could blame her for not wanting this sort of money. She just found out recently what Roger Talbott was doing."

"This is all pretty suppositional," Crees said.

"Let me ask one more question, Mr. Crees, and then we'll get down to business. Suppose, Mr. Crees, that my client can give you information showing who got the lion's share of the profits. You'd go after them for back taxes. Would my client get the usual percentage of money collected for giving such information?"

Crees gave a bland smile. "Let's not contradict ourselves. You build up a picture of the innocence of Mrs. Talbott, and then tell us she can inform on the kingpin in this picture."

Brock grinned. "Sorry. This money is part of the estate. So is the document recovered with the money. I believe Talbott wrote it as a form of insurance. You can see that it's a lengthy document. It gives a detailed record of his operations under the indirect guidance of one Salvatore Lorrio."

Beth felt the sudden stillness.

Brock said quietly, "Times, dates, places, names, methods, routes, pay rolls. Talbott had an orderly mind. Now let me read one passage of special interest to my client. Here it is. On page eleven. 'Jimmy Lorrio warned me again today that I must be careful never to let my wife know or suspect what I am doing. I told him she did not know. He said to keep it that way because if she did know I was making money like his brother was paying me, plus the bonuses on delivery, she would want to spend some of it, and it would spoil my cover to start living high. He told me I could be a big shot around Boston, but around here I have to keep on being a guy who can't quite make a decent living. He said he didn't want revenue boys checking on me on that account, or the police either.' "

"May I see that page?" Crees asked.

"How about giving me a look at any part of it?" a thin, nervous man at the end of the table asked eagerly.

Brock handed out some sheets, saying, "There's no doubt that Talbott wrote it. To try to call it decent evidence is something else again."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DOG DAY

Ethel Barnett de Vito

How dire are the dolors
That brier his path:
His girl let him down
And he's failing in math;

His allowance is mortgaged
And parents and lasses
View his jet-dreamed-of future
With mud-colored glasses.

If asked, he will tell you
In tones drenched with sorrow
That life's not worth living—
But try him tomorrow.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The heavy man looked up from the sheets on the table with a broad grin. "Let's just call it a treasure map, boys. It tells you where to dig."

Tom Blaskell leaned on the table and said, "Can I depend on you federal people really to go to town on this and get enough dope to keep me in the clear if I take a chance?"

"What kind of a chance?" the thin, nervous man asked.

"I've got a couple of squads waiting. I've been through that report and picked out some of the more interesting names. I want to tell my boys to go ahead and pick them up fast before they can start covering up their tracks. The Lorrios have friends. But if you don't back me up with charges that will hold water before Lorrio's lawyers can get everybody out on writs, I'm going to be out of the police business."

Brock said, "Here. I had photostats made. Each one of you men can take one." He placed the pile on the table.

They read in silence and then the heavy man said, "It looks safe enough to me. What about it, Ed? Davis? You, DeMorra?

"Everybody seems to agree. Take it away, Lieutenant."

Blaskell clapped his big hands once, and headed for the door, grinning.

Brock said, "Do any of you gentlemen have any objection to my leaving with my client? You, Mr. Crees?"

"We can have a talk in the next office," Crees said.

The three of them went in. Crees said, "I can't make a decision. I'll have to make a report and recommendations."

"What will you recommend?" Brock asked.

"That the case against Mrs. Talbott be dropped."

"I'm sending Mrs. Talbott to a good accounting firm. You'll have revised returns in at the local office as soon as the probate court confirms Mrs. Talbott's ownership of the money I recovered."

"That will be satisfactory, I believe."

"Don't you say anything else?" Beth demanded, hearing her voice go shrill. "Don't you say you're sorry about frightening me, and accusing me of lying to you, and—"

"Easy, Beth," Brock said softly, his words just a bit distorted by the wire that held his jaw immovable.

"If you feel an apology is in order, Mrs. Talbott, I'm willing to apologize."

She turned, quite blindly, toward the door. Brock went out with her, left her in the car while he performed the other errands. He came back and drove slowly across the city. The rains had washed the air clean. Summer was on the way.

"You'll recover enough to pay back your sister and start from scratch, Beth," he said.

"How about your fees?"

"I think we'd better have discussions about that. A lot of discussions. Every free evening we ought to get together and discuss that problem."

She didn't answer his smile. She looked at him gravely. "Brock, I'm on the rebound from a lot of things. From Roger, mostly, I guess. I've liked being with you. I guess you've sensed that."

"It took some tepid drinks to find out."

"That was the drinks talking."

"And how about being kissed in the hospital?"

"Pure sympathy and—gratitude."

"How can I make a proper pitch with my mouth full of wire?"

"Brock, you don't mean any of this. It's just proximity, and a sort of protective instinct. Let's be rational. We don't want to start anything. The case is finished, Brock. It's over. You've got me out of terrible trouble. I'll never forget it."

HE PARKED on a quiet street. He leaned back, with a beatific smile. "You know that little girl I mentioned? With braces? I've never forgotten her, either. And never felt exactly the same until you came along."

"You're just being silly!"

"Yep." He reached for her, and she slid as far away from him as she could get. He put his arm around her shoulders.

