

COSMOPOLITAN

November 1952 • 35¢

Your Complete Guide to the Caribbean

Two Superb Novels

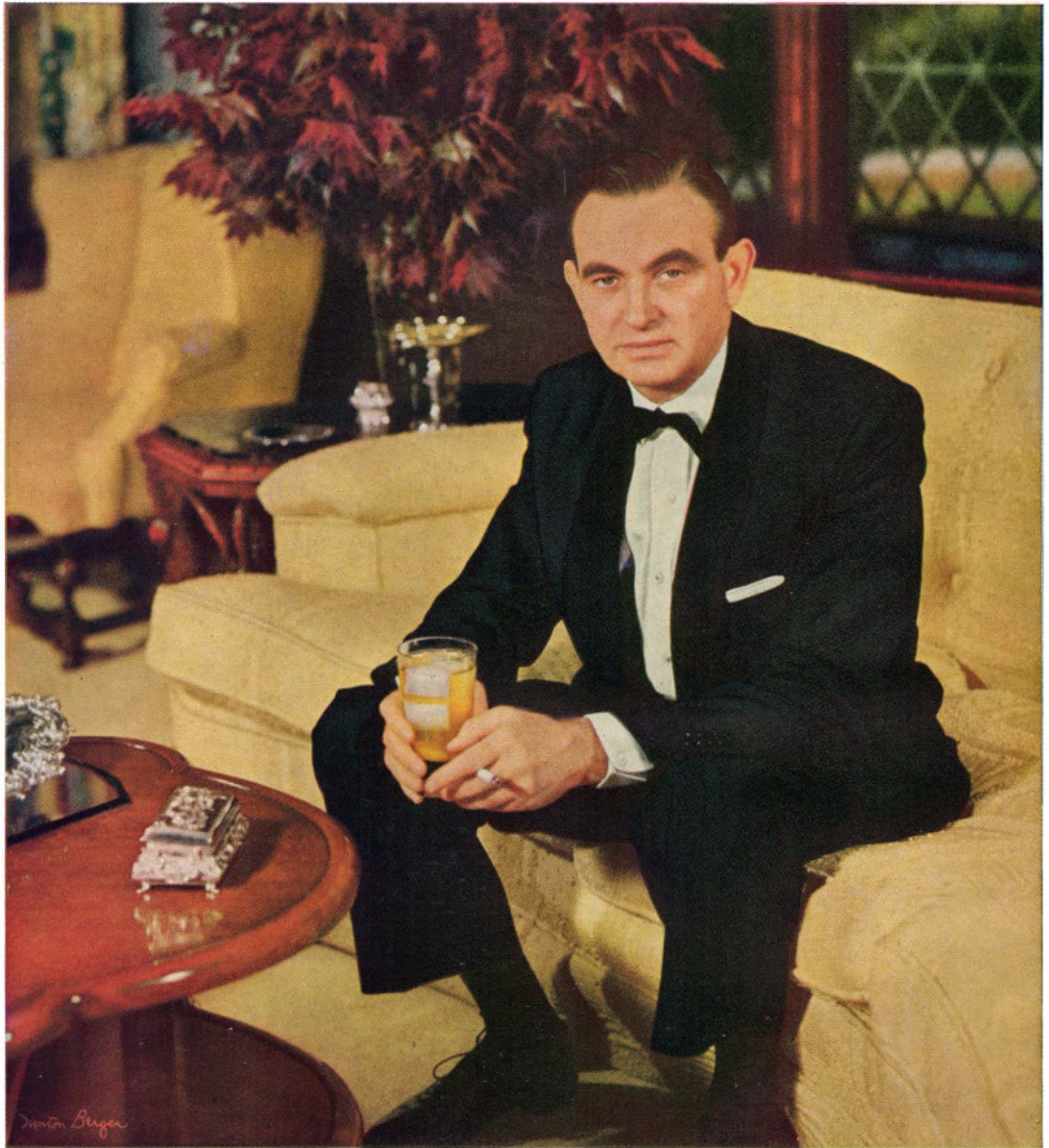
1. *LOVER FOR THE MARQUISE* by Daphne du Maurier
2. *THE DOLL—A Mystery* by John D. MacDonald

Gene Tierney—1952 Pilgrim

November 1952 • 35¢

COSMOPOLITAN





Mr. Charles Revson — distinguished president of Revlon Products Corp.—started as a retail clerk, became a packer in the garment industry, then sold cosmetics. Mr. Revson was impressed with the growing demand for nail enamel. In 1932, with his brother and a chemist friend, he started his own firm—and developed a superior nail enamel, “Revlon”. He has since marketed other products—and made Revlon nail enamel the world’s largest seller.



It is for men like Mr. Revson that Lord Calvert is *Custom Distilled* and blended . . . to achieve rare taste plus distinctive, satin-smooth lightness. So jealously is Lord Calvert’s *Custom Distilled* quality guarded that each bottle is numbered and recorded at the distillery. Here, truly, is America’s “whiskey of distinction”—smoother, lighter, more enjoyable. Tonight discover how *Custom Distilled* Lord Calvert can make *your* next drink a far, far *better* drink.

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The Neglected Counterman

IT WAS HALF PAST TWELVE and Charlie Smith, one of the three busy soda-fountain impresarios in the crowded mid-town drugstore, was shifting into high speed. He took the orders of four new customers at his station, prepared two lime Cokes and a glass of iced tea, called to Ed Bates, who was working the ice-cream section, for two chocolate milk shakes and told Ed to pick up his corned beef on rye and bacon-lettuce-tomato. Within the next sixty seconds, Charlie reloaded the automatic toaster, wrapped in wax paper two three-decker sandwiches to go, removed from the grill a toasted cheese, sliced it, swept it onto a plate, and handed it to a waitress, and assembled a ham-and-cheese sandwich and a chopped-ham-and-pickle.

While thus engaged, Charlie found time to suggest the roast fresh ham to a man who couldn't make up his mind and to comment favorably on Miss Doris Carney's new hairdo, which hadn't been noticed by a single man in her office that morning. Miss Carney glowed.

THE MANAGER of the store, who was observing the scene from the pharmacy counter, turned to me and shook his head in admiration.

"There's one of the most demanding jobs in this business," he said.

"The soda clerk in a rush hour does fourteen things at once, and he never gets mixed up or excited. It's no wonder some of the biggest men in the drug industry started behind a soda fountain. And plenty of big men in other walks of life, too. Estes Kefauver and Kay Kyser, to name two."

"I guess we take the soda clerk for granted," I remarked.

"You can say that again," the drugstore manager said. "These

The Neglected Counterman (continued)

people are crowding in on Charlie because he gets them taken care of quickly and gives them plenty of time to do other things during the rest of their lunch hour. No waiting here--like in a restaurant. But people don't seem to give a second thought to the special brand of service Charlie gives them. And that's one of our big social problems."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, take Charlie's case," the manager said. "He's a grown man with a family to support. In a big-city drugstore like this one, the rush-hour pressure at our soda fountain calls for a mature expert. The job is too big for a schoolboy. But Charlie isn't making the money he deserves. And it isn't a question of salary."

"You mean Charlie doesn't get large enough tips?" I asked.

"THAT'S IT," THE MANAGER SAID. "I don't know how much longer we'll be able to keep Charlie from going into some other line of catering or restaurant work, where the tips will increase his income. If he leaves us, all the customers will tell us how much they miss him and how much they appreciated him. I wish they'd show it while he's here. They think nothing of leaving generous tips for bartenders, waiters, barbers, and cabdrivers. But, for some strange reason, hardly anybody remembers the soda-fountain clerk.

"When you stop to think of it," the manager continued, "the soda-fountain clerk is an important figure to people who work in big-city office buildings. During the past ten years, the custom of taking a break to go downstairs for a snack or coffee in the middle of the morning and afternoon has become almost as much of a tradition as tea-time in London. We get as many people at our fountain at ten and three-thirty as we do at lunch hours. That's why Charlie's service means a lot to people. I hope he stays at his job. We all need him." **THE END**

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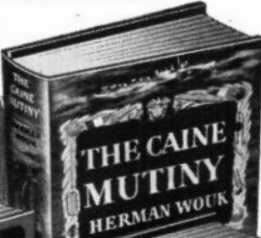
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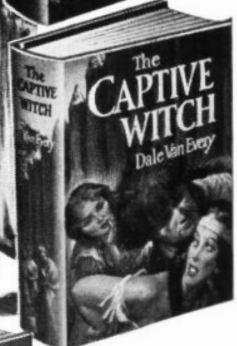
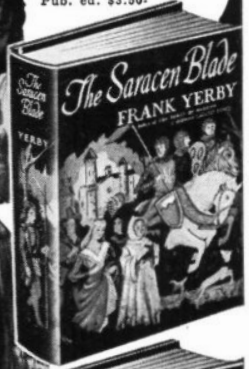
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By Far!"—Chicago Tribune
Zenobia, the almost-aged slave girl, defied the Sultan himself to tame her, yet offered herself body and soul to handsome young Pietro the Crusader. "The Saracen Blade" is a storm of exotic passion and adventure! Pub. ed. \$3.50.



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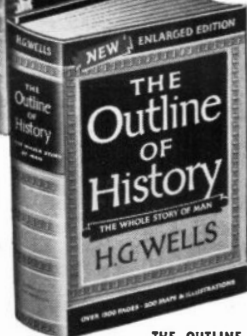


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Adam Frane kidnapped her from an Indian camp—and discovered she was a white girl, brought up as a savage! First she fought him like a wildcat, then tempted him with her beauty in such primitive fashion that he almost forgot his waiting bride! Pub. ed. \$3.50.

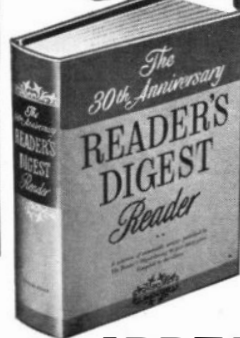
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Picture of the Month

As we near the Thanksgiving season we welcome a lusty screen story of the Pilgrims produced in the M-G-M manner.

Aptly titled "Plymouth Adventure", it is a stirring, exciting and Technicolorful tale of the brave and visionary souls who set out on the tiny and bedeviled ship Mayflower in quest of a new life.



"Plymouth Adventure" is a human story, a real story, a story of rigors and peril—matched only by the faith and daring of the doughty men and women who took this supreme gamble . . . and won!

"Plymouth Adventure" is a story of hate—and of love. You'll hate Christopher Jones, the Mayflower's cruel martinet of a skipper, superbly portrayed by Spencer Tracy—and find your hate slowly turn to understanding and admiration as the captain finally brings his star-crossed, storm-tossed ship to anchorage in a new world.

You'll thrill to the turbulent scenes between Captain Jones and lonely, lovely Dorothy Bradford, wife of the sensitive religious leader, William Bradford. For out of the tempests that wracked this tiny ship of destiny was born another that raged in the hearts of these men and women.

Gene Tierney plays Dorothy—and Leo Genn, whose superb Petronius won critics' raves in "Quo Vadis"—plays William Bradford. There is also a tender young love story unfolded in the blossoming of the romance between John Alden and Priscilla aboard the Mayflower. The famous lovers are portrayed by Van Johnson and Dawn Addams.

"Plymouth Adventure" is a big picture—big as the sea on which it takes place—big with the aspirations of this motley boatload of the weak and the strong, the gentle and violent, the good and the godless who together took this fling at freedom and realized the dream that was in their hearts. So big is it that only M-G-M, the world's largest studio, the producers of "Ivanhoe", could do it with all the scope, all the vigor, all the dramatic impact that its telling demanded.

"Plymouth Adventure" is one adventure that one hundred and fifty million Americans won't want to miss!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents "PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE" starring SPENCER TRACY, GENE TIERNEY, VAN JOHNSON, LEO GENN with Dawn Addams and Lloyd Bridges. Color by Technicolor. Screen Play by Helen Deutsch. From the Novel by Ernest Gähler. Directed by Clarence Brown. Produced by Dore Schary.

COSMOPOLITAN

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NOVEMBER, 1952

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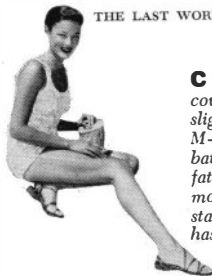
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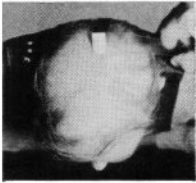
COVER The demure Pilgrim on this month's cover, Gene Tierney (see page 16), reverted to a slightly less Quakerish get-up when she completed M-C-M's "Plymouth Adventure." Here she is sunbathing on the Riviera in a costume the Pilgrim fathers would have deplored, but which is highly modest for the Riviera. Despite its primness, her standing as one of the world's best-dressed women hasn't tottered. Cover photo by Stephen Colhoun.

Vol. 133, No. 5

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These are the words of Mrs. Al Liefson, pictured with her husband in their Tacoma, Washington, grocery store. The picture at the left shows Al Liefson as Carl Brandenfels first saw him and before he began using Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage. Pictured next is Mr. Liefson after following Brandenfels' Home Course 21 weeks, and then notice Mr. Liefson today! His wonderful experience has been duplicated by many other enthusiastic Brandenfels' users *all across the nation!*



BEFORE



21 WEEKS



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"The thick dandruff scales have gone. New light, fine hair growth has started, and my hair is taking on amazing new life."

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First Pictures Inside the Living Bald Scalp PROOF... Hair Roots Can Be Alive



BEFORE

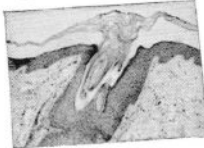


24 WEEKS



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When filling out this order please check (2) the following on which you want specific information.

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C-112

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STOPS
BAD BREATH
AND
STOPS DECAY
BEST!

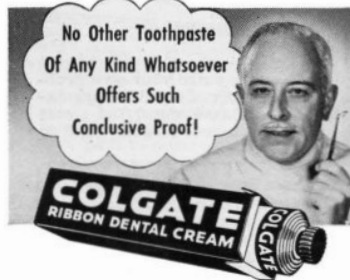
Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath
 In 7 Out of 10 Cases
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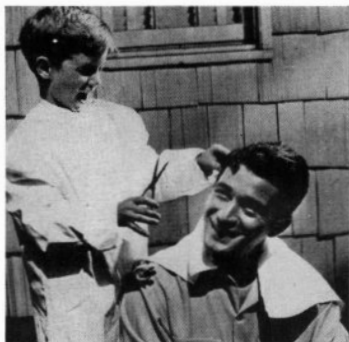
**PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S
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What goes on at
COSMOPOLITAN

About a girl photographer in a jam, a shy ex-barber in the chips, and how we at last uncover the perfect Cover Boy

Publicity Dodger

Ex-barber Perry Como, whose take-home pay is close to a million dollars a year more than the average barber's, somehow managed to get way up there without succumbing to the belief that if your name isn't in the news three times



Son Ronnie trims Como

a day you might as well fold up your tent.

"He's the only top glamour boy," an informant told us. "who, every time he sees a publicity hound, starts back-pedaling."

Knowing how Perry dodges publicity, Dorothy Kilgallen was keeping a wary silence about her intentions of interviewing him for *COSMOPOLITAN* (see page 58). But one morning on the Dorothy and Dick program over WOR, 9-year-old daughter Jill came into the room in one of those radio pauses that need filling. Dorothy rashly asked, "Guess who I'm going to interview today!" And when Jill couldn't guess: "Here's a hint—who do you think is the best singer in the world?"

Jill promptly answered, "Perry Como."

Dorothy is still desperately trying to convince Como it wasn't a coached gag.

Cover Boy

For our December cover we are abandoning the female lovelies in favor of a cover boy. After an unflagging search for the perfect cover boy (we merely demanded sex appeal, magnetism, glamour, physical attractiveness, and a rugged

charm that would appeal to men. The kids had to like him, too) we have found the *COSMOPOLITAN* Cover Boy. Guess who!

Post-Mortem

Writers and photographers delight in frightening us with post-mortems of how they *almost* didn't get that story. With obvious relish, photographer Ruth Orkin has just unnerved us with her tale of how—just barely—she got the picture story "The Munitzes of Israel." (see page 124).

After a month of searching the streets of Israel for a typical American family, and eating tasteless rations of fish and rice pudding (no milk; it's only for children), Ruth had given up. Then, as she was sitting gloomily in the Lod airport, she saw the Munitz family walk past.

"Typically American," Ruth said happily, and we mopped our brow in relief. Three hours later Ruth was sitting cozily in the Munitzes' kitchen, eating a steak from Rome, strawberries from Paris, and drinking a Coke—all delicacies that Norman Munitz, an Israeli air-line pilot, picks up on his flights. Norman didn't always have it so smooth. Back in the Depression he studied engineering in

Ruth Orkin

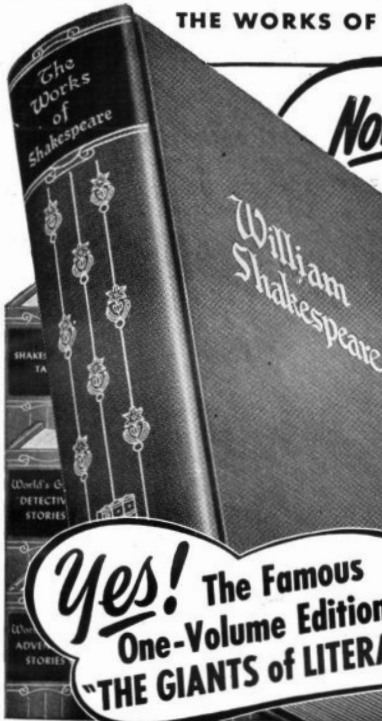


She makes us nervous

night school and worked days as a street cleaner in Brooklyn. One of the blocks he cleaned was Lillian's, and he wooed her while pushing his little cart along the gutter. "I'm probably the only guy in the world," Norman broods, "whose wife can honestly claim she picked him out of the gutter." THE END

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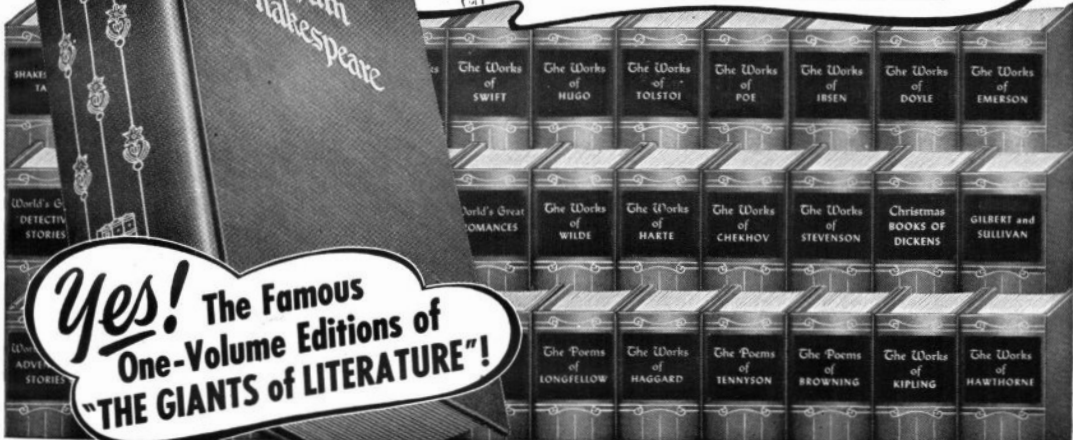
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Dorothy & Dick's

NEW YORK

An intimate view of Manhattan with Kilgallen and Kollmar, New York's most famous couple

Some women collect emeralds, and others are content with easier-to-acquire items like milk glass, trivets, and old Crosby records, but among the most insatiable collectors are those who go in for furs.

Current champion of the United States is skate queen Sonja Henie. Since she first burst upon Hollywood piloting her milk-white Cadillac up Sunset Boulevard and wearing a white fox coat, Sonja has spent a considerable portion of her impressive income on acquiring the pelts of little animals. Ritzy hotel burglars

I.N.P.



Fur queens Peron and Henie

have, from time to time, taken cognizance of her nothing-but-the-best policy by lifting thousands of dollars' worth of mink and ermine from some closet where she had momentarily parked them. But Sonja wastes no time replenishing her stock and always has something warm to toss over her shoulders on a chilly night.

With the death of Argentina's Eva Peron, Sonja quite probably became world champion, too. Eva, in 1949, made a secret visit to New York, called at the salon of furrier Leo Ritter, and bought a sable coat, a mink coat, and two Russian broadtail evening dresses, one black and one white, raising the value of her collection to over a million dollars.

Dimpled and bubbly Sonja hasn't hit Eva's figure yet, but she isn't letting any mutations escape her. This autumn she added to her original accumulation of mink, sable, fox, nutria, leopard, seal, et cetera, a few new numbers, including an Aleutian mink coat made of prize skins, a full-length ermine coat, a black broadtail evening dress, a black broadtail daytime coat, and a stole of sapphire-blue mink, the latest and most expensive shade.

Now let it snow!

As New York's "grand season" approaches its height—the ballrooms dazzling with lights, the theatre lobbies noisy with celebrities, the penthouse-bound elevators crowded with sables—an important figure is missing.

He is the Great Beau.

The town has millionaires, movie stars, geniuses, and wolves, but no "big catch" to stir the dreams of debutantes and the little plots of merry widows. Winthrop Rockefeller is rich, and Frank Shields is handsome—but where is the 1952 combination of William Rhinelanders Stewart, Scott Fitzgerald, and the Prince of Wales?

Dorothy.

Manhattan is about the greatest spot in the world in which to be a pigeon. Our city contains innumerable avian Samaritans who take up their stands on street corners and in parks, tossing out delicacies to the fattest and laziest inhabitants of the bumdom of birds.

Some of the pigeon-lovers tote bread crusts, dampened and delicately salted, others specialize in corn or nicely crisped nuts. They appear at their posts punctually, and when the glutton pigeons turn up their beaks at more food, they coax them to eat with little clucking noises.

As a result of all this pampering, there is a set of pigeons around St. Patrick's Cathedral that will have nothing to do with bread crumbs—they like corn; and another waddling, overfed group with headquarters on Park Avenue in front of Lever House makes nasty, derisive noises when offered the best grade of hand-shelled hot roasted peanuts.

I.N.P.



Gourmet pigeons

The average male thinks of an artist's model as a young and sensitive nude. So it may come as a bit of a shock to discover that the most popular model in the

Sketch by Harry Berkoewitz



Fat, funny, and fabulous

largest art school in New York—the Art Students League—is fat, funny, and fifty.

She is Susan Leonard, a strident, garrulous woman with a bulbous figure who holds an attitude with the flair born of a quarter-century of posing for great, near-great, and not-at-all-great painters.

Toulouse-Lautrec would have understood and loved her. She scans the newspapers for tattle about the upper crust and issues items of local interest in a voice that pierces the thickest partitions at the league. Between poses, she sails through the corridors attired in a pink kimono—casually fastened, if at all—and a fur neckpiece. (The day of the parade for General MacArthur upon his return from Japan she went out on the front steps of the school in this costume. Those present say the general's face, when he turned to salute the students and caught sight of Susie, was unforgettable.)

Mention any famous artist of the past thirty years, and she is quick with a characterization, caustic or gentle. Charles Dana Gibson brings a mellow light to her mascaraed eyes. "He was considerate and darling," Susan recalls, "and used to send me home in a taxi."

Dick

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Jon Whitcomb's Page

The Tarpon and the Lady. A good friend of mine by the name of Webb, who hails from Asheville, North Carolina, was trying to wreck one of my pet arguments, the one that goes, "Nobody picks out his own career. It's all arranged by the Laws of Chance." "Chance, my foot," my friend said. "My uncle was an Asheville jeweler, and I've known ever since I was eleven I'd be one, too. Come over to the shop some day and see my triangular diamonds."

Having been a glitter fan from the age of eleven, I lost no time in visiting David Webb, Inc., 2 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. The Webb office is Parisian in architecture, as is David's partner, a brisk Frenchwoman named Topsy Quilleret. David's architecture is Harvard or Princeton (he's six-foot-three and blond), although he never went to college. Just turned 27, he's been an internationally successful jewel designer for nine years. I sat down and demanded to see some triangular diamonds. David pro-

duced a pile of black leather boxes about the size of phone books. "Poke around in these," he said. "Topsy and I have to go upstairs." I opened the top one, wish-



Masses of small gems . . .

ing I had brought sunglasses. Lying in black velvet grids were puddles of expensive fire. Some played tag with pearls, others with sapphires and carved

emeralds. I perceived that these were all earrings. The next box had bigger puddles—clips. The third box held necklaces. I was holding a handful of rubies when the door opened. I jumped guiltily. It was the partners, back from inspecting larger quarters.

Topsy took me into a back room where half a dozen men were bending over work in progress. "We manufacture all of it from scratch," she said. "We have to build everything, even the clasps." She showed me raw stock, sheets and rods and wire of yellow gold, white gold, platinum, palladium. The safe yielded packets of unset jewels, some of them belonging to customers who wanted new designs. Projects start with a life-size drawing (by David) of the finished piece.

One of his sketches stood in front of the foreman, who was soldering platinum into the basic outline of a thistle. "Blossom will be of rubies, sapphires, and diamonds," he said. A few feet away a workman held a cooking pan over a gas

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says *Joan Crawford*

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- SABLE BROWN, rich dark brown
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stove. He was cleaning a diamond-and-emerald necklace by boiling it. "You can't boil pearls," Topsy said.

I went back to the Louis XIV salon. "Come on in," David said. "Any questions?" I thought a minute.

"What is the 1953 jewel?"

"Pearl."

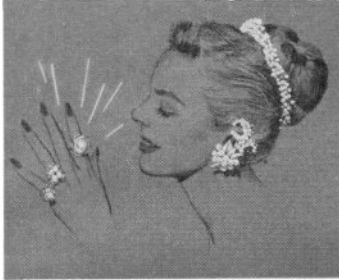
"What's the hot fashion right now?"

"Masses of small gems rather than one big shocker."

"Any professional anecdotes?"

"Yep, but you wouldn't print it." I just waited.

"Woman client down south caught a record tarpon. She wanted to keep a souvenir, but it was too big to stuff and



... the hot fashion for 1953

hang in her yacht. Husband took the eyes to a chem lab, had them solidified with acid and sent up to me. I flipped. The things looked like pale-blue flawed sapphires. Well, I kept down my dinner and did the design. With a round fringe of diamonds, I must say they made a very handsome pair of earrings."

Foreign Correspondent. *From Agogo, British West Africa:* Kindly forward to me one of your Big free mail Order Catalog. Our Money is ready and we Shall Order Them as soon as our earliest convenience. Sir, Not Knowing your personal appearance, I should like to take you as a friend. I attend Presby-



Very ours faithfully

terian school at Agogo. I hope my letter will soon read you and get a good reply of the most earliest. I enclose some my personal photograph. Very Yours Faithfully, SAMUEL AMOAH THE END

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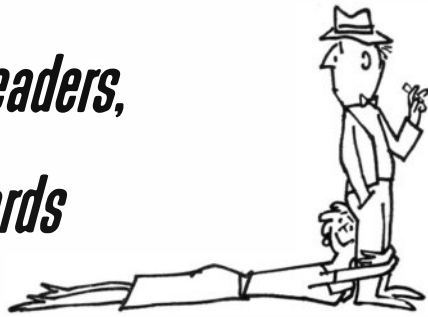
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The Man Shortage, Women Leaders, and Teen-age Double Standards



BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Teen-age double standard. What high-school boys and girls think about their own codes of conduct is revealed by Dr. Harold T. Christensen (Purdue) following a nation-wide survey: Is sexual immorality more wrong for girls than boys? A slight majority of girls said yes, but three out of five boys said no. Regarding kissing on the first date, a majority of girls opposed it, but the boys were in favor, two to one. Should girls be as free as boys in asking for dates? Girls were opposed, two to one, boys in favor, three to one. Girls and boys almost equally opposed "going dutch," about two to one. Should intimate petting be delayed until after marriage? Girls said yes, four to one, but a majority of the boys said no. Should the first kiss be delayed until after marriage? Almost all of both sexes—even more girls than boys—said definitely *no!*

Your shape and personality. Don't take too seriously reports that your body build or somatotype (ectomorph, endomorph, mesomorph) determines your personality—your chance of being criminal, going insane, and so forth. Recent careful checks by various investigators show that while there may be some rough average



relationship between body types and behavior or functioning, it's far from accurate enough to warrant precise deductions about individuals. For one thing, your somatotype may change with your age or weight.

Women are touchier. Women are much more apt to remember incorrectly—and to distort and exaggerate—statements derogatory to their sex, whereas men are more likely to remember good things said



about their sex and to forget the bad. Dr. Thelma G. Alper and Dr. Sheldon J. Korchin, who've studied this, believe women's tendency to retain and exaggerate unfavorable statements about themselves is traceable to their greater insecurity and lack of self-confidence.

What makes the woman leader?

If the situation among coeds at the University of Nebraska holds for all women, women leaders, as compared with followers, tend to be "somewhat superior in intelligence, somewhat less feminine, more emotionally controlled, forceful, politically minded, and less concerned with clothes, good times, and food," according to the findings of Dr. Katharine Cobb. Also they're less romantic. When asked what word they associated with *ring*, all leaders said *finger*; all the non-leaders said either *wedding* or *engagement*.

Sexual in-betweens. A puzzling and unhappy situation is that of a child supposed to be of the opposite sex because of abnormalities in the outward sex organs at birth. Very often the mistake doesn't become apparent until puberty or later, after the individual has fallen into the pattern of life of the wrong sex. The usual procedure has been to perform an operation to alter or adjust the sex organs toward the person's true sex. But doctors at the Duke University Medical School now report that the surgical approach often overlooks the psychological, social, and legal aspects of the problem. It may be more harmful to change the sex than to let the individual continue as a member of the adopted sex.

Man-shortage effects. If you think American women are forward now, wait till their scramble for men really gets going! The change from our onetime surplus of men to our present shortage—a national average of 96 men to every hundred women 21 and over—will drive women to new heights of aggressiveness and relax a good deal of male chivalry, predicts sociologist Hans von Hentig (University of Bonn). In the past our higher proportion of available bachelors gave American women their favored position and the deference shown them by men (most marked where women were fewest, as in the frontier states). But with the United States now among the countries with a female surplus, men may defer less to women and play hard to get, while women become bolder and more open in their pursuit. Dr. von Hentig warns, "Who does not outsparkle and outbrave her rivals will be left on the shelf." The best states today for husband hunters are Nevada and Wyoming, with 117 men to every hundred women, and Montana, with 114. The places to avoid, if you're interested in hearing wedding bells, are the District of Columbia, 85 men to every hundred women; Massachusetts, 90; Georgia, 92; Alabama, South Carolina, Rhode Island, 93 men to a hundred women.



How to read faster: Listen to jazz music on the radio while you read. This finding is by C. M. Freeburne and M. S. Fleischer (Bowling Green State University and Ohio State University), who tested three hundred students on the effects of studying without music, or studying with the radio playing classical, semi-classical, popular, or jazz pieces. The one important difference was that those who studied to jazz music read significantly faster, while understanding fully as well what they read. THE END

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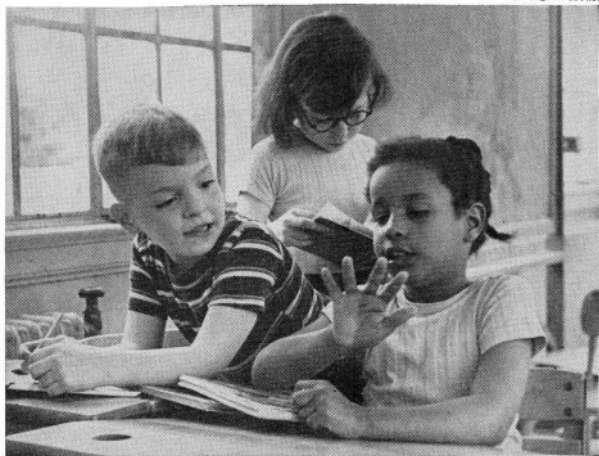
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How to Help Your Heart



New medical discoveries mean a brighter future for these youngsters being treated at the Irvington House for Children with Heart Disease.

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

Four times as many people die of heart disease or some other disease of the circulatory system as die of cancer. Five million Americans have heart trouble—now the leading cause of death in the United States. And the heart-disease toll (471,469 in 1948) is increasing. This is because heart disease is usually an old-age ailment and more people are now living to a greater age. However, the outlook for heart-disease patients is improving. Recent advances:

- In coronary-artery disease the heart

muscle is deprived of blood by the narrowing of the coronary arteries, which feed it. Angina pain may result. But a new operation has been devised to counteract this. In this new operation a vein is grafted into position near the narrowed blood vessels and becomes a new avenue for the blood to flow to the heart muscle. The constricted blood vessels are bypassed. Of 68 patients, all with *advanced* coronary-artery disease, 26 per cent died during or after surgery. But survivors were completely or nearly completely

freed of pain. Because the risk of the operation depends largely upon the severity of the disease it is expected that when this surgery is performed at an earlier stage of the disease the mortality rate will be cut to perhaps 5 or 10 per cent.

- Salt-free diets can be spiced and made more appealing for the thousands of patients who require them because of high blood pressure or heart disease. A check was made recently of the salt content in 100 samples of 41 different commercial spices, including allspice, vanilla beans, anise seed, bay leaves, caraway seed, dill seed, garlic powder, ginger, *orégano*, pepper, poppy seed, sage, and thyme. Many contained only .01 to .02 per cent salt, and most had less than .05 per cent. Conclusion of the study: “. . . with the exception of celery flakes and parsley flakes, the amount of sodium [salt] contributed through the usual amount of spices used is insignificant, and . . . most spices can be used safely in low-sodium [low-salt] diets.”

- Heart-disease patients can work without penalty at jobs that do not require great physical energy. In a recent study of 580 heart-disease patients, 469 worked after their heart condition had been discovered and the remaining 111 stopped work. There was no change in the heart condition in about half the patients in both the working and nonworking groups. Furthermore, while heart disease did become worse in 25 per cent of the employed patients, it also did in fully as large a percentage of those who stopped work.

- In advanced heart-disease cases, radioactive iodine may provide relief when other methods have failed. One hundred patients, all seriously ill with various heart ailments, were treated with the iodine and then checked at the end of two years. The iodine injections had reduced thyroid activity and body metabolism so that there was noticeably less strain on the heart.

Painful leg cramps, which afflict some pregnant women, may be eased by a moderate reduction in the amount of milk in the diet and by taking three tablets of aluminum hydroxide along with each meal.

Kidney colic, an excruciatingly painful condition, is produced when a kidney stone enters and obstructs the tube leading from kidney to bladder. An attack may last hours, during which the patient writhes in agony and may suffer nausea, vomiting, chills, and shock. Now kidney colic has been relieved within five minutes by an injection of banthine into the veins. The drug, already widely used in treating stomach ulcers, reduces distressing bladder symptoms in some multiple-sclerosis patients. In these cases the banthine is taken in pill form.

Serious fungus infections, including some previously fatal, have been helped by fluorescent compounds called diamidines. Although powerless against certain forms, the compounds do hit many of the tiny parasitic plants that may invade skin, lungs, bones, and nerves, and for which no specific medication has been available. All of 11 patients with blastomycosis—a fungus infection of the skin or lungs that usually kills nine out of ten—have recovered.

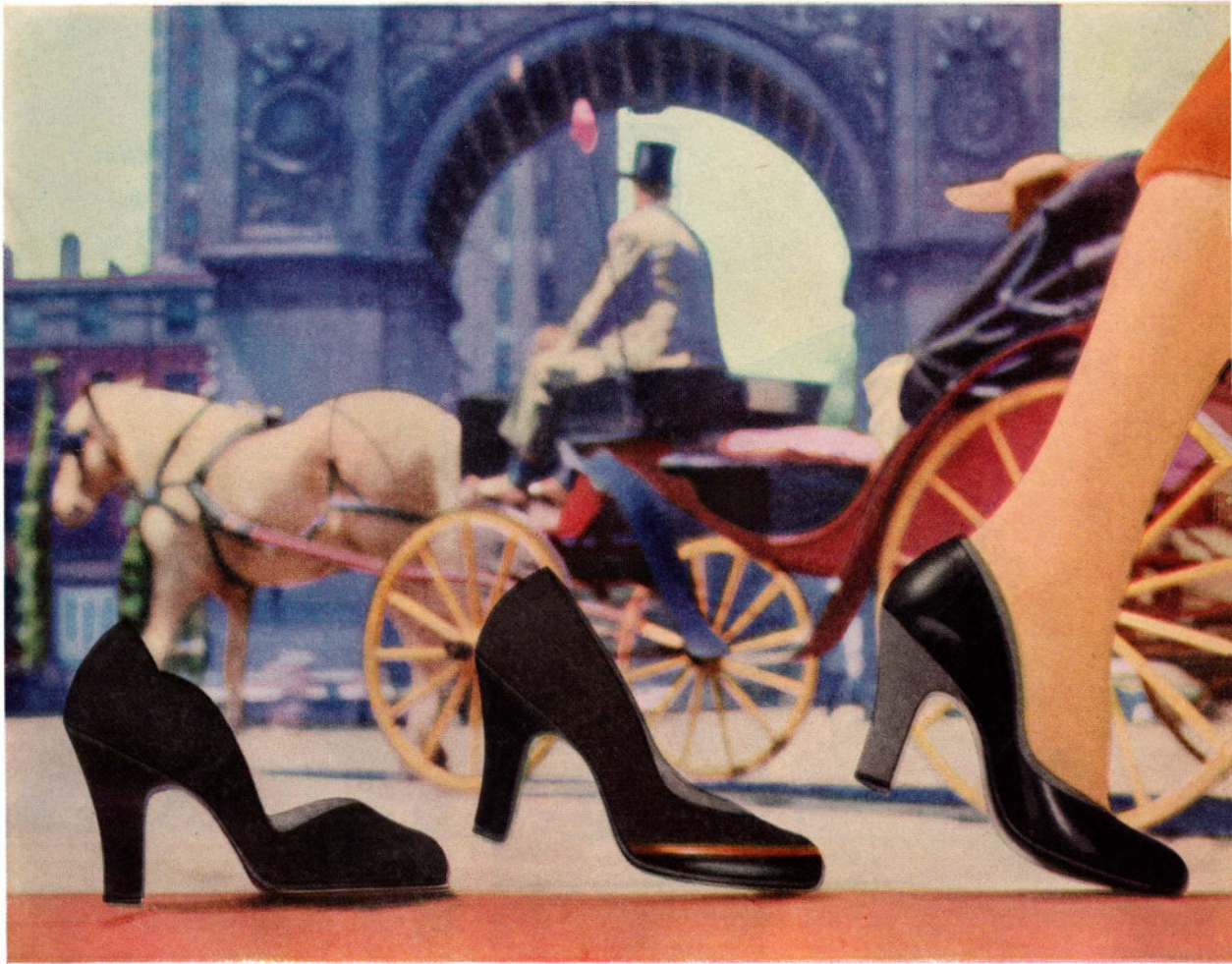
Fever blisters on the lips respond to an ordinary styptic pencil. One containing 90-per-cent alum sulphate is reported most effective. The pencil is moistened and rubbed gently and thoroughly over the blister as soon as it's noticed. Care is needed to avoid irritation from rubbing. A few applications are usually enough.

In bronchitis, bronchiectasis, tuberculosis, and other lung and bronchial ailments, bronchial tubes can be cleansed by breathing in an aerosol containing trypsin. This softens the thick, sticky mucus and sputum so it can be coughed up easily. Patients feel better and sleep better, and their appetites improve.

Muscular dystrophy, which gradually wastes away the voluntary muscles, is a disease of unknown cause for which no specific treatment is known. However, special muscle exercises tried on 44 patients have brought significant improvement to most. While the disease itself causes loss of some muscle power, there is additional loss from enforced inactivity and disuse. An intensive re-education program overcomes the latter effect and significantly decreases disability.

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Best Production—Conspiracy and intrigue mark "Prisoner of Zenda," brilliant remake of the famous novel. Stewart Granger is the dashing double who steps into the king's shoes and falls in love with princess Deborah Kerr. James Mason is the treacherous count.

Swashbuckling Romances for November

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Two rousing tales of adventure, romance, and derring-do appearing this month promise to confirm the trend toward swordplay and fair ladies. Both pictures have an abundance of thrills, but each in its own way. The M-G-M remake of "Prisoner of Zenda"—which was twice before a smash hit and looks like

an even greater hit this time—involves royal duplicity in a small European kingdom. And Warner Bros.' "The Iron Mistress" ranges from New Orleans ballrooms to bayou and riverboat action in telling the story of the legendary Jim Bowie. Three other movies of special appeal round out the month.



Best Action—In "The Iron Mistress" adventurer Jim Bowie (Alan Ladd) pursues fortune, a high-born belle (Virginia Mayo), and a Spanish beauty (Phyllis Kirk, above) from the violent, roistering frontier of Texas to the glitter and elegance of early New Orleans.



Best Female Performance—Betty Hutton clowns, dances, sings spectacularly in Paramount's "Somebody Loves Me" as the girl who put sex appeal into popular singing.



Best Male Performance—Jeff Chandler does a brilliant job as Loretta Young's husband in Universal-International's "Because of You," the story of a wife with a past.



Best Comedy with Music—Marge and Gower Champion are a delight in M-G-M's "Everything I Have Is Yours," story of a dance team whose career is interrupted by the stork.



Walter Cronos

Mama Tierney gives photographers a rare look at four-year-old Christina Cassini.

GENE TIERNEY- 1952 PILGRIM

Hollywood has been giving thanks to her ever since the day she sailed into the movie capital from Broadway

According to reliable sources and a new movie, too, the good ship *Mayflower* sailed from Plymouth, England, on September 6, 1620 and landed near Provincetown, Massachusetts, a

good 66 days later. To Hollywood, the crossing offered all of the elements for a sure-fire movie adventure except one—a sweet young Pilgrim thing in distress. This M-G-M handled easily enough by

driving a point of history into a block of fiction. As any schoolboy knows, William and Dorothy Bradford were on the ship. No one knows whether Dorothy was a seventeenth-century glamour girl or not, but for the new film "Plymouth Adventure" she became one. Everyone knew that would happen as soon as it was announced that she would be portrayed on the screen by Gene Tierney.

Just what a lady Pilgrim should look like kindled a controversy in the casting department at M-G-M when "Plymouth Adventure" was being blocked out. But the selection of Miss Tierney for the leading role solved that because everyone on earth is agreed that she looks at least splendid in anything from a coat of mail down to a Bikini and back up—or over—to a burnoose.

The next problem was for Gene to be a convincing Pilgrim wife for documentary purposes and still be the alluring *belle dame* deft in the art of enticing dollars into box offices. And this Brooklyn-born Gene Tierney is an old and accomplished hand at doing. She's been a hillbilly, a noblewoman, a Polynesian, a gun moll, a Southern belle, a kleptomaniac, a Dutch colonial girl, a nightclub singer, a French countess, an infertile wife and—in a comedy with Rex Harrison—a scribe for a ghost. It doesn't matter what she plays—the cash registers keep right on ringing.

She has never, to the best of anyone's knowledge, wrestled professionally or been blasted off our planet to skim through space on celluloid. However, in her forthcoming "Never Let Me Go," she flits about as a ballerina. In this production, which she is currently finishing up in England, she co-stars with Clark Gable, who plays an earthbound fellow who can't execute an *entrechat* to save his life.

After completing this film, Miss Tierney will take off through England, Scotland, and Wales on a mission almost as purposeful as that of the Pilgrim Bradfords. Miss Tierney is determined to "do" the British Isles definitively then. Her last time there, she was in London making a picture called "Night and the City" for Twentieth Century-Fox. She worked all night of every night. Forced by previous commitments to leave for Hollywood the moment shooting was over, she took away but a remote notion of how London showed up in the daylight. This time she'll be a full-time tourist. For Miss Tierney, a culturally insatiable beauty who picked up the handier and tonier parts of her education in Lausanne, Switzerland, this will take the form of a highly energetic swing through all the libraries, museums, galleries, theatres, concert halls, ballet theatres (she's now a student of Anton Dolin's), and forums she can pack into her eighteen or nineteen waking hours.

Despite her perpetual commotion, Gene has never flagged in her less intellectual

concentration on maintaining her standing as one of this world's best-dressed ladies. Recently she made a few forays on the *objets d'art* of the name *couturiers* in Paris. There the fashion set watched her hemline and the international set kept a sharp eye on her date line. So close has been this surveillance that every man she dances with risks the scatter-shot charge that he is to be her next lifemate. Recently, when shooting of "Never Let Me Go" was clipping along so feverishly that she was away from the cameras for only a few hours of sleep each night, two New York columnists had her cavorting through all the right places in Paris with three different men—Orson Welles, her ex-husband Oleg Cassini, and the only other person she was certain had less free time than she had, her leading man, Clark Gable.

Despite her success, Gene Tierney has never claimed that she is as good an actress as she is a decorative one. When extravagant appraisals of her talent are made in her presence it is her custom to turn the compliment aside by declaring that she would be willing to trade all her skill on the stage for a good backhand stroke on the tennis court. This brand of humility is encouraged in the Tierney homestead. Her father never wanted her to go on the stage in the first place, and her very attractively composed but nonfamous younger sister still addresses Gene as "Wretch."

If awards of any kind come her way for her work before the cameras, Gene Tierney can be counted on to take them lightly because she has never been forgetful of the circumstances that brought her to Hollywood. Her stage debut was made in New York in a George Abbott production. In it she carried a pail of water across the stage early in the second act. Somehow that got her to the original production of "The Male Animal." It was during its run that a Mr. Darryl F. Zanuck was vacationing in New York and talent-scouting the shows. His stay in the big city had availed him little: two days before he was due to leave he had signed nobody. Then he turned up at the Thurber-Nugent show. He studied the girl lead in the show, and decided that since he had found nobody else of much interest she might do, but he wasn't sure. He didn't even bother to talk to her. An assistant was given that job. After the show Zanuck took up a position near the dance floor of the Stork Club and saw a really striking girl dance by. He called for the assistant with the contracts. Sign up the dancing girl, he ordered—and forget the girl in "The Male Animal." That's when the truth came out. The assistant made it known to Zanuck and Zanuck later made it known to Gene Tierney. The dancing girl had a lucky date at the Stork right after her work on stage in "The Male Animal." And she's been a lucky thing for Hollywood ever since.

THE END

"No matter what shameful things you may think of me, all that I ever did was because of you"



UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

LORETTA YOUNG
JEFF CHANDLER
in
"Because of You"

CO-STARRING

ALEX NICOL
FRANCES DEE



with ALEXANDER SCOURBY • Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Screenplay by KETTI FRINGS
Produced by ALBERT J COHEN • Musical Theme, "Because Of You" by Arthur Hammerstein and Dudley Wilkinson

THE COSMOPOLITAN LOOK

BY VIRGINIA C. WILLIAMS

FASHION EDITOR

GENE TIERNEY'S Afterdark Wardrobe

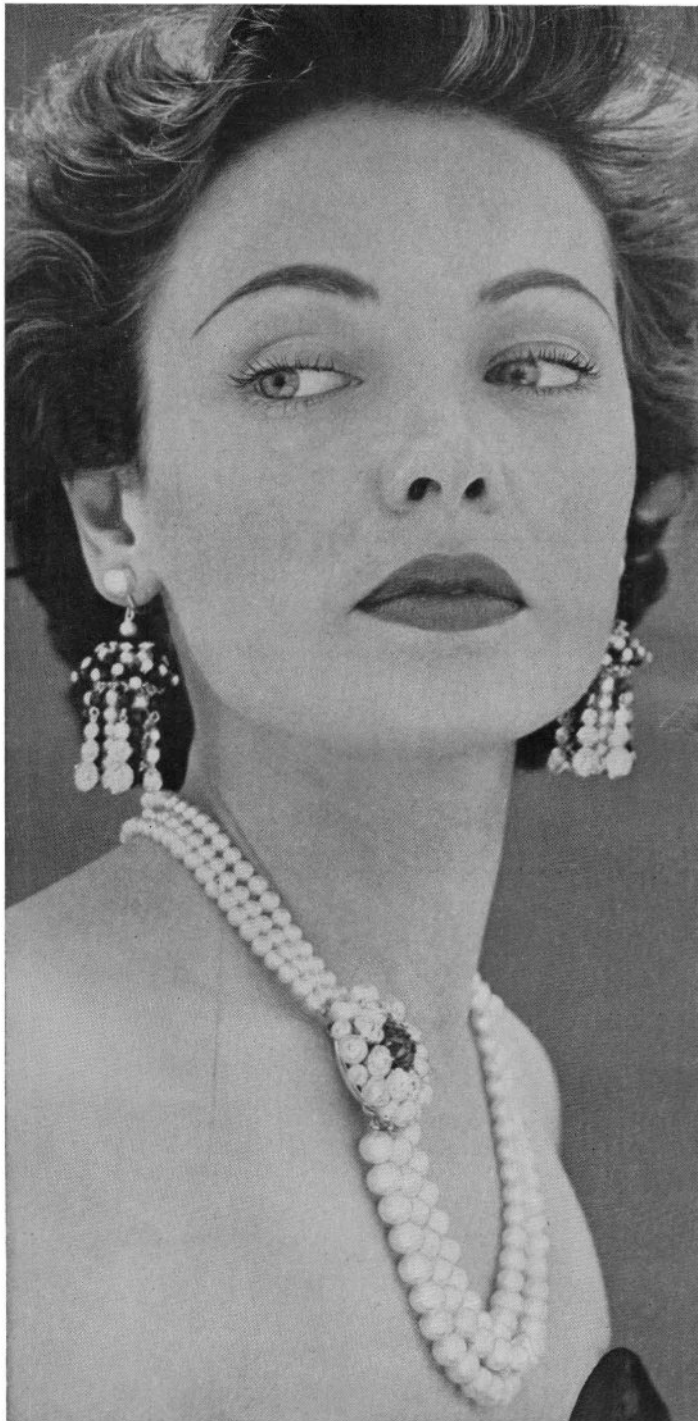


On our cover this month Gene Tierney appears in a dual role: as the Puritan beauty of M-G-M's new movie "Plymouth Adventure" and, more familiarly, as a present-day sophisticate. For these pages Gene stays in the modern mood and models three of her favorite dinner and evening costumes from the fall collections.

On this page: our cover girl in two cover-up costumes. **Top:** for the theatre Gene wears a black rayon moire street-length dinner suit. Beneath the silk-shantung-lined jacket is a moire bodice with slim straps. House of Swansdown. Sizes 10 to 16. About \$75. B. Altman, New York. **Left:** Gene is the prettiest girl at the party in her white tie and black velvet dress and jacket. The dress is strapless. By Bon Ray. Sizes 7 to 15. About \$70. B. Altman, New York. Kramer rhinestones. **Right:** Gene wears an arresting red satin evening dress by Larry Aldrich. Sizes 10 to 16. About \$90. Her necklace is a five-strand bib of gold beads by Castlecliff. About \$28 plus federal tax. Both are at Lord & Taylor, New York.

Continued on page 22





Gene Tierney has learned more than a beauty trick or two. Her advice: "No matter what the season, *never* let down!" Maharani necklace by Bobley completes her cared-for look.

YOUR WINTER BEAUTY

By Gene Tierney

There's no magic to compare with the way the first fall of snow transforms a familiar world to something new and strange. Winter is the season of the happiest holidays, the most lavish hospitality, the friendliness of the open fire, the excitement of a still, white world.

Unfortunately, the same rousing wind that smacks color into your cheeks can roughen and age your skin. Soot and cinders belched from chimneys hang low in the air ready to attack you. The cold weather may tempt you to loll around too much, sleep too late, eat too heartily—and add too many unwanted pounds. The busy social season may set new lines in your face.

HIBERNATING BEAUTY

Left to shift for itself your beauty tends to hibernate in winter. Hair and fingernails grow more slowly in cold seasons and become dry and brittle. Your silky complexion falls apart when exposed to the double onslaught of artificial heat indoors and extreme cold outdoors. Skin

becomes clogged and gray; acne worsens; some sensitive skins take on the permanent red etching of congested capillaries we call "broken veins."

Winter is a time when you can't trust your beauty to nature or to luck. It is strictly up to you. Fortunately, the things you need to help you fight the damaging weather can be found at your corner drugstore: the habits you must form are easy and pleasant.

In the season of the deep freeze, the secret of a satin skin is lubrication. The dry air indoors robs your skin of moisture; the frosty air outdoors congeals the natural oil. Lashed by cold wind and deprived of its own protection, the skin cracks and chaps. If this happens repeatedly the finest complexion can be unbelievably coarsened in just one season.

CREAM TROUBLES AWAY

Cream and more cream is the answer. When you come in tingling with cold, never wash immediately with soap and water. Clean your face first with cream, your hands with lotion. Use a rich emollient daily. Let it soak in for hours if you can; if that is difficult let the cream work for fifteen or twenty minutes, then wipe it off. A thin layer will still be left to serve as a shield. An oily complexion resists chapping better than a dry one, but it still may need cream around the eyes, on the throat, and occasionally on the cheeks.

Out in the cold your face, like the rest of you, needs an overcoat—a film of cream, or hand lotion, or a creamy liquid make-up. But keep it light and natural. Heavy make-up on your duller winter skin will look worse than ever. Be sure to clean off all make-up before you go to bed, no matter how tired you are. A trace of cream left on your face overnight will help to keep it soft.

Your lips need protection, too. Use a lipstick base, then put on your lipstick carefully, always using a brush for a perfect outline. Keep your lipstick in good repair; you'll look better, and you'll keep your lips from chapping.

Some cleansing and lubricating creams include special ingredients to help them penetrate deeper into your skin; the beneficial effect is more immediate and more lasting. Vitamins A and D have been added to one cream because they have a stimulating and reviving effect on skin cells. Hormone creams have a fifteen-year history, but recently many more women have been using them because they help the woman over thirty keep her age a secret.

Some creams release oxygen, which helps to clear a cloudy complexion, soothe a troubled one, bring a dried-out skin back to life.

There are a dozen or so liquid creams,

which you may find pleasanter to use than the solid kind—among them a cleanser that seems to have everything. Besides the usual cleansing and softening ingredients it includes a germicide to help protect the skin from infection, a healing agent, and an anti-oxidant to prevent the drying out of natural oil. It comes with or without hormones.

Then there is the new type of astringent-and-oil lotion, rapidly becoming popular because it is so simple to use and its effects are so quickly apparent. Lightly massaged into the skin morning and night, it seems to freshen, tighten, and smooth in one operation.

Somewhere there is a cream, an oil, or a lotion that will do more for you. Keep experimenting until you find the one that suits you best.

For soft, pretty hands, the old routine is still the soundest: dry thoroughly; apply cream or lotion many times a day; wear cotton gloves for grimy work, plastic or rubber for wet work, warm gloves always outdoors.

To keep your hands young and supple, stretch! Most of the things you do with your hands involve a clutching movement, so try to emphasize the muscles that stretch your hands and straighten your fingers.

FINGERTIP GLAMOUR

Any hands look far lovelier when they are flawlessly manicured. In the past some women have given up the flattery of nail polish because it seemed to chip so easily. Brittle nails will always make nail polish crack and peel, especially in winter. If that's your case, use a new nail cream that contains active iodine to encourage stronger nail growth. Or try using a base coat. Over that add two thin layers of your favorite nail enamel.

Then apply a sealing film. Each day between manicures coat the nails again with sealer. The base makes the polish cling as it has never done before, and the many coats on the nail toughen it so that it resists peeling and breaking. With normal care you should be able to go from one manicure to the next with no nail breakage and practically no polish chipping.

FROM TOE TO HEAD

Your feet need special care, too. Since they spend so much time cooped up in overshoes, be sure to change your shoes at least once a day. At night, bathe your feet in hot, then cold water. Tired feet will add lines to your face.

Perhaps as a reaction from the clipped coiffures of last season, hair is going to new lengths this winter. The new styles are refreshingly individual and varied.

Like your hair sleek at the sides? Go ahead and wear it that way, with a soft little pompadour to save it from severity. Like it wide and waved? Some of the best hair stylists agree with you. A center part accents the symmetry of your features? It's smart with a fluff of curls brushed up on either side to frame your face.

All the new hairdos have a lifted, brushed-up look. The new hats, on the other hand, have a squashed-down look and hide most of your hair. To keep your locks resilient enough to bounce back into place you will have to take extra pains with them this season.

COIFFURE NOTES

On the strength of a good permanent arrange a hairdo as much as possible like naturally curly hair. Then when you set it, watch what each tress wants to do on its own. If you strain it too far from its natural bent it won't hold the set. When you comb it follow the natural wave; dig down and get the underneath hair to curl with the top layer. Don't force a tress, but coax and maneuver until your coiffure looks almost perfect without a pin in it. You can keep it in place with one of the new "liquid nets"—very light lacquer-and-oil preparations that seal in your waves and curls.

Remember, though, that the prettiest hair style won't make up for dull hair. And since nature lets you down these gray days, you must help a bit yourself. If you can go regularly to a salon for massage, fine. If not, three minutes' massage twice a day will do a lot for your scalp. And make daily brushing more than just a lick and a promise. A reconditioning cream and heating cap will do wonders in keeping your hair glossy.

FORECAST: FAIR

To be bright and fresh-smelling your hair must be clean, so wash it as often as you must to keep it that way. And if it feels dry and harsh a touch of creamy dressing will make it behave.