"Brock!" she said. She reached for the door handle, and as she grasped it, she remembered that you had to push it down to open the door. Something within her had come alive again at the touch of his arm, his hand. She pushed up on the door handle, pushed up with all her strength. After all, if the darn door wouldn't open, there certainly wasn't anything she could do about it.

"Silly darn thing," she heard herself saying, and her voice was too soft. Maybe he didn't even hear it. THE END

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1 **"Stretch a bowling alley** to five times its normal length, pave it with ice, swap your bowling balls for stem-handled *Eisstocks* and try to hit a tiny red block so far away you can hardly *see* it. That'll give you an idea of what I faced in Bavaria's ancient sport of *Eisschiessen*," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "When I sent my clumsy *Eisstock* skimming across Lake Koenigsee, I didn't expect much...

2 **"Beginner's luck!** My first try fell short, but my second came so close it brought a cheer. Then the local champ wound up. He edged me out by a scant centimeter, but that put the game on ice.

3 **"Banded with iron** for greater strength, the Bavarian *Eisstocks* are hand-turned of applewood or ash. Though they're not so heavy as the stones I've seen Scotsmen use in curling, the way my arm felt after a few hours made me think these wooden 'stones' are heavy enough.

4 **"But I could still raise** my glass to toast Koenigsee's innkeeper. He'd filled our request for 'the best in the house' with Canadian Club!

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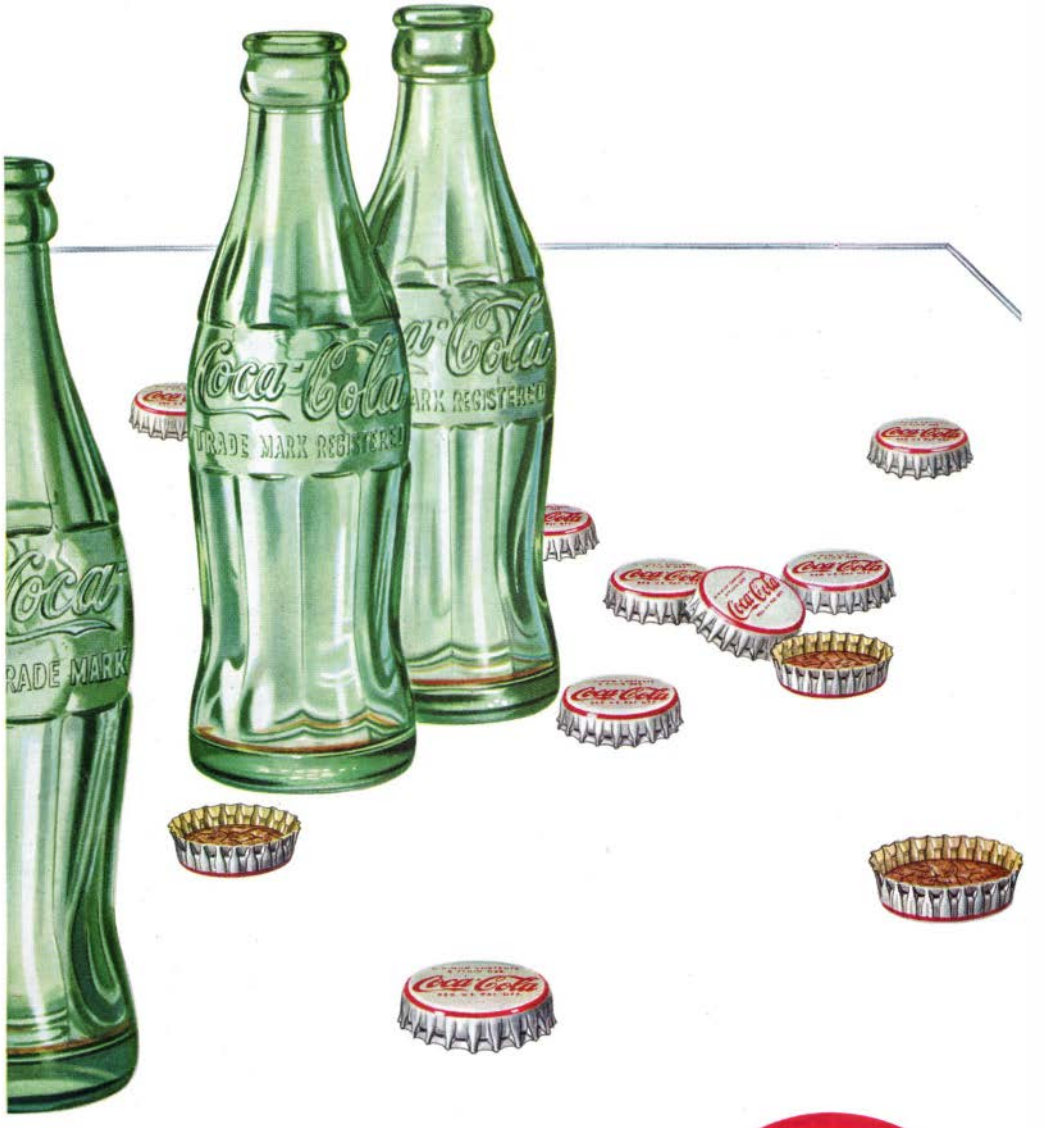

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