Use an eyewash daily to protect your eyes from cinders and harsh winds. For outdoor sports, sunglasses will cut down snow glare and save you eyestrain wrinkles.

Dress warmly. There's no such thing as beauty shivering and blue with cold. Keep your winter accessories fresh-looking, and be sure they blend with your make-up colors. For a refreshing new look and a morale lift, vary your hairdo, perfume, make-up, and accessories.

Keep experimenting and practicing until pretty habits become second nature. And no matter which way the wind blows, the forecast for you will be—compliments ahead!

THE END

FABULOUS FAKE JEWELS

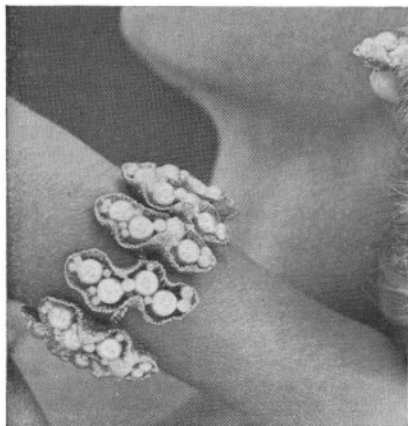
New sparkle for fall. From the very-new bib necklaces to armloads of bracelets, each piece is created as masterfully as a custom design. Fake jewelry is now so exquisitely designed and so skillfully made that no one but Harry Winston with a loupe could tell it from the real thing. Below, a feathery, fragile earring with showers of marquise-cut rhinestones set in tiers on fine black wire. This would be perfect for your favorite black lace dress. By Sustain. About \$7 plus federal tax.

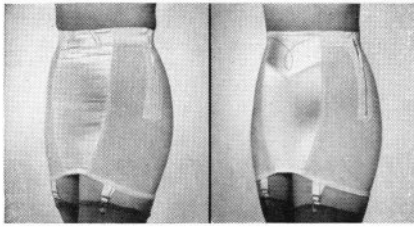
An armload of rhinestones.

Top to bottom: Marquise, round, and emerald-cut stones, about \$10. Marquise and round stones, about \$4. Square-cut and baguette, about \$13. Baguette, round, marquise, about \$10. Emerald-cut, round, and marquise, about \$10. By Regina Novelty. Below, a cache of pearls clinched in gold makes a handsome bracelet and matching earrings. By Mosell. Bracelet about \$12; earrings about \$5. All jewelry at Lord & Taylor, New York. All prices plus federal tax.



Photographs by Stephen Colhaus





Left—Here's an ordinary girdle with uncomfortable bones.
 Right—Change to a "Perma-lift" Girdle with the Magic Inset, and enjoy the difference in lasting beauty and comfort.

Look for the Magic Inset and
Enjoy the difference

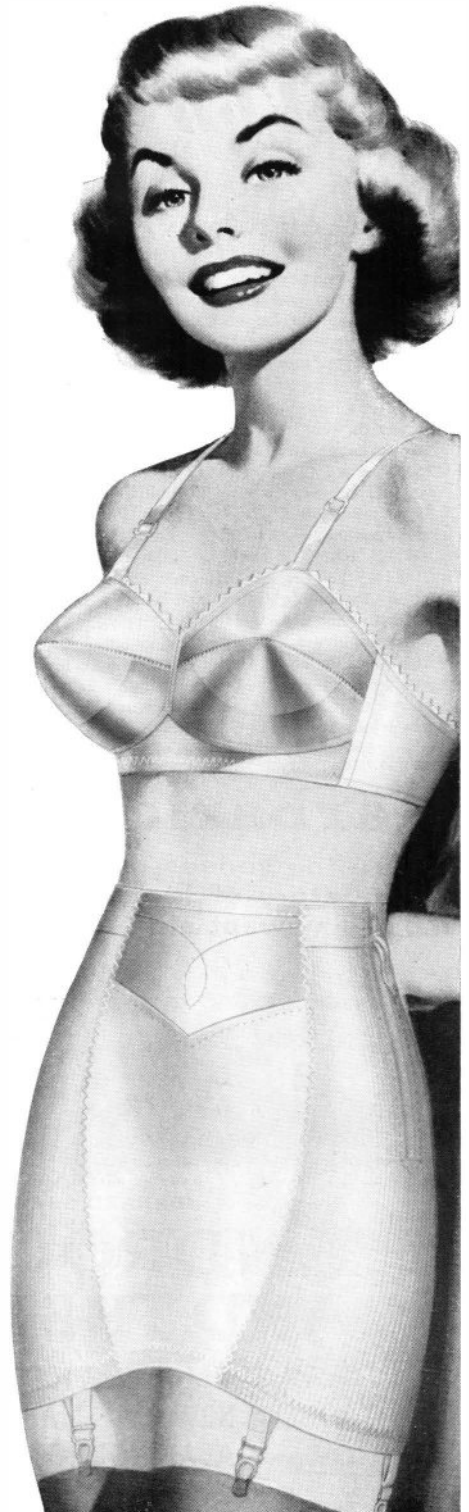
You want your girdle to make you beautifully slim and trim, but you want to be comfortable too. Your "Perma-lift"* Girdle guarantees all you want and more. Be sure you get the right length, it's so important—and be sure to enjoy the amazing comfort of the Magic Inset.

1. The Magic Inset eliminates uncomfortable poking, pinching bones.
 2. The Magic Inset *guarantees* that your "Perma-lift" Girdle won't roll over, wrinkle or bind.
 3. The Magic Inset never loses its "stay-up" smartness no matter how often you wash it or wear it—outlasts the life of the garment.
- Have your favorite corsetiere fit you in the proper length "Perma-lift" Girdle today and enjoy the difference. Modestly priced from \$5.00 to \$18.50.



Perma-lift Girdles in **4** Lengths. Tall, tiny or in-between, there's a Perma-lift Girdle in the perfect length for you.

* "Perma-lift"—A trade mark of A. Stein & Company—Chicago—New York—Los Angeles (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)



Girdle illustrated—No. 3715—\$8.50, Bra illustrated—No. 69—\$3

Who Can Sue Uncle Sam

BY STACY V. JONES

The Government is holding more than two and a half million unclaimed checks, half of them refunds of overpaid taxes. If you think one belongs to you, apply to the agency that owes you the money—in the case of income taxes, the Collector of Internal Revenue to whom you sent your return. Many taxpayers use the short form, and then, unaware that they have overpaid, move and leave no forwarding address.

If you get no satisfaction from the agency you may—unless the law authorizes the agency to settle it—take the matter to the Claims Division of the General Accounting Office. You needn't hire a lawyer or use any prescribed form, but should, give a complete description of the check or claim. The GAO gets a report from the agency before acting.

Most claims for and against the United States are settled by the GAO, which has handled more than half a million of them

in a year. No claim more than ten years old can be considered, and checks more than ten years old must be reissued. The GAO had to turn down a bill for the services of a battalion of minutemen organized in 1777 for defense of the state of Georgia, and declined to pay \$50,000 for "technical consulting work and services performed in electronics, controlling the solar system and holding the universe orbit by firing on the moon with an electronic gun." It was also skeptical of a claim by a man who wrote that he had been fatally wounded in target practice. It did authorize the Navy to pay \$456 to a Florida couple who complained that planes from a Pensacola field caused their temperamental nanny goats to give less milk and scared many that were heavy with kid so that they "fell paralyzed with fright, never to walk again or deliver their kids." And the GAO advised the Secretary of the Interior it would be

proper for him to buy arms and ammunition to shoot woodpeckers that were ruining power-line poles.

THE NEW G I BILL

Veterans who served after June 27, 1950, when the Korean war began, have valuable rights under the new GI Bill. They are entitled to one and a half days of education or training—up to 36 months maximum—for each day spent in service anywhere in the world since that date. They are also eligible for home, farm, or business loans on the same basis as World War II veterans. The Veterans Administration handles education, training, and loans.

A veteran collects his mustering-out pay of \$100, \$200, or \$300, authorized by the GI Bill, from the service to which he belonged. He applies for help in getting a job or in collecting his unemployment compensation (\$26 a week up to 26 weeks) at the nearest United States Employment Service office.

To obtain post-discharge Government insurance (provided under another law), an able-bodied veteran must apply to the VA within 120 days of leaving the service. A disabled veteran has a year from the date the VA finds his disability to be service-connected. The \$10,000 free indemnity against death terminates in most cases 120 days after discharge.

JUNIOR PROFESSIONAL JOBS

College juniors and seniors interested in Government work should ask their faculty employment counselors about two examinations usually announced in the fall by the Civil Service Commission. One, for Junior Management Assistant, selects promising seniors and recent graduates for jobs leading to careers as federal administrators. There are written examinations, interviews, and an investigation of references. For those selected, work usually starts the next summer, at \$3,410 a year.

Juniors may take the Student Aide examination to qualify for summer-trainee positions in Government laboratories and offices at the annual rate of \$2,950 or \$3,175. At the end of the summer, those recommended for retention may return to college. After graduation they get full-time professional or technical posts at \$3,410 a year. **THE END**

Mailings address for Government agencies and offices in Washington on 25, D.C., unless otherwise specified.

Barbaric Revelry

to fire the senses of the world...
in the story of history's
most sin-swept era!



GABRIEL PASCAL presents
BERNARD SHAW'S

"ANDROCLES AND THE LION"

starring
JEAN SIMMONS · VICTOR MATURE
ROBERT NEWTON · MAURICE EVANS
and ALAN YOUNG as Androcles



COMING SOON TO
YOUR FAVORITE
MOVIE THEATRE

Produced by GABRIEL PASCAL • Directed by CHESTER ERSKINE
Screen Adaptation by CHESTER ERSKINE and KEN ENGLUND

“I flirted with trouble in New York!”

“It was a glorious, bright day,” explained Doretta Morrow, “when Steve and I set out to see the sights of the city. But there was a wintry nip in the air, too, and when we got back from our ferry ride I knew I was in for trouble.



“The wind atop Radio City was terrific. After extreme exposure like that, Jergens Lotion is a blessing. It works so wonderfully fast. Try this and see why! Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens . . .



DORETTA MORROW
introduced in MGM's
“BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE”
Color by Technicolor

“My hands and face were chapped raw from the biting breeze. Fortunately, at home I had soothing, pure white Jergens Lotion. It smooths and softens chapped skin in no time!



“Apply any lotion or cream to the other, then wet them. Water won't bead on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care.



“Next day, my skin was soft and smooth — right for romance and close-ups.” No wonder Hollywood stars choose Jergens Lotion 7 to 1.



Use Jergens Lotion regularly to keep *your* skin lovely, too. It protects against roughness and winter chaps — costs only 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.



*"We Powers Models
use only **KREML**
Shampoo"*

say Nancy Gaggin and June Thompson

These famous Powers Models must have hair that is glamorous, in spite of hot drying studio lights and frequent changes of hair styles. They use only Kreml Shampoo . . . made with enriching natural oils that leave hair soft and manageable, with sparkling natural highlights. Kreml Shampoo cleanses the scalp and frees it of loose dandruff flakes. Its exclusive water softening agent, FOLISAN®, assures rich lather even in hard water; gives quicker, easier rinsing. For beautiful hair, use Kreml Shampoo!



NANCY GAGGIN

JUNE THOMPSON

Kreml
Shampoo



YOUR BEAUTY SHAMPOO

Dick Hanley



Jack Carter panics his audience at New Jersey's Riviera. Sample Carter squelch: "You

The Heckle and the Squelch!

*Ribbing a professional funnyman is as relaxing
a pastime as baiting a tiger with a BB gun*

BY SIDNEY CARROLL

Let's suppose that a funnyman, a comic, is out there on the night-club floor doing his best to make the customers laugh. The club is full of people and smoke and heat and confetti and confusion, but the comic is doing all right—getting his laughs, laying no bombs, making the patrons happy and hysterical. He figures he's earning his salary. Then, suddenly, out of the darkness comes a voice like that of a wounded

moose. It cries: "Siddown, you bum! You ain't funny!"

This is the voice of the heckler.

What does our comic do? He can do one of several things: He can pay no attention to the interruption, hoping that the dope will shut up. (He never does.) He can politely request the heckler to keep quiet. (He won't.) He can ask the waiters to throw the loud one out. (They will.)



can go home now—your cage is clean.”

Or he can drop the pattern of his act, turn to the heckler, and talk back. When correctly done, this is the best method by far. It shuts the heckler up and makes the customers laugh louder than ever. It is the method known as the comeback, the stopper, or The Squelch.

Our comic turns to the stranger across the crowded room and says casually, “Why don’t you go bobbing for apples in a crocodile pool?” He then follows up with:

“What’s the matter, mister? Your dispenser shots wearing off?”

“Folks, I’d like you to meet a man who did his bit to cut down juvenile delinquency. He grew up.”

These gentle rejoinders are part of a great arsenal of insults, carefully collected by the whole fraternity of funny-men and freely swapped among them in common defense. A man with a good memory can beat *any* heckler into submission and silence.

So a night-club comic very rarely has to create special, on-the-spot insults. Occasionally, of course, he does. Some

(Continued on next page)

For a FRESH
Manhattan
every time



get
HEUBLEIN'S
Ready-to-Serve
COCKTAILS



Just Stir
with Ice
and Serve



Heublein's Ready-to-Serve Manhattans are prepared from the finest, specially selected ingredients. And you serve a *fresh* Manhattan every time. No mess, no bother—you simply stir with ice and serve. Quality considered. Heublein's Ready-to-Serve Cocktails are surprisingly inexpensive.

Expertly prepared by
“Hugh Bline”—your barman in the bottle

8 Favorite Varieties! MANHATTAN, 65 proof • STINGER, 60 proof • OLD FASHIONED, 70 proof
EXTRA DRY MARTINI, 65 proof • GIBSON (very, very dry Martini), 75 proof • SIDE CAR, 60 proof
DAIQUIRI, 60 proof • WHISKEY SOUR, 60 proof • G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.



The Heckle and the Squelch!

(continued)



Joe E. Lewis beats down hecklers with savage delight behind his impish smile.

years ago in a Pittsburgh night club, Morey Amsterdam was regaling the folks with jokes and doing all right at it. Then came a loud squawk from a ringside table: "What'sh sho funny about you?"

Amsterdam is considered one of the great living masters of the squelch. But that night he tried disregarding his tormentor. But the heckler persisted. So

Amsterdam stopped his line of patter and peered through the cigarette smog for a good look. The heckler was none other than the mayor of Pittsburgh.

He started with a stock-type squelch: "Well, well," Morey began, "my loud friend over there is none other than your distinguished mayor. It's a funny thing, your honor. Your name came up in a conversation I heard this morning. Three doctors were talking. The first one said, 'I pulled off quite a job a couple of weeks ago. I amputated a man's arm, grafted another arm in its place, and today the guy is pitching for the Pirates.' The second doctor said, 'That's nothing. I amputated a leg the other day, grafted another leg on the guy, and yesterday the man set a new world's record in the hundred-yard dash.' 'Ha!' said the third doctor. 'You boys are amateurs. A year ago I grafted a smile on a jackass. Today that jackass is mayor of Pittsburgh.'"

It got a big laugh. So Amsterdam followed through with an ad-libbed squelch: "Now, folks, don't go getting any wrong impressions about your mayor, just because he happens to be roarin' drunk tonight. He's still the finest mayor money can buy."

That did it. To a chorus of catcalls

from the crowd the mayor and his party got up and staggered to the nearest exit. It may have been sheer coincidence that he was defeated at the next mayoralty election.

Joe E. Lewis, another squelch-genius, is possibly the king of America's night-club comics. One night he was having a hard time with a particularly caustic customer. He threw a few stockololas at him, but they boomeranged right back. This was the type of customer who had a few jokes of his own he wanted to tell. Lewis ordered the spotlight taken off himself and turned on the heckler. (This, incidentally, is a squelching technique in itself.) When the spotlight lit on this one everyone in the room recognized him. He was a celebrated radio performer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Lewis, "I want you to meet a man who was personally responsible for the sale of two million radios last year. I know I sold mine and my brother sold his."

Lewis in his time has originated many squelch lines that have become part of every café comic's heckle equipment, but no one can duplicate his delivery. He looks intently at a blabbermouth and says, "The last time I saw a mouth like that it had a hook in it." He bows graciously to a loud lady in the audience and says, "Madam, I may have to louse you up—if I'm not too late." He nods politely to some ringside interrupter and says, "That's the first time I've ever seen a pair of shoes with three heels."

Other heckle comics use an iron attack. Like Jack Carter. Carter is young and healthy in spite of the fact that he has spent years in the night spots. He describes the whole heckling situation with the clarity of an intelligent man who has done a lot of thinking on the subject.

"I divide hecklers into three classes," he says. "First, there's the simple, noisy type. He's not mean; he's just loud. You have to shut him up, but you don't have to get rough. Just feed him a nice good-natured gag like, 'Now, now! You're talking while I was interrupting!'"

"Second, there's the cute-type drunk. The likeable clown. A knee-slapper type. The guy's loaded, and he wants to be the life of the party. You don't waste an intelligent-type heckle on him. He's too loaded to appreciate it. You say, 'Oh, oh! Here's a guy loaded on rye bread.' Nothing too rough. Just embarrass him enough to keep him quiet."

"But the third type heckler is the real miserable crumb. He's loud and he's mean. Him you give the real belters—'You can go home now—your cage is clean.' 'All right, folks! Let's give this boy a nice big round of—ammunition.' 'I wish I'd known you when you were alive, mister.' 'Why don't you go out and take a nap under a falling ax?' 'The war's over, Buster. You can get parts for your head now.'"

Back in the days of the Depression
(Continued on next page)

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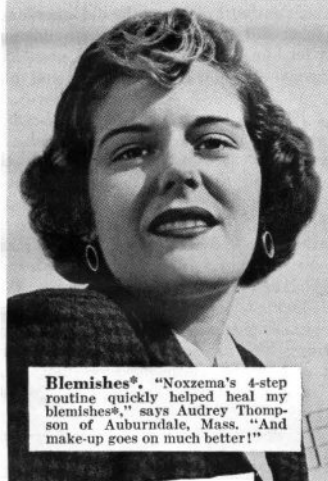
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The Heckle and the Squelch! (continued)

"Madam," said Joe E. Lewis, "I may have to louse you

there was a night club in New York called the Club 18. It was owned and operated by a tall, cadaverous, gray-haired man named Jack White. White encouraged the patrons to make remarks, built his act around a technique of squelching them. White made an art and



Jackie Gleason learned his lines at Club 18, once lowered the boom on Berle.

a living out of squelching customers. He had a tongue like a trigger, a contempt for practically everybody, and real wit. It was White who, on seeing Max Baer enter his club, called out, "Hey, Maxie! Lay down so I can recognize you!"

Although he was the star of his own show, White was usually flanked by two or three assistant insulters. They were the gashouse gang of Fifty-second Street. After a two or three-hour warmup, the whole joint would be jumping, everybody in the place would be heckling White and his bodyguards, and they would be sneering and snarling back. It's a crying shame that nine-tenths of their stuff was completely unprintable. Some of their more polite comebacks are part of every comedian's vocabulary by now. "Why don't you go out and play in the traffic?" is generally attributed to some genius at Jack White's. That other familiar (by now) gimmick of many comics—the business of stepping up to an obnoxious customer and saying, "I'm being paid to be a jerk. What's your excuse?"—is probably another Club 18 classic.

I once asked White about his methods. Were any of his insults impromptu, or were they all carefully rehearsed?

"Well," he explained, "when a guy gets on the floor in a joint like mine he's got to have all kinds of ready lines to throw at all kinds of people. Lines for fat guys, skinny guys, bald-headed guys, beautiful dames, ugly dames, guys

who throw pennies at you, and guys who squirt seltzer, and guys who want to fight. A guy's got to have all the answers at his fingertips. Most of it's stock stuff, stuff we all use. The only trick is to remember the right line to throw at the right character. But he's also got to be prepared for the old emergency. You know? Like one night a guy at a table down front starts barking like a dog. He was one of them maniacs you read about—a guy who sits up late at night rehearsing how to make a comic's life miserable. I thought I'd seen 'em all: Guys who open a newspaper in the middle of your act and start reading. There's plenty of squelches for that. Guys who start singing out loud. There's lines for that—"It ain't really singing, folks. It's more asthma in rhythm." Some guys'll start throwing ice cubes at you. You tell 'em, 'I'll be sleeping tomorrow morning when you're delivering that.' I know every squelch line that ever was. But what do you say to a guy who starts barking? That was a new one on me. That's what I mean by the old emergency. What did I do? I walk up to the guy, I let him finish his bit, then I say, 'That was very good. Now roll over and play dead.'

Frankie Hyers was one of the best partners-in-crime White ever had. He was just as rough and tough on the opposition as the master. One night a sweet young thing with a big hat and a big mouth came to the Club 18. Hyers asked her. "What the hell do you mean wearing that hat in here? How can I get laughs?"

Jackie Gleason spent a long apprenticeship at the Club 18. In those days Gleason tipped the scales around 290 pounds. One night Milton Berle heckled him with, "Jackie, you are three of my favorite comics."

"I wish," said Gleason, "you were one of mine."

One night, years later, Gleason was playing one of the fancy places where the lights are low and it's impossible for a performer to see any of the faces. A particularly vociferous heckler piped up from the darkness. Gleason walked over to the table of his unknown assailant and ordered him to stand up or shut up. The man stood up. "The next thing I knew," says Gleason, "I was waking up in my dressing room." It was only then that he learned that the heckler's name was Tony Galento.

Milton Berle, in his night-club days, was one of the all-time-great heckle comics. Those who remember Berle's night-club routines know how artfully he could pounce on a heckler. He could

up—if I'm not too late."

point with aplomb to one of the worst and say, "He's happy. No school tomorrow." He could gracefully bend over the footlights toward a bald head and say, "Your head is shining right in my eyes. For a minute I thought you were sitting upside down." Or he could lean over a walkie-talkie female with old-world charm and say, "Lady—please! Even a train stops." These are out of the stock pile, but on occasion Berle came across with a sharp ad-lib. Like the night a drunk threw a penny on the stage. There are many stock rebuffs for that ("Only a skunk would throw a scent." "Keep it, mister. You can use it for carfare back to the asylum," etc.). But Berle scorned the stock stuff that night. He picked it up, bowed low to the man who threw it, and said, "Thank you. This week I will make exactly ten thousand dollars and one cent."

There is a moral in all this for nightclub patrons: You can't win. The man who offers to swap wisecracks with the comic being paid to make the cracks deserves about as much sympathy as the yokel who offers to get into a kicking contest with a mule.

It was Morey Amsterdam who gave the perfect reply to all hecklers, once and for all. It happened one night when he'd been giving it good to a heckler. The guy



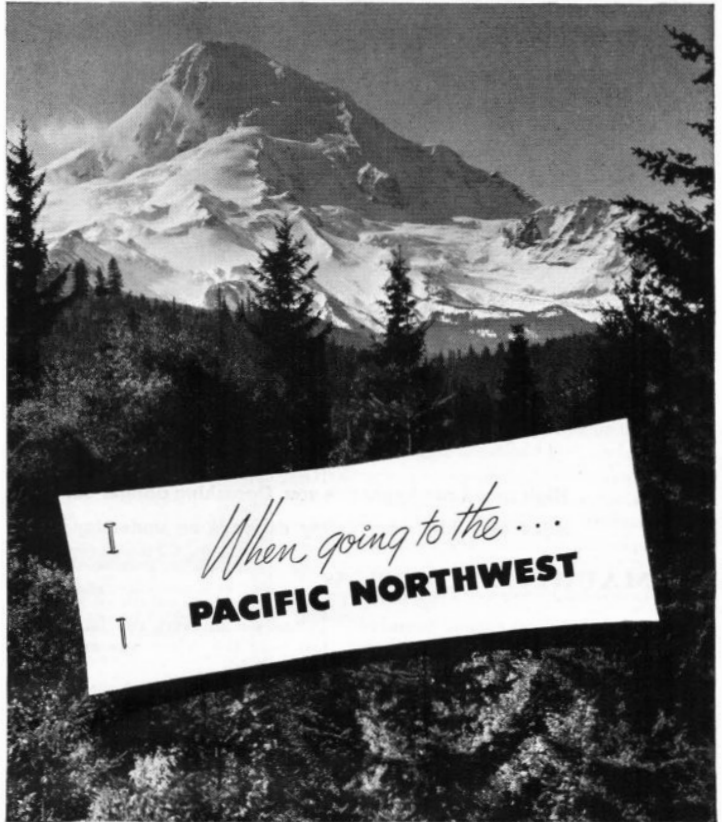
Milton Berle, before he went into TV, was a devastating night-club squelcher.

stood up and shouted, "I'm paying my good money to be here! I got a right to heckle all I want!"

"Do you pay taxes?" asked Amsterdam.

"I certainly do!" replied the obnoxious customer.

"Then let's see you go out and spit in a policeman's eye." **THE END**



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How to Stay Alive on the Highway!

High speed can hypnotize you. Onrushing danger can give you "driver's panic." If you drive over fifty your safety depends on understanding the strange effects of speed

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

It was a hot, heavy, gummy Saturday afternoon in July, and a July afternoon can be mighty oppressive in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Carl M. thought it would be a fine idea to trundle out the family car, head for the open road, and churn up a little fresh air. Carl and his wife and three friends piled in and sped out of town. The tires sang their high-pitched song of concrete, and the motor throbbed with eight-cylinder surges of power. Carl held his steering wheel indolently with his right hand; his left arm dangled casually out the window. The speedometer jerked forward to 45, 50, then 60, and when it jiggled over 65 Carl announced gaily, "I guess this will cool us off."

But ten miles farther along an unexpected thing happened. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, Carl lost control of the car. At this moment it was speeding over a viaduct. It swerved to the left into the wrong lane, and Carl, desperately fighting to regain control of the car, snapped the wheel sharply to the right. Then he jammed his foot down on the brake pedal. The brake bands screeched in terrible pain, and the car hurtled over the 25-foot embankment.

Carl and his family survived. Asked to tell his story, Carl could only mumble, "I don't know what happened. My arms just went numb. Just like that, as if they were paralyzed."

The story of Carl M. is not an oddity. It is a typical example of what happens to people when they drive at the dangerous speeds postwar cars are capable of—even if their drivers aren't. Panic caused by dangerous speeds is the real cause of hundreds of accidents attributed to "reckless driving," "fatigue," "wrong side of parkway," "fell asleep at the wheel."

In one out of every two fatal accidents last year the driver was exceeding the speed limit.

Between 1945 and 1949 the fatality rate on highways was decreasing. But then the curve began to rise, until in 1951 there were 37,500 people killed in automobile accidents.

What happened in 1949 to set the stage for the bloodiest carnage in the history of the American automobile? In 1949 automobile companies came out with high-powered, high-compression engines, and the battle of horsepower was under way in Detroit. In 1910, the average American car boasted 18 horsepower; in 1920, it was up to 20; in 1940, 85; and in 1949, it rose to 100.

Most of today's drivers learned their driving techniques on low-powered cars in sluggish city traffic. All of a sudden they find themselves on long and tempting stretches of white concrete, on four-lane highways with posted speed limits of 60 miles an hour. They figure they can always get away with ten or fifteen miles above the limit. The desire to floor the accelerator is irresistible.

Exactly what happens to you when you succumb to this urge and send your car hurtling along the highway at a high speed? (I am defining "fast" as between 40 and 50 miles an hour, "very fast" as between 50 and 60, and "high speed" as any speed over 60.)

The most significant effect high speed has on you is psychological. When you accelerate into that blinding zone you are inviting inner tensions you may never have suspected existed in yourself.

It is common knowledge that many people get dizzy in high places. Others get attacks of anxiety in a narrow elevator or a subway train. Some get a sharp

feeling of insecurity while going through a long tunnel or crossing a very high bridge. Any life situation in which you find yourself vaguely helpless can cause a feeling of acute anxiety. When this anxiety continues unrelieved over a period of time, it can lead to panic, a state in which a person is unable either to attack or run away from a real or imaginary danger: he is completely paralyzed and helpless.

High-speed driving can cause a welling up of anxiety in people that can break out in "driver's panic," a condition being recognized by more and more safety experts, who realize that many fatal accidents are caused by nothing but an irrational freezing up of the driver's responses.

Take the case of Charles E., an insurance salesman. Last November, while driving in the vicinity of Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, he headed up a steep hill while going at a 60-mile-an-hour clip. Ahead of him he saw a descending car suddenly hit an icy spot and start skidding straight at his car. Charles had plenty of time to get out of the way, but he failed to move. The car skidded straight for him, and his hands remained motionless on the steering wheel. The cars collided in a tangle of scraping metal and torn flesh. Charles survived. His explanation: "I was kind of hypnotized. I saw the car coming, but I couldn't make a move."

The second important change high-speed driving brings about is physical. It narrows your vision, blurs your sense of timing, and radically changes the techniques of driving.

When you drive a car over 60 you embark upon an experience that is totally different from that of driving the same car at 40. All the maneuvers of passing,



High speed and panic caused this. A young man is dead. A young girl, horribly hurt, lies on a stretcher praying. Two others are badly injured. It happened recently in California. Meeting a road block, the driver froze to the wheel and the car overturned.

cornering, stopping, which you perform so adroitly at moderate speeds, are radically complicated. You have a fraction as much time in which to grasp the situation, make a decision, and act.

If you are a city driver, your normal speed varies between 25 and 35. You drive in short spurts in heavy, slow-moving traffic, and you are alert for pedestrians and other cars at intersections. You can stop short practically as soon as you see trouble.

If this is the kind of driving you usually do, and it probably is, you are inviting disaster when you occasionally take your car out on the highway and gun her up to 70. Thomas N. Boate, head of the Accident Prevention Department of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, told me. "At sixty-five or seventy, the average driver is just riding on a fender and a prayer. He is helpless in any emergency. He's not really driving the car—the car is driving him."

Driving at 70 you see less than half as much as you do at 40. Your peripheral vision, which extends almost 90 degrees on either side when you are at rest, is

cut to only 40 degrees when you travel at 60 miles an hour.

The faster you travel, the blurrier everything gets—landscape, trees, telephone poles, roadside stands, farmhouses. Since you gauge your speed by the fixed objects you pass, the faster you go the less aware you are of your own speed.

Estimating the speed of other cars is a difficult problem when you are driving in the high-speed zones. The fatal mistake many drivers make is in assuming that the car in front is keeping pace with them. When you are doing 40 and the car in front of you is doing 35, a miscalculation on your part means only a screech of brakes and a harmless jolt. But at 70 it can mean a fatal crash.

P. Elmer Transeau, director of Pennsylvania's Bureau of Highway Safety, says. "After the Pennsylvania Turnpike opened in 1940, many rear-end collisions took place on it. We have come to believe that the average driver, when he goes over fifty, is incapable of making a turn in time to avoid a rear-end collision. He simply doesn't have enough experience to measure distances."

This high-speed hazard is illustrated by a tragic accident that occurred last December. Five Marines from Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, were traveling north on the New Jersey Turnpike. It was about four A.M. The Marines were going about 75 and had been speeding along at this rate for many hours. Several miles ahead of them the driver of an enormous trailer truck that was pulled off the highway awakened from a short nap and decided to move back onto the turnpike. He looked behind him and saw the road was clear for miles back. He pulled into the right lane, and eased his huge truck up to 25 miles an hour. At that moment the five Marines came whistling down the highway. Their driver, his consciousness blunted by hours of high-speed driving, misjudged the speed of the truck. Because he was going so fast, it seemed the truck, too, must be speeding. Before he knew it he was upon the trailer. He didn't even have time to swerve. The car went underneath the trailer and the five young Marines were instantly decapitated.

The deceptiveness of high-speed vision

(Continued on next page)



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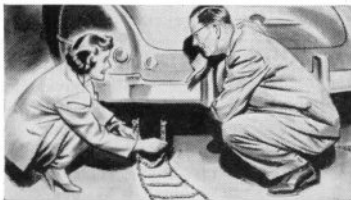
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How to Stay Alive on the Highway! (continued)

Higher horsepower coupled with the hypnotic ease of speeding on superhighways plays strange and deadly tricks on a driver

was responsible for another tragedy, which involved a man, his wife, and two children, who were traveling the Merritt Parkway from New York to Bridgeport, Connecticut. At about nine-thirty at night the man's right-front tire went flat, so he pulled off the parkway onto the grass. He did not turn off his taillights. Then he got out his jack and cranked the front bumper up high. He was about to remove the wheel when another car, speeding along the parkway at a tremendous clip, as its driver followed the red taillights ahead of him, came roaring up on the grass and crashed with enormous impact into the parked car, killing or injuring every member of the family.

Parking on a highway and *not* turning your taillights on is as dangerous as pulling off a highway and leaving your taillights on. Recently Albert M. of Linden, New Jersey, got into a minor fender-scratching collision on the New Jersey Turnpike with two other cars. It was after two in the morning, and the turnpike was deserted. The three drivers pulled their cars over to the right lane, parking one behind the other. The last of the three cars had no taillight showing. The three drivers were discussing the damage and exchanging licenses

when suddenly a truck came charging down the highway. At the last second the driver saw the parked cars and tried to swerve. But it was too late, and he plowed into the cars. In the fire that followed, five people burned to death.

Before stopping to hash over the accident, the three drivers should have pulled their cars completely off the road. And if this was impossible they should have sent one person with a flashlight or a flare several hundred feet up the road.

Because of the dangers of parking on a highway, experts advise against stopping on the parkway even to change a flat tire. Riding your flat is better than risking your life.

In the complicated business of high-speed driving, a moment's inattention can mean terrible trouble.

Suppose you are doing 70 and you take one hand off the wheel to reach for the cigarette lighter. For one split second your eyes are off the road. In that brief interval your car can careen into the wrong lane.

Marcellus L., of Philadelphia, had such an experience. He was on his way to New Jersey, driving at a high speed along a turnpike. He looked down for a fraction of a second to light his ciga-



This tangle of wreckage occurred on the Merritt Parkway near New York when one car unaccountably jumped the center division. Oncoming drivers could not stop in time.

rette. In that moment his car swerved and sideswiped another car. Two passengers in his car were hospitalized.

Incredible as it seems, New Jersey Turnpike officials have had to cope with drivers who, while going over 60, tried to study a road map.

For about four hours not long ago, I went out driving on a superhighway with Ab Jenkins, who has set more speed records than any other driver in America. Ah Jenkins, who is now 68 years old, holds the record for the fastest coast-to-coast time between New York and Los Angeles (51 hours, 10 minutes), and once, for a full hour, drove 195 miles an hour on the Bonneville Salt Flats.

You might think Jenkins, with his wealth of experience, would be an extremely casual driver. Not at all. He clenches the wheel firmly, with his hands in the ten-o'clock and two-o'clock positions. He signals the least change of his position. He frequently checks the rear-view mirror.

"Tell you the truth," he confided, as he nosed through weekend traffic. "I'd rather drive two hundred miles an hour on the salt flats than go out on a highway on a weekend. The chances folks take scare me to death. Coming through Kansas last month I spotted a lady with a carful of kids in front of me doing a good sixty-five. She was holding the wheel with her right hand, and besides that she had a cigarette in her right hand. Her left hand was drooping out the window. Every once in a while she took her right hand completely off the wheel to flick ashes. I said a prayer for her and the kids."

The measurement of distances and the ability to judge speeds of cars comes into play when you try to pass a car.

"I've driven thousands of miles in every state," Jenkins told me, "and I'm convinced most drivers do not know how to pass or take a curve at high speed."

Besides the physical changes that high-speed driving exerts on you, there are physical changes it causes in the car. Centrifugal force, for instance, is greatly increased when you drive at high speeds. Centrifugal force tries to keep the car continuing in a straight line when you try to turn either right or left. The faster you go the greater this force. It may be strong enough to pull you over into the opposite lane or send you crashing over the side of a mountain.

Another physical effect on your car is the increased risk of blowouts. When you drive for a long time at high speeds your tubes and tires become overheated by friction. If there is a weak point somewhere on the body of the tire, you are in danger of a blowout.

Now, what should you know before you drive on the modern superhighways? Here are fifteen points that summarize what you ought to know:
1. If you drive under 50 miles an hour

(Continued on next page)

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How to Stay Alive on the Highway! (continued)

Almost forty thousand people died on the highway

last year—the worst slaughter in peacetime history

your chances of staying out of an accident are five times as good as if you go over 50 miles an hour. And if you do get in an accident, you've got three times as good a chance of its being nonfatal.

2. It is wise to go into high-speed training before making a long high-speed journey. A week before the trip, go out on the nearest highway, preferably early in the morning, and drive at high speed. Practice stopping, taking curves, passing. Learn the way your car behaves at 65. And learn the way *you* behave at 65. Be sure your brakes and steering apparatus are in perfect condition, and that your tires and tubes are new. Be prepared to get only about 12,000 miles on tires at high speeds compared with the 25,000 you can expect at normal speeds.

3. When you are overtaking a car on the highway, you should always assume that it is going at least ten miles an hour *slower* than you are. Always assume a truck is going at least twenty miles an hour slower.

4. When you are passing a car, you should assume that it is going at least ten miles an hour faster than it seems to be. You should not attempt to pass until you have got a good start and have a clear field of at least a mile or two ahead of you. Remember, passing a car

going 35 miles an hour is the same as passing a string of 18 cars parked bumper to bumper. You can imagine how tough it is to pass a car that is going 60.

5. If you must turn off the parkway at night, you should be sure to douse your taillights. If you are compelled to park on the highway at night, set out a flare at least 200 feet behind your car. You should not set out to do night-driving at high speed unless you are carrying a flare or a broad-beamed lamp equipped with a warning red flasher. The \$7.50 it costs will be worth many times its price.

6. You can avoid "driver's panic" by not driving more than two hours at a time at high speed. Whenever you feel yourself getting tense inside, you should pull off the road until you are relaxed.

7. You must never let your attention flag for even a second. Dr. Herbert Stack, director of the New York University Center for Safety Education, asserts that when in heavy traffic on a highway a driver must make 50 decisions an hour.

8. Stopping at high speeds makes special demands. First of all, your car goes much farther before it stops. At 70 miles an hour, it takes you at least 318 feet to stop your car. If your brakes are out of adjustment as a result of infrequent

THE DISGRACE OF AMERICA'S HIGHWAYS

The gripping article on these pages shows what you as a motorist can do to save your life. But following these rules is not enough, for our obsolete highway system is relentlessly working against you.

Today there are 53,000,000 vehicles in America, more than half again as many as there were six years ago. Have our highways kept pace with this booming traffic? The following gives an idea: *if all the cars built in the last two years were placed bumper to bumper in a single lane they would not fit on all the roads built during that period. In 1950, car owners spent more money for accident insurance than the 48 states together spent for highway construction.*

The chaotic state of our hardened traffic arteries is always in evidence: the crawling lines of weekend traffic around large cities; the 37,500 dead in highway accidents last year; the 1,300,000 injured, and the 3½ billion dollars in property losses.

How much of this should be blamed on our poor roads is debatable. But experts agree many disasters would be averted if our 65,000,000 licensed drivers had more room in which to park and to manipulate their vehicles. They agree that narrow two-lane highways are lethal for today's heavy traffic.

Americans have a choice—they can abandon the traffic problem and give in to hopelessness, or they can do something about it. In 1953, 44 state legislatures will meet. It is at those meetings that the full impact of citizen opinion must be felt if something is to be done.

servicing, and you stop at a high speed, your car may swerve and you may lose control. Jenkins says the secret of stopping a fast-moving car is to press firmly on the brake pedal—but never ram it down. When the wheels are locked, they lose friction and skid.

9. When you are taking a curve at high speed, you should slow down before entering the curve and then, after you have passed the center of the curve, feed the engine gas. This is so your car will gain traction (created by your tires rubbing against the pavement), which counteracts centrifugal force. If you are taking a curve while going downhill and suddenly find you have misjudged it and your car is going so fast you can't hold it, keep your right foot on the accelerator and gently keep feeding gas—this is to create the traction you need to keep your car from turning over—but meanwhile “fan” the brake gently with your *left* foot to slow yourself down. This tactic is for emergencies only.

10. In case of a blowout, you should not touch the brake pedal. Hug the steering wheel as tightly as you can. Keep feeding your car gas gently. Concentrate on keeping your car going in a straight line. Only when you have the swerve under control should you play the brake pedal.

11. If—in order to avoid a head-on collision—you must “hit the dirt” you should not put on your brake. Keep your left front and rear tires on the pavement and hold on tight to the steering wheel—your foot off the accelerator—and sit out the bounces until the car slows down. Then swing back sharply until you're on the parkway again.

12. You should never back up on a high-speed highway, and never slow down to read a signpost. If you find yourself passing an intersection you want to exit on you should not make a sudden turn. Keep going until the next intersection.

13. You should not weave in and out of traffic. Every time you weave you create a potentially dangerous situation.

14. On hills that cannot be conquered in high you should shift into second as soon as your car's momentum decreases to 25. If you have to climb a hill in second, leave the car in second going downhill. Always go downhill in the same gear you went up. The trick in downshifting from high to second is to feed the engine lots of gas while it is in neutral and as you let out the clutch. This technique prevents the engine from bucking on you. You should never try to descend a steep hill in high. You may gather so much momentum that when you try to slow down by braking you burn out the brakes.

15. When you travel a highway that permits a left turn off the road, you should not shift gears while making the turn. This is because your car may stall while you're shifting, and leave you a sitting duck on the highway for any oncoming automobile.

THE END



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THE TALLEST GIRL AT THE LATIN QUARTER

A long-stemmed beauty has a special problem if she wants a man she can look up to

BY LOUISE LEE OUTLAW

A half hour before, Peg Matthews had been walking along Broadway, giving out her big "Hi!" to the boys, striding joyously against the mid-day swarm of out-of-town gawkers and neck-craners. The fact that the neck-craning centered as much on Peg as on the Bond Clothes sign or the forty-dollar strawberry shortcake in Lindy's window didn't bother Peg. She was used to it, comfortable with it. She was wearing her mink stole and her shocking-pink panne-velvet hat, and she'd just had a

rinse and a set instead of lunch. She felt fine—like Peg Matthews, with her feet on the section of earth she liked best.

Then she got on the BMT and rode out to Brooklyn, where one of her younger sisters was being feted at a bridal shower. The bride-to-be opened the door and squealed, "Peggy!" and something happened to Peg's day, something vaguely disquieting.

Maybe it was the Peggy business. No one on the Street ever called Peg, Peggy; it happened only when she went home to

Brooklyn. Peggy. It was indecent, a buttony, tiddlywinks kind of name.

But she let it pass. She smiled at Anna Marie, who was surrounded by bridal radiance and rumpled tissue paper. "Look, Peggy, look at the loot!" Anna Marie cried triumphantly, leading Peg into the dining room. Anna Marie, who was five feet three, feverishly opened boxes and displayed the pastel sheets and the potholders and the salt and pepper shakers and the sweet little guest towels embroidered COME CLEAN WITH

THE TALLEST GIRL AT THE LATIN QUARTER (continued)

THE JENSENS. They were a gift from the other younger sister, Sue (five feet two).

She admired it all. She smiled hard—smiled wide—but it wasn't the kind of smile they knew on the Street. Her incredible china-blue eyes, heavily lashed and fresh as rain water, roved over the other girls—Anna Marie's and Sue's friends. They ranged from five feet one to five feet six. On their left hands were tiny engagement diamonds or slim golden circlets. When they looked at Peg their eyes filled with awe and envy.

Peg produced her present—the lavish Italian-lace tablecloth. Everyone gasped.

Then Sue said it. Sue said, "Anything new in the romance department?"

Peg made her voice wry. She said, "I'm waiting for a man I can look up to."

Everyone laughed, but it sounded a little uncomfortable, so Anna Marie, who had a warm heart, filled in the gap. "I'll bet Peggy's going to top us all," she said. But that didn't sound right either, so she

hurriedly added, "I'll bet she's going to marry that prince. Did you girls read in the *News* about Peggy and that prince?" She turned to Peg. "What's he like?"

The devil with it, Peggy thought, give it to them straight. She opened her enormous purse, took out a long cigarette, and tapped it on her wrist. "Look," she said, "don't any of you chicks have brothers who didn't stop growing at the age of twelve?"

Anna Marie waved her hand. "Don't try to tell us you have man trouble! I bet you have to push the bureau against the door every night to keep them out."

Peg looked at the long cigarette. Then she looked at the circle of faces and saw the female envy glistening in the eyes. All right, she thought, let it drop. They won't believe you anyway. They read Winchell and think, Peggy's dating a prince; Peggy's dating a steel man; that's our sister; that's our glamour girl, our very own Broadway celebrity,



She was wearing four ounces of black net, and she

was beautiful from head to toe—all six feet of her

Peggy. They like it that way. They don't want to know that the prince is a trifle dim-witted, and that the steel man is fifty-eight and full of dishonorable intentions.

So Peg kept quiet. She stayed a while longer and ate the little cream-cheese-and-olive sandwiches. She admired Sue's snapshots of her baby and stole another look at the darling guest towels—COME CLEAN WITH THE JENSENS. Then she hoisted the mink to her shoulders, bent down a good nine inches or so to kiss her sisters good-by, and walked three blocks to the BMT. At the subway steps she stopped to buy a paper, and the paper boy grinned and asked, "How's the air up there?"

"If you don't eat your spinach you'll never find out," Peg said.

She felt better when she was back on the Street. She always did. It was a matter of scale. Here on the Street, rooftops were where rooftops were supposed to be, and on clear days a girl could pick out the silver pinnacle of the Empire State

and feel sheltered and very, very small.

Her hotel was in the Forties, between Broadway and Sixth. When she went upstairs *Variety* was outside the door, and she told herself it was good to be home.

It was a happy place. She was within walking distance of Lindy's (for sour cream), Walgreen's (for toasted-cheese sandwiches and shop talk), and the Paramount (for Goodman and Sinatra and the Andrews Sisters). But most important, she could signal Ricky Shaw with the window shade.

She moved automatically to the window. Ricky lived in the Windmere, right across the areaway, in a room almost exactly on a level with her suite. When she pulled the shade all the way up, he knew she was awake, ready for the toasted cheese at Walgreen's.

Now she set the shade at half-mast, which meant, Come on over and have a drink or something. I'm lonely. Then she tossed off the mink, lit a cigarette, sank



THE TALLEST GIRL AT THE LATIN QUARTER (continued)

on the bed, and thumbed through *Variety*. But after a few moments she found herself staring around at her paradise with something less than enchantment.

It had happened before. It invariably happened after a visit home. She ought to ignore it. There was no percentage in it, she told herself. And all the time she was telling herself there was no percentage in it she was remembering Brooklyn and small houses with tidy front lawns and small girls with tidy baby carriages. She'd once murmured something to Ricky about a house in Brooklyn with guest towels that said **COME CLEAN WITH THE SHAWNS**, but he'd said that that was for squares.

She'd tried pouting, tried wistfulness. Ricky wanted to get married, didn't he? Sure, Ricky said, he wasn't the one who was holding out. But what was wrong with the way they lived now? They'd just get Jack to give them the two-room suite on the tenth floor of the Windmere. They didn't want to get tied up that way.

The familiar tattoo sounded on Peg's door. "Coming," she called. She grabbed up the mink and went out into the corridor. He was leaning against the wall. He had dark straight hair that made a V on his forehead. His face was narrow and busy, and his eyes were almost navy-blue. Sometimes, when Peg looked at his eyes, she forgot the two inches.

But she was conscious of them now, as they walked toward the elevator. She was conscious of the two inches Ricky didn't have and the polka-dotted bow tie that was always crooked and the sheet music that always bulged out his coat.

They came out on the bustling street. Peg said distantly, "People are busy in Brooklyn—getting married, having babies, collecting potholders."

"Getting married," Ricky said. "Seems to me I did some talking on that subject about a month ago. I haven't heard any answer. Seems to me I should."

It was the way he played the piano. It was full of hard, staccato notes, and all at once Peg didn't like it.

"Well," Ricky said, "what's the story? Do we or don't we?" The almost navy-blue eyes veered toward her, laughing, having a fine time. "I'd never make loud noises before breakfast, but on the other hand, I wouldn't be particularly nice to your relatives. Never liked relatives. You could dye your hair any time you wanted, but I'd beat you if you cut it short. You couldn't run into a better arrangement."

That was all she needed. She looked directly at him, looked hard and steady. He didn't flinch. He didn't even notice.

"Thank you," she said coldly. "Thank you—but no."

"No?" His eyebrows were startled. He saw her eyes then, and his hold on her elbow loosened. "I can't force you," he said. "You're a big girl now."

He smiled when he said it. He didn't mean it to be a crack. But there it was. She was a big girl, two inches closer to the sky than he, and secretly it pinched in the place where he kept his ego. If they had a junior, he'd think, Drink your milk, Junior, and you'll grow up to be as tall as your mother.

They were at Forty-eighth and Seventh. She stood looking at him, and he asked blithely, "Corned-beef sandwich?"

She wanted to slap him. Her palm tingled with wanting to slap him. "I'm swearing off corned-beef sandwiches," she said. "I'm swearing off a lot of things, Ricky, including you."

She saw his lips move, heard him make some sounds, but she didn't stay to find out what they meant. She walked fast and she felt panicky, but she didn't look back. She'd cut the moorings off another man, and it was a dangerous business. *She'd* probably be the one to drift out to sea—unless she drifted into a miracle.

She passed her picture on the billboard outside the Latin Quarter, and climbed the murky stairway to the dressing rooms. And found the miracle.

Not just like that, of course. First there was Gini. Gini running toward her, in the kind of baum martens envy. Gini who'd married rich, married a Texan, and gone to Texas. Gini screeching, "Peg! Honey!"

"Honey!" Peg yelped happily. She was always happy to see Gini. Gini was only a half-inch shorter than she was; Gini *knew* about things.

They hugged each other, and Gini said that life was wonderful. Tom was making so much money they were throwing away the tens. Gini showed Peg her new emerald and the label in her baum martens, and Gini lifted her skirt and displayed the imported panties with *Oui* and *Non* embroidered on the legs.

Then Gini led Peg out to the corridor to say hello to Tom and Tom was there and so was the miracle.

He stood alongside Tom, and he was the kind of man who could afford to stand alongside Tom. Peg blinked and did some quick guesswork and came up with six feet four and a half.

Gini was saying, "Peg, this is Cliff Graham. He's a fan of yours and a neighbor of ours, so be nice to him," and he was smiling, and it wasn't the kind of smile you could dream up. You knew it was meant for you and nobody else.

A little bashful, too. "You're prettier than your picture, ma'am," Cliff Graham said, and you saw him look like a boy delivering his first valentine.

"Thanks," Peg said, "but I hope you



weren't looking at that billboard outside. That one always makes me hate myself."
"He means the picture he carries around in his wallet," Gini said, laughing. "Go on, Cliff—show her."

He looked like a man betrayed, but Gini kept insisting, so finally he brought out his wallet and opened it. Peg found herself looking down at a familiar snapshot, one she'd given Gini a long time ago, a full-length shot they'd taken at Jones Beach. She glanced up from the photograph and met Cliff Graham's eyes. She felt her cheeks blooming and heard herself laugh quickly, foolishly.

The five-minute bell rang, and Peg had to scurry. Back in the dressing room, she changed into four ounces of black net and five ounces of make-up, and then she went out into the blue spot. At a ringside table she saw Tom and Gini and Cliff smiling up at her.

When she joined them at their table, Cliff Graham jumped up and held the chair for her. His hair was black and wavy, and his suntan came from the sun. It would be easy to drool a little. But of course the man was married. Had to be.

"Happy now, Cliff?" Gini said. "Of course, Bill will never speak to us again. This is strictly a double cross."

"Who's Bill?" Peg asked.

"Bill's the tallest man in West Texas," Gini said. "Or so Bill says."

"Bill's my brother," Cliff Graham said. "But let's not spoil the evening talking about my brother. I don't know how Peg here feels about dancing with a clumsy, flat-footed Texan, but I know how the clumsy, flat-footed Texan feels."

Now he would make like Fred Astaire. Peg stood up and let him lead her to the oval dance floor.

He wasn't Fred Astaire, but he wasn't hard on her nylons, either. And of course there was the added attraction of not having to gaze at the part in his hair.

She told him what he wanted to hear. "You're not so flat-footed," she said.

"You're just being nice, ma'am. Lady told me once I danced like a prize steer."

"I wouldn't know. I've never danced with a prize steer," Peg said.

"Come on down to Texas. I've got a private collection."

You mean, on some weekend when the wife's away? Peg thought.

"You ever been to Texas?" he asked.

"No," Peg said. "Now go ahead, tell me I haven't lived."

He smiled, keeping it modest. A gentleman to the marrow. The kind you had to watch out for in taxis.

"What do you do in Texas?" Peg said.

"Raise steers," he said. "Sell oil."

When they returned to the table, he sold oil for some minutes more, with his



At last she had found a shoulder she could lean on—without stooping. Here was a man who made her feel little and helpless and vulnerable

eyes and his smile and his attentiveness. And when Gini and Tom said the plane trip was catching up with them, they'd have to hit the sack, he said, "I think I'll wait around and see the lady gets home."

"Oh, that isn't necessary," Peg said. "I'd say it was very necessary," he said firmly. "A lady must be protected."

Peg looked quickly at him, and for a moment she felt small and vulnerable. It was kind of nice, but she shook it off in a hurry. She knew what was coming.

He was waiting in a taxi at the front entrance at two A.M. She sat stiffly beside him, waiting. He sat close, but not very.

Four blocks later she turned to stare at him. He was still sitting close, but not very close. He was talking about taxis.

The cab drew up at her hotel. He helped her out. He said it had been a lovely evening, and he held her hand. Then he returned her hand and said he'd wait till she was safely inside. Peg walked toward the lobby, blinking.

For some reason she was up early the next morning, and for some reason she didn't go out for breakfast. At eleven o'clock she faced up to the reason. She picked up the phone and asked Helen if there had been any calls for her.

Helen said, "Gosh, no, honey. You expecting something special?"

"No," Peg said, "nothing special."

At eleven-fifteen the phone rang.

She snatched up the receiver. "Hello?" she gasped. "Hello?"

"I hope I didn't wake you," he said. "Oh, no!" Peg panted, sinking on the bed. "I mean—I mean, you're forgiven."

"I suppose there isn't a chance, but I was hoping you'd have lunch with me today. I was hoping so hard, it'll be pretty tough on me if you say no."

"It will?" She caught her breath. "Then I can't say no, can I?"

She threw off her coat—darted to the closet. She took out the black silk with the Empire neckline. She was wiggling into it when the phone rang again.

"I'm sending a man around to make repairs," Ricky Shaw said.

"What?" Peg said.

"Your shade isn't working."

"You can't repair that. That's chronic."

"Let's talk about it. Let's consult."

Peg's lips tightened. "Sorry, I'm kind of in a hurry. As a matter of fact, I'll be in a hurry for a long time."

"Oh." There was a silence. Then he said distantly, "Well, have a nice winter. Don't forget to button up," and hung up abruptly.

At one o'clock she was sitting in Twenty-One and Cliff Graham was sitting beside her and they were drinking Martinis. Now and then their fingers touched and he was just as tall as he'd been the night before and he'd come to New York just to meet her.

"It's unbelievably flattering," Peg said. But she smiled when she said it.

"True, though," he said. "But don't tell my brother Bill." He laughed. "Man, would he hit the ceiling if he saw us."

Peg looked prettily confused.

"You see, Bill got a gander at your picture—you know, the one in my wallet. Right away he began talking about coming up here to meet you. I couldn't let that happen, not till I met you first. So right now he thinks I'm in Chicago."

"I'm glad you're not," Peg said. It was the third Martini.

Over the fourth Martini it came out that he was single. What came out after that was infinitely less important, but that was nice to know. For instance, about the twelve-room ranch-type house he shared with his brother, and about his fondness for black silk dresses with Empire necklines. After a while, Peg found herself talking about Peg. He wanted to know a million things, little things, silly things like would she miss New York if she had to live somewhere else? Somewhere else pretty far away? in the Southwest, for instance.

The next day he brought her yellow roses, and there was a kind of expanding glow between them, and then they walked down Fifth and ran into Mitzi.

Mitzi owned two poodles. Mitzi talked too much. Mitzi said, "Honey!" and threw her arms around Peg. "I just ran into your love life a minute ago."

"My love life!" Peg scattered a laugh around, a jagged kind of laugh.

"Oh, honey!" Mitzi giggled. "Ricky, of course—he was buying shirts at Macy's, only he couldn't remember the size, so I said, 'Isn't Peg doing your shopping anymore?'" Mitzi leaned over to make cooing remarks at the poodles, and Peg took that moment to escape.

But the glow was somewhat dimmed. They walked on in a thick silence.

They went into the Plaza. The waiter brought their cocktails. Peg fumbled in her handbag, not knowing what she was looking for. Cliff kept looking at her in a kind of perplexity. Peg looked away. She knew what he was thinking. He was remembering things—the things they said about how show girls got their men—how show girls got their minks. And a

THE TALLEST GIRL AT THE LATIN QUARTER (continued)



show girl who bought shirts for a man . . .

When they finally went out through the lobby there was a glum silence.

Cliff didn't say anything in the taxi except at the very end as she was stepping out. Then he said abruptly, "I want to know," he said, "does this Ricky have some claim on you?"

"No!" Peg exclaimed.

"That's all I want to know," he said grimly, and suddenly Peg knew she'd completely misread his thinking. It wasn't moral disapproval—it was just jealousy. Plain old-fashioned jealousy!

The next day he showed her the snapshots. They were lingering a long time over dessert at the Waldorf, and what had happened yesterday seemed never to have happened, and he asked, "Like to see my little gray home in the West?" Peg looked down at a photograph of a house that was long and flat and mostly windows. The indoor shots showed a huge living room with a fireplace and a modernistic sofa shaped like a dachshund. Peg liked it, and Cliff said it needed re-decorating, but that was a woman's job. Peg looked intently at her napoleon. Then there was a shot of someone who

looked very much like Cliff, but younger.

"That must be your brother," Peg said. "Does he really call himself the tallest man in Texas?"

Cliff laughed. "Tallest man in West Texas. He does. But the kid's really okay—just likes to boast a lot. Matter of fact, we're really both the same size. But you can't convince Bill." He flipped the snapshot aside, handed her another. "This is Tiny," he said. It looked fierce. "A bull?" Peg asked weakly.

He laughed. "A steer—a bull with the yeast taken out of him. He's really a gentle old thing, Tiny." He smiled fondly.



Gini's return was triumphal.

She showed off her new emerald
and her baum martens and,
finally, her imported panties

"Bill gets sore every time he sees him—likes to think he grows the biggest steers in the county." He added softly, "Think you could ever like it down there?"

It's his last day here, Peg thought when she woke up the next morning.

It was a gray morning, and it was cold, a numbing, unexpected, unreasonable cold, and the radiators weren't radiating and the hot water wasn't hot. Her lips were blue, and her shoulders were shaking, and she felt wonderful. She had a kiss to remember. A kiss that had started out to be sedate, and then hadn't been so sedate, and after that had been merely terrific.

He was waiting in the lobby. He looked as if he were remembering the kiss, too. He held her arm close, hustled her to a taxi. Inside, he told her to close her eyes tight. He folded her fingers around something. Something square. Something that couldn't possibly be anything else—

Peg opened her eyes, and her fingers shook as she pressed the tiny gold catch.

She looked up from the square-cut diamond. She said something, and all at once she was in his arms. They were strong arms, arms that made her feel the way a girl ought to feel.

They found a little bar with a fireplace. They sat holding hands until it was time to hold Martinis. Cliff talked about how furious his brother Bill would be when he came marching back with a beautiful bride. Peg said she didn't see why. There were plenty of other girls in the world.

"Not the kind Bill has in mind," Cliff said. "He'll take one look at you and just shrivel up. His boasting days are over."

"Why so?" Peg asked, turning the ring. "Look"—Cliff was laughing now, lean-

ing close to her—"Look, now when he starts yapping about being the tallest man in West Texas, breeding the biggest steers, all that hoopla, we'll really be able to hoot him down. Heck, we'll have the tallest sons in Texas. That's practically guaranteed with this combination."

"Combination?" Peg asked dimly. "Us. You and me." He smiled slowly, picked up his Martini. "After all, you're six feet, aren't you? That's what Gini said. That's why—I mean, the two of us just can't turn out any pint-sized jobs."

Peg stared at him. She couldn't take her eyes from his face—the special smile meant just for her.

Just for her. Because she was somebody special. Somebody six feet tall, somebody almost as important as a prize steer. Somebody who'd breed well, settle an old score, squelch a rival.

For a moment Peg felt weak and lost. But somehow she managed to stand up.

"What's the matter?" Cliff asked.

She started walking. Then she remembered the ring. "Here"—she tugged it off and dropped it on the table—"here. Tiny might like to wear it—in his nose."

She walked swiftly up Fifth. The wind tore at her, and her scarf streamed out over her shoulders, but she didn't notice. She dug her heels into the pavement, and her eyes were flinty. After a while she crossed over to the Street and walked past Lindy's and past the shooting galleries. She felt better. She looked up at the sky, and there was only a slice of it, and that was enough sky for anyone. She felt the pavement under her feet, and it was solid. It could never possibly make good grazing ground, and that was all right, too.

She began to sneeze when she passed the Automat.

"Hey, you little schmo! I told you to button up." The voice came over her shoulder.

She turned slowly, saw the crooked bow tie, the sheet music bulging from his pocket.

Ricky Shaw came alongside her, reached out, tucked in her scarf, buttoned the top button of her coat with gentle fingers.

Peg sneezed. He handed her his handkerchief. She asked, "W-what did you call me?"

"Schmo," Ricky said. "Little schmo. Coldest day of the year, and you're walking around with a plunging neckline."

She didn't hear the rest. She was looking at his eyes, the almost navy-blue eyes. She'd never really noticed them before, the way they looked hard at everything and soft at her. Little schmo—That's *me*. He means *me*, she thought wonderingly. He thinks of me as *small*—*me*. Peg.

They're married now. They live in two dark, overheated rooms on the tenth floor of the Windmere, and that's the way Peg likes it, because that's the way Ricky likes it. She's a schmo for Ricky. They eat their three-p.m. lunch at Walgreen's and their two-a.m. dinner at Lindy's. On Sundays they line up at the Paramount to see Sinatra or Goodman or the Andrews Sisters.

And, oh, yes—on their bathroom door there are two guest towels, very soft, very fluffy. No one ever uses them, but Peg likes to see them there, fluttering their darling, darling message. COME CLEAN WITH THE SHAWs. THE END

ISLAND PLAYGROUNDS

A Complete Guide to the Caribbean, Bahamas, and Bermuda

BY EVAN M. WYLIE

For the past several years Americans have been slowly discovering, right on their own doorstep, a glamorous vacationland as gay and glittering as the European Riviera.

Thanks to fast, cheap postwar air and steamship travel, Bermuda, the Bahamas, and the West Indies—a two-thousand-mile curving chain of islands extending from Florida to Venezuela—have been brought well within financial reach of the average United States tourist.

This year Bermuda and Nassau will play host to a record-breaking number of Americans; thousands more will be exploring Jamaica, Haiti, Trinidad, Barbados, and other once-remote islands. The Caribbean, they will be delighted to discover, not only has most of the attractions associated with the Riviera but, in addition, offers other entertainments that are likely to make the Mediterranean's lures seem slightly pallid.

In Haiti, Cuba, and Puerto Rico, as in Europe, there are swanky casinos whose croupiers and *chemin de fer* dealers, garbed in evening clothes and sporting waxed mustaches, are just as suave as their counterparts in Monte Carlo. But, in addition, you need travel only as far as the outskirts of Haiti's Port-au-Prince to hear the muffled pounding of drums and see dancers and priestesses perform their rites in a voodoo temple.

Jamaica has beautiful European-style race tracks and seacoast hotels and villas that look as if they might have floated over from the Mediterranean. And if you grow weary of these you can try a night alligator-hunt or go mountain climbing, spear-fishing on a coral reef, or coasting down a river on a bamboo raft.

In Trinidad you can have tea on a

terrace and watch a cricket match—or you can drive across the island through green forests in which wild orchids will surround you and monkeys, bats, parakeets, tree porcupines, ocelots, and anteaters will swarm around you.

If, like many Americans, you have been only dimly aware of the West Indies as a necklace of dots on the map a trip through them offers a lesson in geography and history. Cuba, Haiti, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, and Trinidad are each large land masses with plains, valleys, and mountain ranges rising to peaks as high as five and six thousand feet.

Many Caribbean islands are tiny colonial outposts, but others are lusty republics whose turbulent history was being enacted when America was a fringe of feeble colonies. Their white, brown, black, and yellow peoples today number millions.

As in the United States, few are real natives. The Caribbean's aborigine inhabitants were the Arawaks—mild Stone Age agrarians who drifted over from the mainland and dwelt peacefully on the islands until they were rudely disturbed by the Caribs, who came paddling up from South America. The Caribs made themselves objectionable by eating as many of the Arawaks as they could lay their hands on. They chased the others into the mountains. Then, on the heels of the Caribs, Christopher Columbus sailed into the Bahamas and touched off an era of exploration, colonial expansion, and struggle for power that lasted four centuries.

Spain, for whom Columbus claimed most of the islands in 1492 and on his three subsequent voyages, held as tightly and as long as she could to her new pos-

sessions for their strategic position in the New World and their sugar, molasses, rum, tobacco, indigo, and logwood dyes. But as Spanish sea power dwindled after the defeat of the Armada, the Caribbean soon was boldly invaded by the ships of Elizabethan explorers and navigators, enterprising Dutch sea captains, and gentlemen-adventurers like Sir Walter Raleigh.

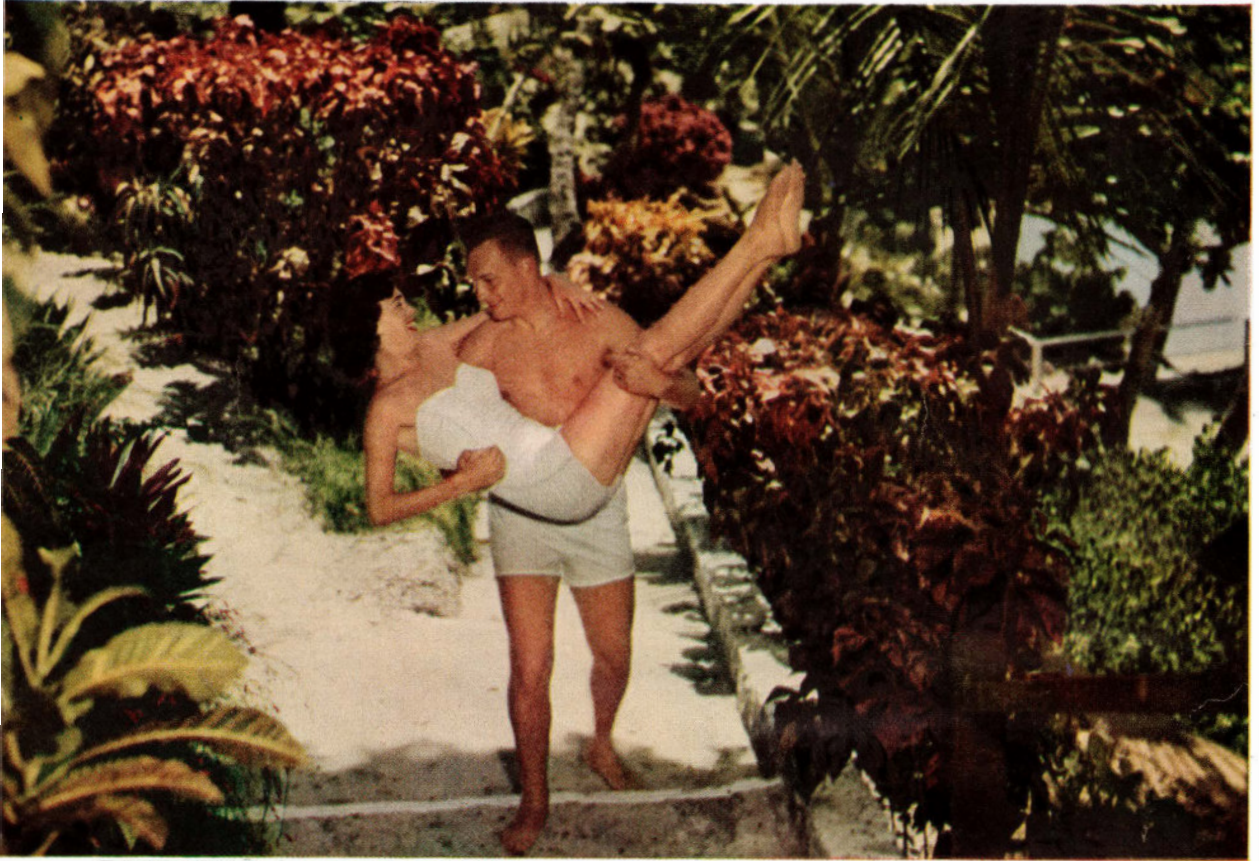
First the Caribs and then the Spanish were replaced by English, Dutch, Danish, and French sailors, soldiers, settlers, planters, and a motley crew of blood-thirsty rogues from every port in Europe. To supply labor for the plantations, tens of thousands of white men, women, and children were ferried across the Atlantic and sold into bondage as indentured servants. Slave ships followed, unloading bewildered blacks kidnaped from a score of African kingdoms. After slavery's end, Hindus, Chinese, and Moslems came from Asia to fill the gaps in the labor market.

As a result of this mixed racial background, in two weeks of travel through the islands you are exposed to a multitude of sights, scenes, sounds, and taste sensations that suggest Singapore, Bombay, Madrid, and bits of England, France, Holland, and Denmark. In Trinidad's Port of Spain you rub shoulders with Spaniards, Portuguese, Chinese, Hindus, Moslems, and British colonials. In Haiti and Martinique the language is French. In St. Thomas the architecture is Danish. Cuba is thoroughly Spanish. Curaçao is a bit of Holland—with pink and yellow houses, windmills, white-sailed schooners, and blue canals. The overall effect is like a miniature trip around the world.

(Continued on next page)

BERMUDA Bicycles are the most popular form of transportation on Bermuda, a land of gleaming beaches and a springlike climate the year round. Thousands of Americans flock there for vacations; newlyweds arrive in such numbers that it's known as Honeymoon Island. Planes fly from New York in three or four hours and steamship lines offer "quickie" cruises that give you an ocean voyage and a taste of the islands in one week.





JAMAICA This island, where Christopher Columbus wintered, now entertains American honeymooners like Bruce and Jackie McDonald of Los Angeles, shown here in the tropical gardens of a new resort on the north coast. Jamaica has scenery ranging from cloud-wreathed mountains to pale-green sugar plantations and rocky seacoast. Montego Bay draws the international set. The growing north coast with its new seaside hotels offers swimming, riding, sailing, and river-rafting.

Courtesy of Pan American World Airways



MARTINIQUE The second largest French island in the West Indies, Martinique cherishes its Creole customs, as shown by these costumes. It offers excellent French cuisine, fine beaches, and scenic rides.



CUBA Historic Morro Castle still guards the entrance to the harbor of Havana, which, though it is thoroughly Spanish, is often called the "Paris of the West" because of its gay spirit. In the hundreds of sidewalk cafés you can sip rum drinks for thirty cents.



PUERTO RICO Palm trees and sunshine with a pungently Latin-American flavor characterize Puerto Rico. Besides its famous elaborate new hotels and the miles of magnificent scenic drives, the island features a tropical abandon illustrated by its cockfights, gambling casinos, and uninhibited baseball games that titillate Americans, who find nothing quite like it at home.

CURAÇAO Interisland trading schooners carrying fruit from South America cluster in the Dutch harbor of Willemstad, capital of Curaçao. Tax-free French perfumes, Scotch whiskies, and Swiss watches make this island one of the most popular in the Caribbean. A center for Venezuelan oil refining and Caribbean shipping, Curaçao was occupied by Allied troops during the war.



ISLAND PLAYGROUNDS *continued*

George Hurst



TOBAGO This tiny island, of the British Trinidad-Tobago colony, calls itself Robinson Crusoe's island for its people believe it the island Daniel Defoe had in mind when he wrote his memorable story. Today it is still an unspoiled tropical island bordered by miles of deserted palm-fringed beaches and covered with coconut plantations. Its tiny hotels are just beginning to attract American tourists. Bird of Paradise Island nearby is the only sanctuary for these birds in the world.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC Crumbling fortress of Santo Domingo is a relic of the days when the city, now called Ciudad Trujillo, was the center of Spanish rule in the New World. The massive stone houses and narrow streets of the walled city still look much as they did four and a half centuries ago. The Dominican Republic offers excellent hotels, golf courses, and beach clubs. For the more sedentary, there are horse racing, cockfighting, and gambling.

Courtesy of Pan American World Airways





BAHAMAS Beach picnics, like this one on Hog Island, are popular in the Bahamas, a chain of sandy islands and coral reefs on the edge of the Gulf Stream off Florida. Nassau, their capital, once a pirate stronghold, is a quaint British colonial city with beautiful homes and gardens. Americans have been flocking to its shops, luxurious hotels, and nearby beaches. Bimini and the other outer islands, noted for their game-fishing, now are easily reached by boat or plane.

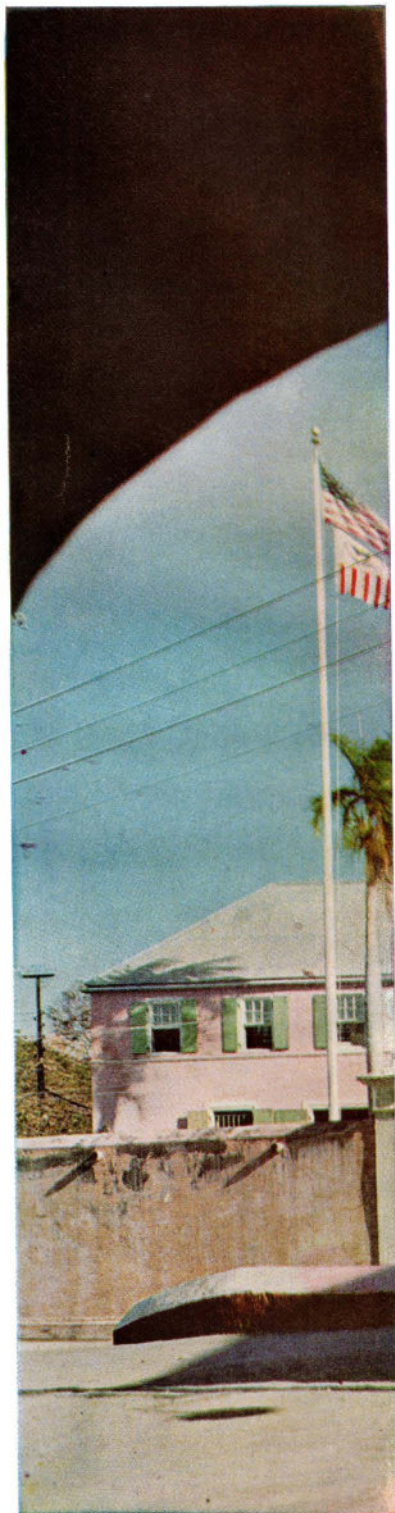
Courtesy of Pan American World Airways

(Continued on next page) 51



TRINIDAD Shango dancers rehearse near Port of Spain. Many travelers liken this colorful city, teeming with Hindus, Chinese, Moslems, Africans, and Europeans, to Singapore. Trinidad and its neighbors Tobago and Barbados are now only eight or nine hours by air from New York.

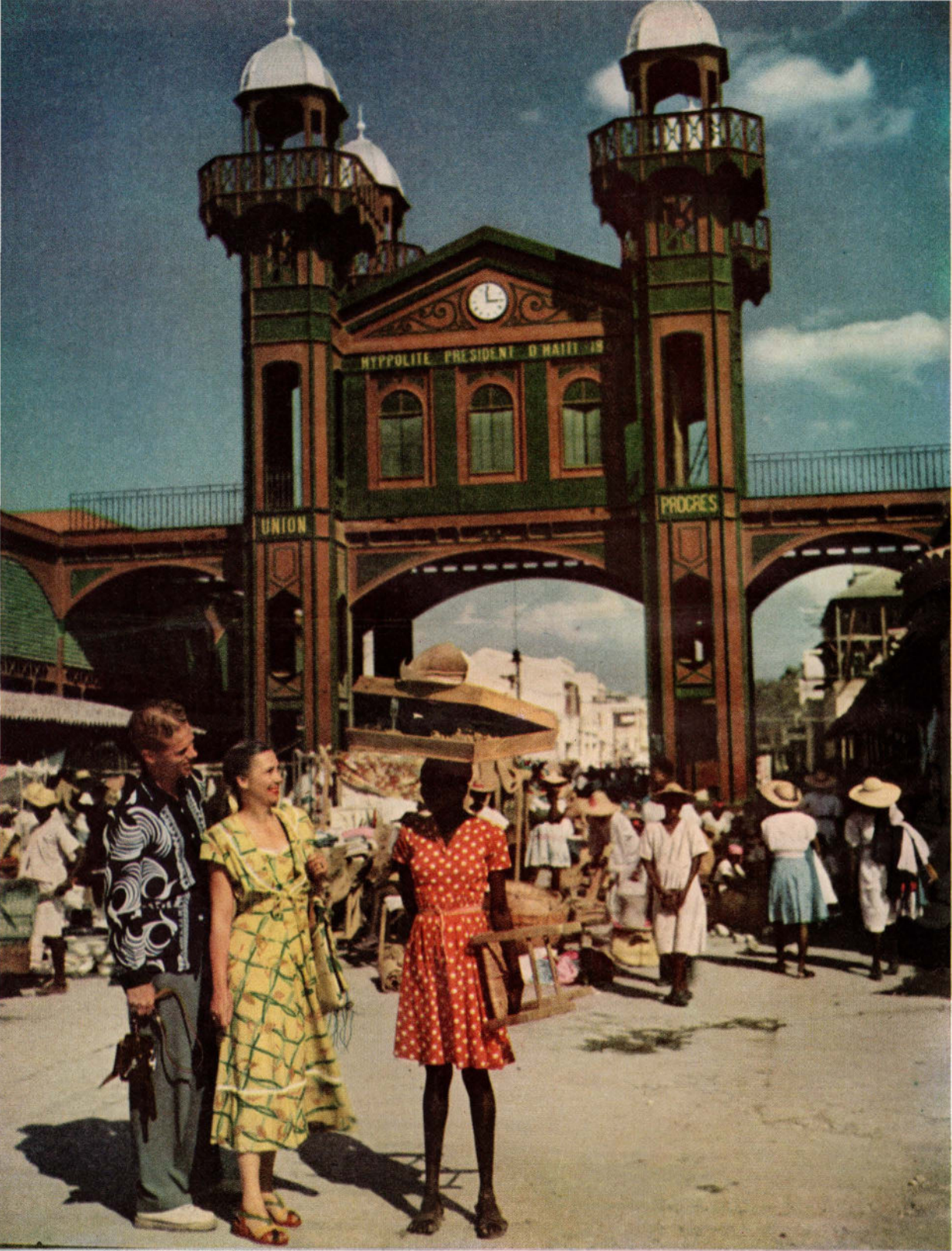
HAITI Spear-fishing is a popular tourist sport in Haiti. Gustave Valley, right, an amiable Italian giant who is one of the world's best-known spear-fishermen, operates a spear-fishing school on Sand Cay, a long coral reef off Port-au-Prince. Rubber masks afford breath-taking underwater views.



Courtesy of Pan American World Airways
George Burns



VIRGIN ISLANDS The quaint Danish architecture of the Virgin Islands delights American tourists who come to shop and swim and sun bathe in these delightful islands. Charlotte Amalie, capital, on St. Thomas, is a shopper's paradise, offering amazing bargains in silver, perfumes, liquors, and linens. Another attraction: the six-week divorce law. The United States bought the three islands—Saint Thomas, Saint Croix (above), and Saint John—from Denmark in 1917.



Courtesy of Pan American World Airways

Exploring the tropical vacation paradise right on America's doorstep is like making a miniature trip around the world

Air travel is speedily converting the Caribbean into a year-round vacation-land and, in some cases, even to a week-end resort.

The best travel bargain among the plane trips this year is Pan American's "Circle Tour Ticket," which offers a round-trip ticket from New York or Miami through Cuba, Jamaica, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. Flying time between these islands is two hours or less. In one sweep you can get a look at the entire northern Caribbean.

Havana, at one end of this route, and Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, at the other, have been the first to benefit from the boom in flying tourists.

Ed "Archie" Gardner, the garrulous bartender of the radio show "Duffy's Tavern," liked Puerto Rico (and its tax exemptions) so much that he moved his show to San Juan and has been broadcasting from there and living there the year round. American tourists are joining Gardner in a growing stream. They come to stay at the island's luxurious new hotels and to swim, golf, and gamble at the casinos. Scenery-conscious tourists take the trip to El Yunque, one of the few genuine tropical rain forests any distance from the equator.

Jamaica and Haiti also are emerging as important new resort areas. Jamaica's scenery, ranging from lush tropical landscapes to lofty mountains topped with pine forests, has now been discovered by Americans.

Montego Bay finds itself competing with Jamaica's mid-north coast, which has blossomed forth with some of the gayest resorts ever seen in the Caribbean.

Incidentally, seeing Jamaica and the other British islands in a hired car is not a bad idea. Bantam-sized drive-yourself British models can be hired easily and cheaply, and there are networks of fine roads and scenic drives. On a jaunt from Kingston to the north coast of Jamaica you climb high up among the cool Blue Mountains and then plunge down into green valleys and banana plantations and along the seacoast.

Two hours' flying time northeast of Jamaica is Haiti. In many ways the strangest and most exotic of the West Indian islands. Port-au-Prince, its capital and main port of entry, is a sprawling, dusty, sun-baked seaport at the base of high,

savage-looking mountains. Americans usually retreat to Petionville, a mountainside suburb overlooking the city, where there are a number of excellent hotels. Using Petionville as a base, they divide their time between motor drives high into the mountains and descents into Port-au-Prince for tours of the shops, market places, and art galleries. At night they try the roulette wheels and dice tables of the International Casino.

Haiti also offers more energetic tourists a trip to the awesome mountain-peak citadel built almost 150 years ago by Henri Christophe, the black ex-slave king of Haiti, to resist the armies of Napoleon.

Voodoo Temples

There is a lot of voodoo in Haiti. Several different degrees of exposure to it are possible. Twice a week a national folk-dance group provides a watered-down but authentic representation of its dances and ceremonies in an open-air amphitheatre right in the city. On Friday and Saturday nights a guide will escort you to one of the "temples," whose members are used to tourist visits. But if you have the time and patience to investigate further you can find one of the smaller *tonnelles* where drumming, dancing, and "spirit-catching" go on almost every night. It is a waste of time to search for the zombies or animal sacrificial rites. If you prod a guide hard enough you may be accommodated by the slaughter of a goat or chicken, but it will undoubtedly be your own goat, purchased by your guide with the extra money he demanded for the mysterious "arrangements."

A visit to the citadel requires an overnight trip to Cap-Haitien on the north coast. The expedition—an hour's ride in a Haitian-air-force plane, a twenty-mile auto drive, and then a two-hour horseback ascent past the fantastic ruins of King Christophe's Palace of Sans Souci up a steep, rocky, and often muddy trail—is worth the effort.

The giddily steep parapets look down on a sea of tropical greenery. Shimmering in the distance are the white buildings of "The Cap," as Haitians refer to Cap-Haitien, the scene of bloody battles during the Revolution of 1791-1804, and long before that a haven for the ships of Christopher Columbus.

Trinidad, Tobago, and Barbados, at

the bottom of the Caribbean, although farthest from the United States, are among the easiest to reach. Port of Spain, capital of Trinidad and an important junction point for air and steamship lines serving the Caribbean and South America, is by far the most colorful of all the cities of the Caribbean. Its East Indian fetes and processions. British colonials, and tropical bazaars and market places make it seem like a Far Eastern city. Queens Park, a lush green savanna in the heart of the city, encompasses cricket fields and a race track set against the background of green hills and botanical gardens.

If you decide to visit Trinidad it is worth remembering that its justly famed carnival takes place toward the end of February. For two days and nights immediately preceding the beginning of Lent all work ceases in Port of Spain, and its 100,000 French, Spanish, British, African, and East Indian inhabitants let go in one tremendous binge of party-going, singing, dancing, and imbibing.

High point of the carnival is the Calypso-singing contests. In fact, the carnival has become a sort of overheated Salzburg Festival for these tropical Meistersingers, who sport names like the Killer, King Radio, and Attila the Hun.

From Trinidad it's a short flight to tiny Barbados. Barbados (whose first American tourist was George Washington: in 1751 he spent two months there with a convalescing brother) was colonized by the British in 1625. Today Bridgetown, its capital, is a completely English town with tea shoppes like those you would find in a London suburb.

Americans are joining the British enthusiasts who have always been delighted by lanches of blue-and-silver flying fish and cycling up and down winding white-coral lanes past quaint parish churches transplanted right out of an English landscape.

On the veranda of a Barbados hotel an Ohio lady recently declared, "We come here every year just to feed the hummingbirds." A rather unusual reason to travel almost 3,000 miles, but that's one of the nicest things about the Caribbean—anyone can be sure to find there the diversion that suits him perfectly.

THE END

HAITI The market place in Port-au-Prince, Haiti's capital, glistens with color at midday market time. Most Americans find Haiti the most exotic of the West Indies. Its craggy mountains, voodoo cults, and rich native culture make it one of the most fascinating areas in the Caribbean. Its bargains in mahogany and rum are unsurpassed. Its proud people, all transplanted Africans, gained their independence from France after a long, bloody struggle in the early 1800's.

The Where-How - and How Much!

Unless otherwise specified, all fares are quoted on a round-trip basis and all trips originate in New York City. All fares are subject to the 15-per-cent federal tax. Hotel rates are quoted on a daily basis.

BY DON SIHRT

BERMUDA

How to get there: *By ship*—Furness Bermuda Line. \$125. *By air*—BOAC, Pan American, or Colonial, tourist fare. \$85; first class. \$125. Tourist tax—\$1.80 a person.

What to see: British-inspired shopping center at Hamilton. Bermuda Cathedral, south-shore beaches, quaint St. George, Devil's Hole, underground caves, Tom Moore's House, perfume factory.

What to do: Swimming, sailing, fishing, bicycling, golf, tennis.

What to buy: English and Scotch woollens, English leather goods, English pipes and tobaccos, Wedgwood and spode china, doeskin gloves. Best buy: liquor. **Hotel rates:** Tops—\$20 to \$28, single with bath, American Plan; \$15 to \$20 a person, double with bath, American Plan. Medium—\$8 to \$14, single with a bath, American Plan.

BAHAMAS

How to get there: *By ship*—Ingres Nassau Line, six-day cruise. \$125; Dominican Republic Steamship Line, from Miami, \$44; *By air*—BOAC or Pan American, \$144; BOAC or Pan American from Miami, \$36. Tourist tax—85 cents for under 48 hours, \$1.70 for over 48 hours.

What to see: Sea-gardens tour in glass-bottom boats, Paradise Beach, Rawson Square, public market, Fort Charlotte, public buildings in Nassau, Queen's Staircase hewn by hand from solid rock, harbor views from the water tower.

What to do: Golf, tennis, swimming, sailing, fishing, bicycling, water skiing.

What to buy: All English products. **Hotel rates:** Tops—\$24 to \$36, single, American Plan; \$36 to \$50, double, American Plan. Medium—\$8 to \$13, single, European Plan.

CUBA

How to get there: *By ship*—United Fruit. \$395; Standard Fruit, from New Orleans. \$220; Peninsular and Occidental, from Miami. \$44. *By air*—Pan American, from Miami. \$36; National or LAV. \$173.80; Chicago & Southern, from Chicago. \$140.70; Chicago & Southern, from New Orleans. \$96.70. Tourist tax—varies with amount of fare.

What to see: Havana Harbor, Morro Castle, Presidential Palace, national capitol, Prado, Malecon Drive, night clubs.

What to do: Swimming, sailing, golf, tennis, big-game fishing, gambling.

What to buy: Alligator-skin articles, Cuban rums, Cuban cigars.

Hotel rates: Tops—\$15, single, European Plan; \$20, double, European Plan. Medium—\$7, single, European Plan. Economy—\$5, single, European Plan.

JAMAICA

How to get there: *By ship*—Alcoa Steamship Company, from New Orleans, southbound only, \$275. *By air*—Pan American or BOAC, first class, \$244.80; BOAC, excursion rate, \$185; Pan American, tourist rate, \$196.20; Pan American or BOAC, from Miami, first class, \$110.20.

What to see: Blue Mountains, Montego Bay, Tower Isle, Ocho Rios, historic St. Peter's Church, Hope Botanical Gardens. **What to do:** Swimming, fishing, yachting, golf, tennis, horseback riding, rafting with native pilots, mountain hiking. **What to buy:** English products, French perfume, Jamaica rum.

Hotel rates: Tops—Kingston: \$11.50, single, American Plan. Montego Bay: \$9 to \$14, single, American Plan; \$18 to \$28, double, American Plan. Tower Isle: \$16 to \$30, single, American Plan; \$28 to \$40, double, American Plan.

HAITI

How to get there: *By ship*—Dominican Republic Steamship Line, from Miami, one-way fare, \$60; Florida-Caribbean Line, from Jacksonville. \$200; Marine Transportation and Terminal Company freighter, one-way fare, \$125; Royal Netherlands Steamship Company freighter, one-way fare, \$100. *By air*—Pan American, from Miami, \$135. Tourist tax—tourist card, \$1; exit permit, \$2. **What to see:** Port-au-Prince, the iron market, Presidential Palace, diamond crown of Emperor Soulouque, anchor of the *Santa Maria*, Citadel, Sans Souci Palace, Cap Haitien, voodoo dances.

What to do: Tennis, golf, swimming, horseback riding, fishing, spear-fishing. **What to buy:** Mahogany products, Haitian rum.

Hotel rates: Tops—Port au Prince: \$9 to \$14, single, American Plan; \$18 to \$25, double, American Plan. Medium—Port au Prince: \$7, single, American Plan.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

How to get there: *By ship*—Alcoa Steamship Company, from New Orleans, southbound only, \$260; Bull Steamship Lines, one-way fare, \$150; Dominican Republic Steamship Line, from Miami, one-way fare, \$92.50; Florida-Caribbean Line, from Jacksonville. \$200; Royal Netherlands Steamship Company, one-way fare, \$130. *By air*—Avianca, KLM, or Pan American, from Miami, \$140. Tourist tax—tourist card, \$1.

What to see: Trujillo City, tomb of Columbus, Cathedral, ruins of Alcazar de Calon built by Columbus' son Diego.

What to do: Swimming, tennis, golf, gambling, sailing, horseback riding.

What to buy: Tortoise-shell boxes, woven baskets.

Hotel rates: Tops—\$12 to \$16, double, European Plan. Medium—\$7 to \$16, double, European Plan.

PUERTO RICO

How to get there: *By ship*—Alcoa Steamship Company freighter, from New Orleans, southbound only, \$100; Bull Steamship Lines, one-way fare, \$130; Lykes Brothers Steamship Company freighter, from Galveston, one-way fare, \$100; Waterman Steamship Corporation, from New Orleans, \$180. *By air*—Eastern or Pan American, first class, \$180; Eastern or Pan American, tourist rate, \$128; Eastern, Pan American, or BWIA, from Miami, first class, \$115.20.

What to see: El Morro and San Juan Harbor; Le Fortelaza, residence of the governor; Cathedral of San Juan Bautista; Luquillo Beach; El Yunque, tropical rain forest; sea gardens near San Juan.

What to do: Golf, tennis, swimming, sailing, skeet and trapshooting, horseback riding, hand.

What to buy: Hand-made embroidered blouses, mahogany bowls, bamboo products, woven baskets, Puerto Rican rum.

Hotel rates: Tops—\$9 to \$14, single,

European Plan. Medium—\$6.50 to \$10, single; \$9 to \$15, double, European Plan. Economy—\$3 to \$6, single, European Plan; \$6 to \$10, double, European Plan.

VIRGIN ISLANDS

How to get there: *By ship*—Alcoa Steamship Company freighter, southbound only, \$195. *By air*—Pan American, first class, \$196.20; Caribbean Atlantic Airlines, from San Juan, \$16.20.

What to see: Charlotte Amalie, the capital; Cha Cha Town, the French village; Shrine of St. Anne; Street of Ninety-Nine Steps; dungeons at Fort Christian; St. Peter and St. Paul's Church; Blue Beard's Hill and Castle; Blackbeard's Castle; glass-bottom-boat trip, boat trip to St. John; air trip to St. Croix.

What to do: Yachting, sailing, tennis, golf, horseback riding, swimming, deep-sea fishing, spear fishing.

What to buy: Free Port. Danish silver; Peruvian, Mexican, and Guatemalan jewelry; Chinese jade; French perfume and crystal; Florentine. Mexican, and Guatemalan leather goods; tortoise-shell jewelry; corals and cameos; liquor.

Hotel rates: Tops—\$12 to \$25, single, European Plan; \$18 to \$30, double, European Plan. Medium—\$13 to \$15, single, American Plan; \$24 to \$30, double, American Plan.

MARTINIQUE AND GUADELUPE

How to get there: *By ship*—Alcoa freighter, southbound only, \$225. *By air*—BWIA, to Martinique, first class, \$282.50; Pan American or Air France, to Martinique, first class, \$284.40; Air France, to Martinique, tourist rate, \$214.50; Air France or Pan American, to Guadelupe, first class, \$259.20; BWIA, to Guadelupe, first class, \$258.50; Air France, to Guadelupe, tourist rate, \$195. **What to see:** St. Pierre, the Pompeii of the New World, destroyed by the eruption of Mt. Pelée in 1902; fishing villages, tropical beaches; volcanic museum; birthplace of the Empress Josephine; Fort St. Louis; Basse-Terre; the capitol; banana and coffee plantations; pergola at Gosier.

What to do: Swimming, fishing, boating. **What to buy:** French perfume, brandy, Martinique rum.

Hotel rates: Facilities are limited. Rates average \$4 or \$5, single, European Plan.

BARBADOS

How to get there: *By ship*—Alcoa Steamship Company, southbound only, \$245; Canadian National Steamships, from Montreal, one-way fare, \$279. *By air*—Trans-Canada Air Lines, from Bermuda, \$266.70; BWIA, via Puerto Rico and St. John, \$300.30; LAV, from Venezuela, \$105.70.

What to see: St. Michael's, the Anglican Cathedral; St. John's Church; flying-fish fleet; house where George Washington stayed during his only trip outside the United States.

What to do: Golf, tennis, deep-sea fishing, horseback riding, bicycle riding, swimming, beach parties, sailing.

What to buy: English products, Barbados rum.

Hotel rates: Tops—\$8, single, American plan.

TRINIDAD

How to get there: *By ship*—Alcoa Steamship Company, from New Orleans, southbound only, \$275; Argentine State Line, \$415.80; Canadian National Steamships, from Montreal, one-way fare, \$310; Moore-McCormack Lines freighter, one-way fare, \$215; Moore-McCormack Lines, first class, \$610; Pacific Republics Line freighter, from Los Angeles, one-way fare, \$400; Pope and Talbot Lines, from San Francisco or Los Angeles, \$360; Royal Netherlands Steamship Company, one-way fare, \$190. *By air*—Pan American, tourist fare, \$279.30; Pan American, first class, \$352.80; BWIA, from Barbados, \$38.70; KLM, from Curaçao, \$20.78; Aerovias Brasil, from Caracas, \$85.14; Aerovias Brasil, from Paramaribo, \$102.96; LAV, from Caracas, \$77.40.

What to see: The capitol, at Port of Spain, east Indian settlements, the Pitch Lake, Maracas Bay, the Saddle Drive, bamboo groves, Angostura-bitters plant.

What to do: Swimming, deep-sea fishing, duck shooting, golf, tennis.

What to buy: British products, hand-made Indian-silver jewelry, rum.

Hotel rates: Tops—\$9.50, single, European Plan. Medium—\$3 to \$7, single, European Plan.

CURAÇAO AND ARUBA

How to get there: *By ship*—Grace Line, twelve-day cruise, \$435; Pacific Republic Lines, from San Francisco, one-way fare, \$375; Pope and Talbot Lines, from San Francisco, one-way fare, \$290; Royal Netherlands Steamship Company, one-way fare, \$140. *By air*—Pan American, to Curaçao, first class, \$311.40; KLM, from Miami to Curaçao, \$230.40; KLM, from Miami to Aruba, \$226.80.

What to see: Dutch architecture, famous floating bridge at Willemstad; oldest Protestant church on the islands, built in 1769; synagogue built in 1730; floating market; Fort Amsterdam; coral cavern of Boca Tabla. Aruba—the capitol at Oranjestad. Palm Beach, two large oil refineries.

What to do: Swimming, deep-sea fishing, golf, horseback riding.

What to buy: Free Port. Swiss watches, French perfumes, silk and carved ivory from the Orient, Brazilian and Argentine leather goods, Portuguese laces, Irish linens, Spanish shawls. Panama hats, Dutch blue deift-porcelain, liquor, Dutch dolls.

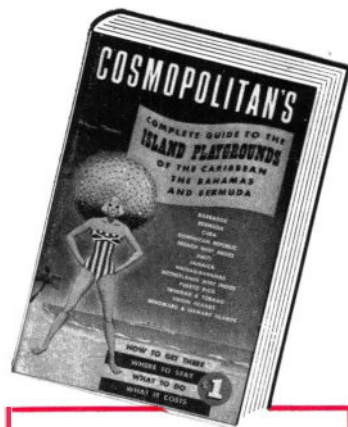
Hotel rates: Willemstad: Tops—\$12 to \$20, single, American Plan. Medium—\$8, single, American Plan. Aruba: \$7.50 to \$9, single, American Plan. THE END

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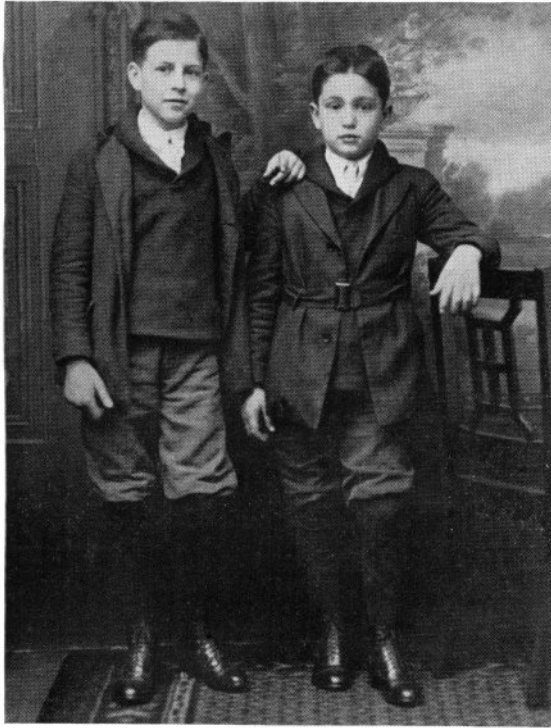
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Perry at 11, right, with brother Don, wanted to be a barber.

PERRY COMO, a perfectly normal guy!

He is devoted to his family, his golf, and his singing, and stays simple because he refuses to become a character

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

Once upon a time there lived a fellow who had absolutely nothing—except looks, charm, sex appeal, a sweet disposition, and money.

His name was Perry Como.

Oh, he could sing, too; he sang in an elaborately casual way that made strong men sigh and weak women shriek. But in an era of colorful crooners he was embarrassingly lacking in pigment. He had never flown the Atlantic to snatch a sultry babe out of the arms of a Spanish bullfighter, he didn't hurl four-letter words at the fourth estate, and he had no talent at all for smashing cameras or starting night-club fights. He'd never been divorced, not even once. He was courteous to autograph hounds and kind to song pluggers. Other baritones in his league cultivated a type of temperament that shook buildings. This talented kid

wasn't even the teensiest bit eccentric. So what happened to him?

Well, you know the corny old routine. He lived happily ever after with his pretty wife and well-adjusted children, piling up money and eating very good and playing golf and not having a worry in the world.

That, at any rate, is the way the script reads now, and that's the way the betting has to go if you are making book on the rest of the Como story. He figures to be a quietly contented man from here on in.

Perry Como makes \$900,000 a year without breathing hard. If he wanted to overwork a little here and there he could double it. During the first few months of 1952 he was voted the most popular male vocalist in 20 polls throughout the United States; he has scores of fan clubs; his mail from admirers is so

heavy nobody in his lushly decorated New York office bothers to count it anymore. Seven of his recordings have sold more than a million copies each, and he holds the all-time record for crooners who warble into wax: four million Como discs handed across the counters of America in a single week. The Paramount Theatre on Broadway will take him any time it can get him at 50 per cent of the gross, the Palladium in London has been crying for him for years, and whenever he wants to play a night-club date in Hollywood or Las Vegas or New York he can bank an extra \$15,000 a week.

His private life is serene. He has been married 19 years to the same woman, a well-molded, brown-eyed blonde—who can cook, too—and he lives on Long Island in a 14-room house that has a garden, an outdoor grill for steaks, and

(Continued on next page)

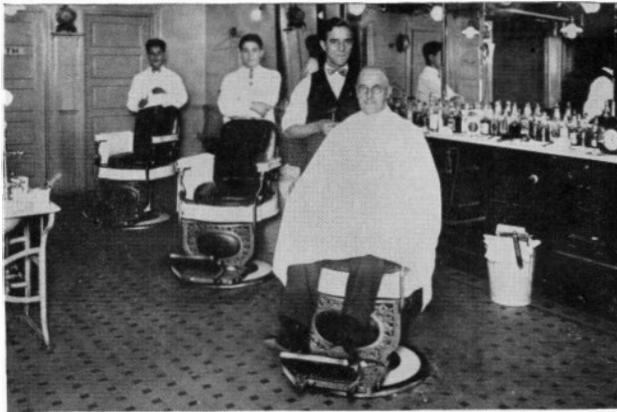
The art of easy relaxation, another Como gift, contributes to his \$900,000-a-year earning power.



MANNING

No 16

*"Now I can get the things money can buy.
The other things I've always had."*



In Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, barbershop, Perry had the second chair, gave a good haircut, and played the guitar when things got slow.

a pool table. He goes to church on Sundays and sometimes other days, and on certain Friday nights, when it is his turn, he drives the neighbors' kids to the Boy Scout meeting in his Cadillac convertible. He is 40 years old, but his hair hasn't receded so much as one millimeter, and his velvet vocal chords never give him a bit of trouble.

He doesn't want a thing except more of the same.

In the glittering rat race known as show business, Perry Como stands out as a freakish example of normalcy. He is a big star, but happy. He is at the top, but he is not afraid of *not* being at the top tomorrow. He has neither an ulcer nor a psychiatrist. This is a very rare animal. Try to name another like him.

Because he is so deficient in gossip-fodder and the extravagant peculiarities that make for gaudy anecdotage, Perry is hard to describe in terms that are in the least theatrical. A usually super-articulate member of the Broadway fraternity, after several attempts to make his singing friend sound colorful, finally asked, a little desperately, "Did you ever live next door to a nice young Italian fellow with a wife and a few kids? That's Perry. And that's all he is."

His resistance to temptation can be largely attributed to his devotion to religion, a constant and real devotion that he shares with his wife, Roselle. Neither of them would discuss it with anyone who did not understand it (they never

allow the bedrooms of their house to be photographed, because those rooms display pictures of the Holy Family), but when they are with friends their closeness to God is an accepted thing, referred to reverently but matter-of-factly. Roselle's most treasured possession is a painting of the Madonna over the fireplace in their bedroom; the only piece of jewelry Perry wears is a small gold crucifix bent into a circlet.

For a couple living in 1952, half-submerged in an atmosphere that is jaded when it is not wicked, they are as surprisingly unembarrassed in their admiration for holiness as they are in their affection for each other. Roselle watched Nancy Sinatra agonize over Frank's roving eye in the declining years of their marriage and was quietly thankful she had no such problem. She is not naïve; she realizes that Perry's good looks and his constant contact with the glamorous and often notably available women in show business could mean terrible trouble. But the trouble has never come, and Roselle long ago stopped looking for it.

"I have peace of mind because of what I believe and what Perry believes about marriage," she says. "I never worry. Mother always said to me, 'Don't get married unless you can trust. If you don't trust, you have no peace.'"

She reads the letters from female fans who use no uncertain terms in inviting her husband to come up and see 'em sometime, but the letters don't bother

her. Nor do the young things who send him presents and tear buttons off his coat and try to crash his dressing room. She has a humorously definite way of handling too-ardent admirers.

One afternoon she picked up the telephone at their house and got a sugary feminine voice cooing. "I'd like to speak to Perry."

"Who's calling?" asked Roselle. "This is a friend of his," was the brush-off reply.

"Well, speak up, friend," said Mrs. Como briskly, "because any friend of Perry's is a friend of mine."

Because intensive research on Como uncovers nothing but normalcy, interviewers almost invariably ask him how he gets that way. Sometimes even his closest friends wonder.

Perry has an explanation. "I don't want to be a character," he says.

No barroom philosopher, he nevertheless knows what it takes to make him happy. He can talk about it, easily. "All I really want is a drink and something to eat and a game of golf now and then and my family around me. I've had my share of working for twenty-three dollars a week and for twenty thousand dollars a week. I know what they're both like, and I know I don't want anything more than I have now.

"I've got money, and I can get the things money can buy—but *the things money can't buy I've always had.*"

Any genuine Como fan knows Perry was born in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, on May 18, 1912, the seventh son in a family of thirteen. His ambition was to become a barber, and he made it—part-time when he was fourteen years old, full-time, in his own shop, when he finished high school.

He did well and had fun as a barber. When things weren't too busy he played his guitar for the customers. Canonsburg is a mining town. The miners would come out of the pits on Saturday nights, dog-tired and black with coal dust, and they would want everything—shave, haircut, steam towel, manicure, and a dash of nice-smelling stuff on the head for a finish. As a result Perry made \$100 or \$125 a week, and since many of the miners were Greek he learned to speak Greek. He still tosses it around now and then.

Singing Days Begin

Perry and Roselle met at a wiener roast on the banks of historic Chartiers Creek. He had another girl with him—a vamp type, Roselle reports out of her feminine gift for total recall in romantic matters—but his dark good looks and easy charm captured her fancy. "I liked him," she admits, "right away." They were married in 1933, when he was 21.

Roselle encouraged him when he began to sing with dance bands—first Freddie

Carlone's, then Ted Weems's. At times Perry, sitting in a strange hotel room, would become bored with one-night stands and separations from his wife. Then he would start thinking about the barbershop again. But Roselle continued to encourage him. "You can *always* go back to the shop," she would say.

In 1943, it happened. Perry stopped the show at the Copacabana in New York, was booked into the Paramount, made his first hit records. He went on to the movies, became a radio favorite, and, when television arrived, stepped into television as if it had been made for him.

Today he is big business. He has had one sponsor—Chesterfield cigarettes—for eight years, and for nine years he has been a recording star on the RCA Victor label. He has his own conductor, arranger, and copyist as well as a staff of managers, secretaries, and accountants. He does his TV show on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and on Tuesdays and Thursdays—he calls these his "off days" because they are arranged so he can get home to dinner at a reasonable hour—he rehearses, makes records, tapes messages to disc jockeys all over the country, and confers on programs.

But the weekends are his own. The Comos' friends and most constant visitors are Mitchell Ayres, the orchestra leader; prize fighter Jake LaMotta (who, despite his ruggedness in the ring, is a "sweet and gentle person" in Perry's book); Dee Belline, Perry's brother-in-law; and Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, the comedy husband-and-wife team.

Their entertainment program is simple: golf, drinks, food, and relaxed conversation. The food is prepared by Roselle, or Perry, or both, and served out-of-doors or in the kitchen or breakfast alcove. They have a formal dining room, but they have used it only three times. "We use the breakfast nook," Perry says. "The kind of people we have for dinner like eating in the breakfast nook."

He is on the verge of transforming the dining room into an upstairs bar and playroom. They have a cellar playroom now, complete with bar and pool table, but he doesn't really like it. "Cellars are for groceries and old shoes," he says.

From time to time the Comos have attempted a certain formality of domestic service, but it has never been a success. They have had a series of maids of a sort, but Roselle winds up doing most of the housework. Perry says with pride and exasperation. "I tell her not to do it, but it's no use. I've been threatening to hit her for nineteen years, but she still does as she pleases."

He wakes up the way most people do, sleepy and groggy, but Roselle hops out of bed at sunrise bright-eyed and lively, ready to run around doing things. In the morning he calls her "Sergeant."

"She gets up at seven-thirty to see that

the kids' hair is brushed and all the noses are blown and the fingernails clean, and she gets them off to school. Then she waxes furniture and washes clothes. When I tell her to stop, for heaven's sake, she says, 'What am I going to do—play cards all day and when you come home tell you how I had three aces?' So there it is."

Even after almost two decades of matrimony, Perry shakes his head in wonder over the queer versatility of women as exemplified by his wife. "I watch her driving off to the supermarket in the morning, in slacks and an old blouse, with her nose shiny, and then that evening she decides to come to the broadcast. I look out and see her, and wow!"

The Comos have three children—Ronnie, twelve, David, six, and Therese, four. Two of them are adopted, but no stranger could tell which two. They all look and act like Comos.

Imitates Bing Crosby

Perry knows his kind of fame is a sometime thing, and he has no idea how long the public will keep buying his ballads at the flattering million-per-side rate. He hopes the fan mail and the money keep pouring in, but if they don't he has enough to last for a long time.

Actually he stands a better chance of becoming a permanent part of the nation's musical picture than most of the crooning skyrockets, because his style is unmannered. He never hesitates to admit that his casual way of singing is a clear imitation of Bing Crosby. When he was just beginning to croon, Crosby was his idol, and the idol of a great part of the public, too. Perry discovered, when he started to sing for a living, that if he didn't sing like Crosby he couldn't get a job with a band. So he bought all the

Crosby records and played them over and over, studying them until he could sing even *more* casually than the master.

When Perry first went to California and met his idol he got the polite brush-off at which Bing is so accomplished—a "Nice to meet you, young fellow," and that's about all, although Perry by then was winning national popularity polls. It hurt and disappointed him, but he mentioned it only to his closest friends, and then without emphasis.

Years later, when both of them were working for Chesterfield, they attended a convention of distributors in Chicago, and Perry made a little speech. He said in an offhand, undramatic way, "Whatever success I have I owe to Crosby. I copied his style, it's made me a good living, and I'll always be grateful."

Crosby, sitting a few feet away, listened openmouthed. Afterward he insisted on taking Perry out and buying him a drink, and their friendship has been a warm one since that night.

Perry's son Ronnie, who is beginning to sing, shares his father's admiration for the Groaner. People who hear the boy toss off a ballad are inclined to smile and say, "Get that. Just like his daddy."

But Perry knows better. It's just like Crosby.

This crooner named Como is as pleasant as a sunny afternoon, as simple as the language on the sports page. These qualities project along with his soft, careless baritone, and they probably contribute heavily to his popularity with the millions. Quite possibly a nation disillusioned by the venality of its politicians and disgusted with the behavior of its most glamorous movie stars is ready to embrace a public figure who has not only talent but an old-fashioned, unfashionable regard for morality.

THE END



Penguin Photo



With Ted Weems in 1937, Perry developed his crooning style, which, he admits candidly, is copied from Bing Crosby's. Now Como's records outsell Crosby's.

*It was as if a door had suddenly opened, and
beyond they glimpsed an unexpected vista—
the renewal of their long-forgotten dreams*

THE RUT

BY WILLIAM KINGSFIELD

The shadowed house was pleasantly cool after the heat of the city and the harsh glare of the suburban train, and Paul sighed softly as he laid his hat and brief case on the hall table. He pulled out his handkerchief, dabbed at his forehead, and then turned and walked slowly into the living room, a stocky, middle-aged man in a rumpled linen suit, his heavy face weary in the lamplight. His wife leaned forward in her chair, setting the bottle of clear nail polish on the coffee table and blowing gently on her fingertips. "You're early," she said with a smile. "It's only seven o'clock."

He crossed the room and seated himself on the comfortably low couch. "Country club?" he asked.

Ann laughed. "No, just the Reids' bridge party," she replied. "Did you forget?"

He nodded absently, rubbing his eyes, and then carefully adjusted the horn-rimmed glasses.

"You look awfully tired," she said after a moment. "Would you rather not go?"

Paul was taking a cigar from the humidor at his elbow, and he didn't look up.

"I was fired today," he said.

Ann sat without moving—her plump

hands were still lifted, and her face was expressionless.

Paul lit the cigar. "In the advertising business we must move forward," he quoted in a flat voice, dropping the match into the ashtray. "Move forward dynamically," he added. "I think that's the way it was worded." He blew a plume of gray-blue smoke into the cone of light above the lamp. "We must maintain a challenging outlook. In short, we must be like my assistant."

"And Mr. Hardy actually fired you?"

Paul nodded. A moth fluttered at the screen, a white smudge against the summer dusk, and Ann sat back, her mouth pursed a little, before she spoke. "I'm glad," she said abruptly.

He stared at her, the cigar half-raised to his mouth. "You're glad?" he asked slowly.

She nodded. "I wish it had happened a long time ago," she said.

He watched her, his eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "It won't be easy for me to find another job," he warned. "I'm not so young, you know."

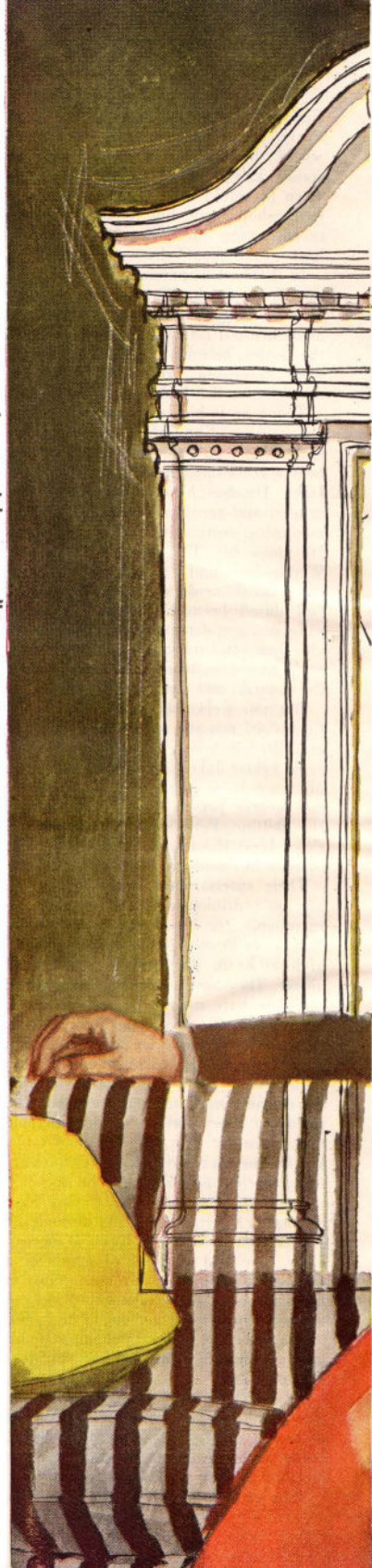
She smiled. "We have enough money in the bank to last quite a while, if we're careful."

"How careful?" he asked wryly.

"Very careful," Ann replied. "For

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

"Do you remember," she asked, "all the things we once planned?"







Ally 1935

As abruptly as it had opened the door swung closed, the vision vanished—but there was something in that sudden glimpse of truth that would be with them always

one thing, I can send back that coat I bought today. For another, we can get along very nicely without Martha. She can't cook, and I can surely do as much cleaning and dusting in one hour as she does in five."

She reached into the table drawer, took out a pencil and a bridge score-pad, and settled herself into the chair with unaccustomed firmness. "We'll sell the car," she continued, making a note on the pad.

"Now, wait a minute," he protested. She looked up. "Well, why not?" she asked. "We certainly won't be going out to the country club or driving over to the lake to play bridge until two o'clock in the morning."

"Look, Ann," he said patiently. "You're being wonderful about this, but we don't have to turn ourselves into a couple of hermits. We still have our friends—"

"Friends?" She laughed, and it was almost a giggle. "The Reids? The Klimes? The remarkable Howards?"

He frowned intently at his cigar and made no reply.

"Do you have a good time with them?" she asked.

"Sure," he replied uncomfortably, still looking at his cigar. "Sure I do. Don't you?"

"Of course not. And you don't either." "No," he said slowly, "I guess I don't." He puffed at his cigar for a moment. "But even being with Ollie Kline is better than staying home every night and playing double solitaire."

"How long has it been since we've seen Fred and Amy?"

"Quite a while," he admitted.

She smiled. "Do you think we need a car to go across the street or down to see the Whitneys?"

"No," he replied. "I guess we don't."

She made several more notes before looking up. "Remember when we first bought this house? How we were going to build a rock garden and fix the attic?" He nodded warily. "And we were going to buy a desk," she continued, "and put it in the guest room so you could do some writing."

Paul leaned forward. "Ann," he said in a tone of mild exasperation, "I hope I'm not supposed to start earning a living by writing."

"Perhaps not right away," she replied lightly. "You're going to write because you've always wanted to." He smiled. "Don't laugh," she said. "Everyone who's in advertising wants to write. It's a sort of occupational disease." She made another note. "You're going to be a shock to some of my church friends," she murmured. "I'm sure they think I'm a widow."

Paul stared at her in pleased wonderment, remembering how he had worried about telling her that he had lost his job. He leaned back, lacing his fingers behind his head. "It sounds wonderful," he said quizzically, "but what are we going to do for money? The savings account won't last forever, you know."

"You can go to work with Bob Adams." His brows lifted above his startled eyes. "Bob Adams?"

"Don't shout." She laughed. "Isn't he always talking about the two of you working together?"

"Sure," he agreed slowly. "Every time he has more than two drinks." He watched her, one brow still cocked. "And you want me to go down to Bob's office tomorrow morning and tell him he has a new partner?"

"Certainly not," she replied. "You're going to take a vacation. You haven't had one in years."

"Vacation? I thought you were talking about saving money."

"A vacation," she retorted, "right here in this house. How long has it been since you slept until noon? You used to, you know. Years ago."

Paul laughed and leaned back, letting his arms fall in a helpless gesture—at that moment the telephone rang.

"The Reids," he said with a grimace, looking toward the hall and hesitating before he glanced at Ann. "Why don't we tell them we can't make it?" he ventured.

She nodded quickly, and he pushed himself to his feet. "How about fixing a couple of drinks," he suggested as he walked out into the hall and picked up the instrument. "Hello?"

"Now, look here," Mr. Hardy's voice rumbled in his ear. "I'm afraid we're both being a little hasty about this whole thing." There was a noisy cough. "You'd better stop in and see me in the morn-

ing. Paul. I'd like to discuss a few things with you."

The familiar voice was oddly irritating. Paul chewed hard on his cigar. "Why don't we discuss them right now?" he asked coldly.

"Yes," Mr. Hardy said uncomfortably. "Well, Paul, I guess you were right about the department. We'll keep everything just the way it is." Paul looked fixedly at his reflection in the wall mirror and waited. "Of course we're transferring your assistant to another department," Mr. Hardy added.

"Is that right?" Paul replied.

There was an awkward pause. "And I'd like to talk to you about that salary of yours," Mr. Hardy added with an effort. Paul took a deep breath and idly brushed at some feathery fragments of cigar ash that had fallen on his brief case. He was suddenly aware that his feeling of irritation had gone, leaving only an empty tiredness. "I see," he said slowly.

There was another pause before Mr. Hardy chuckled uneasily. "Well, why don't you stop in and see me the first thing tomorrow morning? We can talk about it then."

"All right," Paul said, and hung up. A breeze was beginning to stir the warm night air. He stared out the open door, watching the glowing sparks of yellow where the fireflies hovered in the shadowed clumps of shrubbery, before he finally turned and walked back into the living room. "I guess you'd better keep that coat," he said. "I seem to be employed again."

Ann looked up at him with a puzzled expression, and he laughed shortly. "Maybe you'd better go ahead and fix the drinks anyway," he said. He very carefully crushed his cigar in the crystal ashtray before glancing at his watch. "Why don't I go ahead and take a shower," he said, "and you call the Reids and tell them we'll be along in a little while." He hesitated, as if he were going to say something more, then turned and walked out of the room.

Ann sat motionless, listening to the sound of his footsteps on the stairs and staring down at the score-pad until the neatly written notes began to blur in the bright glare of the lamp. THE END

He hesitated, as if to say something more, but there was no more to say.

EVERYTHING BUT MONEY!

*That includes a car, a furnished
home, and a bushful of time payments—
and it all adds up to good living*

BY CAROLINE BIRD



HARRY AND LORA play a brisk game of badminton on the lawn of their \$8,500 Levittown, New York, house, which they will own in 28 years.



WATCHING THE TELEVISION SET built into monthly payment. Like the television set,

My grandmother didn't believe in debt. To her, no mere physical possession could possibly be worth the mental agony of owing money. I'm very glad she wasn't around two years ago when one of her small descendants visited the toy department.

"Do you know what my Daddy wants for Christmas, Santa Claus?" he shrilled over the din. "My Daddy says he wants a raise to cover the payments."

We laughed uneasily because there's enough of Grandmother in us to make



the knotty-pine wall of their living room, Lora and her year-old daughter, Jill, enjoy one comfort that does not demand a stove, refrigerator, automatic washing machine, and kitchen cabinets were included in the purchase price of the house.

us a trifle uncomfortable about going into debt for things we could do without. Our friends laughed with us because they're all in the same boat.

Over half the residences, automobiles, home appliances, television sets, musical instruments, and genuine gems you see on every hand were bought on the installment plan. That's the way lots of people get mink stoles, yachts, photographs of the baby, vacations, dancing lessons, schooling, or electric trains for junior. More of us are buying more "on

time" every year. In 1940, American families owed \$5.5 billions on commodities they were already in possession of. By 1951, we were wallowing in \$13.5 billions' worth of unpaid consumer goods.

In 1950 the average city family spent over \$400 more than its income. For many young families it's not the total cost that counts, it's the monthly payment.

Take the Metzgers of Levittown, Long Island. Harry, Lora, and baby Jill are enjoying \$15,000 worth of machinery for living, yet the biggest check Harry

Metzger can remember writing in six years of married life was the \$86 monthly payment on a car. Harry is an assistant products engineer at the Sperry Gyroscope plant. Between a third and a half of his \$436 monthly take-home pay goes for installment payments on the things the Metzgers feel they've got to have.

Harry Metzger considers himself extremely lucky. Two years ago, under credit terms available to veterans, he was able to borrow the \$900 down-payment on his \$8,500 Levittown house. He and

(Continued on next page)



THE METZGERS BEGAN BUYING on time before they married; Harry financed the engagement ring and Lora her silver on the installment plan. Six years ago Harry was earning \$62 a week. Now he earns more than twice that, but is deep in debt.

Lora walked into an attractive four-and-a-half-room house and landscaped lot complete down to a built-in television set. The kitchen gleamed with an electric range, an electric refrigerator, an automatic washer, steel cabinets, an elaborate two-part sink—merchandise that would have totaled \$1,026 in cold cash and a lot more in interest if they'd financed it through a store. For all this, plus the taxes, insurance, and installments on the down-payment the Veterans Administration guarantees, they agreed to pay \$68 a month for thirty years.

Harry is as quick with a pencil as any other engineer. He knows that he'll eventually pay out over \$24,000 for a house and lot priced at \$8,500. What the house will be worth when it's really his in 1980 is anybody's guess, but he's not

worrying about it now. By that time Jill will probably be married and budgeting installments on her own house. But if he had to save up for it out of his salary he figures she'd be old enough for high school before he could afford to buy a house.

The Metzgers have got the house and the fixings now, when they need them. Their comfortable home is a model of the American standard of living. There's a convertible in the carport, luxurious garden furniture in the yard, professionally tailored curtains and draperies at the windows, and a sofa and comfortable chair in the living room that look the \$400 that was paid for the two upholstered pieces. Baby Jill has the best bassinet, bathinet, stroller, crib, mattress, high chair, play pen, and chest

of drawers the Metzgers could buy. There's solid silver for the table, a good camera in the cupboard, a diamond engagement ring beside Lora's wedding band. For Harry, who likes to work with his hands, there are power tools in the attic. Some of the expensive-looking things the Metzgers own are antiques picked up in old barns and refinished at home. A few were family presents. Almost all the rest—four-fifths of their possessions—were acquired on the installment plan. Harry and Lora have been more or less in hock ever since they started out from scratch together six years ago, at which time Harry was making \$62 a week. In fact, they started buying on time before they were married. Harry financed Lora's engagement ring and Lora purchased the silver for

*Though they don't have any money, they do have excellent credit.
To the Metzgers that's every bit as good as cash*

her hope chest on the easy pay-as-you-go plan.

They ruefully admit they've got no money, but they do have well-established credit, which almost amounts to the same thing. They have a record of so many regular payments that they can always arrange to buy something they need in a hurry.

Still another advantage of time buying, they feel, is the leverage it gives them when something goes wrong. The first sofa and chair they bought soon began to fray. The store people were sympathetic but unconcerned until Harry politely suggested he wouldn't go on paying for them until an adjustment was made. The upshot of Korea-style negotiations, which lasted almost a year, was a new sofa and lounge chair in the Metzger living room.

The Metzgers budget by instinct rather

than by book, and the pay-roll office and the time-payment plans make it very simple. By design, Harry's pay check takes more than the usual number of nicks before it gets to him. In addition to federal taxes, Social Security, and disability insurance, Sperry deducts the money toward the company's medical and hospitalization plan, which took most of the financial pain out of Jill's arrival. When Harry got his raise last November he bravely ordered the part of it that didn't go into the tax deduction to be deducted in favor of the Sperry credit union. He's now putting \$50 a month into his account there and hopes soon to have a few hundred dollars he can call his own.

The \$436 he brings home seeps away rapidly in all directions. First chunk is the \$150 a month cash that goes to Lora for the house. Most of it, of course, goes

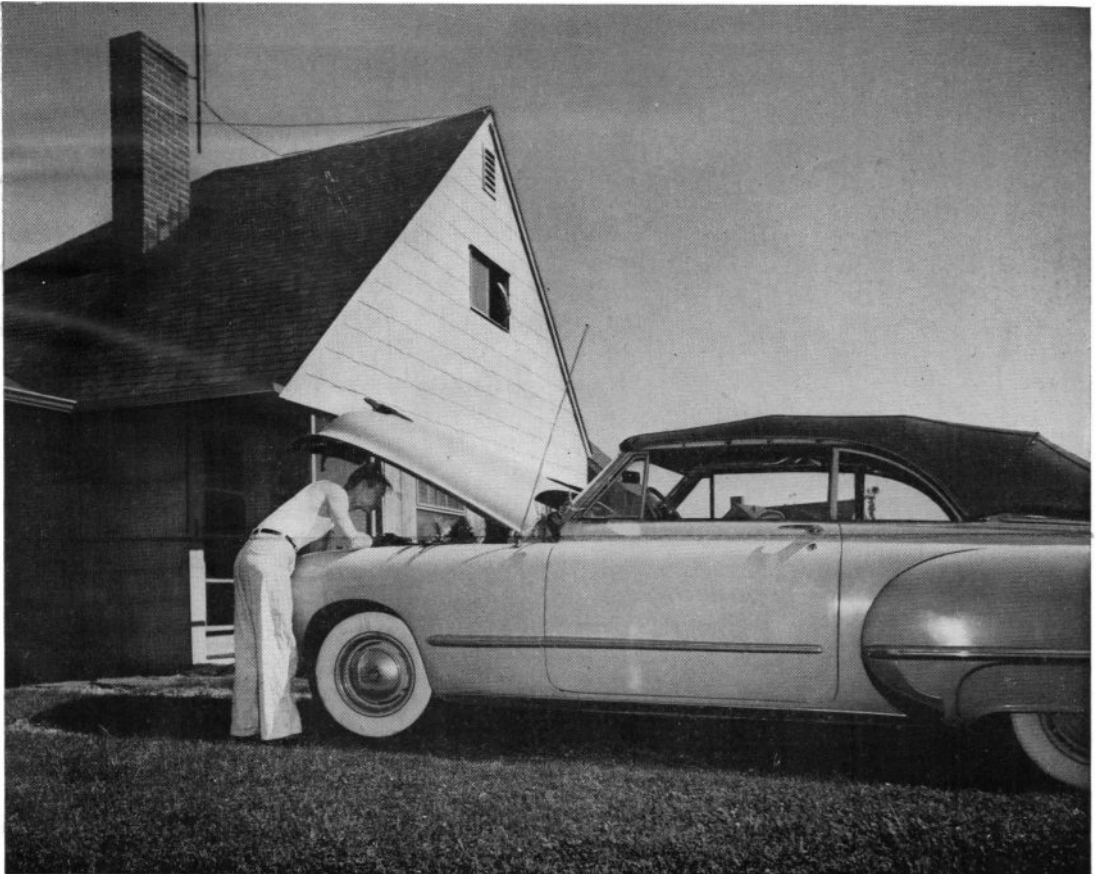
for food, but Lora squeezes out of it the cigarettes, dry cleaning, laundry of shirts, toys for Jill, and drugstore and dime-store purchases. If she squeezes hard enough she can sometimes afford to have her floors waxed or sign up for diaper service, at \$2.50 a week.

Installments on the house and house bills take \$96. After the \$68 that goes to the bank, there's the electricity—high because of the labor-saving devices in the kitchen—the phone bill, and the fuel bill. The Metzgers don't pay for the fuel over twelve months, as some of their neighbors do, because they like to have a little leeway in the summer for gardening expenses. State taxes, car insurance, and life insurance are paid quarterly, but Harry earmarks \$20 a month for them. The gasoline bills are supposed to stay at \$15 a month.

The rest goes in time payments that

(Continued on next page)

AN ASSISTANT PRODUCTS ENGINEER, Harry tinkers with his 1950 convertible. When he finally pays off the car, the interest will have cost \$400. For the four-and-a-half-room house he pays \$68 a month; he will ultimately pay \$24,000 for it.



At the end of the month there should be \$57 left. But in the last

vary, depending on what the Metzgers are buying. Right now they're almost through paying the \$55.90 a month on their new car. Sears, Roebuck is getting \$13 a month, a payment that covers the two lounge chairs for the yard, Lora's \$120 sewing machine, and gutters Harry put on the house. Macy's is getting \$14.50 a month Cash-Time for the baby-furniture splurge and will probably continue to get it after Jill has outgrown some of the equipment. And although the Metzgers can't recall exactly what clothes they've bought recently, they're paying \$15 a month to the department store that bails them out when nakedness threatens.

Theoretically, there ought to be \$57 left, but Harry can't find it. He's sure that precious little of it goes into his pocket. Some, of course. Change for tolls on the highway to Connecticut. Hot dogs on a Sunday outing. Last payday he

saved out \$15 in cash to buy himself a pair of shoes and a small part for the car.

Last summer Lora and her pal Dolly pooled their children and spent a week at a cottage in New Hampshire. That took \$100 and meant a withdrawal from the newly founded credit-union account. Some of the confusion may stem back to the \$200 they spent at Christmas. Harry tried to squeeze it out of the theoretical surplus by paying the bills slowly over the first few months of the year. In the end, he socked the credit-union account before things got really bad. Living on credit as they do, the Metzgers have to protect their excellent rating.

Clothes don't figure in the budget at all. Jill, whose needs are limited by her 12 months, came out best last year with a wardrobe outlay of \$75. Lora makes the shorts and house dresses she

wears at home, and she doesn't go out enough to need much else. Three years ago she bought a winter coat for \$60; an old storm coat does for winter yard chores and shopping.

Harry is even more threadbare. His overcoat is five years old, and he hasn't had a new suit of clothes with matching jacket and trousers since his wedding. Odd trousers and hand-me-down suits from Lora's father, who providentially wears his size, keep him just presentable for the office. Such clothes as they do buy—invariably there are always shoes and underwear—go on one of the department-store budget accounts the Metzgers maintain.

Most of the current installments have been going on for the two years they've been in the new house, and they bulked much larger on the \$100-a-week salary Harry was earning then. When the car is paid off the Metzgers will be able to



BEFORE HIS PICTURE WINDOW, Harry relaxes, secure in his comforts and in the knowledge he'll be paying for them a long time. He knows what credit costs, figures its worth it. He's willing to pay more to have his comforts now and the bill later.

year Harry has not once located it. Incidentals somehow absorb it

take on some other installment projects. They're shopping in the pages of magazines. Lora wants the clothes drier they postponed in favor of the car, but it looks as if the car will win again temporarily. It needs a new top, new tires, and a major overhaul. Harry hopes to do the repairs himself. Lora also wants new slip covers or maybe even an expert upholstering job for the living-room sofa and chair.

Right there, Harry sees the monthly bites adding up to more than the space the car payments will open in the budget, although the drain won't last so long. He would rather spend the money on finishing the attic, supplying the house with another bedroom and bath, and thereby adding to its value.

In human terms, consumer credit has brought a pleasant life to the Metzgers. In banking terms, they are paying some of the highest interest rates in the book.

Installment credit, reduced to simple interest, runs from ten to forty per cent. Harry Metzger realizes what he's paying, but he thinks it's only fair. He doesn't expect to acquire or pass on a fortune. He also knows he's mortgaging the future—betting on how he'll want to spend his money next year. That's all right with him, too. He likes his job and his home, and he wouldn't want to pull up and wander.

No one could call the Metzgers improvident. They spend little money on entertainment or luxuries. All they want is to build their child a good home. The trouble is that Harry finds a good home costs just a little more—not much, but a little more—than he has earned so far. A million other Harry Metzgers are working it out the same way, buying the American dream on time.

Is all this good or bad? Good, say the manufacturers: Without retail credit

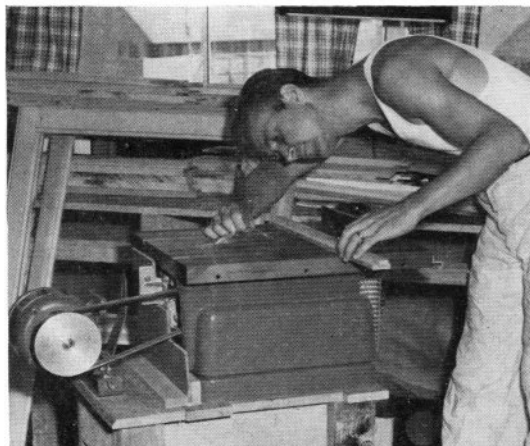
the assembly lines would halt, and we'd have a depression. Good, say the newly married: Time buying is helping us furnish a home sooner, have babies younger. Good, say the fourflushers: Time buying is helping to keep up with the Joneses. Good, say employers: Load a family man with debt he can handle, and he won't get an itchy foot.

Bad, say conservative economists: Retail credit is spawning inflation; if it bursts, there's nothing but secondhand junk behind billions of dollars' worth of commercial paper. Bad, say careful shoppers: Ready cash is the key to bargains. Bad, say cash merchants: Time payments leave people without loose change to spend. Bad, says my grandmother from her grave: No one can sleep soundly until he has earned his bed.

To all these comments, the Metzgers reply with a question: What else do you expect us to do? THE END



THE ELECTRIFIED KITCHEN where Lora feeds Jill includes \$1,026 worth of streamlined equipment, is the apex of convenience.



HARRY'S POWER SAW gives an assist to the family budget. With it, he was able to finish the attic himself and save \$700.



MEDICAL INSURANCE helped the Metzgers pay for Jill's birth, but Macy's is still collecting \$14.50 each month for her bedroom furniture.

*A hauntingly written story
of the passion and cruelty in a
beautiful woman's heart*

LOVER FOR THE MARQUISE

BY DAPHNE DU MAURIER *Author of Rebecca and My Cousin Rachel*

The Marquise lay on her chaise longue on the balcony of the hotel. She was wearing only a wrapper, and her sleek gold hair, newly set in pins, was bound close to her head by a turquoise bandeau that matched her eyes. Beside her chair stood a little table, and on it were three bottles of nail varnish, each of a different shade.

She had dabbed a touch of color on three separate fingernails, and now she held her hand up to see the effect.

No, the varnish on the thumb was too red, too vivid, giving her slim olive hand a heated look, almost as if a spot of fresh blood had fallen there by chance.

In contrast, her forefinger was a striking pink, and this, too, seemed false to her, not true to her present mood. It was the elegant rich pink of drawing rooms, of ball gowns, of herself standing at some reception, slowly fanning herself with ostrich feathers, and in the distance the sound of violins.

The middle finger was touched with a sheen of silk neither crimson nor vermilion but somehow softer, subtler; the sheen of a budding peony not yet opened to the heat of the day, with the dew of the morning still upon it; a peony, cool and

close, looking down upon lush grass from some terraced border, and later, at high noon, the petals unfolding to the sun.

Yes, that was the color. She reached for cotton and wiped away the offending varnish from her other fingernails. Then slowly, carefully, she dipped the little brush into the chosen bottle of varnish and, like an artist, worked with swift, deft strokes.

When she had finished she leaned back in her chaise longue, exhausted, and, waving her hands before her in the air to let the varnish harden—a strange gesture, like a priestess's—she looked down at her toes, appearing through her sandals, and decided that presently she would paint them, too; olive hands, olive feet, subdued and quiet, surprised into sudden life.

The distant sounds of hotel life came to her as in a dream. The sounds were hazy, pleasant, because she was part of that life and yet free; bound no longer to the tyranny of home.

Someone on a balcony above scraped back a chair. Below, on the terrace, the waiters set up the gay striped umbrellas over the little luncheon tables; she could hear the maître d'hôtel call directions from the dining room. And somewhere,

far away, too distant to be an irritation, the laughter of children playing, her own among them.

A guest on the terrace below ordered coffee. The smoke of his cigar came floating upward to the balcony.

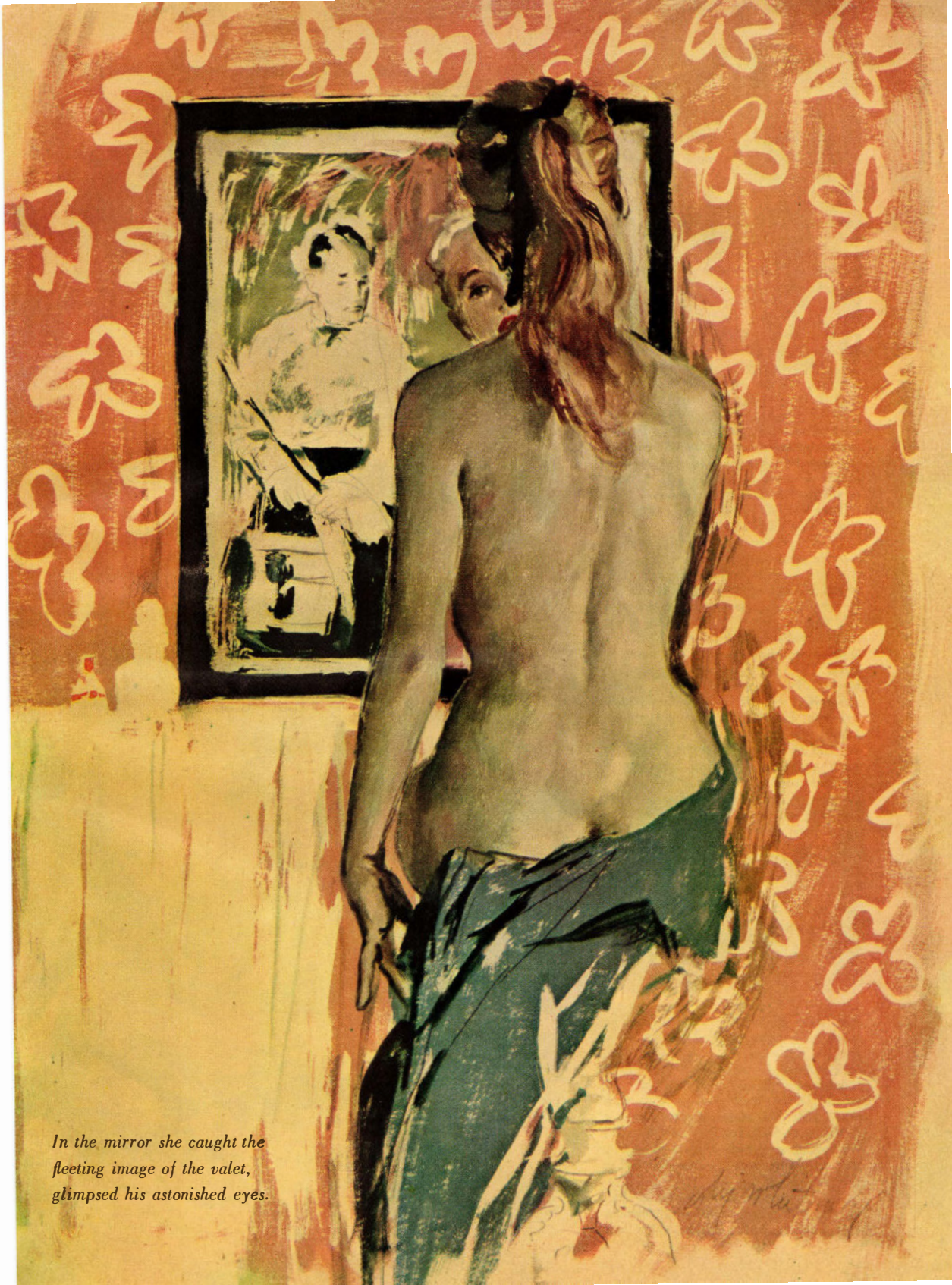
The Marquise sighed, and her lovely hands drooped down like lilies on either side of the chaise longue.

This was peace; this was contentment. If she could hold the moment thus for one more hour—but something warned her that the old dissatisfaction, tedium, would return—even here where she was free at last, on holiday.

A bumblebee flew onto the balcony, hovered over the bottle of nail varnish, and entered an open flower, picked by one of the children, that was lying beside it. His humming ceased when he was inside the flower. The Marquise opened her eyes and saw the bee, intoxicated, crawl forth. Then, dizzily, he once more took the air and hummed away.

The spell was broken. The Marquise picked up the letter from Édouard, her husband, that had fallen onto the floor of the balcony.

“. . . and so, my dearest, I find it impossible, after all, to get to you and the



*In the mirror she caught the
fleeting image of the valet,
glimpsed his astonished eyes.*

children. There is so much business to attend to here at home, and you know I can rely on no one but myself.

"I shall, of course, make every effort to come and fetch you at the end of the month. Meanwhile, enjoy yourself bathing and resting, and I know the sea air will do you good. I went to see Maman and Madeleine yesterday, and it seems the old curé . . ."

The Marquise let the letter fall back onto the balcony floor. The little droop at the corners of her mouth, the one telltale sign that spoiled the smooth, lovely face, intensified.

It had happened again. Always his work. The estate, the farms, the forests, the businessmen he must see, the sudden journeys he must take, so that in spite of his devotion to her he had no time to spare—Edouard, her husband.

They had told her before her marriage how it would be.

"*C'est un homme très sérieux, monsieur le marquis, vous comprenez . . .*" And how little she had minded, how gladly she had agreed, for what could be better in life than a marquis who was also "*un homme sérieux*"? What more lovely than that château and those vast estates? What more imposing than the house in Paris, the retinue of servants, humble, bowing, calling her *madame la marquise*?

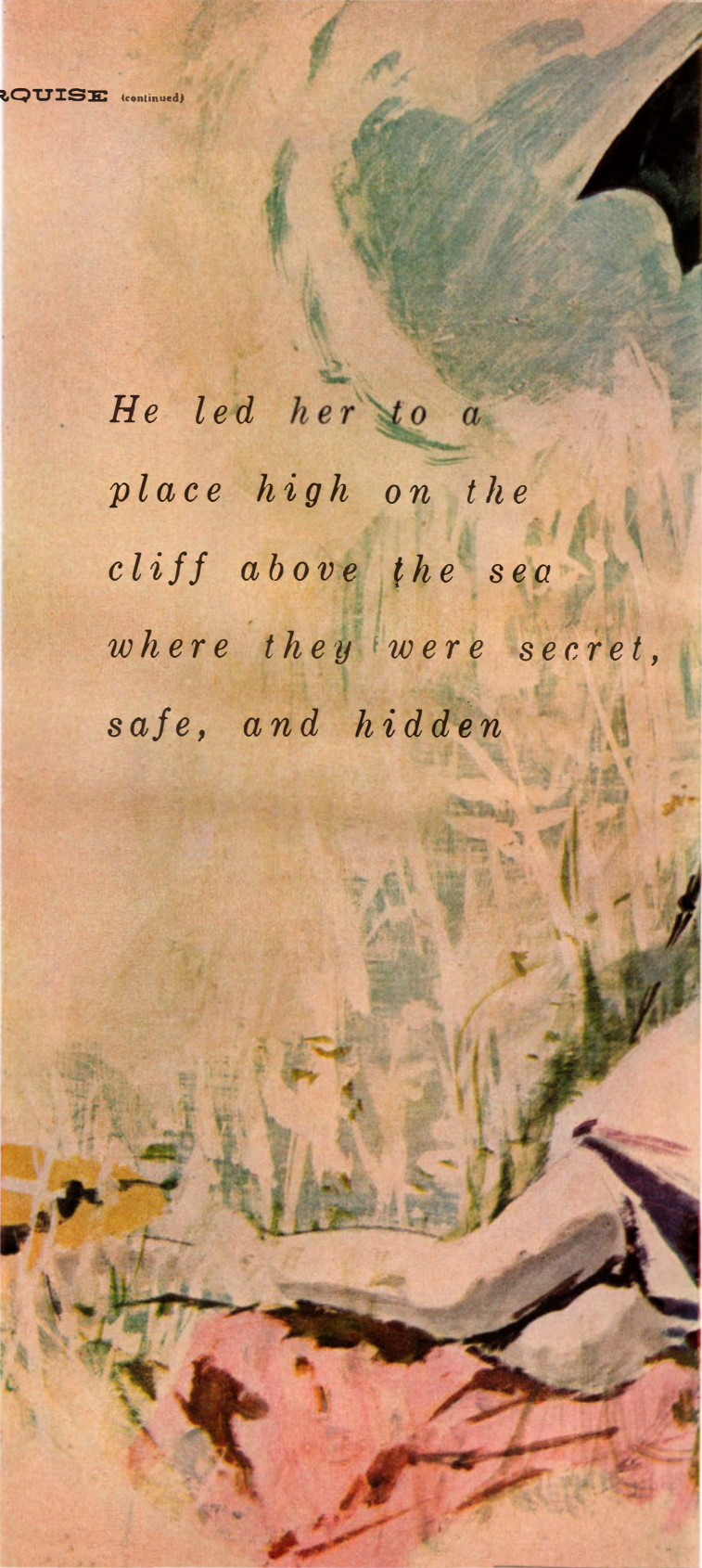
Surely it would be a fairy-tale world to someone like herself, brought up in Lyons, the daughter of a hard-working surgeon and an ailing mother. And, but for the sudden arrival of *monsieur le marquis*, she might have found herself married to her father's young assistant, and that same day-by-day life in Lyons would have continued forever.

A romantic match, surely. Frowned on at first by his relatives, most certainly. But *monsieur le marquis, homme sérieux*, was past forty. He knew his own mind. And she was beautiful. There was no further argument. They married. They had two little girls. They were happy.

Yet, sometimes—The Marquise rose from the chaise longue, and going into the bedroom, sat down before the dressing table and removed the pins from her hair. Even this effort exhausted her. She threw off her wrapper and sat naked before her mirror.

Sometimes she found herself regretting that day-by-day life in Lyons. She remembered the laughter, the joking with other girls, the stifled giggles when a passing man looked at them in the street, the confidences, the exchange of letters, the whispering in the bedroom when her friends came to tea.

Now, as *madame la marquise*, she had no one with whom to share confidences and laughter. Everyone about her was



He led her to a
place high on the
cliff above the sea
where they were secret,
safe, and hidden



Humbly, discreetly, he begged permission to arrange her pose.

*Without a lover all her gifts
of beauty and passion
were empty, useless things*

Edy W. Lutwamy



middle-aged, dull, rooted in a life long lived that never changed.

Those interminable visits of Édouard's relatives to the château. His mother, his sisters, his brothers, his sisters-in-law—and in the winter, in Paris, it was just the same.

Never a new face. Never the arrival of a stranger. The only excitement was the appearance, at luncheon perhaps, of one of Édouard's business friends, who, surprised at her beauty when she entered the salon, flickered a daring glance of admiration, then bowed and kissed her hand.

Watching such a one during luncheon, she would make a fantasy to herself of how they would meet in secret, how a taxi would take her to his apartment, and how, leaving a small, dark *ascenseur*, she would ring a bell and vanish into a strange, unknown room.

But, the luncheon over, the business friend would bow and go his way. And afterward she would think to herself. He was not even passably good-looking; even his teeth were false.

But that glance of admiration, swiftly suppressed—she wanted that. Now she combed her hair before the mirror, parted it on one side, and tried a new effect: a ribbon, the color of her fingernails, threaded through the gold.

Yes. Yes. And the white frock, and that chiffon scarf thrown carelessly over the shoulders, so that when she went out onto the terrace, followed by the children and the English governess, and the maître d'hôtel led the way to the little table in the corner, people would stare, would whisper, and eyes would follow her as, stooping over one of her children to pat the child's curls in a fond maternal gesture, she would be a thing of grace, of beauty.

But now, before the mirror, only the naked body and the sad, sulky mouth. Other women would have had lovers. Whispers of scandal came to her ears even during those long heavy dinners, with Édouard at the far end of the table. Not only in the smart ruffraff society, to which she never penetrated, but even among the old noblesse, to which she now belonged.

"*On dit, vous savez . . .*" and the suggestion, the murmur, passed from one to the other, with a lifted eyebrow, a shrug of the shoulder.

Sometimes during a tea party a guest would leave early, before six o'clock, giving as excuse that she was expected elsewhere, and the Marquise, echoing regrets, bidding the guest *au revoir*, would wonder, Is she going to a rendezvous?

Could it be that in twenty minutes, less perhaps, that dark, rather ordinary little *comtesse* would be shivering, smiling secretly to herself as her clothes slipped to the floor?

Even *Élise*, her friend of *lycée* days in Lyons, married six years, had a lover. She

never wrote of him by name. She always called him "*mon ami*." They managed to meet twice a week, Mondays and Thursdays. He had a car and drove her into the country, even in winter.

And *Élise* would write to the Marquise and say, "But how plebeian my little affair must seem to you, in high society. How many admirers you must have, and what adventures! Tell me of Paris and the parties. And who is the man of your choice this winter?"

The Marquise would reply, hinting, suggesting, laughing off the question, and launch into a description of her frock, worn at some reception. But she did not say that the reception ended at midnight, that it was formal, dull, and that all she, the Marquise, knew of Paris was the drives she took in the car with the children, and the drives to the *couturier* to be fitted for yet another frock, and the drives to the *coiffeur* to have her hair arranged.

As to life at the château, describe the rooms, yes, the many guests, the solemn long avenue of trees, the acres of woodland, but not the rain in spring, day after day, nor the parching heat of early summer, when silence fell upon the place like a great white pall.

"*Ah! Pardon, je croyais que madame était sortie*—" He had come in, without knocking, the *valet de chambre*, his straw brush in his hand. He backed out of the room again discreetly, but not before he had seen her sitting naked before the mirror.

Surely he must have known she had not gone out, since only a few moments before she had been lying on the balcony.

Was it compassion as well as admiration she saw in his eyes before he left the room? As though to say, "So beautiful, and all alone? We are not used to that in this hotel where people come for pleasure."

Heavens, it was hot! No breeze even from the sea. And trickles of perspiration ran down from under her arms along her body.

She dressed languidly, putting on the cool white dress, and then, strolling out onto the balcony once more, pulled up the sun blind, let the full heat of the day fall in force upon her.

Dark glasses hid her eyes. The only touches of color lay on her mouth, her feet, her hands, and in the scarf thrown about her shoulders.

As the Marquise leaned upon the wooden rail of the balcony its heat burned her hands. Once again the smell of a cigar floated upward from some source unknown; there was a tinkle of glasses as a waiter brought *apéritifs* to a table on the terrace; somewhere a woman spoke, and a man's voice joined with the woman's, laughing.

A group of young people, bare and

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LOVER FOR THE MARQUISE (continued)

bronzed, the salt from the warm sea scarcely dried upon their bodies, came running up from the sands, calling for Martinis. Americans, of course. They flung their towels upon the chairs. The Marquise looked down upon them with disdain, yet merged with her disdain was a kind of envy.

They were free to come and go. To climb into a car and move onward to some other place. They lived in a state of blank, ferocious gaiety. Always in groups. Six or eight of them. They paired off, of course; they pawed each other, forming into couples.

But—and here she gave full play to her contempt—their gaiety held no mystery. In their open lives was no moment of suspense. No one waited in secret behind a half-closed door. The savor of a love affair should be quite otherwise, thought the Marquise—and, breaking off a rose that climbed the trellis of the balcony, she placed it in the opening of her dress below the neckline. A love affair should be a thing of silence, soft, unspoken. No raucous voice, no burst of sudden laughter, but the kind of stealthy curiosity that comes with fear, and when the fear has gone, a brazen confidence. Never the give-and-take between good friends, but passion between strangers.

One by one the hotel guests came back from the sands. The tables began to fill up. The terrace, almost deserted all the morning, became alive once more. And now there was more bustle, more chatter, more tinkling of glasses and clattering of plates, so that the splash of the sea that had been the foremost sound since early morning seemed secondary, remote.

Here came the children with their governess, Miss Clay. They prinked their way like little dolls across the terrace, followed by Miss Clay in her striped cotton dress, her crimped hair straggling from her bath. Suddenly they looked up to the balcony and waved their hands. "Maman—Maman . . ."

She leaned down, smiling at them. Then, as usual, the little clamor brought attention. Some man at a left-hand table laughed and pointed her out to his companion, and it began, the first wave of admiration that would come again in full measure when the Marquise descended, the beautiful Marquise and her cherubic children. Whispers would waft toward her in the air like the smoke from the cigarettes, like the conversation the guests at the other tables shared with one another but which passed her by.

This then, was all that *déjeuner* on the terrace would bring to her, day after day. The ripple of admiration, respect, and then oblivion. Each went his way, to swim, to golf, to play tennis, to drive;

she was left. beautiful, unruffled, with the children and Miss Clay.

"Look. *Maman*, I found a little starfish on the beach. I am going to take him home with me when we go."

"No, no, that isn't fair. It's mine! I saw it first."

"Hush, *Céleste* and *Hélène*. You make my head ache."

"Madame is tired? You must rest after lunch. It will do you good in such heat."

The tactful Miss Clay bent down to scold the children. "Everyone is tired. It will do us all good to rest," she said.

Rest. But, thought the Marquise. I never do anything else. My life is one long rest. *Il faut reposer. Repose-toi, ma chérie; tu as mauvaise mine.* Winter and summer, those were the words she heard. From her husband, from the governess, from her sisters-in-law, from all those aged, tedious friends. Life was one long sequence of resting, of getting up, and of resting again. Because, with her pallor, with her reserve, they thought her delicate.

Heavens above, the hours of her married life she had spent in resting! The bed turned down, the shutters closed. In the house in Paris, in the chateau in the country.

"I'm not in the least tired," she said to Miss Clay, and for once her voice, usually melodious and soft, was sharp, high-pitched. "I shall go walking after lunch. I shall go into the town."

The children stared at her, round-eyed, and Miss Clay, her goat-face startled into a show of surprise, opened her mouth in protestation. "You'll kill yourself in the heat. Besides, the few shops always close between one and three. Why not wait until after tea? The children could go with you, and I could do some ironing."

The Marquise did not answer. She rose from the table. The terrace was almost deserted because the children had lingered over *déjeuner*.

No one of any importance would watch the progress back into the hotel. The Marquise went upstairs and once again touched her face with powder, circled her mouth, dipped her forefinger into scent.

Next door she could hear the children as Miss Clay settled them to rest and closed their shutters.

The Marquise put a roll of film and a few odds and ends into her purse. Tiptoeing past the children's room, she went downstairs and out of the hotel grounds onto the dusty road.

The gravel forced its way at once into her open sandals, and the glare of the sun beat down upon her head, and at once, what had seemed to her on the spur of the moment an unusual thing to do, struck her now, in the doing of it, as foolish.

The road was deserted; the sands were deserted; the visitors who had played and walked all morning, while she had lain



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idle on her balcony, were now taking their ease in their rooms, like Miss Clay and the children. Only the Marquise trod the sun-baked road into the little town.

Now she could feel the sweat trickling under her dress. Her feet, in the thin sandals, ached from the short distance she had walked.

The sun was too strong, too fierce, and as she looked up and down the empty street and at the houses and shops, every one of them closed against her, withdrawn into the blessed peace of their siesta, she felt a sudden longing for any place that might be cool, that might be dark, a cellar, perhaps, where there was dripping water from a tap; the sound of it falling onto a stone floor would soothe her nerves, jagged from the sun.

Frustrated, almost crying, she turned into an alleyway between two shops and came to steps leading down to a little court where there was no sun, and she paused there a moment, her hand against the wall, so cold and firm. Beside her there was a shuttered window against which she leaned her head, and suddenly, to her confusion, the shutter was withdrawn, and a face looked out upon her from the dark room within.

"*Je regrette*—" she began, swept to absurdity that she should be discovered here, intruding, like one peering into the privacy and squalor of life below a shop. Then her voice dwindled and died foolishly away, for the face that looked out from the open window was so unusual, so gentle, that it might have been drawn from a stained-glass saint.

His face was framed in a cloud of dark curled hair; his nose was small and straight, his mouth a sculptured mouth, and his eyes, so solemn, brown, and tender, were like the eyes of a gazelle.

"*Vous desirez, madame la marquise?*" he asked in answer to her unfinished words. He knows me, she thought in wonder; he has seen me before! But even this was not so unexpected as the quality of his voice—not rough, not harsh, not the voice of someone in a cellar under a shop, but cultivated, liquid, a voice that matched the eyes of the gazelle.

"It was so hot up in the street," she said. "The shops were closed, and I felt faint. I came down the steps. I am very sorry—it is private, of course."

The face disappeared from the window. He opened a door that she had not previously noticed, and suddenly she found a chair beneath her, and she was sitting down inside the doorway, and it was dark and cool inside the room, even like the cellar she had imagined, and he was giving her water from an earthenware cup.

"Thank you," she said. "Thank you

very much," and looking up she saw that he was watching her, with humility, with reverence. He said in his soft, gentle voice, "Is there anything else I can get for you, *madame la marquise?*"

She shook her head, but within her stirred the feeling she knew so well—the sense of secret pleasure that came with admiration. Conscious of herself for the first time since he had opened the window, she drew her scarf closer about her shoulders, the gesture deliberate, and she saw the gazelle eyes fall to the rose tucked into the bodice of her dress.

She asked, "How do you know who I am?"

He answered, "You came into my shop three days ago. You had your children with you. You bought film for your camera."

She stared at him, puzzled. She remembered buying the film from the little shop that advertised cameras in the window, and she remembered, too, the shuffling crippled woman who had served her.

"My sister served you," he said in explanation. "I saw you from the inner room. I do not often go behind the counter. I take photographs of people, of the countryside, and then they are sold to the visitors who come here in the summer."

"Yes," she said. "I see. I understand." And she drank again from the earthenware cup, and drank, too, the adoration in his eyes.

"I have brought film to be developed," she said. "I have it here in my bag. Would you do that for me?"

"Of course, *madame la marquise*," he said, "I will do anything at all for you, whatever you ask. Since that day you came into my shop I—"

Then he stopped. A flush came over his face, and he looked away from her, deeply embarrassed.

The Marquise repressed a desire to laugh. It was quite absurd, his admiration. Yet, funny . . . It gave her a sense of power.

"Since I came into your shop, what?"

He looked at her again. "I have thought of nothing else. But *whatever*," he said to her with such intensity it almost frightened her. She smiled and handed back the cup of water.

"I am quite an ordinary woman," she said. "If you knew me better, I would disappoint you." How odd it is, she thought to herself, that I am so much mistress of this situation. I am not at all outraged or shocked. Here I am, in the cellar of a shop, talking to a photographer who has just expressed his admiration for me—it is really most amusing, and yet he, poor man, is in earnest. He really means what he says.

"Well?" she asked. "Are you going

to take my film?" Her tone was mocking.

It was as though he could not drag his eyes away from her. Boldly she stared him out of face, so that his eyes fell, and he flushed again.

"If you will go back the way you came," he said, "I will open up the shop for you." And now it was she who let her eyes linger upon him—the open vest, no shirt, the bare arms, the throat, the head of curling hair, and she asked, "Why cannot I give you the film here?"

"It would not be correct, *madame la marquise*," he said to her.

She turned, laughing, and went back up the steps to the hot street. She stood on the pavement and heard the rattle of the key in the door behind her; she heard the door open.

And then, presently, in her own time, having deliberately stood outside to keep him waiting, she went into the shop, which was stuffy and close, unlike the cool, quiet cellar.

He was behind the counter. She saw, with disappointment, that he had put on his coat—a gray, cheap coat worn by any man serving in a shop, and his shirt was much too stiff and much too blue.

He was ordinary; a shopkeeper, reaching across the counter for the film.

"When will you have them ready?"

"Tomorrow," he answered, and again he looked at her with his dumb brown eyes. She forgot the common coat and the blue, stiff shirt and saw the vest, under the coat, and the bare arms.

"If you are a photographer," she said, "why don't you come to the hotel and take photographs of my children?"

"You would like me to do that?"

"Why not?" she answered.

A secret look came into his eyes, and he bent below the counter, pretending to search for string. She thought, smiling to herself, This is exciting to him; his hands are trembling; and for the same reason her heart beat faster than before.

"Very well, *madame la marquise*," he said. "I will come to the hotel at whatever time is convenient to you."

"The morning, perhaps, is best," she said. "At eleven o'clock."

Casually, she strolled away. She did not even say good-by. She walked across the street and, looking for nothing in the window of a shop opposite, she saw in the glass that he had come to the door of his shop and was watching her.

Then she noticed for the first time that he, too, was crippled, like his sister. His right foot was encased in a high-fitted boot.

Curiously, the sight of this did not repel her, nor bring her to nervous laughter as it had done before, when she had

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LOVER FOR THE MARQUISE (continued)

The Marquise was amused.

Such adoration was touching

seen the sister. His high boot had a fascination—strange, unknown.

At eleven o'clock the next morning the concierge of the hotel sent up word that Monsieur Paul, the photographer, was below in the hall and awaited the instructions of *madame la marquise*.

Presently, she heard the knock on the door, hesitant, timid.

"Entrez," she called. She stood on the balcony, her arms around the two children, making a tableau, ready-set, for him to gaze upon.

She was dressed in silk shantung the color of chartreuse, and her hair was not the little-girl hair of yesterday, with the ribbon, but was parted in the center and drawn back to show her ears, with gold clips upon them.

He stood in the entrance of the doorway. He did not move.

The children gazed shyly, with wonder, at the high boot, but they said nothing. Their mother had warned them not to mention it.

"These are my babies," said the Marquise, "and now you must tell us how to pose, and where you want us placed."

The children did not make their usual curtsy, as they did to guests. Their mother had told them it would not be necessary.

"If it would be possible, *madame la marquise*," he said, "to have one pose just as you are standing now. It is quite beautiful. So very natural, so full of grace."

"Why, yes, if you like. Stand still, *Hélène*."

"Pardon. It will take a few moments to fix the camera."

His nervousness was gone. He was busy with the mechanical tricks of his trade, and as she watched him set up the tripod, fix the velvet cloth, make the adjustments to his camera, she noticed his hands, deft and efficient, and they were not the hands of an artisan, of a shopkeeper, but the hands of an artist.

Her eyes fell to the boot. His limp was not so pronounced as his sister's; he did not walk with the lurching, jerky step that produced stifled hysteria in the watcher. His step was slow, more dragging, and the Marquise felt a kind of compassion for his deformity, for surely the misshapen foot beneath the boot must pain him, and the high boot, especially in hot weather, must crush and sear his flesh.

"Now, *madame la marquise*," he said,

and she guiltily raised her eyes from the boot and struck her pose, smiling gracefully, her arms embracing the children.

"Yes," he said, "just so. It is very lovely."

The dumb brown eyes held hers. His voice was low, gentle. The sense of pleasure came upon her just as it had in the shop the day before. He pressed the bulb. There was a little clicking sound.

"Once more," he said.

She went on posing, the smile on her lips, and she knew the reason he paused this time before pressing the bulb was not professional necessity, because she or the children had moved, but because it delighted him to gaze upon her.

"There," she said, and breaking the pose, and the spell, she moved along the balcony, humming a little song.

After half an hour the children became tired, restless, and the Marquise sent them to their room for toys.

"Please," he said with urgency, "if you would permit me—I scarcely like to ask you—"

"What?" she asked.

"Would it be possible for me to take one or two photographs of you alone, without the children?"

She laughed. She tossed the rose over the balcony. "But of course," she said. "I am at your disposal. I have nothing else to do."

She sat down on the edge of the chaise longue, and leaning back against the cushion, rested her head against her arm. "Like this?" she asked.

He disappeared behind the velvet cloth, and then, after an adjustment to the camera, came limping forward. "If you will permit me," he said, "the hand should be raised a little, so— And the head, just slightly on one side."

He took her hand and placed it to his liking, and then gently, with hesitation, put his hand under her chin, lifting it. She closed her eyes. He did not take his hand away. Almost imperceptibly his thumb moved, lingering over the long line of her neck, and his fingers followed the movement of the thumb.

The sensation was featherweight, like a bird's wing against her skin.

"Just so," he said. "That is perfection."

She opened her eyes. He limped back to his camera.

The Marquise did not tire as the children had. She permitted Monsieur Paul to take one photograph, then another, then another. The children returned, as

she had bidden them, and played together at the far end of the balcony, and their chatter made a background to the business of the photography, so that, smiling together at the prattle of the children, a kind of adult intimacy developed between the Marquise and the photographer, and the atmosphere was not so tense as it had been.

He became bolder, more confident of himself. He suggested poses, and she acquiesced, and once or twice she placed herself badly, and he told her of it.

"No, *madame la marquise*. Not like that. Like this."

Then he would come over to the chair, kneel beside her, move her foot, or turn her shoulder, and each time he did so his touch became more certain, became stronger.

Yet when she forced him to meet her eyes he looked away, humble and diffident, as though he were ashamed of what he did, and his gentle eyes, mirroring his nature, would deny the impulse of his hands. She sensed a struggle within him, and it gave her pleasure.

At last, after he had rearranged her dress for the second time, she noticed that he had gone quite white, and there was perspiration on his forehead.

"It is very hot," she said. "Perhaps we have done enough for today."

"If you please, *madame la marquise*," he answered, "it is indeed very warm. I think it is best that we should stop now."

She rose from the chair, cool and at her ease. She was neither tired nor troubled. Rather was she invigorated, full of a new energy. When he had gone, she would go down to the sea and swim.

It was very different for the photographer. She saw him wipe his face with his handkerchief, and as he poked up his camera and his tripod and put them in the case he looked exhausted. He dragged his high boot more heavily than before.

She made a pretense of glancing through the snapshots he had developed for her from her own film. "These are very poor," she said lightly. "I don't think I handle my camera correctly. I should take lessons from you."

"It is just a little practice that you need, *madame la marquise*," he said. "When I first started I had a camera much like yours. Even now when I take exteriors I wander out on the cliffs above the sea with a small camera, and the effects are just as good as with the larger one."

She put the snapshots down on the table. He was ready to go. He carried the case in his hand.

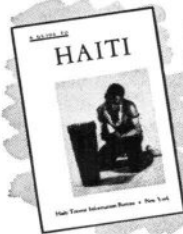
"You must be very busy during the season," she said. "How do you get time to take exteriors?"

"I make the time, *madame la marquise*," he said. "I prefer it, actually, to taking studio portraits. It is only occasionally that I find true satisfaction in

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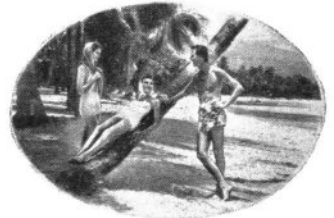
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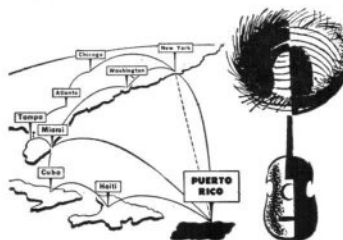
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photographing people. Like, for instance, today."

She looked at him and saw again the devotion, the humility, in his eyes. She stared at him until he dropped his eyes, abashed. "The scenery is very beautiful along the coast," he said. "You must have noticed it when walking. Most afternoons I take my small camera and go out onto the cliffs above that big rock that stands there, so prominent, to the right of the bathing beach."

"It must be very hot," she said.

"Perhaps," he answered. "but above the sea there is a little breeze. And, best of all, between one and four there are so few people. They are all taking their siesta in the afternoon. I have all that beautiful scenery to myself."

"Yes," she said. "I understand."

For a moment they stood silent. It was as though something unspoken passed between them. The Marquise played with her chiffon handkerchief and then tied it loosely around her wrist, a casual, lazy gesture.

"Sometime I must try it for myself," she said at last, "—walking in the heat of the day."

Miss Clay came out onto the balcony,

calling the children to come and be washed before *déjeuner*.

The photographer stepped to one side, deferential, apologizing. And the Marquise, glancing at her watch, saw that it was already noon, that the tables below on the terrace were filled with people; the usual bustle and chatter was going on—the tinkle of glasses, the rattle of plates—and she had noticed none of it.

She turned her shoulder to the photographer, dismissing him, deliberately cool and indifferent now.

"Thank you," she said. "I shall call in at the shop to see the proofs in a few day's time. Good morning."

He bowed and went away—an employee who had fulfilled his orders.

"I hope he has taken some good photographs," said Miss Clay. "The Marquis will be very pleased to see the results."

The Marquise did not answer. She was taking off the gold clips on her ears. Now, for some reason, they no longer matched her mood.

She would go down to *déjeuner* without jewelry, without rings. For today, she felt, her own beauty would suffice.

Three days passed, and the Marquise did not once descend into the hot little

town. On the first day she swam and watched the tennis in the afternoon. The second day she spent with the children, giving Miss Clay leave of absence to take a tour by charabanc to visit the old walled cities farther inland from the coast. The third day she sent Miss Clay and the children into the town to inquire for the proofs, and they returned with them wrapped in a neat package. The Marquise examined them. They were very good indeed. And the studies of herself were the best she had ever had taken.

"Did Monsieur Paul seem pleased with them?" she asked the governess in an indifferent tone.

"He did not say," replied Miss Clay. "He seemed disappointed that you had not gone down for them yourself. He said they had been ready since yesterday. He asked if you were well, and the children told him *Maman* had been swimming. They were quite friendly with him."

"It's much too hot and dusty down in the town," said the Marquise.

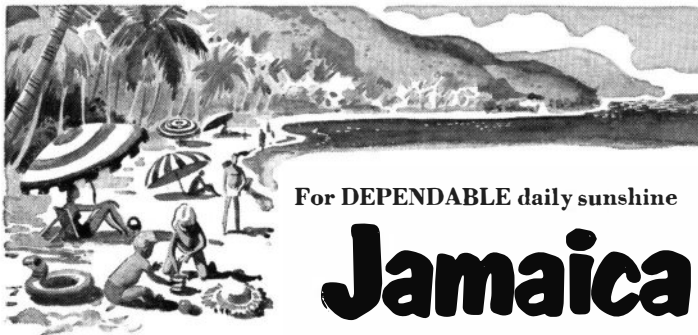
The next afternoon, when Miss Clay and the children were resting, and the hotel itself seemed asleep under the glare of the sun, the Marquise changed into a short, sleeveless frock, very simple and plain, and softly, so as not to disturb the children, she went downstairs, her small box camera slung over her arm. She walked through the hotel grounds onto the sands, following a narrow path that led upward to the greenwood above.

The sun was merciless, yet she did not mind. Here on the springing grass there was no dust, and presently, by the cliff's edge, the bracken grew thicker, brushing her bare legs.

The little path wound in and out amongst the bracken, at times coming so close to the cliff's edge that a false step would spell danger; but the Marquise, walking slowly, with the lazy swing of the hips peculiar to her, felt neither frightened nor exhausted. She was merely intent on reaching a spot that overlooked the great rock standing out from the coast in the middle of the bay. She was quite alone on the headland. No one was in sight.

Suddenly the Marquise saw something flash ahead of her. It was the lens of a camera. She took no notice. Turning her back, she pretended to examine her own camera and took up a position as though to photograph the view. She took one picture, another, and then she heard the swish of someone walking toward her through the bracken.

She turned, seemingly surprised. "Why, good afternoon, Monsieur Paul," she said. He had discarded the cheap stiff jacket and the bright blue shirt. He was



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It pays to say you saw it in *Cosmopolitan*

not on business. It was the hour of the siesta when he walked, as it were, incognito.

He wore only the vest and dark-blue trousers. The gray squash hat, which she had noticed with dismay the morning he had come to the hotel, was also absent.

His thick dark hair made a frame to his gentle face. His eyes held such a rapturous expression at the sight of her that she was forced to turn away to hide her smile.

"You see," she said lightly, "I have taken your advice and strolled up here to look at the view. But I am sure I don't hold my camera correctly. Show me how."

He stood beside her and, taking her camera, steadied her hands, moving them to the correct position.

"Yes, of course," she said, and then moved away from him, laughing a little, for it seemed to her that when he stood beside her and guided her hands she had heard his heart beating. The sound brought excitement, which she wished to conceal from him.

"Have you your own camera?" she asked.

"Yes, *madame la marquise*," he answered. "I left it over in the bracken there, with my coat. It is a favorite spot of mine, close to the edge of the cliff. In spring I come here to watch the birds and take photographs of them."

"Show me," she said.

He led the way, murmuring, "*Pardon*." The path he had made for himself came to a little clearing, like a nest, hidden on all sides by bracken that was now waist-high.

Only the front of the clearing was open—wide open to the cliff face and the sea.

"But how lovely!" she said, and passing through the bracken into the hiding place she looked about her, smiling. She sat down, gracefully, naturally, like a child at a picnic, and picked up the book that was lying on top of his coat.

"You read much?" she said.

"Yes, *madame la marquise*," he answered. "I am very fond of reading."

She glanced at the cover and read the title. It was a cheap romance—the sort of book she and her friends had smuggled into their satchels at the *lycée* in the old days. She had not read that sort of stuff for years. Once again she had to hide her smile. She put the book back on the coat. "Is it a good story?" she asked him.

He looked down at her solemnly, his great eyes like a gazelle's. "It is very tender, *madame la marquise*," he said.

Tender—What an odd expression. She began to talk about the proofs of the photographs, how she preferred one of

them before another, and all the while she was conscious of an inner triumph that she was in such command of the situation. She knew exactly what to do, what to say, when to smile, when to look serious. It reminded her strangely of childhood days when she and her friends would dress up in their mothers' hats and say, "Let us pretend to be ladies."

She was pretending now; not to be a lady, as then, but to be—what? She was not sure. But it was something other than the self who for so very long had in truth been a real lady, sipping tea in the salon at the *château*, surrounded by so many ancient things and people, each one of which had the mustiness of death.

The photographer did not talk much. He listened to the *Marquise*. He agreed, nodded his head, or simply remained silent, and she heard her own voice trilling on with a sort of wonder. He was simply a witness she could ignore, a lay figure, while she listened to the brilliant, charming woman that she had suddenly become.

At last there came a pause in the one-sided conversation, and he said to her shyly, "May I dare to ask you something?"

"Of course," she said.

"May I photograph you here, alone, with this background?"

Was that all? How timid he was, and how reluctant. She laughed. "Take as many as you want," she said. "It is very pleasant sitting here. I may even go to sleep."

"*La belle au bois dormante*," he said quickly, and then, as if ashamed of his familiarity, he murmured, "*Pardon*" once more and reached for the camera behind her.

This time he did not ask her to pose, to change position. He photographed her as she sat lazily nibbling at a stem of grass, and it was he who moved, now here, now there, so that he had shots of her from every angle, full-face, profile, three-quarter.

She began to feel sleepy. The sun beat down upon her uncovered head, and the dragonflies, gaudy and green and gold, swung and hovered before her eyes. She yawned and leaned back against the bracken.

"Would you care for my coat as a pillow, *madame la marquise*?"

Before she could reply he had taken his coat, folded it neatly, and placed it in a little roll against the bracken.

She leaned back against it, and the despised gray coat made a softness for her head, easy and comfortable.

He knelt beside her in the nest, intent upon his camera, doing something to the shutter. Yawning, she watched him between half-closed eyes, and noticed that

as he knelt he kept his weight on one knee only, thrusting the deformed foot in the high boot to one side. Idly, she wondered if it hurt to lean upon it.

A dragonfly settled on her hand. It crouched, waiting, a sheen on its wings. What was it waiting for? She blew on it, and it flew away. Then it came back again, hovering, insistent.

Monsieur Paul had put aside his camera, but he was still kneeling in the bracken beside her. She was aware of him, watching her, and she thought to herself, If I move, he will get up, and it will all be over.

She went on staring at the glittering, shivering dragonfly, but she knew that in a moment or two she must look somewhere else, or the dragonfly would go, or the present silence would become so tense and strained that she would break it with a laugh and spoil everything.

Reluctantly, against her will, she turned to the photographer, and his large eyes, humble and devoted, were fixed upon her with all the deep abasement of a slave.

"Why don't you kiss me?" she asked, and her words startled her, shocked her into sudden apprehension.

He said nothing. He did not move. He went on gazing at her.

She closed her eyes, and the dragonfly went from her hand.

Presently, when the photographer bent to touch her, it was not what she had expected. There was no sudden crude embrace.

It was just as though the dragonfly had returned and, with silken wings, brushed and stroked the smooth surface of her skin.

When he went away it was with tact and delicacy. He left her to herself so that there should be no aftermath of awkwardness, of embarrassment. No sudden strain of conversation.

The *Marquise* lay back in the bracken, her hands over her eyes, thinking about what had happened to her, and she had no sense of shame. She was clearheaded and quite calm. She began to plan how she would walk to the hotel in, say, half an hour, giving him good time to gain the sands before her, so that if by chance people from the hotel should see him, they would not connect him with her.

She got up, rearranged her dress, took out her compact and her lipstick from her pocket, and having no mirror, judged carefully how much powder to put on her face.

The sun had lost its power, and a cool breeze blew inland from the sea.

If the weather holds, thought the *Marquise* as she combed her hair, I can come out here every day at the same time. No one will ever know. Miss Clay and the children always rest in the afternoon. And if we walk separately, and go back separately, as we have done today, and come to this same place, hidden by

the bracken, we cannot possibly be discovered. There are over three weeks still to the holiday. The great thing is to pray for this hot weather to continue. If it should rain—As she walked back to the hotel she wondered how they would manage, should the weather break. She could not very well set out to walk the cliffs in a mackintosh, and then lie down while the rain beat the bracken.

There was, of course, the cellar beneath the shop. But she might be seen in the village. That would be dangerous. No, the cliff was safest.

That evening she sat down and wrote a letter to her friend Èlise.

"... a wonderful place," she wrote, "and I am amusing myself as usual, and without my husband, *bien entendu!*"

But she gave no details of her conquest, though she mentioned the bracken, and the hot afternoon.

She felt that if she left it vague Èlise would picture to herself some rich American traveling for pleasure, alone, without his wife.

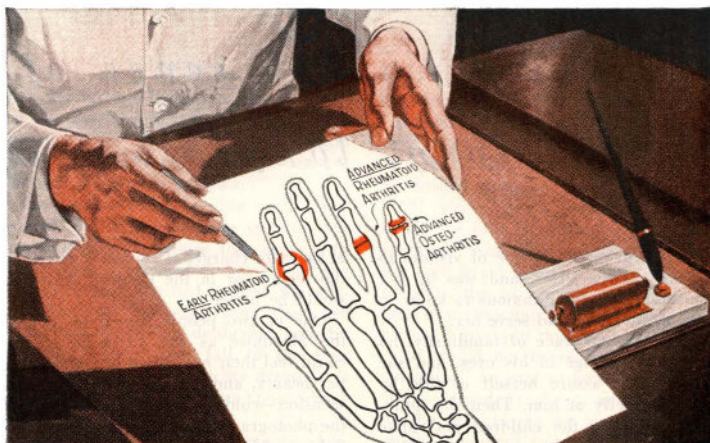
The next morning, dressing herself with great care—she stood for a long while before her wardrobe, finally choosing a frock rather more elaborate than was usual for the seaside, but this was deliberate on her part—she went down into the little town, accompanied by Miss Clay and the children. It was a market day, and the cobbled streets and the square were full of people. Many came from the countryside around, but there were quantities of visitors, English and American, who strolled to see the sights, to buy souvenirs, picture postcards, or to sit down in the café at the corner and look about them. The Marquise made a striking figure, walking in her indolent way, in her lovely dress, hatless, carrying a sunshade, with the two little girls prancing beside her. Many people turned to look at her or even stepped aside to let her pass, in unconscious homage to her beauty.

The Marquise dawdled in the market place and made a few purchases, which Miss Clay put into the shopping bag she carried, and then, still casual, still answering with gay, lazy humor the children's questions, she turned into the shop that displayed cameras and photographs in the window.

It was full of visitors waiting their turn to be served, and the Marquise, who was in no hurry, pretended to examine a book of local views, while at the same time she could see what was happening in the shop.

They were both there. Monsieur Paul and his sister, he in his stiff shirt, an ugly pink this time, worse even than the blue, and the cheap gray coat, while the sister, like all women who served behind a counter, was in drab black, a shawl over her shoulders.

He must have seen her come into the shop because almost at once he left the



ARTHRITIS

TODAY the outlook for most people with arthritis—particularly those affected by the rheumatoid type—is encouraging. This is because medical research has uncovered new facts about this disease, and provided more effective drugs for its treatment.

Such advances are heartening because the arthritic diseases are not only widespread but are second in disabling effect among all diseases in the United States. In fact, the Public Health Service recently reported that more than 10 million people in our country have some form of this disease.

In the sketch above, some basic facts about the two most common forms of chronic arthritis—*rheumatoid arthritis* and *osteoarthritis*—are illustrated. The joint-swelling, which is characteristic of early rheumatoid arthritis, is shown on the index finger. Since the joint itself is not damaged, *prompt* treatment may bring complete relief.

The effects of *advanced* rheumatoid arthritis are shown on the third finger. Here an overgrowth of bone has caused a complete stiffening of the joint. Even at this stage, however, patients can often be helped.

The little finger illustrates the enlarged ends of bones and the diminished joint spaces caused by *osteoarthritis*. It is primarily the result of aging and generally does not cause severe crippling.

Doctors do not consider rheumatoid arthritis simply a disease of the joints. They say that the person who has this condition

generally shows signs of disease of the *entire* body. This may be evidenced by loss of weight, fatigue, anemia, infection, emotional upsets, nutritional deficiencies, and sometimes by other more serious conditions.

Whenever signs of rheumatoid arthritis occur, a *thorough physical examination* is needed. Only in this way can an exact diagnosis be made and treatment outlined to meet the patient's *individual* needs.

There is no known cure as yet for rheumatoid arthritis. Medical authorities believe that standard treatment—if *continued persistently*—can prevent serious complications in 70 percent of cases, and even completely relieve the painful symptoms in many cases. This treatment includes rest, good nutrition, physical therapy, and other measures.

To help prevent arthritis—or lessen the effects if it should occur—*one should not neglect seeing the doctor whenever persistent pain occurs in any joint*. Moreover, it is most important for the patient to realize that relief from *any* type of arthritis depends largely on close and faithful cooperation with the doctor in all phases of treatment.

Above all, arthritic patients should take an optimistic attitude toward this disease, because worry and mental strain may intensify symptoms. Today it is reassuring to know that *the great majority of arthritis cases can be greatly helped*.

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There was no sense of time to
the long, languorous afternoons

counter, leaving the queue of visitors to the care of his sister, and was by her side, humble, polite, anxious to know in what manner he could serve her.

There was no trace of familiarity, no look of knowledge in his eyes, and she took care to assure herself of this by staring directly at him. Then she deliberately brought the children and Miss Clay into the conversation, asking Miss Clay to make her choice of the proofs that were to be sent to England. She kept him there by her side, treating him with condescension, with a sort of hauteur, even finding fault with certain of the proofs, which, so she told him, did not do the children justice, and which she could not possibly send to her husband, the Marquis.

The photographer apologized. Most certainly the proofs mentioned did not do the children justice. He would be willing to come to the hotel and try again,

at no extra charge, of course. Perhaps on the terrace or in the gardens the effect would be better.

One or two people turned to look at the Marquise as she stood there. She could feel their eyes upon her, absorbing her beauty, and still in a tone of condescension—coldly, almost curtly—she told the photographer to show her various articles in his shop, which he hastened to do in his anxiety to please.

The other visitors were becoming restive. They shuffled their feet while waiting for the sister to serve them, and she, hemmed about, limped wretchedly from one end of the counter to the other, now and again raising her head to see if her brother, who had so suddenly deserted her, would come to the rescue.

At last the Marquise relented. She had had her fill. The delicious, furtive sense of excitement that had risen in her since

her entrance to the shop had died down.

"One of these mornings I will let you know," she said to Monsieur Paul, "and then you can come out and photograph the children again. Meanwhile, let me pay what I owe. Miss Clay, attend to it, will you?" And she strolled from the shop, not bidding him good morning, putting out her hands to the two children.

She did not change for *déjeuner*. She wore the same enchanting frock, and the hotel terrace, more crowded than ever because of the many visitors who had come on an excursion, seemed to her to buzz and hum with a murmur of conversation directed at her and her beauty and at the effect she made sitting there at the table in the corner. The maître d'hôtel, the waiters, even the manager himself, were drawn toward her, obsequious, smiling, and she could hear her name—"madame la marquise"—pass from one to the other.

All things combined for her triumph. The proximity of people, the smell of food and wine and cigarettes, the scent of the gaudy flowers in their tubs, the feel of the hot sun beating down, the close sound of the splashing sea; and when she rose at last with the children and went upstairs she had a feeling of happiness that she felt must only come to a prima donna after the clamor of long applause.

The children went with Miss Clay to their room to rest, and swiftly, hurriedly, the Marquise changed her frock and her shoes and tiptoed down the stairs and out of the hotel, across the burning sands to the path and the bracken headland.

He was waiting for her, as she had expected, and neither of them made any reference to her visit of the morning or to what brought her there on the cliffs this afternoon.

They made at once for the little clearing by the cliff's edge, and sat down of one accord. The Marquise, in a tone of banter, described the crowd at lunch and the fearful bustle and fatigue of the terrace with so many people, and how delicious it was to get away from them all to the fresh clean air of the headland.

He agreed with her humbly, watching her as she spoke of such mundane matters as though the wit of the world flowed in her speech. Then, exactly as on the previous day, he begged to take a few photographs of her. She consented, and presently she lay back in the bracken and closed her eyes.

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She realized that there was no sense of time to the long, languorous afternoon.

Just as before, the dragonflies winged about her there, and the sun beat down upon her body, and with her sense of deep enjoyment at all that happened went the curiously satisfying knowledge that what she did was without emotion of any sort; her mind and her affections were quite untouched. She might almost have been relaxing in a beauty salon back in Paris, having the first telltale lines smoothed from her face and her hair shampooed, although those things brought only a lazy contentment and no pleasure.

Once again he departed, leaving her without a word, tactful and discreet, so that she could arrange herself in privacy. Once again, when she judged him to have passed out of sight, she began the long walk back to the hotel.

Her good luck held, and the weather did not break. Every afternoon, as soon as they had finished *déjeuner* and the two children had gone to rest, the Marquise went for her promenade, returning at about half-past four, in time for tea.

Miss Clay, at first exclaiming at her energy, came to accept the walk as a matter of routine. If the Marquise chose to walk in the heat of the day it was her own affair; certainly it seemed to do her good. She was more human toward her, Miss Clay, and less nagging to the children. The constant headaches and attacks of migraine were forgotten, and it seemed that the Marquise was really enjoying this simple seaside holiday.

When a fortnight had passed, the Marquise discovered that the first delight and bliss of her experience was slowly fading.

It was not that Monsieur Paul failed her in any way, but that she herself was becoming used to the daily ritual.

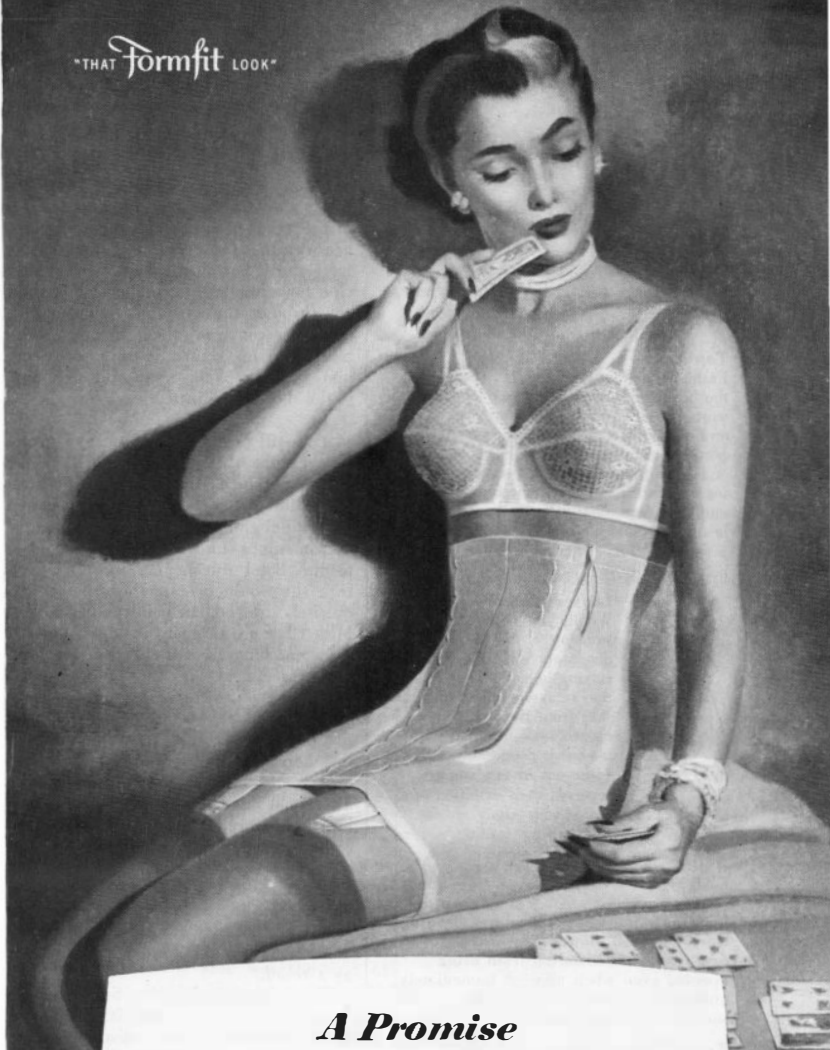
Like an inoculation that took at the first with very great success, on constant repetition the effect lessened, dulled, and the Marquise found that to recapture her enjoyment she was obliged to treat the photographer no longer as a nonentity or as she would a *coiffeur* who had set her hair, but as a person whose feelings she could wound.

She would find fault with his appearance, complain that he wore his hair too long, that his clothes were cheap, ill-cut, or even that he ran his little shop in the town with inefficiency, that the material and paper he used for his prints were shoddy.

She would watch his face when she told him this, and see anxiety and pain come into his eyes, pallor to his skin, a look of dejection upon his whole person as he realized how unworthy he was of her, how inferior in every way, and only when she saw him thus did the original excitement kindle in her again.

Deliberately, she began to cut down

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Fall Beauty Hints

—by Ruth Pearse

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the hours she spent walking on the cliff.

She would arrive late at the rendezvous in the bracken and find him waiting for her with that same look of anxiety on his face, and if her mood was not sufficiently ripe for what was to happen, she would get through the business quickly, with an ill-grace, and then dispatch him hastily on his return journey, picturing him limping back, tired and unhappy, to the shop in the little town.

She still permitted him to take photographs of her. This was part of the experience, and she knew it troubled her to see her in her perfection, so she delighted in taking advantage of it. Sometimes she would tell him to come to the hotel during the morning, and then she would pose in the grounds, exquisitely dressed, the children beside her, Miss Clay an admiring witness, the visitors watching from their rooms or from the terrace.

The contrast of these mornings—where as an employee he limped back and forth at her bidding, moving the tripod first here, then there, while she gave him orders—to the sudden intimacy of the afternoons under the hot sun in the bracken, proved, during the third week, to be her only stimulation.

Finally a day broke when quite a cold breeze blew in from the sea, and she did not go to the rendezvous as usual but rested on her balcony reading a novel. The change in the routine came to her as a relief.

The following day was fine, and she decided to go to the headland. For the first time since they had encountered one another in the cool, dark cellar below the shop, he unbraided her, his voice sharp with anxiety. "I waited for you all yesterday afternoon," he said. "What happened?"

She stared at him in astonishment. "It was an unpleasant day," she replied. "I preferred to read on my balcony in the hotel."

"I was afraid you might have been taken ill," he went on. "I very nearly called at the hotel to inquire for you. I hardly slept at all last night I was so upset."

He followed her to the hiding place in the bracken, his eyes still anxious, lines of worry on his brow, and though in a sense it was a stimulation to the Marquise to witness his distress, at the same time it irritated her that he should so forget himself as to find fault with her conduct. It was as though her *coiffeur* in Paris, or her masseur, expressed anger when she broke an appointment fixed for a certain day.

"If you think I feel myself bound to come here every afternoon you are very

much mistaken," she said. "I have many other things to do."

At once he apologized; he was abject. He begged her to forgive him. "You can't understand what this means to me," he said. "Since I have known you in my life, everything is changed. I live only for these afternoons."

His subjection pleased her, whipping her to a renewal of interest, and pity came to her, too, as he lay by her side, pity that this creature should be so utterly devoted, depending on her like a child.

She touched his hair, feeling quite compassionate for a moment, almost maternal. Poor fellow, limping all this way because of her and then sitting in the biting wind of yesterday, alone and wretched.

She imagined the letter she would write to her friend Èlise. "I am very much afraid I have broken Paul's heart. He has taken this little *affaire de vacance au sérieux*. But what am I to do? After all, these things must have an end. I cannot possibly alter my life because of him. *Enfin*, he is a man, he will get over it."

Èlise would picture the beautiful blond American playboy climbing wearily into his beautiful car setting off in despair to the unknown.

The photographer did not leave her today when the afternoon session ended. He sat up in the bracken and stared out toward the great rock jutting out into the sea.

"I have made up my mind about the future," he said quietly.

The Marquise sensed the drama in the air. Did he mean he was going to kill himself? How very terrible. He would wait, of course, until she had left the hotel and had returned home. She need never know. "Tell me," she said gently.

"My sister will look after the shop," he said. "I will make it all over to her. She is very capable. For myself, I shall follow you, wherever you go. Whether it is to Paris, or to the country, I shall be close at hand. Whenever you want me, I shall be there."

The Marquise swallowed. Her heart went still. "You can't possibly do that," she said. "How would you live?"

"I am not proud," he said. "I know, in the goodness of your heart, you would allow me something. My needs would be very small. But I know that it is impossible to live without you; therefore the only thing to do is to follow you always. I will find a room close to your house in Paris, and in the country, too. We will find ways and means to be together. When love is as strong as this there are no difficulties."

He spoke with his usual humility, but

there was an unexpected force behind his words, and she knew that for him this was no false drama, ill-timed to the day, but true sincerity. He meant every word. He would, in truth, give up the shop, follow her to Paris, follow her also to the chateau in the country.

"You are mad," she said violently, sitting up, careless of her appearance and her disheveled hair. "Once I have left here I am no longer free. I cannot possibly meet you anywhere—the danger of discovery would be too great. You realize my position? What it would mean to me?"

He nodded his head. His face was sad, but quite determined. "I have thought of everything," he answered, "but as you know, I am very discreet. You need never be apprehensive on that score. It has occurred to me that it might be possible to obtain a place in your service as footman; the loss of personal dignity would not matter to me. I am not proud. But in such a capacity our life together could continue much as it does now. Your husband, the Marquis, must be a very busy man, often out during the day, and your children and the English miss no doubt go walking in the country in the afternoon. You see, everything would be very simple if we had the courage."

The Marquise was so shocked she could not answer. She could not imagine anything more terrible, more disastrous, than that the photographer should take a place in her house as footman. Quite apart from his disability—she shuddered to think of him limping around the table in the great *salle-à-manger*—what misery she would suffer knowing that he was there in the house, that he was waiting for her to go up to her room in the afternoon, that then, timidly, would come the knock upon the door, the hushed whisper.

The degradation of this—this creature, there was really no other word for him—in the house, always waiting, always hoping.

"I am afraid," she said firmly, "that what you suggest is utterly impossible. Not only the idea of coming to my house as a servant but of our ever being able to meet again once I return home. Your own common sense must tell you so. These afternoons have been—have been pleasant, but my holiday is very nearly over. In a few days' time my husband the Marquis will be coming to fetch me and the children, and that will finish everything." To show finality she got up, brushed her crumpled frock, combed her hair, powdered her nose, and fumbled inside her bag.

She drew out several ten-thousand-franc notes.

"This is for the shop," she said, "—any little fittings it may require. And buy something for your sister. And remember, I shall always think of you with great tenderness."

To her consternation his face went dead white. Then his mouth began to work violently, and he rose to his feet. "No, no," he said. "I will never take them. You are cruel, wicked to suggest it," and suddenly he began to sob, burying his face in his hands, his shoulders heaving with emotion.

The Marquise watched him helplessly, uncertain whether to go or to stay. His sobs were so violent that she was afraid of hysteria, and she did not know what might happen.

She was sorry for him, deeply sorry, but even more sorry for herself because now, on parting, he cut such a ridiculous figure in her eyes. A man who gave way to emotion was pitiable. And it seemed to her that the clearing in the bracken that once had seemed so secret and warm took on a sordid, shameful appearance.

His shirt, lying on a stem of bracken, looked like old linen spread by washerwomen in the sun to dry. Beside it lay his tie and the cheap hat. It needed only orange peel and silver paper from a chocolate carton to complete the picture.

"Stop that noise," she said in sudden fury. "For heaven's sake, pull yourself together."

The crying ceased. He took his hands away from his ravaged face. He stared at her, trembling, his brown eyes blind with pain. "I have been mistaken in you," he said. "I know you now for what you are.

You are a wicked woman, and you go about ruining the lives of innocent men like myself. I shall tell your husband everything."

The Marquise said nothing. He was unbalanced, mad.

"Yes," said the photographer, still catching at his breath, "that is what I shall do. As soon as your husband the Marquis comes to fetch you I will tell him everything. I will show him the photographs I have taken here on the headland. I will prove to him that you are without a doubt false to him, that you are bad. And he will believe me. He will not be able to help but believe. What he does to me does not matter. I cannot suffer more than I suffer now. But your life, that will be finished, I promise you. He will know, the English miss will know, the manager of the hotel will know. I will tell everybody how you have been spending your afternoons."

He reached for his coat and his hat, he slung his camera around his shoulder, and panic seized the Marquise, rose from her heart to her throat. He would do all he threatened to do. He would wait there in the hall of the hotel near the reception desk. He would wait for Édouard to come.

"Listen to me," she began. "—we will think of something. We can perhaps come to some arrangement—" But he ignored her. His face was set

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LOVER FOR THE MARQUISE (continued)

The placid sea gave no hint of her secret

and pale. He stooped by the opening at the cliff's edge to pick up his stick, and as he did so the terrible impulse was born in her, and flooded her whole being, and would not be denied.

Leaning forward, her hands outstretched, she pushed his stooping body. He did not utter a single cry. He fell. And was gone.

The Marquise sank back on her knees. She did not move. She waited. She felt the sweat trickle down her face, to her throat, to her body. Her hands were also wet. She waited there in the clearing on her knees. Presently, when she was cooler, she took her handkerchief and wiped away the sweat from her forehead and face and hands.

It seemed suddenly cold. She shivered. She stood up. Her legs were firm; they did not give way as she had feared.

She looked about her over the bracken. No one was in sight. As always, she was alone on the headland. Five minutes passed, and then she edged her way to the cliff's edge and looked down. The tide was in. The sea was washing the base of the cliff below. It surged and swept the rocks and sank and surged again. There was no sign of his body on the cliff face—nor could there be, because the cliff was sheer.

No sign of his body in the water. Had he fallen and floated his body would have shown there on the surface of the still, blue sea.

When he fell he must have sunk immediately.

The Marquise turned back from the opening. She gathered her things. She tried to pull the flattened bracken to its original height and smooth out the signs of habitation, but the hiding place had been used so long that this was impossible.

Perhaps it did not matter. Perhaps it would be taken for granted that people came out upon the cliff and took their ease.

Suddenly her knees began to tremble, and she sat down. She waited a few moments, then glanced at her watch. She knew it might be important to remember the time. A few minutes after half-past three. If asked she could say, "Yes. I was out on the headland at about half-past three, but I heard nothing." That would be the truth.

She would not be lying. It would be the truth.

She remembered with relief that today she had brought a mirror. She glanced at it fearfully. Her face was chalk-white, blotched, and strange. She powdered carefully, gently; it seemed to make no difference. Miss Clay would notice something was wrong. She dabbed dry rouge on her cheeks, but it stood out like the painted spots on a clown's face.

There is only one thing to do, she thought, and that is to go straight to the bathing cabin on the beach and undress and put on my swimming suit and bathe. Then if I return to the hotel with my hair and face wet, it will seem natural. I shall have been swimming, and that also will be true.

She began to walk back along the cliff, but her legs were weak, as if she had been ill in bed for many days. When she came to the beach at last she was trembling so she thought she would fall.

More than anything she longed to lie down on her bed in the hotel bedroom and close the shutters, even the windows, and hide there by herself in the darkness.

Yet she must force herself to play the part she had decided on.

She went to the bathing cabin and undressed. Already several people were lying on the sands, reading or sleeping. The hour of siesta was drawing to its close.

She walked down to the water's edge, kicked off her rope-soled shoes, and drew on her cap. As she swam to and fro in the still, tepid water and dipped her face she wondered how many of the people on the beach noticed her, watched her, and afterward might say, "But don't you remember? We saw a woman come down from the headland in the middle of the afternoon."

She began to feel very cold, but she continued swimming, backward and forward, with stiff, mechanical strokes. Then suddenly a little boy who was playing with a dog pointed out to sea, and the dog ran in, barking, toward some dark object that might have been a piece of timber. Terror turned her faint, and she stumbled from the sea back to the bathing cabin and lay on the wooden floor, her face in her hands.

It might be, she thought, that had she gone on swimming she would have touched him with her hands or her feet as his body came floating in toward her on the water.

In five days' time the Marquis was due to arrive by car and pick up his wife, the governess, and the children and drive them home. The Marquise put a call through to him, at the château, and asked if it would be possible for him to come sooner.

Yes, the weather was still good, she said, but somehow she had become tired of the place. It was now getting too full of people; it was noisy; and the food had gone off. In fact, she had turned against it.

She longed to be back at home, she told her husband, among her own things, and the gardens would be looking lovely now.

The Marquis regretted very much that she was bored, but surely she could stick it out for just the five days. He had made all his arrangements, and he could not come sooner. He had to pass through Paris for an important business meeting. He promised to reach her by Thursday morning, and then they could leave immediately after lunch.

"I had hoped," he said, "that you would stay on for the weekend, so that I, too, could get some bathing. The rooms are surely held until Monday?"

But no; she had told the manager, she said, that they would not require the rooms after Thursday, and he had already let them to someone else. The place was crowded. The charm of it had gone, she assured him. Édouard would not care for it at all, and over a weekend it became quite insupportable. So would he make every effort to arrive in good time on Thursday? Then they could leave after an early lunch.

She took up a book and pretended to read, but in reality she was listening, waiting for the sound of footsteps, voices at the entrance to the hotel, and then for her telephone to ring. It would be the manager, asking her, with many apologies, if she would mind descending to his office. The fact was, the matter was delicate . . . but the police were with him. They had some idea she could help them—the telephone did not ring. There were no voices, no footsteps. Life continued as before. The long hours dragged through the interminable day.

Lunch on the terrace, the waiters bustling, obsequious, the tables filled with the usual faces, or with new visitors to take the place of old, the children chattering, Miss Clay reminding them of their manners—all the while the Marquise listened, waited. . . .

She forced herself to eat, but the food she put in her mouth tasted like sawdust. Lunch over, she mounted to her room, and while the children rested she lay on the chaise longue on the balcony.

They descended to the terrace again for tea, but when the children went to the beach for their second bath of the day, she did not go with them. She had a little chill, she told Miss Clay; she did not fancy the water. So she went on sitting on her balcony.

When she closed her eyes at night and tried to sleep she felt his stooping shoulders against her hands once more, and the sensation it had given her when she pushed them hard. The easiness with which he had fallen, vanished. One moment there. And the next, nothing. No stumble, no cry.

In the daytime she strained her eyes toward the headland, in search of figures walking there in the bracken—would they be called "a cordon of police"? But the headland shimmered under the pitiless sun, and no one walked there in the bracken.

Twice Miss Clay suggested going down into the town in the mornings to make purchases, and each time the Marquise made an excuse. "It's always so crowded," she said, "and so hot. I don't think it's good for the children. The gardens are pleasanter. The lawn at the back of the hotel is shady and quiet."

She herself did not leave the hotel. The thought of the beach brought nausea. Nor did she walk. "I shall be quite all right," she told Miss Clay, "when I have thrown off this tiresome chill."

She lay there on the balcony, turning over the pages of the magazines she had read a dozen times.

On the morning of the third day, just before *déjeuner*, the children came running onto the balcony, waving little windmill flags.

"Look, *Maman*," said Hélène, "mine is red, and Céleste's is blue. We are going to put them on our sand castles after tea."

"Where did you get them?" asked the Marquise.

"In the market place," said the child. "Miss Clay took us to town this morning instead of playing in the garden. She wanted to pick up her snapshots that were to be ready today."

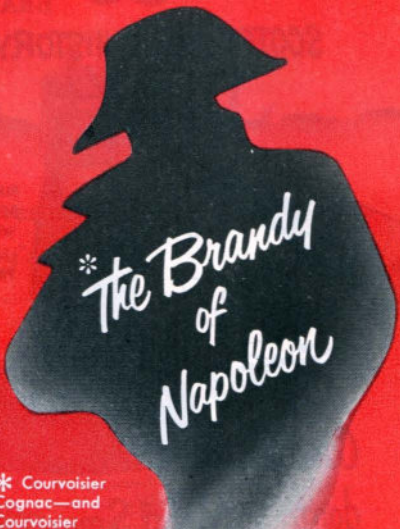
A feeling of shock went through the Marquise. She sat very still. "Run along," she said, "and get cleaned up for your *déjeuner*."

She could hear the children chattering to Miss Clay in the bathroom. In a moment or two Miss Clay came in and closed the door behind her. The Marquise forced herself to look up at the governess.

Miss Clay's long, rather stupid face was grave and concerned. "Such a dreadful thing has happened," she said, her voice low. "I don't want to speak of it in front of the children. I am sure you will be very distressed. It's poor Monsieur Paul."

"Monsieur Paul?" asked the Marquise. Her voice was perfectly calm. But her

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SCOTCH with a HISTORY



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don't
waste
a drop!

BLENDED
SCOTCH
WHISKY
86
PROOF

Q—Why do people say "Careful, don't waste a drop?"

A—Because the flavour of Old Smuggler is too precious to be wasted—and because it is so popular you may find your dealer temporarily out of stock.

Q—Why is it called Old Smuggler?

A—Because in ancient days the thrifty Scots bought their finest whisky from the "smugglers."

Q—Why is it Scotch with a history?

A—Because it was established in 1835 and perpetuates a colorful era in Scottish history. Ask for Old Smuggler the next time and read the complete story on the back label on every bottle.

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LOVER FOR THE MARQUISE (continued)

tone held the right quality of interest.

"I went down to the shop to fetch my snapshots," said Miss Clay, "and I found it shut. The door was locked, and the shutters were up. I thought it rather odd, and I went into the *pharmacie* next door and asked if they knew whether the shop was likely to be open after tea. They said no, Mademoiselle Paul was too upset; she was being looked after by relatives. I asked what had happened, and they told me there had been an accident, that poor Monsieur Paul had been found by some fishermen three miles up the coast, drowned."

Miss Clay had lost color as she told her tale. She was obviously shocked.

The Marquise gained courage. "How perfectly terrible!" she said. "Does anybody know when it happened?"

"I couldn't go into details at the *pharmacie* because of the children," said Miss Clay, "but I think they found the body yesterday. Terribly injured, they said. He must have hit some rocks before falling into the sea. It's so dreadful I can't bear to think of it. And his poor sister—whatever will she do without him? She was so dependent on him."

The Marquise put up her hand for silence and made a warning face. The children were coming into the room.

They went down to the terrace for *déjeuner*, and the Marquise ate more than she had for three days. For some reason her appetite had returned. Why this should be she could not tell. She wondered if it could possibly be that part of the burden of her secret was now lifted. He was dead. He had been found. These things were known. After *déjeuner* she told Miss Clay to ask the manager if he knew anything of the sad accident. Miss Clay was to say that the Marquise was most concerned and grieved.

While Miss Clay went about this business the Marquise took the children upstairs.

Presently the telephone rang—the sound that she had dreaded. Her heart missed a beat. She took off the receiver and listened.

It was the manager. He said Miss Clay had just been to him. He said it was most gracious of *madame la marquise* to show concern at the unfortunate accident that had befallen Monsieur Paul.

He would have spoken of it when the accident was discovered yesterday, but he did not wish to distress the clientele. A drowning disaster was never very pleasant at a seaside resort: it made people feel uncomfortable. Yes, of course, the police had been called in, directly the body was found. It was assumed that he had fallen from the cliffs somewhere

along the coast. It seemed he was very fond of photographing the sea views. And, of course, with his disability he could easily slip.

His sister had often warned him to be careful. It was very sad. He was such a good fellow. Everyone liked him. He had no enemies. And such an artist, too, in his way. *Madame la marquise* had been pleased with the photographic studies Monsieur Paul had done of herself and the children?

The manager was so glad. He would make a point of letting Mademoiselle Paul know this, and also of the concern shown by *madame la marquise*. Yes, indeed, she would be deeply grateful for flowers and for a note of sympathy. The poor woman was quite brokenhearted. No, the day of the funeral had not yet been decided. . . .

When he had finished speaking the Marquise called Miss Clay and told her she must order a taxi and drive to the large town seven miles inland, where the shops were larger, and where she seemed to remember there was an excellent florist. Miss Clay was to order flowers, lilies for choice, and to spare no expense. The Marquise would write a note to go with them. Then if Miss Clay gave them to the manager when she returned he would see that they were delivered to Mademoiselle Paul.

The Marquise wrote the note for Miss Clay to take with her to pin on the flowers. "In deepest sympathy at your great loss."

She gave Miss Clay some money, and the governess went off to find a taxi.

Later, the Marquise took the children to the beach.

"Is your chill better, *Maman*?" asked Céleste.

"Yes, *chérie*. Now *Maman* can bathe again."

And she entered the warm, yielding water with the children and splashed with them.

Tomorrow Édouard would arrive. Tomorrow Édouard would come in his car and drive them away, and the white, dusty roads would lengthen the distance between her and the hotel. She would not see it anymore, nor the headland, nor the town, and the holiday would be blotted out like something that had never been.

When I die, thought the Marquise as she stared out across the sea, I shall be punished. I don't fool myself. I am guilty of taking life. When I die God will accuse me. Until then I shall be a good wife to Édouard and a good mother to Céleste and Hélène. I will try to be a good woman from now on. I will try to atone for what I have done by being kinder—to relations, friends, servants.

She slept well for the first time in four days.

Her husband arrived the next morning while she was having breakfast. She was so glad to see him she sprang from her bed and flung her arms round his neck.

The Marquis was touched at this reception. "I believe my girl has missed me after all," he said.

"Missed you? But of course I've missed you. That's why I rang up. I wanted you to come so much."

"And you are quite determined to leave today, after lunch?"

"Oh, yes, yes. I couldn't bear to stay. Our packing is done. There are only the few last-minute things to put into the suitcases."

He sat on the balcony drinking coffee, laughing with the children, while she dressed and stripped the room of her personal possessions. The room that had been hers for a whole month became bare once more and impersonal. In a fever of hurry she cleared the dressing table, the mantelpiece, the table by her bed.

It was finished with, done. The *femme de chambre* would come in presently with clean sheets and make all fresh for the next visitor.

And she, the Marquise, would have gone.

"Listen, Édouard," she said, why do we have to stay for *déjeuner*? Wouldn't it be more fun to lunch somewhere on the way? There is always something a little dreary in lunching at a hotel when one has already paid the bill. Tipping, everything, has been done. I cannot bear a sense of anticlimax."

"Just as you like," he said. She had given him such a welcome that he was prepared to gratify every whim. Poor little girl. She had been really lonely without him. He must certainly make up to her for it.

The Marquis was making up her mouth in front of the mirror in the bathroom when the telephone rang.

"Answer it, will you?" she called to her husband. "It is probably the concierge about the luggage."

The Marquis did so, and in a few moments he shouted through to his wife, "It's for you, dear. It's a Mademoiselle Paul who has called to see you and asks if she may thank you for her flowers before you go."

The Marquis did not answer at once, and when she came into the bedroom it seemed to the Marquis that the lipstick had not enhanced her appearance. It had made her look almost haggard. Older. How very strange! She must have changed the color. It was not becoming.

"Well?" he asked. "What shall I say? You probably don't want to be bothered with her now, whoever she is. Would you like me to go down to the lobby and get rid of her?"

The Marquis seemed uncertain, trou-

bled. "No," she said. "No, I think I had better see her. The fact is, it's a very tragic thing. She and her brother kept a little shop in the town. I had some photographs done of myself and the children, and then a dreadful thing happened—the brother was drowned. I thought it was only right that I should send flowers."

"How thoughtful of you," said her husband. "A very kind gesture. But do you need to bother now? We are ready to go."

"Tell her that," said his wife. "Tell her that we are leaving almost immediately."

The Marquis turned to the telephone again, and after a word or two, put his hand over the receiver and whispered to his wife. "She is very insistent," he said. "She says she has some prints belonging to you that she wants to give to you personally."

A feeling of panic came over the Marquise. Prints. What prints?

"But everything is paid for," she whispered back. "I don't know what she can mean."

Édouard shrugged his shoulders. "Well, what am I to say? She sounds as if she is crying."

The Marquise went back into the bathroom and dabbed more powder on her nose. "Tell her to come up," she said, "but repeat that we are leaving in five minutes. Meanwhile, you go down. Take the children to the car. Take Miss Clay with you. I would rather see the woman alone."

When he had gone she looked about the room. Nothing remained but her gloves and handbag. One last effort, and then the closing door, the *ascenseur*, the farewell bow to the manager—and freedom.

There was a knock at the door. The Marquise waited by the entrance to the balcony, her hands clasped before her. "Entrez," she said.

Mademoiselle Paul opened the door. Her face was blotched and ravaged from weeping; her old-fashioned mourning dress was long, nearly touching the ground. She hesitated, then lurched forward, her limp grotesque, as though each movement must be agony. "*Madame la marquise*..." she began. Then her mouth worked and she began to cry.

"Please don't," said the Marquise gently. "I am so dreadfully sorry for what has happened."

Mademoiselle Paul took her handkerchief and blew her nose. "He was all I had in the world," she said. "He was so good to me. What am I to do now? How am I to live?"

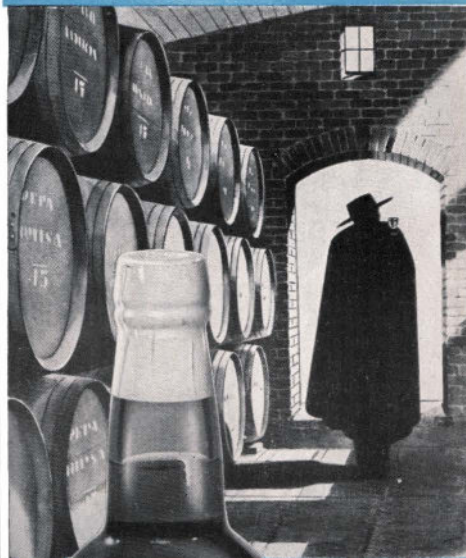
"You have relatives?"

"They are poor folk, *madame la marquise*. I cannot expect them to support me. Nor can I keep the shop alone, without my brother. I haven't the strength. My health has always been my trouble."

The Marquise was fumbling in her

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Here was the faithful record of forgotten moments

bag. She took out a twenty-thousand-franc note. "I know this is not much," she said, "but perhaps it will help just a little. I am afraid my husband has not many contacts in this part of the country, but I will ask him, and perhaps he will be able to make some suggestions that will be helpful to you."

Mademoiselle Paul took the note. It was strange. She did not thank the Marquise. "This will keep me until the end of the month," she said. "It will help to pay the funeral expenses."

She opened her bag. She took out three prints.

"I have more, similar to these, back in the shop," she said. "It seemed to me that perhaps, going away suddenly as you are doing, you had forgotten all about them. I found them among my poor brother's other prints and negatives in the cellar where he used to develop them."

She handed the prints to the Marquise. The Marquise went cold when she saw them. Yes. She had forgotten. Or rather, she had not been aware of their existence. They were three views of her taken in the bracken. Careless, abandoned, half-sleeping, with her head using his coat for a pillow, she had heard the click-click of the camera, and it had added a sort of zest to the afternoon.

Some he had shown her. But he had not shown her these.

She took the photographs and put them in her bag.

"You say you have others?" she asked, her voice without expression.

"Yes, *madame la marquise*."

She forced herself to meet the woman's eyes. They were swollen with weeping, but the glint was unmistakable.

"What do you want me to do?" asked the Marquise.

Mademoiselle Paul looked about her at the hotel bedroom. Tissue paper strewn on the floor, odds and ends thrown into the wastepaper basket, the tumbled, unmade bed. "I have lost my brother," she said. "my supporter, my reason for being alive. *Madame la marquise* has had an enjoyable holiday, and now returns to her husband and home.

"I take it that *madame la marquise* would not desire her husband or her family to see those prints?"

"You are right," said the Marquise. "I do not even wish to see them myself."

"In which case," said Mademoiselle Paul, "twenty thousand francs is really very little return for a holiday that *madame la marquise* so much enjoyed."

The Marquise looked in her bag again. She had two *mille* notes and a few hundred francs.

"This is all I have," she said. "You are welcome to these as well."

Mademoiselle Paul blew her nose once more. "I think it would be more satisfactory for both of us if we came to a more permanent arrangement," she said. "Now my poor brother has gone the future is very uncertain. I might not even wish to live in a neighborhood that holds such sad memories. I cannot but ask myself how my brother met his death. The afternoon before he disappeared he went out to the headland and came back very distressed. I knew something had upset him, but I did not ask him what. Perhaps he had hoped to meet with a friend, and the friend had not appeared. The next day he went again, and that night he did not return. The police were informed, and then three days later his drowned body was found.

"I have said nothing of possible suicide to the police but have accepted it, as they have done, as accidental. But my brother was a very sensitive soul, *madame la marquise*. Unhappy, he would have been capable of anything. If I make myself wretched thinking over these things I might go to the police. I might suggest he did away with himself after an unhappy love affair. I might even give them leave to search through his effects for photographs."

In agony, the Marquise heard her husband's footsteps outside the door.

"Are you coming, dearest?" he called, bursting into the room. "The luggage is all in. The children are clamoring to be off."

He said good morning to Mademoiselle Paul. She curtsied.

"I will give you my address," said the Marquise, "both in Paris and in the country." She sought in her bag feverishly for cards. "And I shall expect to hear from you in a few weeks' time."

"Possibly before that, *madame la marquise*," said Mademoiselle Paul. "If I leave here and find myself soon in your

neighborhood I will come and pay my respects to you and Miss and the little children. I have friends not so very far away. I have friends in Paris, too. I have always wanted to see Paris."

The Marquise turned with a terrible, bright smile to her husband. "I have told Mademoiselle Paul," she said. "that if there is anything I can do for her at any time, she has only to let me know."

"Of course," said her husband. "I am so sorry to hear of your tragedy. The manager has been telling me all about it."

Mademoiselle Paul curtsied again, looking from him back to the Marquise. "He was all I had in the world, *monsieur le marquis*," she said. "*Madame la marquise* knows what he meant to me. It is good to know that I may write to her, and that she will write to me. When that happens I shall not feel alone and isolated. Life can be very hard for someone who is alone in the world. May I wish you a pleasant journey, *madame la marquise*, and happy memories of your holidays, and, above all, no regrets."

Once more Mademoiselle Paul curtsied. Then she turned and limped from the room.

"Poor woman," said the Marquis, "and what an appearance! I understand from the manager that the brother was crippled, too?"

"Yes." She fastened her handbag. Took her gloves. Looked about the room for her dark glasses.

"Curious thing, but it often runs in families," said the Marquis as they walked along the corridor. He paused and rang the bell for the *ascenseur*. "You have never met Richard du Boulay, have you, an old friend of mine? He was crippled, much as this unfortunate little photographer seems to have been, but for all that a charming, perfectly normal girl fell in love with him, and they got married. A son was born, and he turned out to be a hopeless clubfoot like his father. You can't fight that sort of thing. It's a taint in the blood."

They stepped into the *ascenseur*, and the doors closed upon them. "Sure you won't change your mind and stay for lunch? You look pale. We've got a long drive before us, you know."

"I'd rather go."

They were waiting in the hall to see her off. The manager, the receptionist, the concierge, the *maitre-d'hôtel*.

"Come again, *madame la marquise*. There will always be a welcome for you here. It has been such a pleasure looking after you. The hotel will not be the same once you have gone."

"Good-by. Good-by . . ."

The Marquise climbed into the car beside her husband. They turned out of the hotel grounds into the road. Behind her lay the headland, the hot sands, and the sea. Before her lay the long straight road to home and safety. Safety? THE END

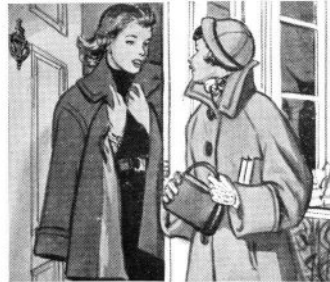
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Should a greeny hesitate to date a—

- Redhead Varsity hero Frosh

Every eye's peeled while you "set" your future rating: a Jezebel? Or doe in the know? Takes grit for a freshman to reject an upperclassman's bid, but it's *luc*, date-wise; guards junior and senior gals' bookings. Stick to the frosh set. On certain days, don't hesitate to meet all eyes — unflinching. The *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. Further, you're extra *comfortable*: your new Kotex belt's made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twitching, non-curling. Dries wink-quick!

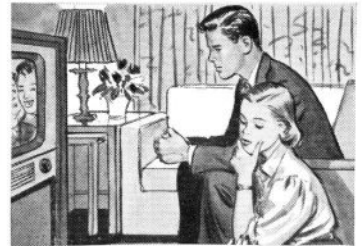


When it's time to leave, do you—

- Linger longer Dash for the door

Ever insist you must be going—then tarry at the door 'til your hostess wilts? Even worse, do you sprint doorward almost without warning? Exit gracefully! After saying goodbye, *depart*—with poise. But poise at "problem" time often depends on comfort that *stays*! Choose Kotex; this softness holds its shape. Try all 3 sizes!

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THE WONDERFUL FOOL

Neither man nor dog was the sort who ever gives up—and
this time it meant much more than just a day's hunting

BY RODERICK LULL

Harrison walked out of the room, smiling and easy on the razor-thinness that was the surface of himself, closing the door quietly on the still woman in the bed and the nurse with the calm professional air. Doctor Joe was there, the old friend with whom he'd killed a thousand or so ducks and geese over the long, good years. Doc was smiling, too, so Harrison knew exactly what the score was. Doc didn't mean it, but Doc's smile was Hell's smile.

"Hello, Dick." Doc Joe said. "I just heard on the radio there's a pressure area moving in. Damn fine duck weather coming up." Harrison made a point of broadening his own smile and nodding thoughtfully, as if the only important thing in the world were duck weather.

"Come on down to the office, Dick," Joe said. They walked along side by side, two big men, about of a height, both dark and bulky, in their late fifties. Not so old, Harrison thought. Well, not so very old, but plenty old enough.

The office was small and new and very clean. "Okay," Harrison said. "You don't have to drag it out. Let me have it straight, right now."

Doc made a quick, angry movement with his left hand. He looked tired and tough. "Look here," he said. "Nearly every day I have to handle a matter of life and death. But this isn't that kind of matter. Edith may outlive both of us. It's just a heart condition. The only thing is—" Doc Joe lit a cigarette and drew on it hard. "The only thing is she can't climb mountains or go square-dancing or—well, sit in a blind on a freezing morning looking for some ducks that probably won't show up. Catch on?"

"Sure." Harrison said. "I catch on." All his life with Edith, the whole thirty years of it, they had done the things she

would not be able to do now. The walks in the winter, and the waiting in the cold blinds with a dog shaking his good heart out in his eagerness. The time she'd shot her first mallard—that had been a time for you! It had dropped like a plummet, dead in the air, and it had taken him a week to get the truth out of her. There had been twenty in the flight, and she'd aimed at the lead bird and dropped the one that was bringing up the rear. She'd sworn Dick to eternal secrecy.

He said, "And what is death, Joe? Got a quick answer?"

Doc stood up, and Dick thought that he loved Edith, too, in his own fashion. "I'm a busy man." Doc said. "I haven't time for fools. She may be good for ten years, fifteen, more. With rest and care."

Doc took his glasses off and cleaned them. "Why don't you see if you can get some ducks tomorrow, Dick? The fact is I don't want her bothered anymore, even by you, until tomorrow noon at the earliest. You take Jerry and—"

"Jerry's thirteen," Harrison said. "He was a great dog once, but he's old now."

"Try it, anyway," Doc said. "Down at Big Pond. Or you might even get some pass shooting at the point. Not that you were ever any good at pass shooting. Never saw the day I couldn't lick you."

This, Harrison thought, was a play in which you had to do your part. The guy who carried a spear in an amateur production of "Hamlet." "You want to go tomorrow and be proved a liar?"

Doc shook his head. "I've got two operations. Now get the hell out and let me go to work."

The long one-story house looked bleak in the rain. Actually, it was a cheerful house—off-white, with green trim at the windows. These were the

pleasant colors that Edith had chosen.

Jerry came down the walk to meet him. Jerry was a big springer spaniel, a liver-and-white, and he was still a handsome dog. He was grizzled about the muzzle, and at the moment he walked stiffly, the way an old dog will who's just risen from sleep in a warm place and is having trouble organizing his movements. Then he broke into a trot, head lifted, great brown eyes on Harrison, and he showed—almost—the fine, free, happy style of his great days when there hadn't been a better gun dog in the state.

Harrison rubbed the dog's head roughly, the way Jerry liked. He remembered, not wanting to, the time Jerry had retrieved twenty ducks hand running, breaking surface ice each time, returning proudly.

"Heel," Harrison said. "Show some manners. Come on in."

Inside he turned all the lights on, wastefully, unnecessarily. It was past the dog's eating time so he said, "Biscuits!" in a quick, rising voice. Jerry reared, his big paws beating the air.

He watched the dog eat. Yes, he still looked good. But he was old. On half a dozen occasions Harrison had decided it was high time to get a pup and start him, but he'd never had the guts. He couldn't bring a young, vibrant dog into an old, tired dog's house.

Harrison said, "Let's go." He walked through the house and into the little study at the back that was his own room.

Harrison sat down on the sofa and closed his eyes. He opened them and said, "Jerry."

The dog came to him, and Harrison took the wide, rough head between his hands. "She's okay," he said. "Hear me? Only we've got to take it easy when she

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BAUMHOFER

99

He was bone-cold but feeling fine, when suddenly through the sleet a flashlight flicked at him.

comes home. *She's got to take it easy.*"

Jerry made a questioning sound. Harrison twisted the leather of the long ears. "It'll be fine," he said. "Our trouble is, we look backward. We want to be young again, and no one can be that."

The dog cried softly once more. Anyone who said that dogs couldn't talk was a fool. They could talk too much.

Harrison went to bed early. The dog came upstairs with him and lay down on his own bed in the hall corner. Harrison turned the light off and stared at a ceiling he could not see.

He awoke at three, after an hour or two of sleep, hearing wind and rain against walls and windows. It was a beating rain, the kind that had a breath of ice in it, that made you wince when you were hunched in a blind and it caught you fair in the face.

Then there was another sound, high and eager, made up of wonder and mystery and purpose, that made itself heard above the wind. A flight of ducks was moving, talking among themselves. It was a good-sized flight. And after it was gone there was another flight.

The dog, asleep in his corner, made an uneasy sound. He had heard them, too, Harrison thought, and now he was seeing and scenting them in dreams, remembering the fine hunts of past times. Remembering when he was a young dog, tough as they came, and no day was too hard.

Ducks called once more, closer now. Weather was driving them down. In his mind's eye he saw the windswept places where some might light—the Big Pond, the Little Pond, the cove in the bend of the river, the grain fields.

He heard Jerry's rough pads scratching the floor. The dog crossed the room and pushed a cold nose against his cheek.

Harrison switched the light on and lit a cigarette. The dog sat on his haunches, staring at him, the fine eyes bright and wondering. The dog lifted his head and listened—silent, his body quivering. Then he made a low sound deep in his throat.

Harrison knew, and wished he didn't. "So you want to be out there?" he asked. "So you want to freeze your damn rear end off?"

The dog's stub of a tail beat against the floor like a drumstick.

"So you think you're a pup again. You don't know we've shot our little bolt." Harrison pressed the cigarette out. "Go on back to bed."

But the dog didn't move. He licked Harrison's hand and made that deep sound in his throat again.

"Go to bed," Harrison said. "Now!"

The dog left with enormous reluctance. Harrison lay back, listening to the voice of the storm and the slow steps of the dog. Jerry reached his bed, paused, and

after a moment went on down the hall.

Harrison sat up again just as the dog came back with his leash in his mouth. This was another of the puppy tricks Edith had taught him—to go for his leash on command. Then, as he'd grown older, he'd done it on his own hook whenever he wanted something badly—to go hunting, for instance, when ducks were crying their way across the sky.

Harrison looked at the dog for a long time. Then he threw the blankets off and stood up. The rain sounded like pellets fired from a gun. "All right," he said.

Harrison dug out his foul-weather hunting clothes. The dog sat watching, leash in mouth. When he was young he'd tried to tear the house apart during moments like these. Now he just watched.

When they walked out to the garage. Harrison had to turn his face away from the wind. Sleet was blowing almost horizontally. He was tempted to turn back, but the dog made him go on. The dog was taking the storm in stride; he looked at Harrison with eyes that said it was as miserable as could be, but he had known this before and could handle it. The pain went with the pleasure, and out there somewhere were the ducks and the life he had been bred and born and trained for and loved beyond the fire-side and the plate of food and the soft comforts of home.

They got into the car, and Harrison started the engine. This wasn't duck weather. Duck weather was a low overcast and a reasonable amount of wind and a nice drizzle of cold rain. But it wasn't the first time he'd gone after ducks in weather this bad, just on the off-chance that something would happen.

There was that time up north. They'd been married about a year, and the dog in their lives was Jerry's great-great-grandfather. A big flight of geese had come in, and he'd dropped two at close range. She'd shot late and missed with her first barrel. Then she'd tried an absurdly long shot, when the goose was almost lost in the sleet and the black, swirling clouds. The goose dropped stone-dead, and Jerry's great-great-grandfather made the retrieve.

Harrison had accused her of closing her eyes. He'd said that shot and bird had reached the same point in the sky at the same time by a marvelous coincidence. She'd told him he lied in his teeth—bird shooting, even under these conditions, wasn't difficult. Men just tried to make it seem so.

Then they'd laughed and kissed and gone on in. Dinner that night had been an occasion, with champagne, and a raw hunk of sirloin for the dog.

The main trouble was, Harrison thought now, the main trouble was that a man had a memory.

Ten miles down he turned off the highway onto a dirt road. He was moving by old knowledge now; he hardly needed to see. He'd made his way to the Big Pond a thousand times, and half of those times Edith had been with him. He parked by the old barn. From here on the road was only a trail. He and Jerry had a long half-mile to walk.

He opened the door and stepped out. The wind shoved him sideways like a strong hand, and the sleet cut at his face. It was black as the inside of a hat. He said, "Still want to go, Jerry?"

The dog jumped out, shaking himself. Harrison got his shotgun and a double handful of shells. "Okay," he said. "Just remember it was your idea."

As he started on he saw another shape, and made it out to be a ramshackle car deep in mud. It wasn't badly stuck, but it couldn't pull out without help.

"Damn idiot," Harrison said.

A flashlight flicked at him, and a young voice said, "Oh, it's you, Mr. Harrison. This is Jack Farrell. I thought I could run a little closer to the pond. I guess I should've known better."

"You should have," Harrison said. Jack Farrell was a kid of nineteen or twenty, the son of an acquaintance. A nice sort of kid, who liked to hunt. "I'd shove you," Harrison said. "but I'd bog down, too."

"That's all right, Mr. Harrison," Jack said. "I'll get out. Don't you bother."

Harrison felt a quick, unreasoning anger. Everything and everyone seemed bent on making him feel old—Edith and Jerry and Doc, and now this fool of a boy, with the deference in his voice and manner. The boy was talking to the old codger, the useless man—

"Look here," Harrison said, "get in that wreck and start the motor. Put it in high so it won't spin the wheels." This was experience talking. "I'll put a fence post under your axle and lift you enough to get going. Stop when you get on the crown. Then you can back up."

Jack said, "That's swell of you, Mr. Harrison. Only—"

"Don't argue," Harrison said. "We both want to hunt, and there's no sense in wasting time. Use your light and see if you can find a post."

There was a post a few yards away. When Harrison picked it up it didn't seem very heavy. He wasn't a cripple yet. And getting the car out was no great chore. The boy started the motor, and Harrison lifted with his shoulder under the post. The car rocked, and then found enough traction to move.

Harrison dropped the post and took a long breath. Jack Farrell came back, his light shining against the sleet. "That was sure good of you, sir. I hope it—"

"Glad to help," Harrison said. "Use



He took the rough head in his hands. Anyone who said this dog couldn't talk was a fool.

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THE WONDERFUL FOOL (continued)

better judgment next time. Well, here's luck. I'm shooting the first blind."

"I'll be up from you then, sir," Jack said. "Thanks again."

Harrison whistled for Jerry and went on. By heaven, he wasn't an old man yet! He had more sense than a kid a third his age, and the muscle and push to back it up. And that, of course, was one of the things that fed the man-eating ants inside you. It wasn't that he was kicking, only there could have been so many more good years, and now there could not be. This was the downhill slide, when he still felt like climbing.

By the time they reached the blind he was bone-cold, but that was part and parcel of the game. He worked a forefinger free of his shooting glove and loaded the gun.

Jerry's nose touched his hand. The dog was shaking like a leaf in the wind, and Harrison pulled him close and stroked the wet, quivering flanks. Then he waited for the light to increase. The wind tore at them, even in the blind, and he lowered his head and closed his eyes against the driving, icy rain. But he wasn't tired, he told himself. He felt fine. He wasn't idiot enough to think he felt as good as he ever had, but still he felt fine—up to whatever might happen. Jack Farrell would be his witness to that! It was different with Edith and the dog. He wasn't resentful. It was just a statement of fact, like the multiplication table.

Then Harrison knew another thing. He didn't honestly believe, in those obscure corners of the mind where belief lives, that Doc was right, that Edith was through with the kind of life they'd known so long. He believed, try as he would to be sensible, that she'd snap out of it and be as strong as he was.

At last the dark gave way to the frail morning light, and the wind and rain lessened. Harrison searched the sky and found no living thing.

Now he could see the pond clearly, and the thin cover of ice that ran delicately from shore to shore and back to the roots of the tulle grass. If you happened to drop a duck in the middle of it, a hundred yards or so away, it would be mean going for even a young spaniel. He'd have to break surface ice all the way, trying for footing where there was none, trying to swim where it was impossible. And for a dog who was old and tired, and all that was left was heart—

The dog made the low sound again, but it was deeper, more urgent now. Harrison looked up and saw the ducks.

"Steady," he said. "Easy, boy!" There were two of them, eighty or ninety yards overhead—fine fat mallards. They were swinging into the wind, and as Harrison watched they started down toward the pond. He reached out a frozen hand,

found the shotgun, slipped the safety off. Then he waited. That was the thing—to let them get within good shotgun range, not to hurry it. The mark of the amateur was to shoot too soon. They made a long circle around the rim of the pond, dropping lower, but going away. Then they turned in toward him.

They were starting to drop their feet, maybe ten yards above the pond and thirty yards ahead, when he rose and brought the gun up. A bead of ice had formed on the sight, and he had trouble sighting. He fired and saw the ducks flare, unhit. He took a long, difficult shot at the first duck with his second barrel, leading carefully, as if he had all the time on earth, never stopping his swing. The duck staggered in air, flew on briefly, and dropped stone-dead in the center of the pond. Harrison saw tiny bits of ice leap as the bird hit. Then it was still, floating in a pool of clear water.

Jerry broke, not waiting for the order to retrieve. He came to the ice, went through it into water, and paused. He pushed on awkwardly, in a clumsy movement that was between a swim and a walk.

Harrison had his whistle to his mouth, but dropped it. The break had been a sin—the kind of thing a green, half-trained dog did. Jerry knew better.

Only now it didn't seem to matter. The thing that mattered, for this brilliant moment, was the old dog and what he was trying to do. Maybe the old dog wasn't so old and done after all. Maybe the old dog, like himself, had plenty of kick and power yet.

Jerry was twenty-five yards out. The ice had thickened and the water was deep. Jerry did what he could—he bucked the ice with his chest, tried to climb on it, then fell back, thrashing, when it broke under him. Harrison, huddled inside the foul-weather clothes, knew how cold the dog must be. And Harrison knew, if vaguely, a much more important thing he had never been aware of before.

The dog was still in the water now, resting, a slow, weary movement of his legs keeping him afloat. The retrieve was impossible—the duck was sixty yards off, perhaps more. You might ask it of a young dog, but not of a dog who was thirteen, which meant that he was about eighty as man measures time in terms of life and strength. Harrison knew he had to call him in.

Harrison blew the whistle, the series of short blasts that meant "Come in!" The dog turned his head. Then he looked away again and beat against the ice.

It made no sense. So all you could do was let the dog go, let him kill himself if that was what he wanted. In the meantime you watched, your own cold forgotten, and you put aside the confusions in your mind. For the dog was

out there, fighting the ice, after a duck he would never reach. An old dog, tired beyond reckoning—

Then the miracle happened before his eyes. The dog was no longer old and tired. The dog was young, proud in his youth and strength, as he had been those long years before. The ice and cold were nothing but a test of mettle—there to be conquered, and they would be. All it took was confidence and purpose and time. Look—there the duck was, only thirty yards from the dog now, then twenty, then ten. Then Jerry had the duck and was turning.

Harrison called, "Come on, boy. You're okay." He walked stiffly to the water's edge. The cold was everywhere, fastening, holding, gaining. The dog was fighting the ice once more, head up, the malar in his mouth, but he was making small progress.

"Drop it!" Harrison called. "Drop it!" But he knew, before the words were lost in the weather, that this was another order that would never be obeyed.

But it was all right, Harrison told himself. This was a young, powerful dog, who didn't know what weakness was. Ice and cold had never been made that could stop him. Look at him now; he was coming on. Slowly, yes, terribly slowly, but he was coming on. Maybe it was impossible, but the world was full of impossibilities. The dog was making it—just as they'd all make it.

"That's the boy," Harrison said. "That's it. You're working like a field-trial champion, boy."

When the dog failed the power went out of him all at once. One minute he was forcing the ice, the next he was drifting, his head sidewise, his body gone lax. He still had the duck in his mouth—he'd never abandoned a bird in all his life; there was that kind of pride all through him—but he was finished. He'd done his best, but there was nothing left.

Harrison dropped the shotgun and started across the pond. He stepped into a pothole, and water sloshed into his boots, cold as Little America. He pushed on. He reached the dog, caught him by the collar, and made the turn back toward shore. But his strength was gone. The way it looked, they'd both freeze and drown out here. He'd never get the dog in, and he'd never leave him. . . .

Then, as from a distance, he heard a sloshing of water and a cracking of thin ice, and he heard a voice that was remotely familiar. "Mr. Harrison!" the voice said. "Wait! I'm almost there!"

The arms that went around him were strong arms, but Harrison resisted them. "The dog," he said. "Get the dog." He'd never been so tired in his life. There was no power of movement left. This must be as close as you could come to the end of life while you still lived.

"I've got him," the voice said. "We'll go on back now. Take it easy. I'm holding

you both. Everything will be all right."

Then they were on land, a wonderful three feet from the water's edge, and he was lying on his back looking up at the face of young Jack Farrell. The dog was beside him, still as death.

Harrison sat up, rubbing his frozen fingers against his face. "Thanks, Jack," he said. "Thanks very much. You did us a good turn. But I won't need any more help. Go on back to your shooting."

"But Mr. Harrison—"

Harrison smiled. He'd been this boy's age once, three or four million fine years ago, and he knew all about it. He knew more right now than he had ever known in all his life.

"It's all right, Jack," he said. "Go along. Thanks again."

The boy left, and Harrison turned to the dog. Jerry was panting hard, and that meant he was all right; he was going to make it. Harrison peeled off his jacket and covered the dog.

"You damn fool," he said. He wadded the jacket tightly about the dog. He bent down with an effort and rubbed his cheek against Jerry's grizzled face. "You wouldn't give up, would you? And Edith never gave up, either, until they practically threw a net over her. Neither of you has any sense. Or me." Harrison stroked the dog's head with fingers that had long since lost all feeling. "You damn, wonderful fool."

His hand was still under the hunting coat, against the dog's heart that was strong now, the heart that was bringing the dog back to the old animal he had been an hour ago, his great days over, his time of twilight and fireside upon him. Very likely this was the end of hunting as far as Jerry was concerned. As it was for Edith.

And when it came to himself— Well, he'd just learned a great deal about himself, and it had taken a dog and a boy to teach him. You had no right to regret anything when you had so much behind you. You could not lose the life he and Edith had known, any more than you could lose what the dog had done this morning. There it was—eternal, fixed in the framework of time and space and experience that made up mind and memory, a past, a present, and a future.

Harrison closed his eyes and rested. Then he struggled to his feet. "We'll go home now if you're ready, Jerry," he said. "We'll both take it easy."

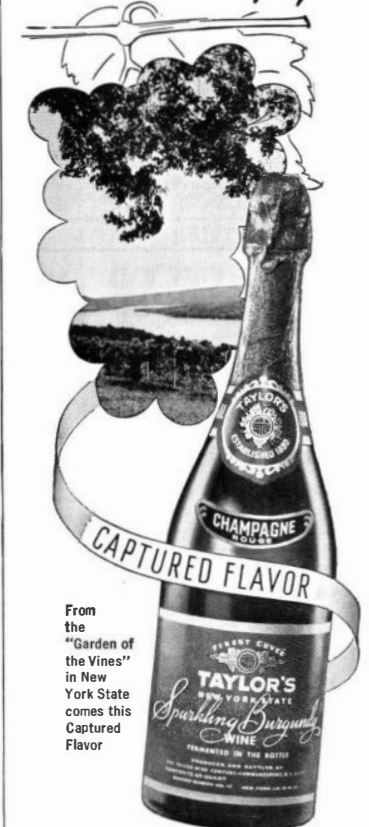
They reached the car, and the dog climbed in slowly. Harrison took his place behind the wheel.

Then he moved off. He drove fast and hard. He had to get home and care for the old, exhausted dog, and change his own clothes. It would be a long wait until noon, but he could take any necessary waiting in stride now. At noon he'd see Edith and kid her a bit and tell her everything was fine. And—most important—he would mean it. THE END



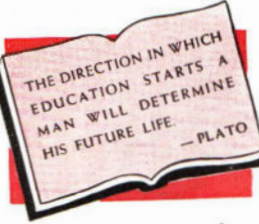
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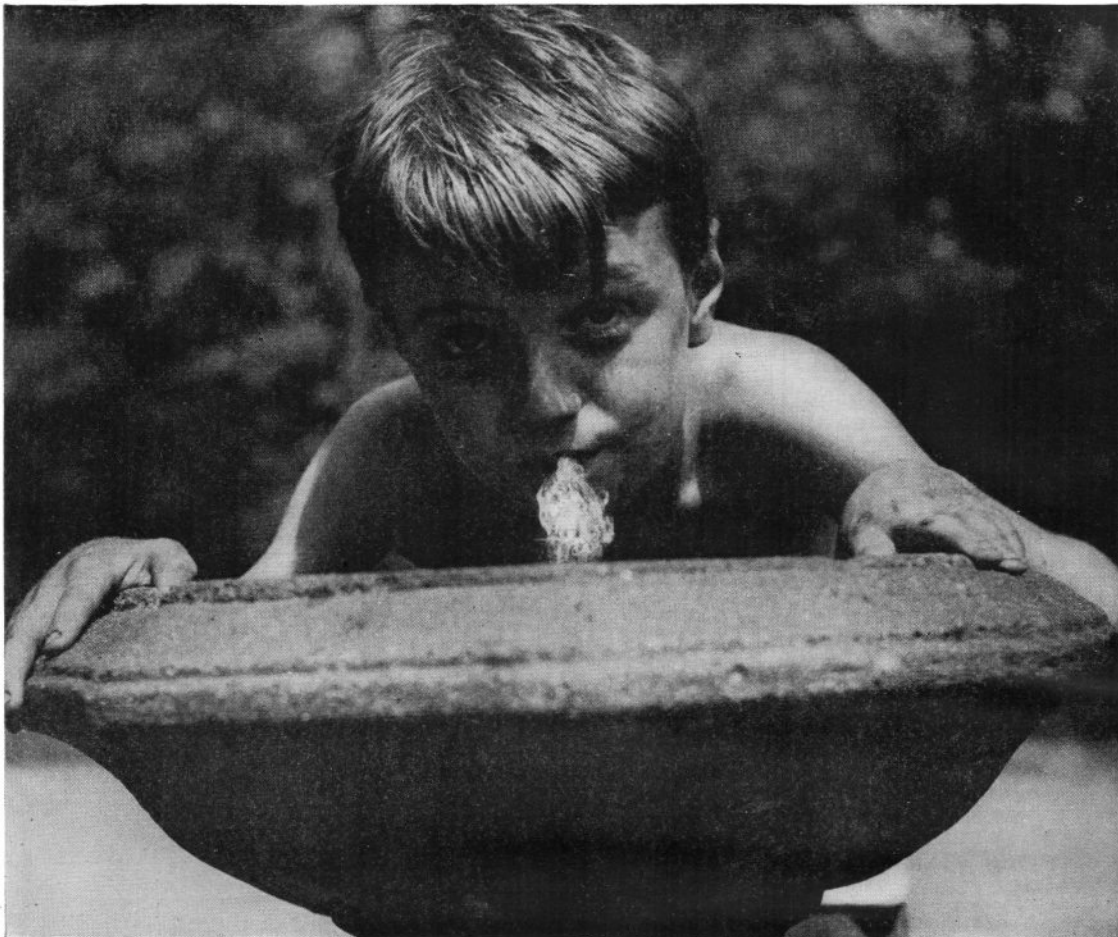
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Like thousands of others, this youngster unsuspectingly drinks from a fountain used as a spittoon, a bath, and a communal mouthpiece.

Do Drinking Fountains Spread Disease?

BY JACK HARRISON POLLACK

Birds, dogs, and humans share an instrument as unsanitary as the outlawed common drinking-cup

It's a warm day. You're thirsty. So you innocently take a drink of water at a fountain or cooler in an office, department store, theatre, park, school, or depot. The water trickles instead of gushing out, so you lean closer.

Shortly afterward you come down with trench mouth, a strep throat, dysentery, tuberculosis, typhoid, diphtheria, syphilis of the mouth, or even polio.

Incredible?

Not a bit. This could happen to you today anywhere in the United States. And if it did happen, it would probably never occur to you that a public water-pipenser could have been the villain.

Germs from the person who drank two minutes before you might have been transmitted to you. Scientists have long suspected and are now convinced that many of America's drinking fountains are spreading disease.

"But if my lips don't touch the nozzle I'm safe," you may say. But that's not necessarily true. A constant flow of water *doesn't* wash away microbes; often they are retained and splashed up on your lips.

What about the modern slant-jet fountain with its protective guard, through which water is thrown in a curve? The guard is frequently useless because some people put their mouths around it. Others

get so close that the water and saliva splashed from their mouths strike the guard.

However, the most perilous fountains are the old-style vertical-jet bubblers. You may recall from your school days these billiard-ball-shaped fountains with the hole in the top through which water bubbles and then falls back on the jet. Though most dangerous when the water pressure is low, they spread infection even when the stream soars as high as four inches. "These bubblers are nearly as bad as the common drinking-cup we warred against two generations ago," charges Professor William T. Ingram, New York University public-health expert. Dr. George W. Stiles, of Colorado's health department, believes that polio can be transmitted by the straight-up bubble fountain.

On a recent trip I was appalled at the large number of these unsanitary bubblers I saw all over America. Particularly shocking is the fact that school children are their most frequent victims. I saw first-graders waiting in line to use these fountains. Often the water trickled out sluggishly and then receded into the nozzle, carrying the saliva of the child. The next child would then have to press his lips on the orifice and suck out the water—along with any lingering infection.

At an Ardsley, New York, public school in November, 1947, 137 pupils and 13 teachers were stricken with acute gastroenteritis. A sanitary engineer who investigated the epidemic reported, "The ancient bubble fountains were among the worst I have seen. Only these fountains could have caused this explosive outbreak." The bubblers were removed and there has been no trouble since.

No one knows how much disease these reservoirs of infection are causing throughout the country. One public-health expert estimates, "Possibly half of our school children are catching colds and other illnesses from drinking fountains, in which bacteria can remain from five minutes to twenty-four hours." A North Carolina sanitation survey of 4,194 schools with nearly a million enrollment showed that drinking facilities in 79 per cent of the schools were not sanitary. In 1949 a North Dakota study of 334 schools disclosed that drinking facilities in 67 per cent were unsatisfactory. When the small daughter of a Plainfield, New Jersey, health officer developed ringworm on her right cheek, he investigated and found that many of her classmates had the same parasite in the same place. Significantly, the ringworms were located where the drinking fountain's protective guard touched the cheek.

A Florida health official recently reported, "In one of our schools with bubbler fountains we had an outbreak of trench mouth. When the fountains were changed to angle jets we had no further cases." A California health authority says, "Circular sores broke out on the

faces of thirty pupils. The diameter of the circle corresponded to that of the guard on the fountain. We installed improved jets and guards and had no new cases." Every health officer with whom I spoke agreed that no bubbler fountain was safe, and that slant-angle jets were open to suspicion.

These fonts of infection aren't found only in schools, of course. A trench-mouth outbreak at an Army post in Fort Belvoir, Virginia, was traced to an unsanitary drinking fountain.

Fountains in parks are undoubtedly the worst. Birds can't tell the difference between a birdbath and a bubbler fountain. And some human beings have difficulty distinguishing between a park fountain and a urinal.

In December, 1948, in a Colorado hospital, diphtheria organisms were uncovered at a vertical-jet fountain. In 1945 in a New York City hospital two obsolete fountains caused the spread of 124 cases of amoebic dysentery. Investigation disclosed that underwear had been washed in one of the fountains.

Skeleton in Our Closet

Since they are such a menace, why haven't these horse-and-buggy fountains been condemned and replaced?

Chiefly because of apathy. Also because infections from drinking fountains are difficult to pin down. The evidence is often circumstantial. Though this is the first popular-magazine article on the subject, the drinking-fountain menace has long been a skeleton in our public-health closet.

Some years ago, bubbler fountains caused an epidemic of streptococcus-tonsillitis in a women's dormitory at the University of Wisconsin. In one week there were 50 cases. Fountain test swabs revealed "heavy contamination." A year later new tests showed 70 per cent of the 50 bubblers were again contaminated.

During World War II an intensive study of 11 drinking fountains was made on the University of Pennsylvania campus. Eight were angle-jet cabinet types with built-in refrigeration; three were vertical-jet, unrefrigerated bubblers. An alarmingly high concentration of bacteria, which lingered from thirty minutes to two hours, was found in the drains of all the fountains. The parts in contact with the water—drain, nozzle, and bowl—were the most heavily contaminated. Drainage and water pressure were inadequate in all the fountains.

Children aren't the only ones who put their hands and fingers on fountain nozzles. There are plenty of grownups with bizarre drinking habits. A national survey of the antics of 47,000 persons drinking at 1,300 public fountains revealed this startling information:

13,303 persons touched the water outlet with their lips
4,386 touched the outlet with their

(Continued on next page)

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- 966 washed their hands and face over the bowl
- 709 let their hair drag in the bowl

Others dropped ashes, gum, or cigarettes into the bowl; washed handkerchiefs and false teeth; took medicine; coughed, sneezed, or blew their noses in the bowl. One woman bathed her dog in a public drinking fountain.

Water Coolers

What about water coolers? Health authorities regard those with filters with skepticism. Bacteria often get in the cooler. Maintenance, rather than manufacturing negligence, is at fault. Cock-

roaches have been found in many water coolers equipped with electric refrigeration. "The motor's warmth is an excellent environment for the insects," an Illinois health officer explains. "Waste water and sputum in the collection pan under the top of the unit provide food."

A typical example of carelessness occurred in New York City. A secretary in a modern office building left a sandwich in the storage compartment of a water cooler until it got moldy. The girl phoned the company that rented the cooler to her office. Several days later a maintenance man "took care" of it.

"What kind of germicide did you use to sanitize the cooler?" he was asked.

"What do you mean, 'germicide'? I used plain water—the cooler is made of stainless steel," he explained foolishly.

Bottled drinking water also presents

a servicing problem. A few years ago a study of bottled-drinking-water dispensers was made in California. Many were in doctors' and dentists' offices and private homes. The water in the bottles was sanitary, but during delivery it often became contaminated. Many a deliveryman, while installing the bottle, removed the cap and clapped his palm over the open neck while turning the bottle upside down.

Though health departments inspect coolers and fountains, they have difficulty in persuading management to install modern equipment or provide proper servicing. *Anybody* is permitted to install a fountain, old or new, bubbler or otherwise.

In some places the danger is being fought. The Detroit health department has just thrown out all bubbler fountains in public places and is replacing them with modern equipment. In Minnesota, the state health department has been conducting a similar campaign.

Many experts believe that the United States Public Health Service should spark a campaign as it did in milk pasteurization.

But it takes zeal to expose a public-health peril. Such zeal was exhibited in 1907 by Dr. Samuel J. Crumbine, a Kansas health officer. Dr. Crumbine was riding on a hot cross-country train when he noticed that several New Mexico-bound tuberculosis passengers were drinking out of a common tin cup. Their coughs aroused his suspicion. When a four-year-old girl picked up the cup and raised it to her lips, Dr. Crumbine seized the cup and threw it out the window, telling the startled passengers, "This is spreading disease!" That was the beginning of the abolition of the common drinking-cup. Now a vigorous ninety, Dr. Crumbine recently told me, "We ought to clean up the dangerous drinking fountains in this country, too."

Meanwhile, here are some practical tips from the experts on how to protect yourself from the drinking-fountain menace:

1. Never drink from a fountain with low pressure. The water should spring out.
2. Never touch any part of the drinking equipment with your hand or mouth.
3. Urge your local health-department to adopt up-to-date regulations and to make frequent inspections of fountains. The safest fountain not only has slant jets and protective guards but does not splash back on your face or the guard.
4. Get your Parent-Teachers' Association to demand that bubblers be replaced in schools with more modern equipment. Sometimes a bubbler can be improved by a new nozzle eliminating lip contact, a protective guard, and re-piping.
5. Demand that fountains be located in sanitary surroundings. Thousands of fountains are in lavatories, vestibules, and improperly lighted hallways.
6. Whenever possible, use a faucet and a paper cup from a sanitary dispenser.



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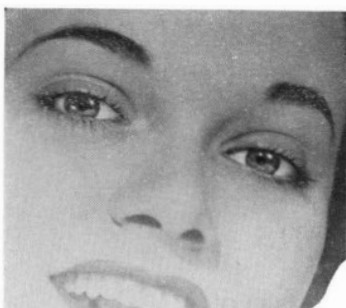


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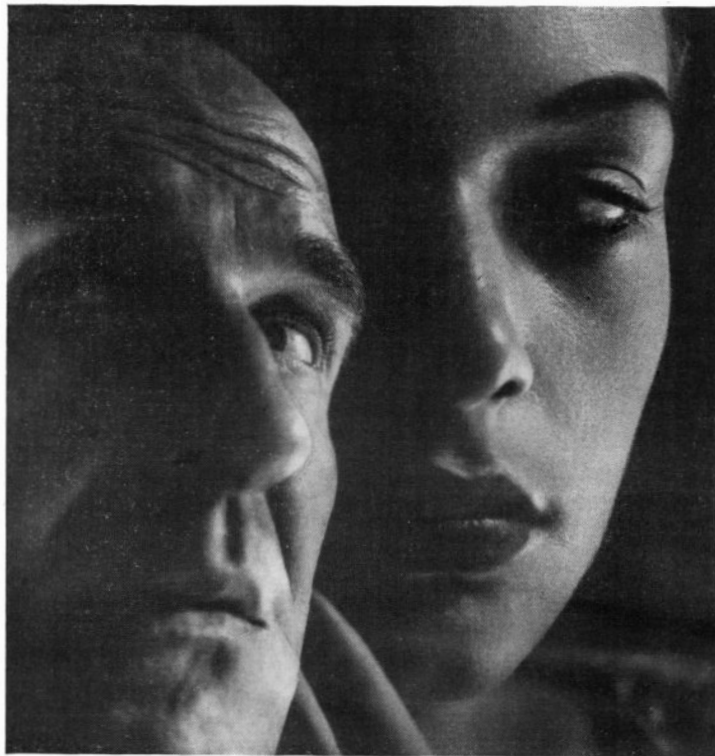
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A woman's need for a "father" often results in a tragic pattern of love affairs. Feelings that are normal in a teen-ager promise only an emotional smashup for an older woman. Unwittingly, Miss X has set up a barrier against mature love.

What Psychiatry Knows about the **OTHER WOMAN**

BY BETSY EMMONS

When a girl falls in love with someone else's husband, she feels it's a tragic fate. "I can't help loving him. He's the right man for me. It's just my bad luck he's married!"

The girl's friends regard her as the naïve victim of a married wolf. The man's wife and her friends see the girl as a temptress, armed with black chiffon and French perfume, ruthlessly trying to break up a marriage.

But psychoanalysts and marriage counselors have another viewpoint. They say that the Other Woman in these cases usually doesn't get in that antisocial position by sheer accident. Often she is the victim of her own neurotic needs.

Of course, there are exceptions to this

diagnosis. A girl may be drawn to a married man because she is lonely, because they are thrown together, or because she finds him congenial. But if her chances for happiness together don't look bright she'll master her feelings.

It's a different story with most Other Women. They seem to follow a neurotic pattern of drifting into situations that can't bring them happiness. Dr. Theodor Reik, the famous psychoanalyst, points out that surprisingly often, girls who get entangled with married men have done so before, and will do so again. They unconsciously prefer married men to eligible bachelors.

These chronic Other Women—worldly and sophisticated though they may seem

—are haunted by the ghosts of some left-over childhood problem. And that is why, in Dr. Reik's pithy phrase, they "move in the best triangles."

You have seen these emotional problems at work on a familiar level if you have known a young girl who mourned. "All the nice men are married!" You sympathized with her about the bachelor shortage. But it turned out she knew several bachelors, and somehow there was something wrong with all of them.

Your friend isn't necessarily doomed to a lifetime as the Other Woman. Psychiatrist Helene Deutsch points out that a young girl's first love—usually no more than a secret "crush"—is often a married man. Her devotion to the father of a friend or to a handsome high-school teacher is similar to adoration for a movie star. She isn't ready for grown-up love and so she makes an unconscious compromise, picking out a man she can't have. Her feelings are normal at this age.

Dr. George Lawton, who works with his wife, Ethel, as a marriage-counseling team, thinks some women never get beyond this adolescent stage.

"In our experience," say the Lawtons, "women who choose married men are unconsciously avoiding marriage. When a woman of this type learns to accept sex and love and marriage, she is no longer drawn to men she can't reach."

This kind of woman may have a series of spectacular affairs, or she may give up romance entirely. A psychologist tells of two such cases. These women—call them Edith and Irene—seem complete opposites, yet are psychologically alike.

Edith, now in her early forties, has worked for years as executive secretary to a happily married businessman. When she was younger, she used to say, "When I find a man as nice as my boss, I'll marry him." But her dates always seemed inferior to her employer. And so Edith, who is secretly afraid of sex, used her devotion to her employer as a barrier against other men, and turned herself into a dried-up spinster.

Irene, on the other hand, was a beautiful woman who had a series of passionate affairs. Every man she loved had something wrong with him: One was an alcoholic. One was a diplomat with a wife in a foreign country. One was unhappily married, but his religion forbade divorce. Eligible men were also attracted to Irene, but somehow she never liked them. She wasn't afraid of sex, but she was deeply afraid of marriage.

Quite often, too, the Other Woman is still emotionally tied to her father and feels drawn to men who recall the time when she was still a cherished little girl.

From the files of a New York psychiatrist comes the story of Jean S. In college, Jean became crazily infatuated with her English professor, a married man in his late thirties. She did not really hope for a romance with him. But one day, alone in his office to discuss her

(Continued on next page)

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Sophisticated or naïve, the "other woman" is a victim of her own neurotic impulses—and a danger to others. Not only that, her own chances for marital happiness are slim

work, she somehow betrayed her feelings.

As it happened, the professor's marriage was unhappy. He was flattered by the adoration of his pretty student. He began taking her out for surreptitious walks and lunches. His wife found out and made a scene, and Jean left college.

She went to work in a newspaper office, where the same drama took place. The man was Jean's city editor, also married. He was less scrupulous than the professor. He talked her into a secret affair. For a few weeks Jean was happy, then she began to feel guilty. She realized the man did not intend to leave his wife, and finally broke off with him.

During the next two years she worked in an advertising agency. She went out with several bachelors but couldn't get interested in them. She told herself she was scarred by her unhappy love ex-

periences. Then, for the third time, she became infatuated with a married man.

Luckily, Jean was a bright girl. At this point she knew something must be wrong. She went to a psychiatrist.

Jean's history was brought out by psychiatric consultations. Her father had been a warmhearted man, who loved his little daughter dearly. Her mother had been conscientious, but severe and cold. Just as Jean was approaching adolescence, her father died. Jean had never got over her tragic loss and was now searching for another father. She wanted not a sweetheart but a daddy.

It's easy to understand and sympathize with a girl like Jean. But there are Other Women closer to the traditional picture of a ruthless adventuress.

One such type is the feminine counterpart of that well-known wolf Don Juan.

Psychologists know that a Don Juan is inwardly uncertain of his masculinity and tries to prove it by seducing as many women as he can. Doña Juanita is the same sort of person. She engages in countless flirtations, and sometimes in many affairs, just to prove she can win love.

A Doña Juanita remains restless and flirtatious even after marriage. The love of one man is never enough for her. As Don Juan is unsure of his manhood, so Doña Juanita is tortured by doubts about her femininity. These doubts go very deep. She doesn't merely doubt her charms; she is uncertain of her basic womanhood.

A Doña Juanita often has a strong masculine streak she refuses to admit to herself. She may make a great display of femininity, with striking clothes and exquisite perfumes and dainty mannerisms, but all these allurements are just her way of saying, "See, I am a woman!"

In some cases, the Doña Juanita suffers from strong homosexual tendencies. Terrified of these feelings, she tries to escape them in repeated affairs. At heart, such a woman doesn't like men at all. She is envious and afraid of them. She sees flirtation as a kind of war in which she wins a victory if the man falls in love.

Some Doña Juanitas feel it is part of the game to avoid sexual relations. Others have affairs, but are incapable of enjoying them.

Still another type who keeps turning up in the eternal triangle is driven by a deep-seated hatred for other women.

In these cases, Dr. Theodor Reik points out, the Other Woman often identifies, on an unconscious level, her mother with the man's wife. The Other Woman hates her mother, because she feels that she was not loved enough in childhood. In trying to break up a marriage, she is secretly avenging herself on her mother. Dr. and Mrs. Lawton say a woman like this may lose all interest in a married man if she can persuade him to get a divorce.

Often it's a worse tragedy if she marries the man. She brings to the marriage all the mixed-up emotions that turned her into an Other Woman in the first place. Dr. Reik tells of a woman who married the man who had left his first wife for her. She had been violently in love with him, but after they

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were married she did everything possible to sabotage her chances for happiness. She neglected the household. She neglected her appearance. She nagged her husband. As a grand climax, she brought into the home as guest-companion a young, attractive girl.

According to Dr. Reik, this woman was really trying to punish herself. She felt she had sinned by breaking up her husband's former marriage. She felt that she, too, deserved the bitter experience of losing him to someone else.

Obviously these Other Women are more neurotic than most of us are. They are extreme cases.

But many women have the same emotional problems to a lesser degree. Their neurotic streak can come out—perhaps only once—in an infatuation for a married man.

No psychoanalyst says that a woman is *always* driven by neurotic forces when

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she falls in love with someone else's husband. A girl may meet a congenial man on the verge of a divorce. Then she may be entirely right when she says to herself, His marriage isn't happy, and he and I are meant for each other.

But there are certain questions a girl does well to ask herself when she finds herself in the position of the Other Woman. "Have I been drawn to married men before?" "Did I choose him in preference to bachelors who were almost as attractive?" "Until he met me, was his marriage reasonably stable?" If the answer to any of these questions is yes, there's likely to be a neurotic motive.

As for wives who are worried by the Other Woman, they can take heart from experts' assurance that it's practically impossible to lure a truly contented husband from his fireside. **THE END**

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The abandoned children of Borabora in front of the island schoolhouse

The Children They Left Behind

*A military base, a moonlit lagoon,
and GI love—but what has
happened to the half-caste children
our South Pacific forces fathered?*



with their teacher, Francis Sanford. They cherish the hope that someday their fathers, American soldiers and sailors, will return.

BY TOM REED *Photographs by the Author*

This is being written on Borabora, a South Sea island of the Society group, eighteen degrees below the equator and roughly a hundred and forty miles from Papeete, principal city of Tahiti and capital of French Oceania. As one approaches this tropical paradise by trading schooner from its neighboring islands, he is struck by its resemblance to a handsome, shapely, naked woman lying sprawled at full length, resting a tousled head on her raised right arm. The foliage is green, and coconut palms lean over azure lagoons as if admiring their reflected images in the clean, clear water.

Today the feminine population is comprised largely of older women because the young and the pretty consider Borabora merely a steppingstone to livelier locales—the bistros of Papeete or the waterfront brothels of la belle France. They return eventually, when they're older and life has taught them that the love of a simple Borabora fisherman is preferable to and more permanent than that offered over a cognac in Marseilles or a pint of beer in Papeete.

During the late war things were different. Then love on Borabora was strictly GI, and there was plenty of it. As a result there is an odd assortment of children doing hulas on the sandy beaches, singing songs of modern France and ancient Polynesia, racing to the schoolroom at the sound of the bell.

I visited a schoolroom to meet Borabora's youngsters and on the blackboard I saw, "We are the war children of Borabora." Was this on the level? Were they kidding? They were not, I assure you. They know what they are, and they're proud of it. The children in this classroom were sired by American soldiers and sailors stationed here when Borabora was a staging area for our bloody campaign in the New Hebrides, our 'savage' and 'murderous assault' on Okinawa. Many of the fathers are dead. Many still live. Three send monthly checks. Only one returned to claim the girl with whom he fell in love under a South Sea moon. This man in ten thousand lives today in San Francisco, with his Borabora bride and the three children she has mothered in his name.

Let's look at blackboard number two. "My name is GI Joe," this personable young chap has written. He has a twinkle in his eye, and Francis Sanford, his teacher, in whose veins there is New England blood, remembers that on the day GI Joe was born he was greatly admired by an American sailor named Grange. "This lad shows aptitude for baseball," Sanford remarks. "I'll show you later on. I think he'd make a first-class second baseman."

It's a fantastic sensation—being the only full-blooded white man on an island that once was the temporary home of ten thousand American soldiers and sailors. It wasn't so temporary for a few, however, who stayed long enough to father two children by the same girl. Sanford remembers one such individual pacing up and down in front of a grass hut, wondering if he was going to be presented with a son instead of a second daughter.

Operation Bobcat, the Navy called this island. Operation Tomcat would have been more appropriate. Sixty-eight half-American children waved good-by to the

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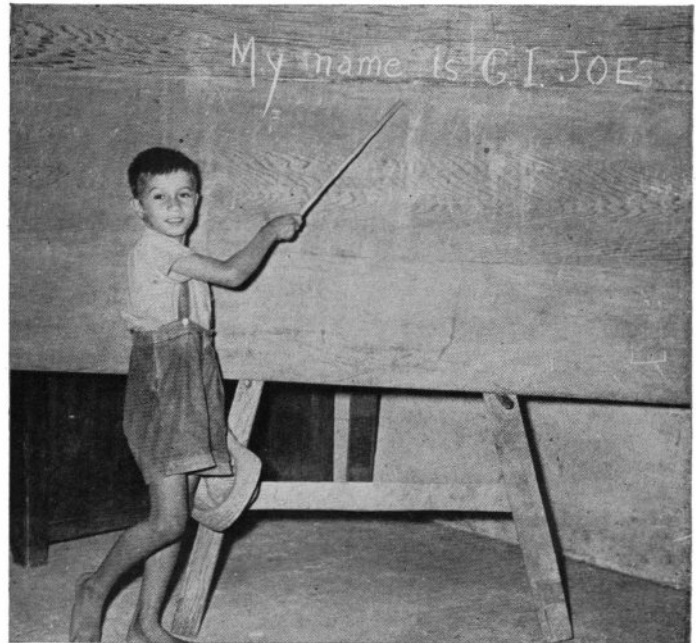
MILES NERVINE

The Children They Left Behind (continued)

Of 10,000 American men once stationed on Borabora, four acknowledge their fatherhood



Fanny Michon and Joe Buchin. Fanny's father promised to return, but has never been heard from. Joe is one of three lucky children whose fathers send five dollars monthly.



G.I. Joe possesses the typical gaiety of the island children. Bright, personable, and a top-notch baseball player, Joe is fascinated by Americans, very proud of his name.

last Navy man to leave. Ninety-eight died at birth or during infancy. Thirty-five survive, to listen wide-eyed to the stories their grandparents love to tell about the days when six open-air motion-picture shows ran all night long, free even to the natives. Huge, shiny machines made a magical white substance known as ice cream. Jeeps raced up and down the island over smooth macadam roads. Great gray battleships lay at anchor in the miles-long lagoon. Men, stripped to the waist, stood under arc lights every night. Exchanging savage blows as cries of "Kill him, cowboy! Lead with your left and cross with your right!" filled the tropical air.

"A man with a glass jaw, *Grand-père*? Can such things be true?" asked one astounded little half-caste boy, rubbing his own chin with apprehensive fingers. "Do you suppose such a man could be my father?"

Now the jungle has reclaimed its own. Borabora looks as she did the day Cook first saw her from the deck of the *Endeavour*; dazzling white beaches, crystal-blue lagoons, friendly and charming natives. Gone are the smooth roads, the cement landing for the barges of the admirals. Beyond the reef the sea pounds at the millions of dollars of war equipment it wasn't worth while to take home: trucks, bulldozers, jeeps. Ashore you'll find an icebox in an occasional living room, shiny, white, iceless, an object of great admiration. And then, of course, there are the war children, now the charges of their doting Tahitian grandparents. "How you like my grandson; fine kid, eh?" says Grandfather Maratai, proudly tucking grandson Bob into the curve of his strong left arm. "I tell you he fine boy. Half-American. He can swim better than any Tahitian kid his age that ever lived. Pretty soon I take him to the Tuamotus and teach him to dive for pearls."

"Did you know the boy's father, Monsieur Maratai?"

Another War Wanted

"Know him? Damn right I know him!" was the beaming answer. "Fine boy. Just like Bob. Look, Monsieur Reed, I have two more fine daughters soon to be the same age as Bob's mother when Bob was born. How soon you think there be another war? I want more American grandchildren."

That's a pretty typical reaction. Borabora is undoubtedly one of the few places in the world (present Soviet-occupied countries excepted) where the outbreak of World War III would be the cause of celebration. For surely, and so goes the prayer of the island, then the Americans will return.

According to Sanford there'd be a lot more half-American children alive today if they hadn't been so idolized by their Tahitian grandparents. Sanford, descendant of a New England sea captain,

(Continued on next page)

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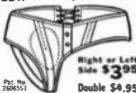
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The Children They Left Behind (continued)

Left behind—rusting jeeps, iceboxes, and a new generation of half-American kids

and the only resident of colonial French Oceania to be decorated by the Navy, whose proudest possession is a letter of commendation from the late James Forrestal, maintains that dozens of half-caste offspring were literally killed by kindness, overfed, overclothed. He declares that if they'd been kicked out to live on the beach at a tender age as are the average native children the rate of mortality probably wouldn't have been so high.

Be that as it may, the ones that are alive are hale, hearty, and full of fish and poi. I asked Sanford to line them up for a photo. I said that it was possible that somewhere in the United States a man might remember the magic of a tropic night, the sound of the surf crashing on the shore, words he may have spoken, promises he may have made to a lovely olive-skinned maiden he once held in his arms. I suggested he drag out a blackboard, that we compose a message. "Who knows?" I said. "It might

even get you a check. Consider this, Francis: White crosses may mark the graves of the fathers of many of these children. But surely their American grandparents still live. We'll have them studying calendars, figuring dates. Perhaps in Chicago some possible grandfather may say, 'You know, dear, our son George was on that island. Do you suppose—?' 'Of course not,' will be the prim, grandmotherly reply. But even so, Grandpa Chicago may secretly send a check, for conscience, or perhaps he'll want to send it along in memory of a son named George."

Stow the Sentiment

"What shall we write on the blackboard?" asked the man who for almost 23 years has been an island schoolteacher. "It sure would be wonderful to raise some money for these kids. They could use so many things," he added wistfully.

"Well," I said, "to soften them up in



Young sweethearts John Roman and Jacqueline Onee go hand in hand to school. Some French, and a smattering of English. The half-American children are accepted,

the States, how about something sentimental? How do you say in Tahitian, 'I love you, Grandpa?'

Sanford grinned. "'*Ua here auia oe Papa Ruau*' is 'I love you, Grandpa' in Tahitian," he replied, "but that wouldn't be true. These kids don't know their American grandparents. Let's stow all the sentiment and be realistic. 'Hello, Pop!' we'll say."

Let's look at a few of these GI kids. Mabel Teihotaa is a darling little girl whose eyes are as green as the spray that crashes against the island's huge encircling coral reef. John Roman and Jacqueline Onee are sweethearts. They go hand in hand to school every day just as if they lived in Indiana where John's daddy was born. Marcel Tetahio is the island's quiz kid, a whiz at mathematics. Rumor has it that his father was the navigator of a submarine. Jeanne Taea was all dressed up American style because it was her birthday. She posed willingly for a photo, sitting atop a tombstone in her front yard where an ancient Polynesian ancestor lies buried. When her American father dies he'll be interred in New Hampshire. Fanny Michon posed with her aunt, Marcelle. Her mother is in France. Her father said he'd return.

"That's what they all say," Aunt Marcelle remarked, smiling. "The first words of English we island girls learn are, 'I'll be back, my darling. I promise.'" Fanny also posed with young Joe Buchin, to whom she'll one day be married. she confidently advised her Aunt Marcelle. Joe's

(Continued on next page)



Most island children speak Tahitian, even doted on by their relatives.

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IT'S A WONDERFUL TOY... ITS

The Children They Left Behind (continued)

Resentment against Americans? Not a bit!

The islanders dream of the day they'll return

father sends five dollars monthly. Eliane Tinorna is another charmer of the future. Her hair is golden-brown. So are her eyes. She speaks French, Tahitian, and a few words of English. I asked her what she could tell me about her father. "He came on a big ship," she replied. "Then he sailed away. But he will be back one day, monsieur."

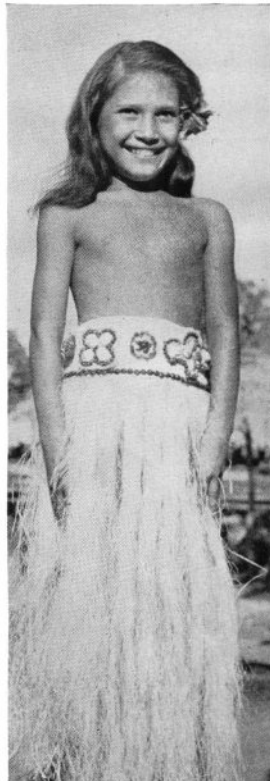
"What makes you think he'll be back, honey?"

"Because," she replied, "that's what he told my mother."

Most of the mothers of the GI children have left Borabora. Some are in Papeete. Others have married and live on other islands. They're older women now, in the Tahitian scale of things—22 or 23, and the rich flush of their youthful

beauty has begun to fade. Eri Tapeta, who is visiting on Borabora, falls into this category. She was reluctant to pose for she feels she is no longer attractive. Simone, her seven-year-old daughter, lives on Raiatea, where Eri now makes her home. However, Eri answered questions simply and honestly, and when she spoke of the American boy she loved so much that she bore him a daughter, she had dignity and poise. She said his name was Ralph Mallory, and that he was from an American state by the name of Montana. He was handsome, and he promised to return. Tall, dark, 23 years old, he told wonderful stories of cowboys and life on an American ranch that she would never forget.

"Do you still think he'll return, Eri?"



Eri Tapeta, 22, was 15 when she met her Montana sweetheart. She believes he must have been killed. Eliane Tinorna thinks her father will come back.

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"No," she answered quietly, "not now. I am sure he is dead."

"What makes you think so, Eri?"

"Well," she said, "when he went away he wrote four letters. In each he said he would come back. In the fourth he said he was going into action. There never was a fifth."

"Where were the letters from, Eri?"

"The New Hebrides," she replied, and her eyes filled up.

"Why aren't you in Papeete, Eri?"

"I'm too old for that sort of thing," was the reply. "I'm almost twenty-three. When I was with my Ralph I was fifteen and young and lovely. As you can see by looking at me, I grow aged."

"I wouldn't say that, Eri. Have you ever married?"

Eri smiled. "I waited too long for Ralph," she replied. "I have a man, if you could call him that. He is one of the jailers in the prison at Raiatea."

"Don't you love him, Eri?"

"Oh, no; I still love Ralph. Ralph never beat me. But I live with the jailer, take care of his children by his wife who died, and in return I have a home for myself and Simone."

"What would you say, Eri, if through the article I am writing, someone in Montana sent for your Simone? Do you think you could give her up?"

Eri laughed aloud. "Surely living with cowboys in Montana," she said, "would be better than being raised among a jailer's children on the island of Raiatea."

"Well, Eri, if anyone is interested I'll suggest they write Francis Sanford and ask for photos of Ralph's daughter."

Americans Are Funny People

"She's very pretty," Eri said. "She resembles her father. When she is nine I would love to send her to the convent in Papeete, but the charge for that is six dollars every month for food and clothes. Such riches a jailer's housekeeper can never afford."

"You never can tell, Eri," I said when we parted. "We Americans are funny people. And you just might get that six bucks a month."

"We've got to hurry," said Francis Sanford, at my elbow. "The game's in the ninth inning down by the tomb of Alain Gerbault. I want you to see how well GI Joe Grange can cover second base."

Alain Gerbault, by the way, was a world-famous tennis player, writer, and yachtsman who died in 1941. He sailed the world over and wrote that no lovelier spot exists than the island of Borabora. As he lay dying he requested that he be buried there, and the French government obliged him. "Borabora has nice people," he wrote. I agree. And it also has nice children.

THE END

(Editor's Note: Throughout this article, fictitious names have been substituted for the real names of the servicemen mentioned.)



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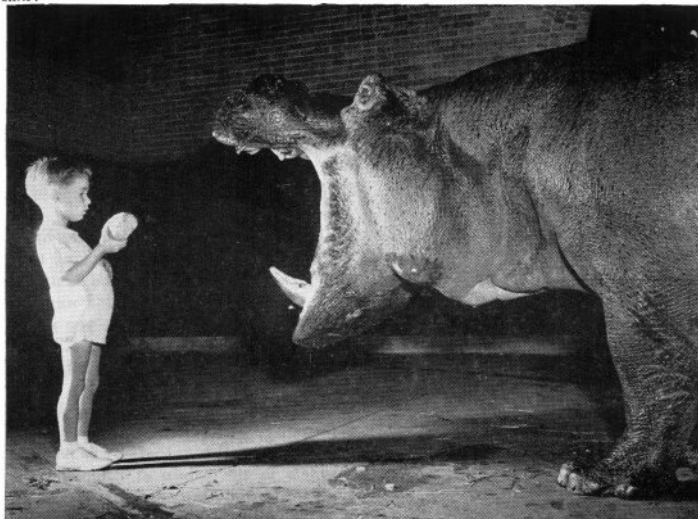
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PETER THE GREAT

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BY JOHN O'REILLY

Peter the Great, a New York hippopotamus, has attained national stature. Besides being an amiable animal who never lies down, he has birthday parties, poses for press photographers, and gets fan mail. If there ever was a hippopotamus-celebrity Pete is it.

Pete has lived longer in the New York zoo than any of its other inhabitants except Dr. William Beebe, their tropical-research man, who has been around since before the zoo was built. In the record books Pete is listed as the oldest hippopotamus in captivity.

The genial Peter is a New Yorker who has never been out of the city. He was born on July 13, 1903, in the Central Park Zoo, within a stone's throw of fashionable Fifth Avenue. He was the seventh offspring of Mrs. Murphy, a productive hippo who for many years just about kept up with the American demand for young hippopotamuses. His father's name was, significantly, Caliph I.

In this zoo, then a collection of wooden buildings, Pete passed his colthood. (Hippopotamus means "river horse," so the young may well be called colts.)

When Pete was three years old Samuel Thorne, then a trustee of the New York Zoological Society, bought him and pre-

sented him to the New York Zoo, which had been established in the Bronx a few years earlier. He was a fine, healthy fellow, already beginning to exhibit some of the friendly traits that were to make him admired by millions, and he was considered a bargain at \$3,000.

On July 14, 1906, Pete was moved up to the Bronx. The huge old trees and the calm surroundings were a pleasant change from the bustle of mid-town Manhattan. On his arrival he weighed 1,700 pounds. Five years later they crated him and hauled him to the scales—a two-week job. He weighed 2,512 pounds. In 1946 zoo officials invented a tide gauge for weighing him, which registers the amount of water he displaces in his swimming pool. The gauge, in 1946, pegged him at a healthy 3,800 pounds.

Pete learned to stand with his great mouth agape while children threw peanuts into the yawning cavern. In the spring the big door to his corral would be opened and Pete would hurry into the sunshine and go through the hippopotamus version of frisking. Sometimes he would cavort so much the first day that he would get Charley horses in his legs and have to take it easy for a while. His froglike eyes took in more than his

calm demeanor would indicate. He checked his human visitors for peanuts and watched the squirrels and birds. One spring a wild duck leading a file of six ducklings down to one of the ponds chose to go through the wide bars of Pete's corral with her brood at her heels. Pete turned, eyed the duck family, and started after them. Walking slowly, he put his great nose down and sniffed at the last of the ducklings. The mother duck turned her head and let out a series of warning quacks. Pete hesitated and then advanced again. Each time he drew near the ducklings the mother bawled him out. In this fashion the procession—mother duck in front, six ducklings in the middle, and Pete bringing up the rear—moved across the corral. When the duck family passed through the fence on the other side Pete stood looking solemnly after them until they were out of sight.

Pete began to be recognized as something unusual in hippopotamuses when he reached his twenty-fifth birthday. The newspapers announced the event and said twenty-five was "the age at which most hippopotamuses die." On his thirtieth birthday an enterprising photographer brought Pete a birthday cake, which, unhappily, was stolen by Alice, a neighboring Indian elephant. However, Pete celebrated with a hundred pounds of hay, fifteen loaves of bread, one bundle of cornstalks, and one basket of beets.

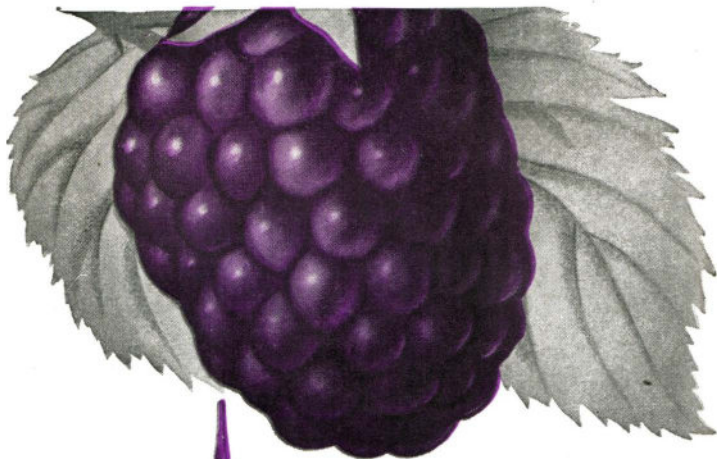
As the years passed Pete received generations of reporters and opened his mouth for hundreds of photographers. He also received fan mail from all over the nation. Once, for example, he received the following telegram:

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR FORTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY. I MET YOU FIRST WHEN YOU WERE THREE DAYS OLD. I HAVE VISITED YOU OFTEN, AS HAVE MY CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN. ROBBINS GILMAN, SPONER, WISCONSIN.

In recent years Pete's birthday celebrations have been more sedate, zoo officials feeling that such things as cakes with carrots for candles are a bit frivolous for such an elderly hippo.

In his later years Pete has formed the habit of never lying down. It is so much trouble to get up again that he sleeps in his pool where the water helps support his weight. This resulted in a crisis when the steps of his pool had to be repaired in 1949. In thousands of trips up and down those steps Pete had worn them smooth. As time passed he began to skid and hit the water with an undignified splash. Something had to be done, so Pete was barred from the pool for a week while workmen put in a new flight of concrete steps. Pete stood up for the whole week, resting his chin on his manger when he dozed. When the steps were repaired he marched slowly down them and floated and dozed for days.

Next summer Pete will be fifty years old, and we assure you we'll be on hand for *that* birthday party. THE END



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JUST LIKE ANY OTHER SUBURBANITE, pilot Norman Munitz kisses his wife in their apartment in the American *shikoon* (sector), in Bat Yam, Israel, before leaving for the Lod airport an hour away. Son Mike said good-by, and then fell fast asleep.

AMERICAN FAMILY ABROAD

The Munitzes of Israel

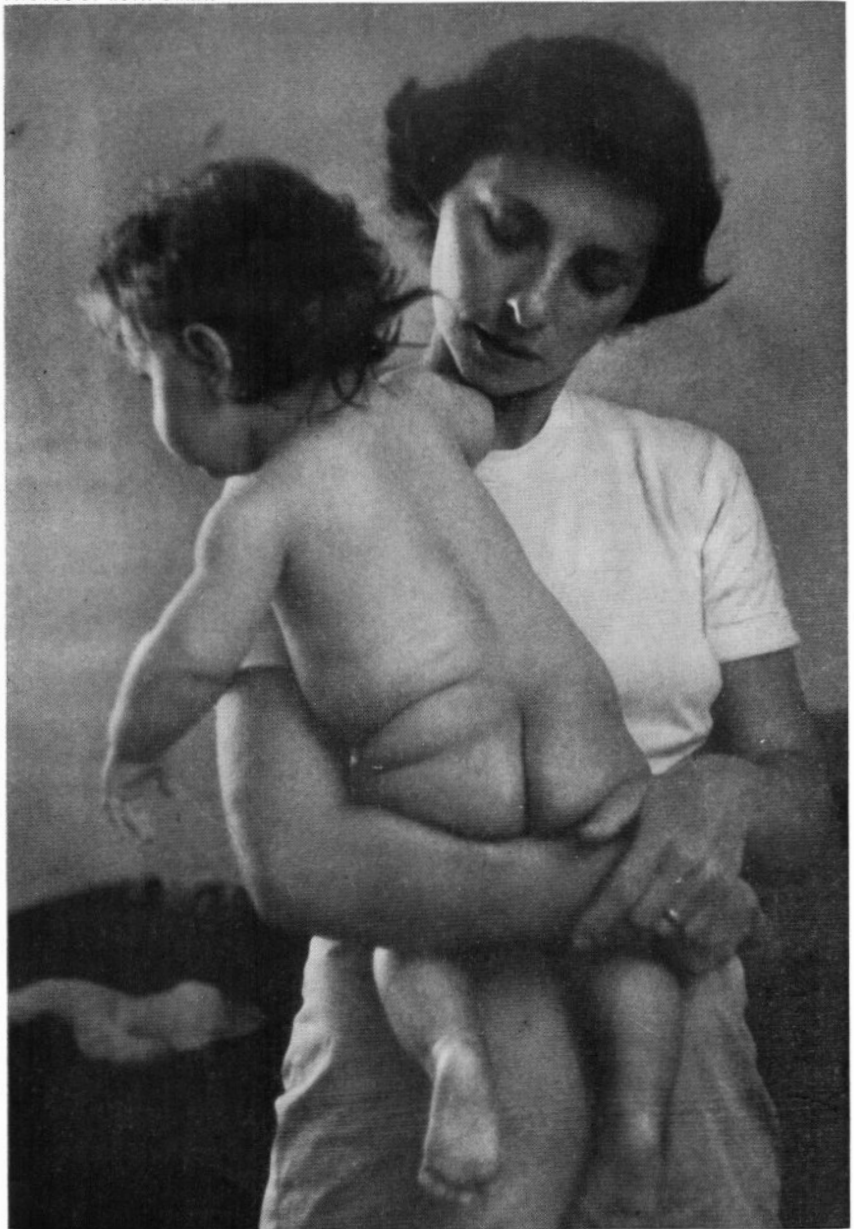
Though they are Americans in a strange land, Norman and Lillian Munitz believe they own a tiny piece of the Israeli ideal. Norman, by virtue of having flown bombers to its embattled air force during the bitter days when the Arabs threatened to push the Israelis out of the promised land, associates himself with the origins of the new nation.

Since 1949 Norman has worked as an Israeli air-line pilot. His salary, half in American dollars, enables the Munitzes to live, not luxuriously, but more comfortably than most Israelis. Their apartment, despite its whitewashed walls, is cozy. Lillian has a maid five days a week; they really can't afford more. The language barrier costs them dearly. Their seven-year-old son, Mike, is, like them, bewildered by Hebrew, and they have had to send him to an expensive private school where English is spoken. Food is scarce and expensive, clothing prohibitive. By the end of the pay period Norman Munitz usually finds himself broke. For a moment it disturbs him to realize that he isn't building a bank account for the future—then he reflects on his working days in Brooklyn. New York, Fire and Sanitation departments, his grim days as a U.S. Army Air Corps pilot, and gazes at his handsome family with a smile of contentment.



They made the long trek from Brooklyn four years ago and now feel like well-settled pioneers

PHOTOS BY RUTH ORKIN



THOUGH HER LIFE IS LUSH by Israeli standards, Lillian finds it tough to have her husband away half of every month. Here she finishes bathing six-month-old Leslie.

AFTER THREE YEARS IN ISRAEL Norman and Lillian Munitz are still excited by the Israelis. Standing outside their home, they watch a group of Boy Scouts prepare for their annual rally.

(Continued on next page)



THANKS TO NORMAN'S profession, the Munitzes eat better than most Israeli citizens—better, even than other Americans in Israel. From each of his transcontinental trips he returns with a dozen cans of soup, a few salamis, or a pocketful of sweets.

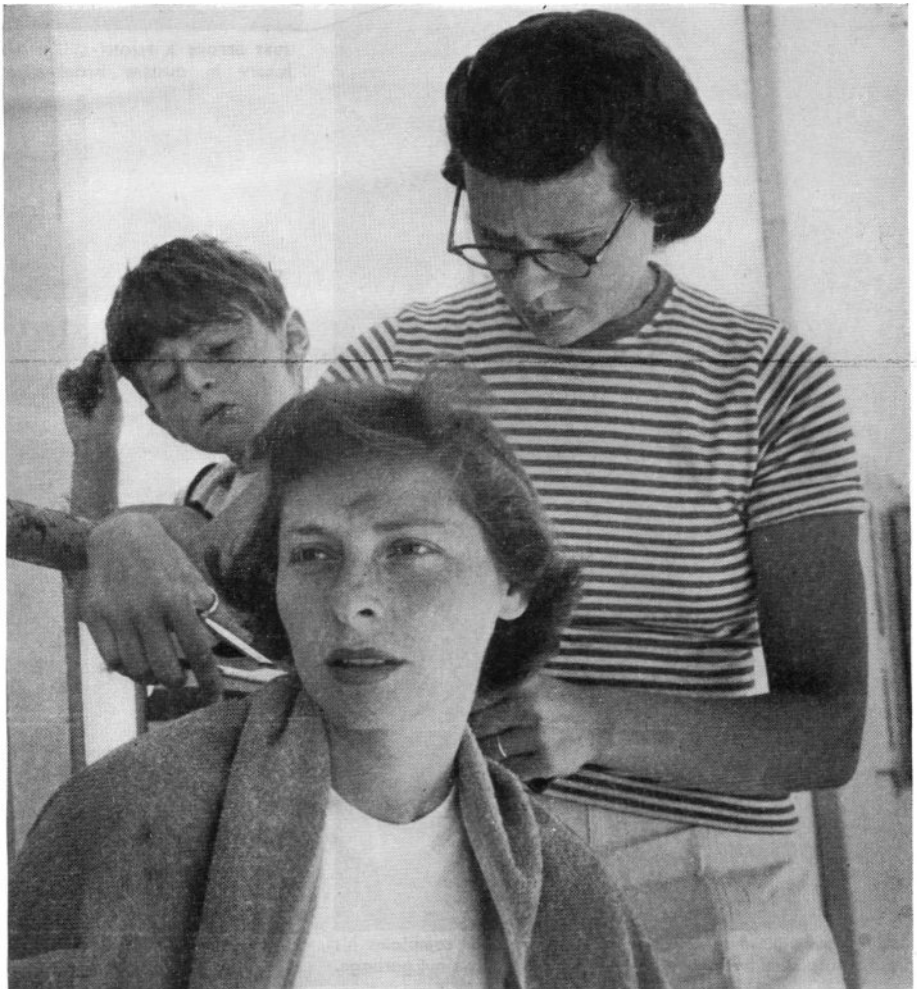


IT WAS A HAPPY DAY when the Munitzes got the air line's permission to take a trip to their home base, New York City. Here they head for the airport. New York was wonderful, in sophisticated contrast to the rugged atmosphere of present-day Israel.

*"It seems
natural living in
a place you
helped to liberate."*



AN EX-STREET-CLEANER, Munitz learned to fly in the Army Air Corps, now flies for an Israeli air line.



BEAUTY SHOPS ARE RARE in frontier Israel. The women crop their hair short for comfort and practicality. Lillian's hairdresser is her next-door neighbor, a pilot's wife, who gets return service fortnightly.

(Continued on next page)

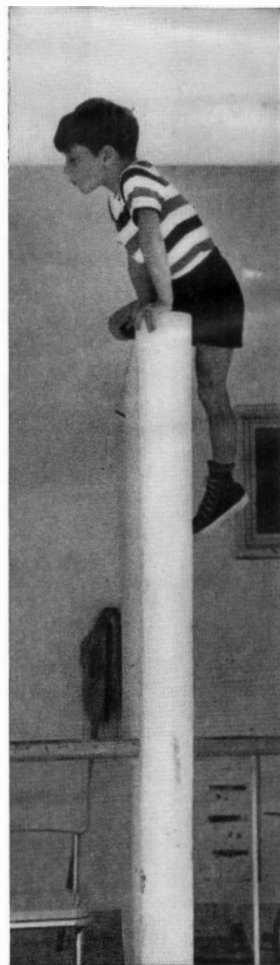
AMERICAN FAMILY ABROAD (continued)



HOME AT LAST, Norman likes to sit and read and, complains his wife, "is absolutely no help." Here she gets him to take out garbage.



JUST BEFORE A FLIGHT Lillian treats him to a rare luxury in austere Israel—a strawberry shortcake.



MIKE, SEVEN, CAN'T SPEAK HEBREW, but in the universal language of kids expresses himself by climbing a wall separating his and their neighbors' back porch.



"WHENEVER WE GET LONESOME for New York," says Lillian, "we take a walk and watch the happy, hopeful people—and then we forget all about loneliness."

Courtesy of T.W.A.



Transatlantic travel is at its cheapest during the winter months.

Off-Season Trip to Europe—\$700

BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

I have read about tourist-rate fares to Europe. Is there anything similar for air trips to South America?

—L. S. M., SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

A—Excursion fares to all the South American countries are in effect every spring, summer, and fall. These fares apply to first-class modern planes and represent savings of up to 48 per cent. A family group with children can, for example, save as much as \$300 on a round trip between Miami, Florida, and Lima, Peru.

We want to take weekend trips out of New York. Could you suggest places for us to go in the late fall and winter?

—MRS. R. M., NEW YORK, NEW YORK

A—Atlantic City, New Jersey, with its boardwalk and night clubs, is a year-round resort where you can have a wonderful time. There is never snow on the boardwalk, and the temperature usually is about 5 or 10 degrees higher than in New York City. Nearly all winter days there are pleasant for strolling.

Roller-chair rides and golf on three nearby courses are popular the year around. You can get an indoor sun tan, swim in salt-water pools, ride bicycles, ride horseback on the beach, walk in the open, and enjoy the shopping, theatres, and special events in the Convention Hall throughout the winter.

It's worth a weekend drive to see the fall foliage along the Mohawk Trail. The trail runs for 42 miles through the scenic Berkshires, in western Massachusetts. You follow U.S. Route 9 to Troy from New York and then turn east on State Route 2,

the Mohawk Trail. The Berkshires have facilities for all winter sports.

Many resorts in the Pocono Mountains in Pennsylvania are open throughout the year. This area is only about a 110-mile drive from New York. In the fall there are hiking, fishing, and horseback riding; in the winter there are skiing and all winter sports.

I have read about buried treasure, ghost towns, and unusual geological formations in the Southwest. I understand that most of these are in obscure and little-known locations. How can I locate the type of place I am after?

—J. D., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A—Desert Magazine, published at Palm Desert, California, has printed more than 300 maps of places that would interest you. It has run 18 articles describing areas in which lost treasure is said to be located. 27 devoted to unusual explorations, 9 devoted to historical places, 30 designed for rock hunters, and 6 giving directions to Western ghost towns.

I would like to work my way across the Atlantic. How do I go about getting a job as a chaperone, cruise manager, or something similar?

—MRS. M. E. B., TAMPA, FLORIDA

A—There is a tremendous demand for jobs of this type. Newcomers are usually experienced people—recruits from

the cruise staffs of the major steamship companies or sales staffs of the major tour operators. It's not easy for an outsider to land such a job.

In the first place, you must have considerable foreign-travel experience. Secondly, you must read and write the languages of the countries you intend to visit. Thirdly, you must understand the intricate details of arranging for tickets on foreign transportation lines, reservations at hotels, hotel services, money exchange, and laundry and valet services, as well, as local customs, tipping practices, and sightseeing attractions. It is rare that anyone without these qualifications lands a travel job.

We are taking traveler's checks with us on our trip to Europe. Is it possible to exchange these at any time?

—MRS. C. D., MADISON, WISCONSIN

A—Most major European hotels will exchange traveler's checks for local currency at the official exchange rate any day. If you plan to exchange any amount larger than \$40 or \$50, however, make sure you don't pick Sunday or a bank holiday. Incidentally, bank holidays in the various countries are quite different from ours.

THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIP

I have always dreamed of going to Europe, but have never had enough time or money. Would it be possible to see the highlights in two or three weeks, spending less than \$700?

—MISS T. G., NEW YORK, NEW YORK

A—Your dream can come true as a result of the off-season tourist fares. Several tours offered during the winter season would suit your needs. For example, a major air line has a 17-day tour, with stops-offs at four European capitals, for \$660. The first two days are spent in London and include a full day's tour of the city and excursions to Windsor Castle and Hampton Court. A steamer across the English Channel takes you to Amsterdam. The tour includes a short stop at The Hague, two days in Brussels with trips to Ghent and Bruges, and three days in Paris.

Allowing about \$50 for tips and a few extra meals that are not included in the tour price, you hit your budget almost on the nose.

I am sending you folders and full details on this and other budget trips to Europe.

We will send you a copy of this budget trip on request. You can also write for budget trips to Florida; New England; Great Smoky Mountains National Park; Canada; the Pacific Northwest; and the Skyline Drive. Send requests for travel information to EDWARD R. DOOLING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York 19, New York. We will be glad to send you descriptive literature. Please print your name and address.



"The Works of Jonathan Swift", one of a limited edition printed in London, 1883. Courtesy of L. Weitz, Inc., New York, dealers in rare books.

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BY JOHN D. MACDONALD

THE DOLL

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

Cosmopolitan's Complete Mystery Novel

One midweek evening he had sprayed the patch of crab grass, and now, on Saturday morning, it was lurid and twisted with overgrowth. Steve was on his knees, rooting it out, tossing it into a bushel basket. He worked steadily in the heat of the late August sun, hearing behind him the splat-splat of ball into mitt as Paulie played catch with the Quinn boy from the next block. Diana had taken her scrapbook collection of movie and TV stars across the street to the home of her friend, Betty Baker. He could hear, inside the house, the warm humming of the vacuum cleaner, operated by the capable and monolithic Mrs. Chandler. In the driveway next door a heavy young man, too well dressed for the job, was polishing a sleek new black Cadillac sedan.

Steve Dalvin straightened up to rest his back for a moment, and thought that Ellen would be enormously amused if she could see him puttering around during these weekends, manicuring the lawn. It was hard, very hard, to realize she had been dead over a year. It had been such a



THE DOLL (continued)

tragic, useless, pointless death. It had broken him into small random fragments. Paulie and Diana had been sent off to stay with Ellen's parents for a time. It had taken him six months to learn that no answer could be found in whisky, in the arms of women anxious to comfort him, or even in work that left him exhausted. He had quit his job, done manual labor, and then, doggedly, inevitably, had recreated the family unit. Only it was not the same without Ellen, of course.

He took a small new house where she was not around every corner, where she was not in the kitchen each time you sat in the living room, where you didn't listen for her to come wheeling into the driveway with that reckless casualness that had killed her.

Now he was finding satisfaction and a form of contentment in the closeness and trust of the small family unit. Paulie, at twelve, and Diana, at seven, had the odd emotional resiliency of the young. The sound of their laughter was good.

Mrs. Chandler, who lived nearby, had been a find. She was an elderly woman, widowed about the same time Ellen had been killed. Her son and daughter-in-law lived with her. Mrs. Chandler, a vast, gray woman of little warmth, was efficient and responsible.

Yes, Ellen would be amused at seeing her husband grubbing sedately around in the yard. The only lingering effect of her death that he could see in himself, outside of the inevitable loneliness, was an explosive fury that he had learned to control. It was something that would grow inside him until he wanted to smash walls with his hands, tilt his head back and roar at the sky.

"You call that a curve?" Paulie cried tauntingly to the Quinn boy. "Just watch *this* old curve."

Steve grinned and bent over the dying crab grass again. Paulie was the immediate problem. He had inherited Ellen's wiry, lithe strength instead of Steve's bulk. And her sensitivity and imaginativeness had also been given him. Adolescence was going to be a rough time for Paulie. He was the quicksilver of Ellen, and Diana had inherited all Steve's calm and stubbornness and implacability.

The young man next door with the heavy face was whistling monotonously as he polished the car. An odd setup. They had moved into the house next door over a month ago, and even Mrs. Chandler, with her curiosity and watchfulness, had been unable to determine who was

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Gasping, Steve knelt and listened. Horror blossomed in the hot sunlight





"Hands off," they'd warned him. "She's out of bounds." And now,
drunk on the lonely road with her beside him, he began to know why

THE DOLL (continued)

who. Heavy-set men and brightly dressed young women came and went. There were regular poker games into the small hours of the morning, but never any noise. Low voices, and many comings and goings. The house had been purchased by a Mr. Prade, and the rumor was that he had something to do with the restaurant business. The Cadillacs and cases of bonded liquor and the fur coats on some of the women seemed at odds with the new, bright, cheap subdivision.

Steve heard the Quinn boy say, "Hey! Sorry, Paulie." He heard the ball whisk through the hedge and thud hard against metal. Steve straightened up, frowning, and saw that the ball had banged against the door of the new black Cadillac sedan.

Paulie trotted through a gap in the hedge. He said to the man, "He was trying to throw a curve, and it was wild."

The heavy young man stared soberly at the door. He didn't look at Paulie. Paulie pounced on the ball, and as he straightened up, the young man dropped the polishing cloth, caught the front of Paulie's T-shirt and, with casual, deadpan brutality, began to whip his heavy hand back and forth across Paulie's mouth. Steve was standing rigid with shock. The slaps sounded thick and ugly in the morning sunlight.

At Paulie's first cry of shock and pain Steve went toward them at a dead run, his feet noiseless on the grass. The young man must have caught the movement out of the corner of his eye. He turned his face sharply into the big fist Steve had swung with all his strength.

The blue-white bolt of pain that crashed up through Steve's arm blinded him, and he did not even hear the sound of the blow. Steve clamped his broken hand against his belly. The heavy-shouldered young man rocked, half-lifted his hands, and then went down with a strange slowness, sitting on his heels for a moment, then sprawling onto his side and rolling over onto his back. The left side of his face had a distorted, out-of-focus look.

Paulie stood with his eyes wide, blood on his mouth, sobs catching in his throat. The Quinn boy stared warily from the other side of the hedge, his face chalk-pale. Steve said harshly, "Paulie, you and your friend go into the house. Ask Mrs. Chandler to fix your mouth."

He waited until they went up the back steps and into the house. He looked at his hand. It was beginning to swell. He walked around the car and went to the back of the house next door. A short, thick-set man stood just inside the screen door looking out mildly. He had a large, bland face, a head that was bald except for a fringe of delicate blond hair.

"You're Prade, aren't you?"

"Yeah. I saw it. That was a good thing you did, friend. Marty is stupid. I think

you bust your hand. An X-ray you ought to have." His voice was mild and casual.

"That man out there, that Marty—"

"You hit him. I see him fall. That your kid? Sorry it happened." He pushed the door open and came heavily down the steps. Steve followed him over to the car. Marty was still out. Prade looked down at the unconscious man, and then he turned and stared at Steve. Steve saw that the man's blue eyes seemed as lacking in depth as pale-blue marbles. Prade put one foot on Marty's shoulder and joggled him. The man's head rolled back and forth.

"Don't you think you ought to call a doctor?"

Prade turned toward the house and bellowed, "Irene! Hey, Irene!"

A tall girl in a yellow sun suit came out the back door, squinting in the bright sunlight. "What you want, Lew?"

"Go call Doc Dressner. Tell him to get over here with his ambulance. Tell him we got a package for him."

The girl came into the yard and stared at Marty. She gave Steve an appraising look. Lew Prade took two steps toward her and faked a kick. "Go phone, big nose," he said with rough affection.

Prade said, "You can go along in the ambulance, and Doc will fix you up. He's got nurses and X-ray at his place." "That man might be hurt badly, Mr. Prade. It ought to be reported to the police."

"What's your name?"

"Dalvin, Steve Dalvin."

"Stevie, the cops don't care if a guy trips over a hose and bangs his face on a car bumper. We both saw him fall just like I said. You lose time off work with that broken hand?"

"My secretary can sign letters for me."

"What kind of a business you in?"

"I work for a contractor. Construction firm. Mostly road work."

"I know all those boys. Which one?"

"Jennings and Ryan."

"Nice clean people. Big outfit."

Steve kept glancing at Marty. Lew Prade paid no more attention than if Marty were a dog sleeping near his feet. Steve didn't like the way the man was breathing. His breath came irregularly, and it was a little labored.

Prade said, "Come on in and have a drink while we're waiting."

"I want to see how my boy is."

"Sure. You go ahead. Come on over when you see the ambulance."

"I can't understand why he'd slap a kid around."

"No sense. I guess he don't like kids, anyway. He isn't very bright. Hell, last week I send him out for cards. A dozen decks. Know what he comes back with, the featherhead?" Prade sighed and shook his head. "Pinochle decks!" He

went toward the house, shaking his big head sadly.

Steve went into his kitchen. Paulie's lips had puffed up. His eyes were full of awe and pride. "Boy, did you ever conk him! Geez, what a punch!"

The Quinn boy was staring at Steve's hand. He yanked at Paulie's arm and said, "Hey, look at your dad's hand!"

Mrs. Chandler looked at Steve's hand. "Fighting and brawling," she muttered.

"I should have apologized for interrupting and asked him to please stop slapping my son around?"

The boys were back at the window. "He's still out. Dad!" Paulie called with delight. "We were counting for a while. We quit when we got to two hundred. Are they just going to leave him there?"

"An ambulance is coming," Steve said.

The Quinn boy looked at Steve with such naked worship that Steve felt an absurd desire to strut. But worry nagged him. The man could be seriously hurt. He had turned into the punch. And Steve had been running hard.

There didn't seem to be any comfortable position in which he could hold his hand. It was half again the size of the other hand.

He said, "I'm going along in the ambulance to get this hand set."

Paulie said, "Broken, eh?" He looked a little ill. He said, "I don't know why the guy got so mad over a little thing like that. It didn't even dent the car or anything." Paulie stood very still. He said in a hushed tone, "I'm going to be sick to my stomach."

"Run, run!" Mrs. Chandler said.

Paulie was docile about going to lie down, and Mrs. Chandler shooed the Quinn boy home. After the boy had left Steve realized that he should have told him to keep the incident to himself. Then he reflected that it probably wouldn't have done any good. He was going to be a hero to the neighborhood small fry for quite some time.

When the ambulance backed into the drive he went across to the next house. A small, wiry man in creamy slacks and a sports shirt got out with the white-coated driver. The small man was kneeling beside Marty when Steve approached. The dark eyes flicked to Steve's hand. "Quite a Sunday punch," he said dryly.

"What do you think, Doctor?"

"Broke his cheekbone, maybe in a couple of places. And a concussion, I guess. Okay, Sam. Let's load him."

Lew Prade came across the yard. "Doc, take this fellow along and fix his hand. Have somebody bring him back. Bill me. Steve Dalvin, Doc Dressner. By the way, Doc, Marty tripped over that hose there and fell and hit his puss on the front bumper."

"And Mr. Dalvin stepped on his own

The man next door had queer, tough visitors, but there was nothing menacing in his friendliness toward Steve. Nothing you could put your finger on—

hand. Sure. Lew. sure. I understand." "Don't be wise, Doc. Just don't be wise. It's too hot today."

Dressner sighed in a tired way. "Sure, Lew. Ride up there with Sam. Mr. Dalvin. I'll ride in back with the patient."

"Highball it, Doc?" Sam asked.

"No. Normal speed, Sam."

Sam, a young man with a narrow, anemic face, drove smoothly and well.

"Where are we going?" Steve asked.

Sam gave him a quick glance of surprise. "Doc Dressner's place. Valley Vale. Don't you know the place?"

"Yes, I know it. I didn't know who owned it." Steve said. He was grimly amused. Valley Vale was a private sanitarium primarily devoted to the treatment of alcoholism and mild nervous disorders. In the bars of Coleburne it was a standing joke. One more shot, Mac, and they'll have you up in Valley Vale. There were nastier rumors about the place, too. Steve had driven past it many times. It was out on the Valley Road southwest of the city—a place of cedars and stone walls and ornate iron gates. When you drove by the gates you could see the green lawns inside, a segment of chateau architecture, and curving gravel drives.

When they reached the big gates they drove through them and in behind one of the buildings. Sam jumped down and swung the back doors open. A man came out of the doorway and helped with the wheeled stretcher. Marty was wheeled inside, and Steve followed.

A willowy black-eyed nurse in rustling starched white moved forward quickly. Dressner said, "I want a head X-ray on this one as fast as I can get it. Then take this man's hand, Gloria. Mr. Dalvin, wait in there until the nurse calls you."

The stretcher disappeared down the corridor. Steve went into a small waiting room. The magazines were new, the furniture new and smart. He looked out the window. At the foot of a long slope of green lawn was a kidney-shaped swimming pool, blossoming mushrooms of bright beach umbrellas, a group of people toasting in the sun, and someone swimming slowly back and forth across the pool.

After a few minutes the nurse came back. "Ready now, Mr. Dalvin. Follow me, please."

In a small room the black mouth of the X-ray head pointed down at a draped table. She swung it over his hand, put the taped plate under his hand, set the dials, and went behind a small, lead-sheathed screen. The equipment buzzed as she took two shots of the back of his hand and two of the palm, moving his hand into the position she wanted it each time, careful not to hurt him. She had a pretty frown of concentration, and when she turned, the starched whiteness of her uniform drew tight along the warm lines of her tall body.

"Have you worked here long?"

"You can go back to the waiting room now, Mr. Dalvin. Dr. Dressner will see you as soon as we get the plates developed." He flushed at the bluntness of the rebuff.

Twenty minutes later Dressner strolled into the waiting room. He sat on the corner of the desk and lit a cigarette. "Two clean breaks in that cheekbone," he said. "No skull fracture. Severe concussion. May take him two hours or two days to come out of it. We'll fix his face after he comes out of it."

"I never hit anyone that hard before. I want you to know that—"

Dressner lifted his thin hand. "You heard Lew. He fell. That's all I want to know. Understand?"

"Yes, but—"

"The nurse will be in with your pictures. We'll see about that hand."

Steve heard her light, quick footsteps in the hall. She came in and handed Dressner the four pictures. He spread them out on the desk and said, "Come take a look, Mr. Dalvin."

Steve looked at the skeletal pictures. The look of the bones made him think of death. Dressner touched the pictures with a capped fountain pen. "This one here, a clean break. This one splintered a little. These knuckles jammed back. Be a little tendon damage, Gloria. I don't think that hand is puffed too badly to take care of it right now. We'll use a local, and put it in a cast."

They worked together as a good team. They deadened his hand, set it, and put it in a cast. The nurse took more X-rays, and Dressner said he was satisfied with the job.

The cast was startlingly white. Gloria adjusted the height of the sling so it would be comfortable.

Dressner said, "That'll give you trouble tonight. Maybe you won't sleep much. But I don't want to give you anything because you might sleep too hard and roll on it. Gloria, the keys are in the convertible. Be a good girl and drive Mr. Dalvin home."

Gloria nodded. "I've some errands to do. If you wouldn't mind waiting while I change, Mr. Dalvin—"

"Not at all, Doctor, can I phone and find out how—"

"Phone me about your hand if you want to, but if you want any dope on Marty, Lew will give it to you. I've got to go catch up with my guests, Mr. Dalvin. You can wait right here. Gloria won't be long."

Steve thanked him. The small doctor gave him a mock salute and left. Standing at the window, Steve saw him walk quickly down across the green lawns toward the group at the pool. A grill affair had been rolled into view, and a man in a chef's hat was busy at the grill, preparing a charcoal fire.

In five minutes he heard the nurse in the corridor again, walking without any rustling of starch. She was hatless, wearing a sand-colored linen dress. She carried a white purse. "Ready?" she asked.

He walked beside her. "Nice of you to take me back."

"Not at all, Mr. Dalvin."

The car, an inexpensive lemon-colored convertible with a black top, was parked near an adjoining building. The nurse slid in and worked the top mechanism. The top folded into the well with a whirring sound. Steve looked up at the windows of the sanitarium and saw that they were barred. A young man wearing glasses looked down at them from one of the windows. His face was completely empty, shockingly empty.

"You have mental patients here, I understand."

She backed the car deftly, her hand on top of the wheel, turned in the seat to look back over her shoulder. He saw that her hair was not jet, as he had supposed. The sun brought out reddish-brown glints. She said, "There's a separate staff for the mental patients, I have nothing to do with them."

She turned down the gravel drive. "It's bigger than I thought," he said.

"Yes, it is large," she said. He felt

faintly irritated at not being able to break through the nurse-patient relationship.

"Do you know Mr. Prade?"

"I know of him."

"Good friend of Dr. Dressner's?"

"I imagine so."

She drove swiftly through traffic, jockeying for position, cutting across from lane to lane, judging the lights well. One light fooled her, changing just too soon. She had to wait.

"I guess it must be more interesting to work in a place like that than it would be in a public hospital."

She looked at him calmly. "Mr. Dalvin, you keep giving me the impression that you're trying to pump me. When Dr. Dressner asked me to take you home, it wasn't a suggestion; it was an order."

He felt himself flushing again. "I was making conversation."

"It really isn't necessary."

"You keep giving the impression that you disapprove of me, Gloria."

"My name is Miss Hess. If that was a question you just asked the answer is neither yes nor no. It just hadn't occurred to me to approve or disapprove."

He sighed. "Okay, okay." He gave her the address. She turned at his direction several times and at last pulled up in front of his house. Diana came running out across the lawn, yelling, "Daddy, Daddy, Paulie says you hit a man and killed him and broke your hand. Did you, did you?"

He opened the door, and she stared wide-eyed at the sling and cast. "Miss Hess, this is my daughter, Diana. Honey, Miss Hess is a nurse. She helped fix my hand. And I didn't kill anybody. Paulie shouldn't say such stupid things."

He took Diana's hand and turned to thank Gloria Hess. Gloria wore a faintly puzzled expression. She looked at Diana and then at Steve.

He said, "Thanks for the ride, Miss Hess." He closed the car door. She raced the motor and then let it idle. She looked obliquely at Steve. "You don't work for Mr. Prade, I guess."

He grinned. "If that is a question, Miss Hess, no. My son chased a ball into Mr. Prade's yard. That man called Marty grabbed my son and started to slap him around pretty rough. Well, it—got me a little sore."

She half smiled. "I should think it did. I—I'm sorry, Mr. Dalvin."

"For what?"

She wrinkled her nose a little. Steve found the little grimace oddly entrancing. "Oh . . . just sorry." The bright car shot away from the curb. He saw her hair blowing in the wind as she took the corner at the end of the street.

"That is a nice nurse!" Diana said judiciously and went into the house.

Steve stood by the porch and looked up at the corner where the car had disappeared. It had been a very long time since he had felt such a strong speculative interest in a girl. He had enjoyed watching her at Valley Vale, the way she moved, her pretty air of dedicated efficiency. Odd place to find her. And her manner had been strange with him. Almost brutally cool until she had found out that he did not work for Lew Prade. And then an apology.

He liked that sort of face. Cool and still and contained, and yet with more than a hint of all the warmth that was not permitted to break through. A woman who would keep herself to herself in normal human relationships, saving all the deep and spontaneous warmth for . . .

Steve, he told himself, your wheels are dragging. All that is for some young doctor with whom she is no doubt deeply and sincerely in love, and if she has the time of day for a beat old boy like you, that is just about all you can expect out of that particular department.

But, a truly wonderful wrinkle of the nose, to go with the oblique look.

The kids had had their lunch and were electioneering about the neighborhood movie. He sent them off with funds and suitable instructions about Paulie holding Diana's hand while crossing the two streets. He watched them take off, Paulie running, Diana churning after him, making irate calliope sounds.

In the kitchen Mrs. Chandler glanced at his hand. "I fixed you nothing you can't eat with one hand. Hurt, does it?"

"Not too bad."

"Those people! Ought to be chased out of any decent neighborhood. Bunch of gangsters. Bunch of hoodlums with their cheap women. Hah!"

"I lost my temper."

"Guess you did." She set his lunch in front of him. "That Mrs. Quinn, she called up, all excited. Right after you left. Said her kid came home with a crazy story, and what was it all about?"

"What did you tell her?"

"Tell her? Told her what happened. What do you think I'd tell her? She said she won't have her boy playing anywhere near to those kind of people. She says Paulie and her boy want to play together. Paulie can go down there where they've got good neighbors and a boy's life isn't in danger."

Steve had lunch and then realized he had nothing to do for the rest of the day. He had brought work from the office. He was in charge of the purchase, allocation, repair, and maintenance of the heavy road machinery owned by Jennings and Ryan. With a minimum of five large road jobs going on at any one time, and with profit on the jobs depending on having the big shovels and trucks and bulldozers and Euclids at the right place at the right time, his was a key job, and a demanding job.

But he couldn't make up estimate sheets with a broken hand.

He read for a time, then roamed restlessly around the house. This was the sort of situation in which he missed Ellen the most. The aimless discontent became something tangible, a hard knot in his chest. It was odd, not having anyone to tell things to. No one to talk to and explain all the feelings involved in the quick anger and outraged assault on the man called Marty.

He saw the small truck when it came into his driveway. Mrs. Chandler had gone down the street to her own house. He walked through the kitchen as the back-door buzzer sounded. "Mr. Dalvin?" the man asked.

"Yes."

"Package delivery."

The man came in with a heavy carton and set it on the kitchen table. Along the side it said, "Product of Scotland." In the corner was printed, "Twelve Bottles."

"Sign here, please."

"It's a mistake. I didn't order it."

"Look at my book. I got the right name and address, mister."

"Yes, you have. Wait and let me phone

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THE DOLL (continued)



Love hasn't any tricks up its sleeve, but Steve knew this girl had plenty

the store and find out who ordered it.”
 “Look. I got a lot of deliveries to make and I want to get off sometime today. Just be a nice guy and sign here. If it’s a mistake, let somebody else pick it up.”
 “I can’t sign. Broke my hand today.”
 “You did? Say, that’s tough! Look, put an X here with your other hand. I’ll write your name under it. I got to get some kind of a mark on this form.”

Steve made his X, and the man went off. Steve called the liquor store. It took several minutes to get hold of the right party. “Oh, yes, Mr. Dalvin, I have the order right here. It was phoned in by Mr. Prade. Anything wrong?”
 “I—I guess not. Thanks.”

He hung up and awkwardly lit a cigarette just as a truck from Coleburne’s biggest department store rumbled into the driveway. A man hopped down and said, “Got some stuff for you. Two items.”
 “What are they?”

“Well, one is a bike. I don’t know what’s in the big box. Where’ll I put the bike? In the garage?”

“You can take them back. I didn’t order them.”

“Mister, the only things I can take back are C.O.D.’s when I don’t get the money. Anything else, you got to get in touch with the store, and they have somebody else pick it up. I got to leave it.”

“All right, then,” Steve said tiredly. “Put the stuff in the garage.”

He stood and watched the bike lifted down. It was an English bicycle, dark maroon, with gear shift and racing tires. The mysterious box was five feet long and about two feet square. When the truck pulled out he went across to Prade’s back door and pushed the bell.

The girl in the yellow sun suit came to the door. “Oh, hi! Wanna see Lew?”
 “Please.”

“Come on in, then. Lew’s in the front room.” He followed Irene through the house to the living room. It was bigger than his. The Venetian blinds were closed. The TV screen was alive, but it seemed to be ignored by all present. It took Steve a few moments to get used to the subdued light. There were several shirt-sleeved men, a few girls, many glasses, a haze of smoke.

“Here’s the neighbor, Lew,” Irene said.

Lew Prade got up off the couch, a glass of beer in his hand. “How’s it going, Stevie? Get that mitt fixed up okay? Doc is a good man. He give me a ring on Marty. Says he’s going to keep him a while. He get you back home okay?”

“He had his nurse drive me home.”
 “I hear he’s got one special nurse, cute as a bug. How about a beer? I say a day like this, it’s a beer day. Folks, this is Stevie Dalvin, my next-door neighbor. There’s Bunny and Bess and Reds.”

The girls waved a lethargic greeting. “And Al and Joey and Pritch and Henry.”

They said hello, and one of them added, “Wish I coulda seen Marty get it.”

“Prettiest sucker punch I ever saw,” Lew Prade said.

“Next time, guy,” one of the men said, “you try a sucker punch, give it to them in the neck. It works just as good, and you don’t bust your hand.”

Lew clucked sadly, “Beating up a little kid. Want a beer, Steve?”

“No, thanks. Look, could I see you alone, Mr. Prade?”

“Everybody calls me Lew. Right from the governor of the state on down. Come on in here.”

The bedroom was bright after the shaded living room. They sat on the bed. “Now, what’s on your mind?”

“Mr. Prade—Lew, I don’t want to accept those presents.”

“Lord, they come already! Those boys really jumped. How does the bike look? I asked for the best in the house. You get the best of anything, you never go wrong. I learned the hard way. Look at these slacks. Forty bucks. For twenty you can get a pair looks just as good, but they won’t hold up. This shirt is hand-painted. Guatemala. Pretty damn thing, isn’t it?”

“It’s a nice shirt. Lew. But about these gifts—I don’t want to accept them. You handle the medical expenses, and that’s enough.”

Lew took several swallows of his beer. Then he said, “And what does that make me?”

“What do you mean?”

“Look at it this way. I know that Marty is too dumb to keep around. Dumb and ugly. So I’m selfish. I keep him around

for the laughs. I should know better. A good neighbor gets a busted hand. His kid gets slapped around. So who’s fault is it? Not Marty’s. Mine. I should never bring a punko like that into a nice neighborhood. That makes me a bad neighbor. So I got to make up. Everybody can use Scotch. The kid can have fun with the bike. Your little girl never sees a doll bigger than that one, I bet. And won’t orchids look good on your wife?”

“The orchids haven’t come yet. My wife has been dead over a year.”

“The hell you say! Damn. I should have checked, I guess. Irene, she said she saw the little girl, and I just figured a wife went along with the deal.

“But the rest of the stuff. Hell, what harm does it do, if I want to do it? You want those kids to keep thinking they live next to a bunch of bums or something? I’m nuts about kids myself.” He nudged Steve with his elbow. “Used to be one myself.”

“It doesn’t seem right.”

“You know, Stevie, I like you. You got a good attitude. Most of the people are chiselers. You know that. I like you standing up for your kid, and I like you trying to give the stuff back. You made an effort. Now forget it and come have a drink.”

“Well . . .”

He slapped Steve’s shoulder. “That’s it. Say, you like your job? I got a piece of a little construction company. Maybe they need somebody, hey?”

“I’m happy where I am,” Steve said.

“Man, that’s the way to be! Me, I get restless all the time. I got a restaurant-supply business and a couple of restaurants and a taxi company and a couple of dives and a little entertainment-booking business. You’d think that would keep a man busy enough, now, wouldn’t you? So what do I do? Now I’m moving back in on the meat business. Used to be in it during the war.

“Got a big place up in the lake country, and I’ve got one hell of a big duplex apartment in town. So I got bored with being in one place or the other, so I bought this little house out here. It’s in my name, but it’s Irene’s house.”

“Is she your wife?”

“You kidding? She was going to marry

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He was cornered. Time was running out, carrying him swiftly into a nightmare world. The worst thing he could do was panic

Pritch, and she got sore at him. Then she was running around with Marty. Now it's Henry she's got the hots for. You ever play poker much? We'll have a little game started later. But maybe it's too stiff for you. Tell you what, I'll stake you. You make out, you pay me back. You go broke, and it's my headache."

"No, thanks. I wouldn't be much good with just one hand. But thanks just the same. I better be running along. And—thanks for the presents."

"It's okay, Stevie. Look, you get in the habit of coming over, hey? Whenever there's cars here, there's a gang. All good boys and girls. A lot of kicks. They all like you fine for clobbering Marty, so you aren't no stranger."

Lew Prade grinned, but there was no smile in the glass-flat eyes. Steve went back to the house. The flowers came about twenty minutes later. A spray of tiny yellow orchids in a transparent box. He stood in the living room with the box in his hand. There were small beads of moisture on the petals. On impulse he phoned a delivery service. He printed crudely on the back of one of his personal cards, "Thanks for the ride." When the motorcycle came he told the boy to deliver the flowers to Miss Gloria Hess, Valley Vale Sanitarium.

As soon as the red motorcycle had turned the corner he began to regret the impulse. It seemed a bit juvenile. But she had such a peculiarly delightful way of wrinkling her nose. . . .

Paulie became totally incoherent over the bicycle. He was reduced to small jabbering, moaning sounds. He rode triumphantly up and down the driveway, his expression ecstatic. The doll was not a baby doll. It was a girl doll, a shade taller than Diana. It had long auburn hair, blue eyes, and freckles. Diana was completely awed.

Maybe it had been a mistake to let the kids have the gifts. But it was too late now to undo. And besides, Prade had seemed genuinely sorry, genuinely anxious to make some gesture. There was no obligation involved. At the moment, Steve told himself, they were even. And he certainly intended to keep it that way from now on.

Monday morning Steve went in to Mr. Ryan's office and explained the broken hand. Ryan was a stocky, colorful man

with considerable charm. He used it to promote the company contacts.

Ryan listened and made all the proper sounds of surprise and concern. "Lew Prade, eh? What's he doing out there in your neighborhood?" He continued hastily. "Not that it isn't a fine neighborhood. But that's just it. It isn't the sort of environment in which the Lew Prades of this world hang out."

"You know him, then, George?"

"I've met him a couple of times. I know him by reputation. Hadn't you heard of him before?"

"Seems I've seen his name in the papers. Not often."

George Ryan leaned back in his chair and tapped his pencil against his chin. "He's got a lot of contacts in state, county, and city government. He's got a piece of Vogeling Brothers Construction. Even if we wanted city street-paving contracts, we couldn't get them. The city engineer writes the specifications so that only the Vogeling equipment qualifies. Prade is tied in some way with Ross Farlini, and that means he's got his fingers in a lot of dirty pies. I know he's got bookie joints. And he's part of the insurance combine through which the bookies pay off their bets. He books floor shows, and I've heard that if you want special entertainment for a smoker or something like that, Prade is the man to see. He floated to the top during the war. Black-market operations, they say. He was in gray-market steel for a while. Out of it now. I think. He's been edging over into legitimate business. Taxis, restaurants, a restaurant-supply house."

"You keep a pretty good dossier, George."

"I have to watch those boys. There are times when we have to deal with them. Then it's smart to know your man. I don't know of Prade's being mixed up in any actual violence, but an educated guess would be that he doesn't go down any dark alleys alone and probably keeps a few boys around who have pistol permits. All in order, of course."

"Where does Valley Vale come in? That's where he sent me to have my hand fixed."

"That's Dressner's outfit. Ross Farlini spent three months there after he was shot, a few years back. Some of our society names have taken the cure there. It's a big plant, and even though his fees

are certainly high enough, there must be some other source of income to keep it going. Some people say dope. I think Dressner is too smart for that. Others say he takes orders from Farlini and gets a fat retainer for maintaining a place where people can be hidden away. Dressner has a nice home right on the property. Swimming pool and all. I've been out there to parties a couple of times. He entertains pretty lavishly."

"Prade talked to Dressner as if he were giving the doctor his orders."

"That's interesting. Could be. If Prade is Ross Farlini's lieutenant in this end of the state then he could give the orders in Farlini's name. And Dressner would have to take them."

"This fellow you hit—he's in no danger?"

"According to Dressner, he isn't."

Steve's attempts to ignore the hand were more determined than effective. By ten it seemed to be jumping up and down. But he was able to forget it for a time when the call came in from Gloria Hess.

"Mr. Dalvin? Gloria Hess. I called your home, and your Mrs. Chandler gave me your office number. I should have phoned you sooner. The flowers were a little—overwhelming."

"I was afraid they'd be too spectacular. So I have to confess. They were sent as a gift to my wife, and the person who sent them didn't know that my wife died over a year ago."

"Oh, I didn't realize—I'm sorry. But that doesn't change the fact that you thought of me. I'm grateful. How is your hand?"

"It gets a little shrill now and then. Mending, I guess. Gloria, how about accepting a dinner to go with the flowers? Any evening. You name it."

"I'm sorry. I'm really terribly busy. I couldn't, really."

"Oh. Mind if I try again sometime later in the week?"

"It really wouldn't do any good, Mr. Dalvin. But thank you anyway, and thanks again for the flowers. If that hand gives you too much trouble please call Dr. Dressner right away, will you?"

"I'll do that."

"Good-by, Mr. Dalvin."

"Good-by, Miss Hess."

He hung up and stared moodily at the

phone. He was restless and annoyed with himself. He didn't feel that he'd handled the conversation very well. Seeing her again had become hugely important. Yet he had been unable to penetrate her cool and impersonal manner. It would be good to have dinner again with a pretty woman. To talk and laugh. Her hair had looked black, but in the sun it had little reddish glints. . . .

He sighed and went back to the paper work. He decided against sending his girl out to get him a sandwich and milk shake, and went into the lunch-hour throngs to walk off some of his restlessness. He thought he had settled permanently into a sort of placid contentment, but the strangeness of the weekend had brought back a lot of the old vague uneasiness.

Two blocks along Garland Street he noticed a lemon-yellow convertible with a black top parked at a twelve-minute meter. He waited for the light and crossed the street, not taking his eyes from the car. It was too much to expect to run into her this way. Just an identical car. Steve Dalvin, he thought, mooning around like a lovelorn high-school kid.

He drifted toward the car as unobtrusively as he could. He was furtively looking in at the seat to see if there was anything left there by which he could identify her when he heard her say, close behind him, "Don't tell me you need another lift!"

He turned quickly, realizing that she was flushing. She stood tall and dazzlingly white in her uniform, hatless and with a drugstore package in her hand.

"I was hoping it would be you," he said. "That was an unsatisfactory phone conversation, Gloria."

"Was it? I'm so sorry."

"There you go again. How do I break down that cold professional manner?"

"Why should you try, Mr. Dalvin? Excuse me, please. Dr. Dressner is waiting for this prescription."

He held the car door open for her. She got in and slid across the seat behind the wheel, her eyes mild, her face expressionless.

"Just tell me this, Gloria. Do you have a personal, emotional reason for not having a dinner date with me?"

"I work very hard, Mr. Dalvin. I sel-

dom leave the sanitarium. I hardly ever date anyone."

"I just want to know you, Gloria. I'm not trying to be some kind of a wolf. Are you engaged or anything?"

"Dr. Dressner is really waiting for this, Mr. Dalvin."

He sighed and shook his head. "I guess I can't huff and blow your house down."

Gloria had started the car. He leaned on the door. She looked at him, and for the second time he saw a small dancing light of humor in her eyes, accompanied by the oddly appealing little grimace. "Me and my brick house," she said. She turned the ignition key. "Actually, Dr. Dressner is out on a call. Steve. You can buy me a quick coffee."

As he fed the parking meter he felt a jubilation out of all proportion to the circumstances. The drugstore was a place where miracles could happen. They walked down to a small booth beyond the counter, and the starch of her uniform rustled as she slid quickly into the booth. He sat opposite her. She smiled at him, and all the coolness was gone, all the deep warmth of her broke through, somehow enclosing the two of them in a small private place, apart from the bustle around them.

"Steve. I want to—"

"Let's get the scene set, Gloria. I had my first date when I was fifteen. I detested females. But I finally took a gal to a movie. We went to a drugstore afterward. I sat there telling myself I was bored, and all of a sudden I started looking at her. Seven billion butterflies I had, all of a sudden. You know what? Right now I'm full up to here with more butterflies."

The waitress took their coffee order, and when she was gone Gloria looked at him severely. "Steve, you've got to stop that. I sat there the scene. I helped Dr. Dressner set a man's broken hand. He's a very pleasant and very persuasive man, and so I let him talk me into a coffee break, because it will give me a chance to tell him in a pleasanter way that I can't go out with him."

Steve had to wait until the waitress slid the coffee deftly in front of each of them. He was afraid of the answers to the questions he had to ask.

"Tell me this, Gloria. Are you married?"

"No, Steve."

"Engaged?"

"No."

He felt miraculously better. "Hate men?"

"Please, Steve. You'll just have to accept what I say. I don't date. I have perfectly good reasons." She lifted the coffee cup, watched him over the rim as she sipped.

He stared soberly at her. "I have a hunch there isn't much time. I won't get too many chances to talk to you unless I say exactly what I mean, right now. This isn't a pass. I have the feeling we're very right for each other. I don't know why. It just—happened."

"Please don't," she said.

He leaned forward a bit and looked into her eyes. He said softly, "Okay. I've got legions of big, muscular butterflies, all flapping around. I look at you and I get a Saturday-morning feeling. A holiday feeling. Keep looking right at me, Gloria, and tell me that you haven't got at least one tired, anemic, beat-up little butterfly trying to get up off the ground."

She looked at him, and he saw her face whiten a bit, her eyes grow larger. "Darn you, Steve," she whispered. "Darn you!" And she was gone, quickly, with a rustle of starched white. He paid the check and got out onto the sidewalk just in time to see the little car roll down the street and turn smoothly at the corner.

He felt pleasantly cheerful all afternoon, in spite of the throbbing of his hand, and he was in a good humor when he turned into his driveway at five-thirty. Diana was across the street with her friend, Paulie was off on the new bike. Mrs. Chandler was preparing dinner. He stood at the kitchen window with a highball made of the Prade Scotch, amusedly aware of the climate of disapproval that seemed to come from Mrs. Chandler in great cold waves. She informed him tartly that the children had been over at the Prade house again, right in the house, swilling Cokes and gobbling candy.

"I don't think I care much for that," Steve said.

"How are you going to stop it? They got that bicycle and that doll. What do



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THE DOLL (continued)



**With one blow, Steve swung open the gates
of hell, and there was no turning back**

you expect?" She sniffed and said, with enormous contempt, "Uncle Lew! Great heavens!"

Steve grinned in spite of his annoyance. "Uncle Lew, eh?"

She turned toward him, wiping her hands on her apron. "Children just don't understand these things, Mr. Dalvin. They don't know how to tell the bad ones. It's all over the neighborhood we're close friends with them or something. People snickering. I don't know as I ought to help out here anymore."

He frowned at her, worried. "Oh, come now, Mrs. Chandler. It's not that serious."

"It's something for a body to think about."

"I'll just tell the kids not to go over there."

She sniffed and said, almost inaudibly, "Hope it will work."

At dinner he waited until the children were through and wanted to be excused. Then he said, "Paulie. Diana. I always try to give you reasons for orders. This time I'm giving you an order without reasons. Mr. Prade's yard and his house are out of bounds. Don't go over there."

They agreed to obey, but very grudgingly. It made debris of exciting plans.

Uncle Lew had talked about taking Paulie to a Saturday doubleheader. Irene had been going to help Diana make a new dress for the big doll.

But he repeated the order in that special tone of voice that eliminated all grumbling. It was a tone he seldom used. They closed their faces in the enigmatic way children have and marched out, making him feel like a heel.

After dinner, when the children were in bed and asleep and Mrs. Chandler had cleaned up and gone home, Steve went out into the lingering August dusk. Insects shrilled in the grass, and the air was dew damp. The distant heavy sound of the city drifted into the subdivision, borne on the night air.

He shrugged off the worry about the children and began to think pleasantly of Gloria. It had been fatuous to assume that she found him attractive, and dangerous to put it to the test, but it had worked out. It had given her an awareness of him that had not been there before. He would phone her soon, tomorrow, in fact. Or tonight? He grinned at the night, turned on his heel and went back into the house. He put his hand on the phone, then changed his mind. Just

because you feel like an adolescent in love is no reason to act like one. A little mature restraint, please, Mr. D. He went back outside, wondering why on earth a girl with so much character in her face was employed out at that Valley Vale outfit. It seemed—

"Stevie?"

He turned sharply and saw the stocky silhouette of Lew Prade on the other side of the hedge. "Hi. You startled me."

"I see you wandering around. I was sitting on the porch, thinking. I figure I got to talk to you, Stevie."

"What's on your mind?"

He saw the glow of the cigar slowly lifted to the man's lips, heard the little pih-thoo sound as Lew spat out a fleck of tobacco. "The way you say that, Stevie. Cold. That's the way I talk to a guy I expect wants a lend of some money."

"I didn't mean it to sound that way."

"I was sitting on the porch. I'm thinking I can let the guy go along and he doesn't have to know. It's all set, so he doesn't have to know. But maybe he'd rather know."

There was a prickle of warning at the back of Steve's neck. "Know what?"
"That Marty, Steve. He never come out of it. He died yesterday."

The whole vast night stopped. The night ceased to breathe. The trees were frozen against a dark-gray sky. "No!" Steve whispered.

"Doc explained it. There was some brain damage, he says. It didn't show up on the X-ray. Made a clot or something. That was a hell of a punch, man. Like hitting somebody with a club."

Steve's knees were shaking. "I—I ought to tell the police."

"It's a little late for that. It was in the paper this morning. But you wouldn't recognize it. Chester Novecki his name was. Where the Marty started, I don't know. You can look it up. Doc handled the certificate. Result of injuries caused by a fall. Tomorrow they bury him, and I send flowers. He didn't have no family."

"But Dressner knew that—"

"I do Doc a favor; he does me a favor. Hell, that's the way the world is."

"But I could still report it."

"And make a hell of a lot of trouble for Doc, and for me, and for yourself? Don't be such a damn fool."

Steve thought it over. He said, "I owe you a lot. It would have been a mess."

"A manslaughter rap. They fix easy, but it clobbers you somewhat. And those kids. Damn, they're nice kids. They wouldn't like it knowing their daddy kills a man with his hands."

"I—suppose you're right."

"I do you a favor. Someday you do me a favor. That's the way the world goes."

"I guess there isn't much I could do for you."

"You could be wrong there, Stevie. Something will come up. It always does. Funny how it always does. You know

something? You need a drink. Come on in and sit on the porch with me."

Steve went blindly along. He kept thinking of the way Marty had fallen. That instant before the blow was struck was the last instant of consciousness left to the man. He was dead even as he fell.

Lew sent a surly Irene off to make drinks. Steve said in a low tone, "Who knows about it?"

"Well, the people who were here Saturday. But you don't have to worry none. They're good boys and girls. They don't talk. If they were talkers, I wouldn't have them around. I couldn't afford it." Lew switched the porch light on, got the morning paper, found the item, folded it uppermost, and handed it to Steve.

Steve's hand shook as he read it. He handed it back. Irene brought the drinks, slumped silently in a chair near them. Lew said, "What do you do at that Jennings and Ryan?" Steve told him.

Lew asked, "How about orders for new stuff? You put them in?"

"With George Ryan's approval. There's a lot of money involved. One big bulldozer can come to over thirty thousand dollars."

"How are deliveries?"

"Pretty tight. There's so much road work all over the country, and also the Army, Navy, and Air Force are in the market. Deliveries stink, as a rule."

"Yeah. That's what Ricky Vogeling was telling me a while back. You got much back-ordered?"

"About a million dollars' worth."

"Important to your outfit, I suppose."

"It's critical. If it doesn't come through we won't be able to fulfill on contracts that have already been placed with us. Some of them have penalty clauses."

"They treat you right down there, Stevie?"

"They've been fine. After my wife died I kind of went to hell. They were pretty patient with me."

"Maybe they were figuring you'd been a good man before and you'd be a good man again, and it was worth it—you know, for business."

"I don't think that was it."

"You think maybe Ryan loves you? You think it would break him up, you not in the office?"

"No, but—"

"Leave off him, Lew," Irene said petulantly. "The guy likes his job so he likes his job. Don't clob it for him."

"You drag your tail in and fill these glasses again, sugar," Lew said mildly. Irene slouched off into the dark house, banging the screen door loudly.

"She's a moody kid," Lew explained. "Up one day. Down the next."

Irene came back and said, "That Diana of yours is a bug. I got some material today. Tomorrow we make a new dress for that doll."

It was the moment to object, but Steve didn't know how to do it. The death of Marty had taken away some of his freedom of will. "That's fine," he said weakly, feeling that he had betrayed Diana in some obscure way.

"How about you and Paulie coming along to the ball game with me Saturday? I got a season box," Lew said.

"Okay," Steve said without enthusiasm. He finished his drink and stood up.

"Don't rush off, Stevie. The gang will be along soon."

"I've got to go. Thanks for the drinks. And thanks—for the other thing."

"Nothing to it. I told you how it works. Everything is favors."

The long night was sleepless, miserable. Half a dozen times he got out of bed and sat by the window and smoked. The fine elation of the possible date with Gloria had turned dull. He remembered the warmth of her first genuine smile. And all the time she had known of Marty's death. It indicated a very special form of callousness. Apparently he had read character into a face where there was none, crediting her with a warmth and sensitivity that were not there. Perhaps, right to the core, she was as cold as her manner had been at first.

In some intricate way the fates had delivered him into the hands of Lew Prade. He felt listless, defeated.

The next morning he drove to the office, wearied by the long night. By midmorning he began to have the forlorn hope that perhaps Lew Prade was working some sort of a gag, some sort of incomprehensible joke.

He phoned Dr. Dressner. An unfamiliar voice took his number and told him Dr. Dressner would phone him back. The

doctor phoned about a half hour later. "Yes, Mr. Dalvin. Hand giving you trouble?"

"No. It's not that. Mr. Prade gave me that information last night. About—Marty."

"Oh yes. Novecki. Unfortunate."

"Doctor. could there have been any other cause? I mean, was it definitely the result of his—fall?"

"There's no doubt whatever. Along with the concussion there was some deep brain damage the X-rays didn't pick up. Slow hemorrhage. Nothing we could do about it."

"Mr. Prade told me not to—give the authorities any additional information about the accident."

Dressner's voice tightened. "I can't conceive of how you might have any details on this matter, Mr. Dalvin. I hope you can see precisely what I mean."

"Yes. I can. Doctor."

After he had hung up it took him a long time to get his mind back to the work piled on his desk, the phone calls that had to be made, the follow-ups on purchase orders.

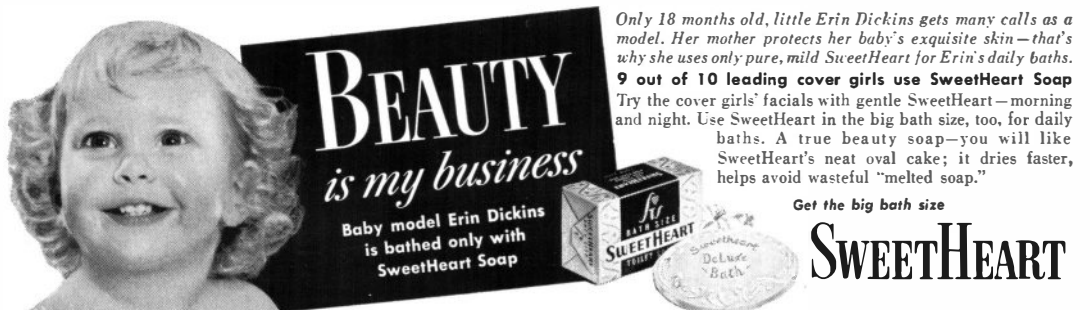
For the rest of the week Steve went through the routine of living and working in a haze of apathy and confusion. The children had discovered that the ban on the Prade property was off. Mrs. Chandler threatened to leave, and Steve did not dare bring it to an issue. The children sensed the strangeness in him, and they seemed shy and uncomfortable in his presence. A lot of the good of the past six months seemed to be coming undone.

On Saturday he went to the game. Irene went, too, and a couple he had met before, called Pritch and Bunny. The hand had stopped hurting, but it itched like fury under the cast. It was a double-header, a good contest, and he watched with mild interest.

Monday morning George Ryan came into his office and closed the door. He looked uncomfortable. He sat in the chair beside Steve's desk, got his pipe going to his satisfaction, and then he said, "Steve, the last thing I want you to think is that I've been spying on you."

"What are you getting at, George?"

"Al Freeland told me he saw you



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and Paulie at the game Saturday in Lew Prade's box."

"That's right."

I had my car in Dave Quinn's garage last week. He said that Prade had given your boy a bike, given your girl a big expensive doll, and given you a case of Scotch."

Steve said harshly, "Exactly one week ago I told you of an incident that happened in his back yard. Lew felt at fault. He had those presents delivered. I couldn't give them back without being a boor about it."

"That's a pretty unpleasant tone of voice, Steve."

"I can't help that. Do you blame me for being a little sore? You're making some sort of implication that I'm tying myself up with Lew Prade."

"If that's the way you want it, boy, I'll raise my voice a little, too. This is a damn clean company, and I'm proud of it. My two boys will be working in the company someday and I want them to be proud of it, too. We've never bought contracts, made kickbacks, or bribed inspectors. If we'd done that sort of thing it would have helped a lot when we were hungry for contracts. But we didn't do it. I've always said that what my employees do on their own time is their own business. But you have a responsible job here. And everything Lew Prade touches he dirties. He's got a thousand angles, all of them crooked. So I'm asking you, both as a boss and as a friend, what the hell are you doing running around with Lew Prade?"

Steve looked down at his desk. He moved a slide rule a few inches to the left. "He's a neighbor."

"Don't try to kid me, Steve. Don't try it."

Steve looked at him. "So I'm crooked, too?"

"Damn it, a man can't talk to you lately."

"I do my job and I know I do it well, and when I stop doing it well, George, you can throw me out on my can."

George stood up and stared at Steve for long seconds, expressionless, the pipe clenched in his teeth. Then he turned on his heel and left the office, closing the door quietly behind him. Steve lit a cigarette. That had been no way to talk to George. The right way would have

been to tell the whole truth. But what good would that have done? . . .

"George, I killed that man when I hit him."

"Why didn't you report it to the police?"

"Well, by then it was too late."

"Who said it was too late?"

"Lew. He said everything was fixed. It would just make trouble."

"So you believed him. And all you had to do was pick up the phone."

"All I had to do was pick up the phone. But one thing I do know. It's too late now. . . ."

Though theirs had always been, basically, a boss-employee relationship, it had also been something else. Now, in a space of fifteen minutes, that something else was gone. He thought of the time, a month after Ellen had died, he had gone stumbling-drunk to George's house. He remembered the way it had been handled. How George had made arrangements to send him five hundred miles away into a laborer's job for another company. But he had just found it possible to talk to George Ryan in that harsh, unpleasant tone, all bristles and indignation.

Steve knew that it was coming. He sensed it. He had been afraid of it. And yet, when it came, it was almost a relief.

It happened on the dark porch of Lew Prade's house on Wednesday evening at ten o'clock, the evening of the second day after the scene with George.

Lew was alone in the house, and he asked Steve over. Steve had gone with a blind, puppylike obedience that filled him with self-disgust.

Lew was a long time getting to the point. The glowing cigar-end made long slow arcs from the sticky knee up to the mild lips and back down again. "Freshen your drink?"

"I'm fine. Lew. Thanks."

"That Ryan, he's got sons coming into the business, I understand. They're in college now, aren't they?"

"Yes. The oldest one will be out in two years."

"Kids like that, they come fresh out of school, they're snotty, you know. Got all the theory and no practice." He sighed. "But they'll have their old man behind them."

"I suppose so."

"A guy like you, Stevie. What's the future? You'll be taking orders from those kids. How will you like it?"

"It will be all right."

"Stevie boy, don't kid your old Uncle Lew. The world is full of guys like you. Smarter than tacks, but knocking themselves out because the right angle never come along."

"How do you mean?"

"Take it like this. You got a couple of fine kids there to educate."

"I'll manage, somehow."

"Sure. Somehow. Some state college for the boy and maybe a normal school or something for Diana. Those kids deserve the best. Hell, prep schools, and then Wellesley and Harvard. A little travel, maybe, before they have to start earning a living. And what have you got in the kitty? Couple of war bonds, maybe."

"That guess is almost too good, Lew."

"I checked your record. Not me personally. Ricky Vogeling did it. You know the construction business inside out."

"It's all I've ever done. If I don't know something about it now I never will."

"Ricky is a bright guy. Ambitious. I was talking to Ross Farlini a while ago. Big man in the state. You know him?"

"I've heard of him."

"Ross was saying to me that he'd like to swing some of these big state road jobs to his friends. He knows I got a piece of Vogeling. Now, that fits right in with Ricky's ideas, Vogeling Brothers is damn good on paving. A little weak on any job where you got to move a lot of earth. Man of your experience would help a hell of a lot. I told Ricky to check on you, and he did. He figures you'd be worth twenty thousand a year, plus bonus, on these big state jobs they're going to get."

The figure took Steve's breath for a moment. He said flatly, "I'm not worth that."

"You've been listening to Ryan too long, boy. He give you one of those inferiority complexes, Ricky says you're worth that, and that's good enough for me. How about it?"

"I couldn't say yes or no right now. I'd have to talk to Mr. Vogeling and find out what he would want me to do."

"Stevie, that firm is going to go places. Take my word for it. They're kind of handicapped right now on the equipment angle, but I told Ricky that maybe you

and I could work something out on that.”
Steve tightened up. “What do you mean?”

“You’ve got stuff coming in. A million bucks’ worth. Heavy stuff. Shovels and dozers and mixers and rollers. You deal with the suppliers, don’t you?”

“Yes, but . . .”

“So they’ll notify you on the deliveries. Ricky will place the same orders Jennings and Ryan have in. The stuff comes in. Okay, you let Ricky know, and they pick it up. It just means Jennings and Ryan got to wait a little longer, but, hell, they can afford it. That’s a big outfit.”

“I couldn’t possibly—”

“With that big equipment, and with Ross guaranteeing Vogeling’ll get the state jobs coming up. It’s a pitch that can’t lose.”

“It’s crooked.”

“Is it? You’re clear. Just a misunderstanding. By the time Ryan gets wise Ricky will have the stuff. To get it off him Ryan will have to sue. Ricky can tie him up in the courts from now until that equipment is so old he won’t want it anyway. Bills of lading can disappear. Common carriers can make mistakes. Just a big misunderstanding.”

“No, Lew. No.”

“I see a lot of guys like you, Stevie. They don’t know a good angle when it hits them in the face. Think of how you can take care of the kids. Ricky and I talked it over. Twenty thousand a year, plus a little sweetening when Ricky has the equipment.”

“What do you mean?”

“There’s a little fund Ricky can tap. Call it a ten-thousand bonus, in cash. You can report it for tax purposes if you want. If you want to be a sucker. It won’t be traceable.”

“Damn it, I’m not a thief. Prade. I can’t do it.”

The cigar came up in a slow arc, went down again. “You kick those words around maybe a little too free. I go along somewhat. You’re not a thief. You’re a murderer. You like the fit of that?” His voice had changed. It was as dry and hard as pebbles.

“You make that sound like a threat.”

“Sometimes you got to put the horse on a guy to make him land butter-side up. I can open that thing up. Easy. In such a way it won’t hurt Doc and it won’t hurt me. But it will hurt the hell out of you and your kids. I’d hate to do that. They’re fine kids. Always smiling and laughing. You sit over in state prison, and they go live with Granny.”

“You can’t make that fit.”

“That’s like a guy whistling going by the cemetery. You know I can make it fit you like a glove. Now, relax. Be a good guy. I did you a favor. You do me a favor. That’s the way the world works. And when you do me a favor, just to show you there’s no hard feelings, we sweeten you for ten thousand. And you get the job, too. You ask me, I don’t see how you have any choice. Any choice at all, at all.”

“It could break Jennings and Ryan.”

“So it does, and I’m crying myself to sleep.”

“I—I’ve got to think it over, Lew.”

“Now you sound like sense. No more of this thief talk. Go on and think. Tomorrow you take a long lunch hour. Come to the City Club. Ask for Mr. Vogeling’s table. Can that hurt you? To eat with the guy?”

“I—guess not.”

“Fourteen years ago I’m maybe your age. I got a handbook and a cigar concession and a lease on an empty store. Seventy bucks is a good week. But I’m watching those angles every minute. Now I’m worth a million and a half bucks. Is that bad?”

“No.”

“In this world, Stevie, you eat or you turn into a meal for somebody else. Now if I didn’t like you I could cross you on this whole deal and still get you to shift that equipment to Ricky. But I like you, and I’m going to play square all down the line. I expect the same thing from you.”

Lew and Vogeling were waiting at the table for him at the City Club. Steve had expected Ricky Vogeling to be a reptilian type. But instead he was a hefty redhead with a youthful face, scarred fists, and a heavy laugh. Until the afterlunch coffee came the talk was about horses and poker hands.

“So let’s get to work.” Lew said. “Stevie isn’t making his mind up overnight, and I don’t blame him for that. Hell, we don’t want a man who jumps too fast, do we?”

“So long as he jumps eventually,” Ricky said. “So we’ll just make like you aren’t in, and you aren’t coming with us. That suit you, Dalvin?”

“Yes. It does.”

“So I’m just a curious competitor. It doesn’t hurt Jennings and Ryan one damn bit for you to tell me, casual-like, what you have on order. does it?”

“No. That couldn’t hurt.”

“And maybe tell me when it’s due?”

“All I can give you on that is an approximation.”

“You got it all in your head?”

“Yes. The orders we’ve placed represent one sixth of our total current inventory of heavy equipment.”

Ricky took out a pencil and notebook. “Okay, Dalvin,” he said.

Steve took a hasty sip of his coffee. They were watching him carefully. They had the same expression in their eyes. Watchful, wary, and yet semi-amused. Steve thought of the kids going back to live with Ellen’s people, back to that great dim house, full of age and quietness and the smell of lavender.

Quietly, in a flat voice, he began to enumerate the equipment on order, giving model numbers, estimated delivery date, and the method of delivery. He paused now and again to let Vogeling catch up.

When he had finished, Ricky Vogeling snapped the notebook shut and put it back in his pocket. “Say, Lew, did you book that strip act into the Christopher Club? I caught it last night. That’s quite a blonde.”

“Isn’t she something? Stevie, you ought to go park your tired eyes on that chassis. Make you forget all your troubles. Anybody have a brandy with me?”

Steve knew he was late, but he stayed on recklessly and joined Lew and Ricky in a brandy. He waited for his chance and then, as casually as he dared, said, “If I want to rest my tired eyes, I want to rest them on that nurse of Doc Dressner’s. That Gloria Hess.”

“Stay away from that,” Lew said



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In the back of his mind, Steve began to scream

firmly, fastening his cold stare on him.

"Is that an order, Lew? Want me to say 'Yes, sir'?"

"Don't be wise, boy. Just don't be wise. It's advice, not an order. That one is all sewed up. By the Doc himself. That's his little nurse and playmate. He can get real sore about something like that."

"Funny. It seemed to me that they had a pretty professional relationship. I know he called her Gloria, but he was sort of formal."

"You ever hear of fooling the public?"
"She's very nice."

"So she's built nice and she's Doc's nurse and she's got an expression like a deep freeze, but you heard me—stay away from it."

Steve flushed. "You still make it sound like an order, Lew. And I'm not where you can give me orders. Yet."

Lew studied him. He slapped his shoulder. "So you're all tightened up, and you get sore at Lew. Hell, I was just trying to save you some time. You want some fun. I got a girl wants to date you. That Reds. She only sees you once,

but she likes you. How about tonight? I'll fix it for you."

"No, thanks, Lew. I've got work to do. And right now I've got to get back."

"You'll like Reds. For her, life is strictly for kicks. You finish up, come over to the house tonight. She'll maybe be there."

Steve shook hands with Ricky and left. He felt as if he were being drawn inevitably into the vortex of a whirlpool. He had slipped over the edge. It was impossible to return. The only possible future was to go around and around—and steadily down. Lew, Ricky, Reds, Irene—a whole new conscienceless environment where the only standard was hunger, and the only position that of the eater or the eaten.

He left the office early, and he knew it was another childish gesture of defiance. He drove through town and parked, on impulse, near a strange bar. He went in and ordered a highball. He sat alone morosely and thought of the trap he was in. He told himself he wouldn't be committed until he actually took the first definite step that would result in one piece of equipment being diverted to Vogeling Brothers. And yet, in all practical aspects, he knew he was already committed. He had more to drink, and found he could not get Gloria out of his mind. The doctor's playmate. Her face was vivid in his mind. The highballs jangled in his head, roared in his ears.

He got change and went to the phone booth. He phoned Valley Vale. A woman with a rusty-sounding voice answered. "Let me speak to Miss Hess," he said thickly.

"I am sorry, but she is not on duty. Who is this, please?"

"Personal call. Steve Dalvin calling. Where can I phone her?"

"Just a moment. I can give you her private number, sir."

She gave him the number, and he repeated it after her. He dialed that number. The phone rang five times before Gloria answered it. Her voice was sleepy.

"Yes? Who is it, please?"

"I'm making a survey of imaginary butterflies. Counting them, one and all."

"Steve! What's the matter? You sound so odd."

"I sound a little drunk, you think? You know, come to think of it, I might sound a little drunk because I happen to be a little drunk."

"Don't get like that and phone me, Steve. Please."

"Point number one. It has occurred to me as I sit here, immersed in sorrow, that there is no one to talk to. No one to tell my troubles to. So I must tell them, perhaps, to the person I thought you were. Does that make sense?"

"Troubles, Steve?"

He laughed a bit harshly. "You and that happy crew you've signed up with are experts in the trouble department. Tell them, darling, that I'm disobeying

Lew Prade's direct orders to stay away from you. Tell them that. He says you are the doctor's hobby."

"You are drunk," she said tartly.

He was suddenly vastly annoyed. "Little Miss Innocence. All the time you knew. While you were thanking me for the lovely flowers in your cool and lovely voice. And in the miraculous drugstore. Every minute you knew. You are a cold cookie. Gloria. A little thing like death doesn't touch you nurse-types. does it? Now, back off a little, because I am about to hang up with one hell of a bang—"

"Steve! Wait a minute. Please. I don't know what you're talking about. Believe me. This might be terribly important to—both of us."

"I'm waiting, sugar."

"Where are you right now? Where are you phoning from? A bar?"

"Yes." He chuckled. "What do you know. Don't know the name."

"Well, go find out the name and address and tell me. I'll wait."

He walked out of the booth and asked the bored bartender. "The Tidy Inn. Fourteen-twelve Lincoln, mister."

He told Gloria. "Steve," she said, "will you wait right there? Please. Wait for me."

"Sure. A pleasure, Miss Hess. A pleasure indeed."

"Don't drink any more. Steve. And phone your home. Tell them you'll be late."

"We're having a late date, eh?"

"Yes, Steve. A late date. A very late date." She hung up. He shrugged and went back to the bar and ordered another drink. Then he phoned Mrs. Chandler.

"This is Mr. Dalvin, Miz Chandler. Don't wait up for me."

"What!"

"Can you stay there after dinner? Like a sitter?"

"Well, I—"

"Fine. You be a sitter, then. Little bonus for sitting, Mrs. Chandler. A little sweetening."

"Are you all right? Mr. Dalvin! Are you well?"

He grinned and hung up and said, "Old Chandler." He finished his drink and rapped on the bar with his cast for a refill.

The bartender said, "That's six, mate.

You think you can handle seven? We give a full ounce and a half."

"I'll try it on for size, mate."

But the first sip nauseated him, tickling his gag reflex. He saw a punchboard behind the bar, demanded it, and began doggedly to punch out the little slips of paper. When Gloria arrived he stood up and bowed elaborately and presented her with the flashy costume-jewelry pendant he had won on the punchboard. "For you, dear girl," he said pompously. He smiled at her. She wore an apricot-colored cotton dress with a full skirt. It left her shoulders bare, and the short sleeves were laced up the outside with black yarn.

"You did have more, didn't you?"

"Only because I'm weak. A formless thing, without character."

"Come on," she said tautly, anger showing in the shape of her mouth. He grandly waved his change toward the bartender and followed her out. She took him around the corner to an elderly gray coupé.

He got in, pulled the door shut. "And where would we be off to?"

"Someplace that has black coffee."

"Milady has a severe tone of voice. Milady feels abused, mayhap?"

"Just be still until you've had coffee, please."

She drove out of town, heading east. He slumped back in the seat and put his hands over his eyes, his feeling of gaiety suddenly gone.

"Are you going to be sick?"

"No. Not physically. Mentally, perhaps. You ever been in a barrel? You ever been in a barrel with the lid nailed on? Then they float you downstream and over the falls. Gloria. With fireworks and press releases."

"You said Mr. Prade told you to stay away from me. Did he give a reason?"

"Sure. Said you were playmate of one Dr. Dressner. Private property. Hands off, please. Dressner might take umbrage. That's not right. Umbrage. Picture of doctor taking umbrage. Comes in a small yellow bottle. Reinforced umbrage. Contains sodium."

"Did you believe him?"

"Does that matter?"

"Not particularly."

"Okay. I didn't believe him. Don't know why. Sounds logical enough. Valley Vale. Place of evil. Every doctor has a pretty playmate. But you see, you wrinkled your nose at me."

"I what?"

"That day. By my house. You wrinkled your nose at me. No nose-wrinkler is a doctor's playmate. Stands to reason, you couldn't be a doctor's hobby."

She laughed. It was a very nice laugh. "Oh. Steve! You're—"

"Delightful. Everybody considers me delightful. Lew and Ricky and Irene and some mysterious female known only as Reds. Did you know none of Lew's friends have last names? That seems convenient. Makes it easy to fill out forms." He stared out the window. "Where we going, hey?"

"To Veldon. Thirty miles. It's safer. Steve."

"Aha! Who's after us? We bring the gats? Is this the bulletproof job?"

"Just relax. Steve. Sit closer to the window. You'll get more air. You'll feel better."

"What time is it?"

"A little after six."

"You are spectacularly beautiful. Gloria."

"Breath-taking," she said, a bit grimly.

"No, I mean that," he said with the solemn determination born of alcohol. "You are genuinely beautiful. Couldn't get you out of my head. Called you to talk to you. Wanted to talk over my woes. My sorrows."

"Don't start talking yet."

So! You think I can't talk co-coherently. There shall be no flaw in either my logic or my diction. But my emotions are flawed. You have kids that are hostages to fortune. Whoever said that was too smart for his own good. Hostages, all right. You do good, they do good. When you're only parent left, you got to do better than good. It's a trap. Y'know my little girl approved. Definitely approved. Wanted me to tie a can to Old Chandler and bring you into the household. Sounds funny. Would if I could. Can I be proposing? Guess I am. Want to help me raise a couple of kids. Gloria? Nice kids. I know—prejudiced parent and all that. But they're nice. Ellen was nice. The boy's like her, and Diana is



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Daniels said, "Attractive girl. High-strung type. Persecution delusions." In the hotbox of a room, he smiled thinly at Steve

just like me. Stubborn as a mule team."
"You don't know what you're saying."

He said stiffly, "I was under the impression that I was asking you if you'd care to be married to me. I am a young man—not too young, come to think of it—but a relatively young man with a great future ahead of me. Soon I shall be making twenty thousand crooked dollars a year.

"I have thirty of my original thirty-two teeth. I sing in a mildly pleasant baritone, know how to broil outdoor steak, and—ah, I want to say the right things to you. Not all this—stuff. I'm drunk, Gloria. Terrible drunk. Falling-down drunk."

"Just a few minutes more, Steve."

She stopped at a restaurant-roadhouse a few miles on the Coleburne side of the town of Veldon. They sat in the back in a maple booth, and he had coffee, very hot, very black. Two large cups. She watched him with her dark eyes, sitting across from him with that look of aliveness, of vibrancy. He could hear thunder growling along the horizon. The evening air was thick and musty.

"Better?" she asked.

"A little. I guess I've been sort of a chore. Grateful to you for rescuing me. I might have been damn fool enough to try to drive my car."

"Now you'd better tell me, Steve. What trouble are you in?"

"It will be dull."

"Go on. Tell me. I want to hear."

He told her. She interrupted him often with questions, made him go back over points he had covered, made him bring in all the details.

"So," he finished, "there you have it. Damned if I do, and damned if I don't. Prade steers me toward the easiest way, and he calls it the only way, and I guess he's right. He has an eye for the angles. I fell into his lap, and it didn't take him long to find a way to use me." He had a dull headache. The back of the hand in the cast itched.

"Want to hear my troubles, Steve?"

"Okay. A fair exchange."

"Did you ever read about that committee they set up at the state capital a few years back? To investigate the rackets?"

"I remember it vaguely."

"My sister was shot down on the street five years ago. She was a pretty kid. About to be married. In fact, she was

buying clothes for her wedding trip that day. She had had luck. They were killing a man that day, in the capital. A business matter. Perhaps he hadn't cooperated or something. The executioner was a little nervous. One of the slugs missed, ricocheted off the front of a building, and hit my sister in the throat. She died on the way to the hospital. They never found who did it."

She had spoken flatly, tonelessly, and the look of implacable hatred in her eyes shocked him. "A—a terrible thing," he said weakly.

"I thought so. So did the boy she didn't marry. So did the public—for about three days. Then it all died down. Those things always do. I was in training in the hospital there at the time. When the committee was started, somebody remembered the incident and remembered that the deceased had a sister who was a nurse. They came to me. I agreed to the proposition. I was arrested on suspicion on a narcotics charge and released for lack of evidence. That was my introduction to Valley Vale. I've been there nearly two years. I know Dressner is tied in with Ross Farlini. Lew Prade is Farlini's errand boy in this end of the state. Dressner does Prade's dirty work for him. My job is to keep my eyes open and be ready to testify when the committee is ready to subpoena Farlini. Dressner, Prade, and the rest of them. But I've learned very, very little. Not enough, yet, to balance my personal scales. They are all too wary. Dr. Dressner uses me only for what I am—a darn good professional nurse. He's an extremely cautious man. But Lew Prade is my real target. Those are my troubles, Steve. The last twenty months haven't been easy."

"I can't tell you how glad I am that you're not a part of—all that."

She leaned forward, her eyes intent on his. "Maybe you can help me, Steve."

"How do you mean that?"

"You didn't mean to kill that—Novecki person. It would take your testimony to help us prove that Dressner made a misstatement of fact on the death certification, acting on Lew Prade's orders." Her eyes pleaded with him.

"Now, wait a minute!" he said. "I went through all that."

"I'm thinking of my sister, Steve. Of the men who—make that sort of death possible."

"To be maybe too damn blunt, Gloria, your sister isn't able to approve or disapprove of your actions. But I've got a couple of kids who think I'm the greatest guy in the world, and—"

"How long are they going to keep thinking that, Steve? How long? They're little kids. They could get over trouble easier right now than . . . Well, what will they think when they learn someday that you used your position to steal from the man who, you say, has been your friend as well as your employer? And they will find out someday. Believe me, they will."

"You say they can get over trouble right now. One batch of it. Maybe. Ellen died and it rocked them. I ran out on them. That's hard to forgive. But I'm back with them now. They trust me again. Don't you see? That's the trap. Suppose I could trust that this committee deal would really clobber Prade, Farlini, and the rest of them. Okay. Then I might be able to chance getting off with some sort of suspended sentence or something. But if your committee aims a wild punch and misses, then Prade, Incorporated, is going to make sure that I spend time in jail. And I just can't risk that. I've been over it and over it in my head until I'm half crazy."

She didn't answer. She looked down at her coffee, frowning. He could hear the thunder more distinctly. She sighed heavily. "I suppose it is a lot to ask you to do. When you told me that Marty had died. I thought—"

"Didn't you know?"

"No. I didn't get a good look at the X-rays. After I was off duty they moved him over to one of the other buildings and took his records over there. When anything odd happens, it's always in that other building, and I'm not permitted to go over there. The excuse is that a lot of the patients in there are under restraint."

"I apologize for calling you a cold cookie. I thought when you thanked me for the flowers that you knew I'd killed him. It's sort of a continuous nightmare—to know that you killed a man with your hands. Like a damn animal. If the kids knew that, they'd never really think about me the same way. There'd be a little awe and a little fear mixed in. I don't want that."

She made a brave attempt at a smile. "Anyway, I've learned something. I've learned that I haven't been as clever as I thought. They must know I'm looking for information to use against them. Otherwise they wouldn't have tried—so delicately—to keep us apart."

"I don't follow."

"Well, I knew, of course, that a patient in another building, a patient with a Polish name, had died. I didn't connect that up with that Marty who was brought in with you. And apparently Dr. Dressner didn't expect Marty to die, or he'd never have brought him where I could have seen him and you in the first place. So, if we get together it means that you tell me about Marty, and, assuming I'm working against them, it would be logical for me to try to get you to make a statement to the police, or, at least to the district attorney."

"I see what you mean, Gloria." He half smiled. "Maybe it also means that they're not too certain I might not reverse my field."

"You still might?"

"I told you why I can't. I told you!"

The cars streaming by outside had their lights on. He envied the people in those cars. Perhaps every one of them had some problem—something they considered crucial, almost desperate. But there was a way out for them. He could see no way out for himself. No way that would leave him both honor and security. It was, he thought, very probably the classic choice. That last threshold choice of the human spirit. It would be naïve to imagine that there existed somewhere a kind, powerful, and understanding person in authority who would listen to the entire tale, pat him on the hand, and tell him to go his way while the wicked were brought to judgment. More likely it would be a casual, dusty courtroom smelling of nervousness and boredom. "Fine a plaintiff guilty a manslaughter 'n sentence him to not less'n two or more'n five years 'n state's prison. Next case."

"Always," she said softly, "always it's yourself you have to live with."

"Stop reading my mind, Gloria. Lew Prade has his doctrine. He talks about angles. Maybe I'm a new convert."

"I hardly think you could be, Steve."

"You're so damn sure of yourself!"

"You sound irritated with me because you're irritated with yourself."

"Stop pushing me!"

"Steve, just how important is all that equipment? Really, I mean. To Vogeling and Lew Prade and Ross Farlini and their whole crew?"

He shrugged. "I suppose you've got to assume they'll milk the contracts for the maximum they can get. You maybe read about the state-road program for the next five years? Thirty million a year. If Vogeling can get hold of the contracts, as well as the Jennings and Ryan back-ordered equipment, maybe Farlini can throw them five million a year for this end of the state. Get a few inspectors in there who'll turn their hacks when Vogeling skimps on the road foundations, and jimmy up the books on construction costs and profits, and they might be able to divvy up better than half a million on the side—apart from the recorded profits on the contract. Half a million a year. Two and a half million over a five-year period. But, you see, Vogeling *must* get that equipment, because it would be too obvious if the contracts were placed with a firm unable to handle it with existing equipment."

"And you're the key to all that profit?"

"Yes."

"You know, Steve, it seems almost too pat. It was all fitted together so quickly and so neatly."

"They're fast on their feet. Lew says he is always looking for angles. So he found one and acted on it quickly. You might say that's his trade."

"What makes you think you can trust me, Steve?"

He stared at her. "What do you mean?"

"What's going to keep me from telling my real boss, not Dressner, exactly what is going on?"

Her dark eyes were cool, almost hostile. He said slowly, "I am just not very bright, I guess. I wanted to talk to somebody. Somehow it was you I wanted to talk to. It never occurred to me that you would or could—clobber me. I suppose that's the right word. You wouldn't have to go to your boss. You could go right to George Ryan and tell him what I'm going to do, and that would be the end of it."

"So, you just instinctively trusted me?"

"That's the way it is."

"Coldly and objectively, Steve. I want to stop you from doing what Prade wants you to do. I could tell myself I was doing it for your own good. Maybe we're both too soft for this world. Steve. I can't do it. It's something you have to do."

He smiled. "I thought for a minute the responsibility was being taken out of my hands. It was almost a relief. Almost, but not quite. I guess when Ellen died I lost my luck. Things have gone sour since then."

"If you were in serious trouble, Steve, what would happen to Paul and Diana?"

"They'd go back with Ellen's parents."

"Is that bad?"

"It wasn't good for them the last time. They're quite old. They have a big, gloomy house. They were too tough on Ellen when she was a kid. The years haven't made them any more lenient. They don't have the usual attitude toward grandchildren. They expect too much of kids. When I got my children back it was as though they were coming out from under a big black cloud. If Ellen's people were different it would simplify the whole thing. I feel I'm responsible to Ellen for the kids. Paulie and Diana are at the age where— Another year in that house would mix them up for good. Kids have to have emotional security."

She looked down at the table top. She flushed. She said, "This sounds weird, I know, but, you see, I've worked toward something for nearly two years, and I haven't got anyplace, and I'm trying to find some way of being able to use what you've told me. We're sitting here trying to figure something out, and— Either of us ought to be able to make any sort of suggestion, shouldn't we?" She looked up at him quickly, her face still pink.

"What are you driving at?"

"I guess it's partly your idea, anyway. You were talking about—thirty teeth and a pleasant baritone. I fill—certain requirements. I can make pretty good money, and I'm good with kids, and if the worst happened, I'd make them understand, while you were—away, just how it happened and why it happened. Then afterward we could maybe get it annulled or something, because it would

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THE DOLL (continued)



"There's always a way to hit a man where he lives,"

Prade had said, "if you look hard enough"

really be just an—arrangement. But you could check on me. I could tell you the people to talk to. I'm reliable, and responsible."

"And bright pink."

"Don't laugh at me. I don't propose every day. It's harder to do than I thought. You see, that way, they could be with me, and nobody could send them back to Ellen's parents."

"You'd saddle yourself with a pair of kids. Just to be able to turn over more information to that investigating committee?"

"I've got something at stake. I've got what happened to my sister as well as

the knowledge of two years wasted unless I can prove something."

He looked at her. The blush had faded. She sat erect with pride and with dignity and a certain inflexibility of purpose that impressed him.

"And if, as you say, the worst happens, how do I go about making a living when I get out? Caning chairs?"

"Sometimes you can't see beyond the end of your nose, Steve. You go to George Ryan right now and tell him the whole story, and tell him, very carefully, that you'll endanger your own freedom and reputation rather than cheat him, and something tells me that there won't be any problem when you get out. We

should be married as quickly as possible. There are blood tests and things. It takes three days. Then we can tell the whole story to my boss and to George Ryan and to the police. I'll drive you back to your car now and meet you at the license bureau in City Hall tomorrow morning at nine sharp."

"Gloria, I . . . I don't know how . . ."

She pulled her hand from under his. "This is a business arrangement, Steve. And it's up to you. Do you want to go through with it?"

"It's the only way out that seems to make any sense. I'd be a damn fool not to agree."

They drove back to Coleburne. Fat raindrops began to fall as they reached the outskirts. By the time she pulled up behind his car the rain was bouncing high off the asphalt, a silver fringe on the curtain of the night. He looked at her. A neon sign that clicked off and on made an intermittent, harsh green light against the clear plane of her cheek. He took her gently in his good arm, and they held each other close. He kissed her with an unexpected clumsiness, and she responded with a dizzying warmth and then drew resolutely away from him.

"Steve—we have to keep it on the basis of—an impersonal arrangement, or I can't go through with it. You *do* understand that, Steve?"

"I can understand it without liking it. Nine o'clock tomorrow?"

"Nine o'clock, Steve."

The next morning was sunny, the air washed clean by the night's rain. He had slept soundly for the first time since learning of Marty's death. By nine-fifteen he was irritated, restless. By nine-thirty he was filled with vague alarm, and found himself dropping cigarettes on the tile floor of the corridor after two or three quick puffs. At nine-forty he asked the graying, spavined clerk if he might use the office phone for a local call. He had already filled out his portion of the license blank to save time.

The clerk had a musty cackle. "See'd a lot of times men didn't show. Women always seem to. Go ahead. Like to hear how you handle a situation like this, friend."

Steve phoned and recognized the voice of the other nurse. It was stupid not to have written down Gloria's private number. It wasn't listed, at least not under her name.

"Could you give me Miss Hess's number again, please? This is Mr. Dalvin."
"I'm sorry. Miss Hess is ill. She was taken sick in the night, Mr. Dalvin."

"What's wrong with her?"

"I'm afraid you'd have to see Dr. Dressner about that. She's over in one of the other buildings."

"May I speak with Dr. Dressner, please?"

"He isn't going to be in today unless

there's an emergency and we have to call him, Mr. Dalvin."

"Where do you call him if there's an emergency?"

"I'm afraid I can't give out that information, sir."

"Who can give me a report on Miss Hess?"

"Dr. Dressner can tell you about it. He'll be in sometime tomorrow. Maybe you could phone. About ten o'clock tomorrow?"

"Could I see Miss Hess if I came out?"

"Oh, no, sir. Visitors are allowed in this building, but not the others."

He hung up sharply, walked toward the door, remembered to turn and thank the clerk.

With a sick feeling of apprehension, he walked the five blocks to the office. Perhaps she was actually sick. He tried to tell himself that. It didn't work very well. Perhaps it would have been a good deal wiser not to have given his name to that other nurse, knowing that Lew Prade had told him very definitely to stay away from Gloria Hess. He could imagine the entire sequence: Doctor, a man named Dalvin asked for Miss Hess. I gave him her private number. She went out shortly after that and didn't come back for three or four hours. Next sequence: Miss Hess, we know you saw Dalvin. It was suggested to you that you make no contact with him. We are aware of your activities, Miss Hess. We have been aware of them for some time.

He had a lurid image of injections, of full restraint, of Gloria weeping with fear. No, they wouldn't risk anything like that, not if they knew she had been planted there. Retribution would be too quick and too certain.

He went over and over what she had told him, and he remembered that she had mentioned no name of any person to whom she reported.

He went up to his office, sat at his desk, automatically handled a few routine matters. Finally, not certain that he was doing the right thing, he looked up Lew Prade's telephone number and phoned him.

"Yes? Who is it?"

"Steve Dalvin, Lew."

"What's on your mind, boy? Little info for Ricky?"

"No. A favor, Lew. How do I get in touch with Dr. Dressner?"

"Are you sick?"

"No, I just want to ask a couple of questions."

"Okay. Hold the line. I'll put him on. You caught us in the middle of breakfast. Why not come over and have some coffee with us?"

"I can't leave the office, Lew. I'd appreciate it if—"

"Sure. Hold on."

He heard voices in the background. heard a woman's laughter, the sound of Latin-American music. "This is Dr. Dressner speaking."

"Dalvin, Doctor. I wonder if you could give me any information about Miss Hess, your nurse. I tried to get in touch with her, and they tell me she's sick."

"That's quite true."

"What's wrong with her, Doctor?"

"I don't see where your interest lies, Mr. Dalvin, but I'll try to tell you in terms you can understand. Gloria is an excellent nurse, but a very high-strung young lady. She consistently overworks, and I've been too busy lately to check on her. She had what you might call a collapse last night. A few delusions. Inability to distinguish between reality and fantasy. She recognized her own condition and signed a voluntary commitment for ninety days. It's really not terribly serious. Rest is the prime medication in such cases."

"Just what are you trying to pull, Dressner?"

There was a shocked silence. "My dear Mr. Dalvin, perhaps you need some of the same treatment. You sound that way. It was a perfectly legal commitment, signed in the presence of the county health officer, and he can testify as to her irrationality. I consider your attitude quite—presumptuous."

"Can I see her?"

"When, in my best judgment, she can be permitted to have visitors, I shall ask her if she cares to see you, Mr. Dalvin. That's the best I can do for you, though, I repeat, I fail to see where your interest in the young lady lies."

"We were going to get our marriage license this morning. Doctor. Does that give me a legitimate interest?"

"She mentioned that, Mr. Dalvin. I

consider that part of the delusory aspects of her condition. You can check with Dr. Daniels, the county health officer. That may cure you of your odd and, I might say, rather poorly disguised suspicions."

"And Daniels works for Lew Prade, too, I suppose."

"Stevie, boy, I'm on this other extension here, and I think you better quiet down and go take a cold shower or something. You bother me."

"That's a pretty mutual condition, Lew."

"What you getting so hot about? I told you that nurse was out of bounds."

"Lew, you can go to hell."

"You still don't figure angles, do you? I got something I don't want to tell you over the phone. You stay in the office, and I send a boy to tell you what I got on my mind." Lew hung up.

It was half an hour before the "boy" arrived. He was the man called Pritch. He sat down with a mild smile, bit the end off a cigar, and spat it delicately into Steve's wastebasket. He snapped his fingers, got up, went around the desk, pulled open drawers, and closed them gently.

"Offices, they got those gimmicks in. Making recordings. It's good to make sure."

"I imagine."

"You take Lew. He only talks when he's sure it isn't going on a tape or a record. Really talks, I mean. A guy in his position, things get taken the wrong way."

"What did he send you to tell me?"

"You got to understand what kind of a guy Lew is. He'd go to hell and back for a friend. He says you got to count on your friends. He says he did you a favor covering up that little matter for you. You owe him a favor, and it's all laid out what you got to do. He wants to think you're a friend, Steve, and you two can trust each other all the way down the line. That's the way Lew is. That's the way he likes things."

"You haven't said anything yet."

"You worried him this morning. Now, that isn't good. He sent me over to tell you that it maybe isn't as simple as you think. It isn't just one of those things where if you cross him up you do a little time, maybe standing on your head. You



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THE DOLL (continued)

worry him, and he thinks about other things. It upsets him. He starts thinking maybe you wouldn't have much of a squawk to make if you had the hell beat out of you. He'd hate to have that done to a friend, being the way he is. But he gets impatient when people worry him."

Steve rested the cast on the edge of the desk. "That's supposed to scare me?"

"If you're smart, it scares you. A beating isn't like in the books, you know. It doesn't make you any hero. You don't bounce right back with a big smile. I got wise once. A long time ago. I should have known better. They gave it to me good. And you know, it didn't leave a scar. Not a one. But I was a rabbit for a couple years. Jumpy. It spoils a man. You remember and wake up sweating. It doesn't leave you with much nerve. It just leaves you with the feeling you don't want it to happen again. But I guess nobody who's never taken a beating can understand about it. Lew, he figured it might not impress you much. So he asks me if I got any ideas how we can lay it on the line so you'd wake up. I had an idea right away. I said, 'Lew, the thing to promise him is that you'll have some of the boys beat him up in front of his kids.' That really hurt Lew. He called me a couple names. He loves kids. But after he thought it over he saw the point. He says there's always a way to hit a man where he lives, if you look hard enough. He just hadn't thought of that. It's pretty standard, and I'm surprised he didn't think of it. Those Ku Kluxers have been doing it for years. They whip anybody, they always make the family watch." Pritch stood up, examined the end of his cigar, and lit it again. "They don't make these anymore so they stay lit. Well, that was the message, and Lew wanted you to know that it was a little more than the rap for Marty—and, hell, he says you two ought to be friends."

Pritch walked out, turning at the door to wave his hand in a mocking gesture of hail and farewell.

Steve sat at his desk, terribly alone. In the back of his mind was a little shadow box where he lay and yelled with fright and pain while Paulie and Diana watched with wide scared eyes.

Quit struggling, he thought. Take it as it comes. But something had altered in his mind. There had been scales in precarious balance. On one side was the threat of prison. On the other side was a crooked method of landing a crooked job. Lew had suspected, from the phone call, that the scales were tipping the wrong way. So he had placed a heavy weight on the side labeled "Prison." By all the rules it should have reversed the direction of the scales. And yet, crazily,



It was her new friend. "Hi, honey," he said

it seemed to have the opposite effect on his mind. Maybe it was the outrage at the threatened debasement. Coldly he realized that he could no longer take an objective approach to it. From here on in it was emotional. And the emotions said, Fight. You could save your hide from the threat of prison, and maybe learn to live with yourself. But if you saved it from the threat of pain it gave you a big yellow label you couldn't live with.

He went to George Ryan. Ryan told him coldly to sit down.

"George, something has been going on that you don't understand."

"I can't exactly consider that news, Steve."

"I can't tell you about it right now. You'll just have to trust me."

"Your attitude the last week hasn't made that a very attractive idea. Steve."

"I realize all that. Soon, maybe, I can tell you the score. Once I tell you, you'll be justified in firing me. Just take my word that all this is—enormously important. I need your help. I want to get my kids out of the house and to—a safe place as soon as possible. And I want to quit right now. Quit the job until I can tell you the whole thing. This is Friday. With any luck—"

"What's this about Paul and Diana?"

"They're not in any physical danger. Just—emotional danger, George."

"They know Russ, don't they? Suppose I have him pick them up at your house and take them out to my place? Would that be okay?"

Steve thought it over. "It would be a perfect place for them to go. George. But I don't think Russ ought to pick them up at the house. I don't want Mrs. Chandler, even, to know where they're going. I'll phone her and ask her to bring them downtown. I could give Russ a note to give her that would explain it as well as it can be explained."

"Fix it up with Russ, then. Steve—I'm glad, in a way, that you're in some kind of trouble. It's a better answer than the one I was beginning to have. Want to tell me about it?"

"Not yet. What do you know about Dr. Daniels, the county health officer?"

"Van Daniels. Honest, I guess. Sort of dumb. A rum pot. His brother is influential in the capital. That's how Van Dan-

iels happened to get the appointment."

"I'll tell you one thing, George. Don't ask me to explain it. I'm telling you so you'll understand the seriousness of the whole thing. I—killed a man."

Steve saw George's eyes flick toward the broken hand and away. "I won't ask you to explain it right now, if that's what you want. Steve. But let me know if I can help in any way."

He put his left hand out, and Steve took it. George grinned and said, "Welcome back, anyway."

It took him a full hour in the back files of the *Coleburne Herald* before he found the headlines about the setting up of a state committee composed of various state senators, to investigate organized crime in the state. The committee had been allocated seventy-five thousand dollars, and empowered to hire such outside experts as they considered necessary for the job at hand. The chairman of the committee was State Senator Gordon L. LaVerne, and in his first statement to the press LaVerne had said that the committee was fortunate in having secured the services of Brandon McCell, on leave of absence from the Federal Bureau of Investigation, to supervise the methods of gathering information.

Steve wrote the names awkwardly with his left hand and walked from the newspaper office to the County Courthouse. A fat young girl was the sole occupant of the office of the county health officer. She had a bright fresh sunburn and chewed gum with great intentness.

"About a commitment? You know the name of the party?"

"A Miss Gloria Hess. She was committed to Valley Vale."

"Recent, eh? Let me check that. Say, our copy isn't even filed yet. Gloria Hess. Age twenty-five. Dark hair. dark-brown eyes. height five seven and a half. weight one twenty-two. That's her. I guess. This is a voluntary commitment."

"Does it give the reason?"

"Here. Take a look. We keep one copy, and the dupe stays in the hospital files. Then they endorse it to us when the patient is discharged."

He ran his eye down the form. Diagnosis—anxiety neurosis. There were three signatures on the sheet. Dressner's, Dan-

iels', and Gloria's. They all had been written with the same pen, in bright blue ink. Gloria's signature looked firm, definite. He read the fine legal print, handed it back to the girl.

"How does this sort of thing work?"

"Well, this is the easiest kind, when they do it themselves. It's more complicated when a relative does it. And when there isn't any relative to go to bat, it's really tough. Then the health officer has to witness an actual act of violence and do the committing himself, and he has to take a state policeman along with him. But a person signing themselves in, that's easy."

"Suppose they want to sign out again? Suppose they change their mind?"

"That's tough, mister. They're in there for the full ninety days or until such time as the doctor says they're well enough to be released."

"When will Dr. Daniels be in?"

"He's overdue now. Some days he takes a real long lunch hour."

He waited while the girl typed languidly. Daniels came in a half hour later. He was a narrow man. Narrow head, shoulders, and body, and he had a small, incongruous potbelly, as though he were stealing a small watermelon.

"Dalvin, you said? Oh, yes, Mr. Dalvin. Dr. Dressner mentioned you. Come in, come in." He looked at Steve without friendliness. His voice was a bit slurred and he exuded a thick, unpleasant smell of alcohol.

He waved a hand and Steve followed him back into the small office.

"Sit down, sir. I understand you want to register a complaint about the handling of the case of that Hess girl. I would like you to understand. Mr. Dalvin, that all the affairs of this office are handled in the strictest accordance with all pertinent laws and ordinances governing such—"

"Hold it, please. I think you handled it splendidly, Doctor."

The grayey eyebrows shot up. "Eh! You do?"

"Yes. I'm afraid Mr. Dressner didn't understand me when I spoke to him over the phone. You see, Miss Hess and I were about to be married. This was a terrible shock to me. Dr. Dressner is annoyed at



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The two kids didn't know what fear was. But they could learn

fast, in all the ways the bland-eyed man whispered about

me because— Well, you know how it is. No doctor likes to lose the services of a good nurse.”

“Yes, but—”

“So he won't tell me her symptoms or anything like that. And I thought you might be kind enough to tell me how she—acted.”

“Why, of course! Glad to, Mr. Dalvin. She was overwrought. Close, I would say, to hysteria. Very disconnected in her speech. Carrying on at a great rate about something or other.” He leaned forward. “Now, this won't appear on our records, of course, but she was caught trying to break into Dr. Dressner's private files. Very irrational behavior. Dr. Dressner and I explained to her that unless she signed herself in, we'd have to get the troopers and have them witness my involuntary-commitment procedure. Very attractive girl. High-strung type. Dressner said she seemed to have the idea that she was being persecuted, and that she was a spy or something. By then, of course, the sedative was beginning to take effect. She was quieting down nicely.”

“Sedative?”

“Oh, yes. Indicated in such conditions. Demerol, I believe Dressner uses. Very effective. Works in a matter of minutes. She was trying to tell me something she thought was important. Poor child. They always have something incomprehensible to tell you, something that's supposed to be a matter of life and death.”

“Can you remember?”

“Oh, no. I didn't pay any attention. Something about a person named Steve and a person named Marty.”

“Please try to remember, Dr. Daniels. My name is Steve.”

“All I can remember is that you're supposed to go talk to this Marty.”

Steve leaned forward. “Doctor, is there any possible chance that Miss Hess was framed?”

The friendliness vanished at once. “My dear young man! It is my duty to keep that sort of thing from happening. If you think for one moment that a man of Dr. Dressner's standing would think that he could persuade me to—”

“All right. Thanks for your help.”

Steve walked down the broad tan steps of the County Courthouse, into the hot afternoon sunlight. If Daniels had remembered correctly, it certainly

did sound as though Gloria had gone off the deep end. Go tell Marty something. Go on out to the cemetery and sit on your heels and tell Marty all about it. Tell him all about the willowy nurse who thought she was a spy or something.

Well, by now the kids would be out of Prade's reach, and Mrs. Chandler would have a wrong story to tell anyone who asked her. Prade would notice the kids were not home and quickly add two and two. He had the feeling that time was running out, and he was getting nowhere.

He got a handful of change and shut himself into the steam bath of a phone booth. “I am sorry, but Senator LaVerne cannot be reached. He is on a fishing trip in Canada. He goes every year at this time. I do not know how you could contact Mr. McCell. Perhaps I could find out and call you back?”

“This is something that is important to the senator and to Mr. McCell. I wonder if you could locate Mr. McCell for me and tell him to get in contact with me here in Coleburn as soon as possible.”

“I don't know whether I could assume the responsibility of—”

“I can safely say, miss, that this is a matter of life and death.”

“Oh! Well, in that case, if you will give me your name again and where you can be reached—”

Steve gave her the information she wanted. He walked, damp with perspiration, out of the phone booth. A late Friday afternoon in the summer. A long weekend coming up. The world had no time for a girl who might possibly have been framed, for a man who had no weapon but anger and indignation.

A cop in pale-blue hot-weather uniform was waiting at one of the main intersections, waiting to take over traffic duties from the robot light when the afterwork rush started. Officer, I want to confess to killing a man.

No, not that way. Don't go out of circulation too fast, he told himself. Use what freedom there is left to do something constructive—if you can think of anything. So you killed a man, mister. Who was he? Where did he live? Where did he come from? What was his business? Was he married?

All I know about him is that he was

Chester “Marty” Novecki, and he didn't die of a fall. He was pushed. In the face. I broke this hand on him.

Somewhere, he thought, there would be some record of Marty. If McCell was ever located, he'd want to know more about the man. He'd want a few details. Where did they keep such details? Probably some forlorn municipal bureau, some room stacked high with the dusty records of death. He remembered the death of his father, the long, involved form the undertaker had brought. Somebody had had to fill one of those out on Novecki. Lew had mentioned a funeral for Marty. Lew was a loyal man. He'd always throw his business to his friends.

Steve called up George and caught him as he was about to leave the office.

“Steve? Just got word your—friends are doing fine.”

“Good, George. Thanks. Say, if Lew Prade died, who'd handle the funeral?”

“That's a funny question. Brown and Carew, probably. They're on Vincent Street, a block beyond the Y. At least they've buried a lot of Lew's friends.”

He thanked George, hung up, walked through the heat to the ultramodern undertaking establishment of Brown and Carew. As he walked he planned what he would say. He did not know anyone there, and it was highly unlikely that he would meet anyone who would know him, by name or by sight.

By the time he touched the bell he had his plan under control. A man with a sad, polite smile admitted him. “Can we be of service, sir?”

“I hope so. My name is Dale. Insurance. We have a death claim just submitted by the widow of a man named Novecki. Chester Novecki. I believe you took care of the funeral arrangements.”

“Oh, yes, we did, Mr. Dale. My name is Thompkins. I happen to remember that matter because Mr. Prade—ah—took care of all expenses. But if I remember correctly, sir, there were no relatives.”

“Novecki had been separated from his wife, but she was still the beneficiary on a small paid-up policy. I want to determine whether or not this was the Chester Novecki on which we carry the policy. Mr. Thompkins. I'd consider it a favor if I could look at your records.”

“That's—a rather unusual request. If you could show me some authorization,

I think it might possibly be arranged."

"I can wait while you call the local office of my company, Mr. Thompkins. Just ask them if Dale is handling the Novecki investigation." He made his voice as casual as he dared. He gave the name of one of the larger agencies.

"I'm sure it will be all right, Mr. Dale. Would you care to come back through to the office?"

They walked down a wide, softly carpeted corridor, past small rooms where services were held, past a larger room where caskets and urns were on display, to a small, efficient-looking office in the rear. A quick, owl-eyed girl dug into the files at Thompkins' request, handed him a long form with a deft flourish. Thompkins glanced at the form and handed it over to Steve with a similar flourish. Steve read through it quickly.

Name of deceased: Chester Novecki. Age: 50 (approx.). Height: 5' 5". Weight: 130. Hair: Gray. Eyes: Blue. Cause of Death: Injuries resulting from fall down flight of stairs while under influence of alcohol. Treated: Emergency at Coleburne General, removed to Valley Vale day before death. Certification: Dressner.

"Is something the matter, Mr. Dale?"

"Uh—no. This doesn't seem to be the man. We're interested in—a much younger man."

He looked again at the form, bewildered, confused, but with a great gladness, a gladness that seemed more chemical, more glandular than the product of any conscious thought, beginning to well up in him. The blanks regarding occupation, residence, next of kin, were all filled out with a single word—"Unknown." Obviously a bum. One of the tired, shuffling old creeps with the broken shoes and the gray, hopeless faces, one of those vacant-lot citizens who tenderly heat up soup cans full of ethyl gas and inhale the fumes to acquire a three-day blackout, one of those to whom death itself is merely the hopelessness of each day carried to a slightly greater degree.

How simple it had been for Prade, for Dressner. Pick a bum with a hopeless prognosis out of the charity ward and let him die at Valley Vale. Then tell Dalvin, the gullible sucker, that Marty's

right name had been Chester Novecki. Cure Marty of his concussion, or whatever it was, and send him out of town so that dope, Dalvin, wouldn't run into him on the street.

He remembered what Gloria had said, about its being too simple, too pat. And so, in the night, she had taken the chance of trying to prove her hunch, of trying to check Dressner's records. She had been caught, and there had been little risk in making the arrangements with the righteous and simple-minded Dr. Daniels. Three months of rest for Miss Hess, while that jerk, Dalvin, channeled the Jennings and Ryan deliveries over to Ricky Vogelung. The bulk of the equipment was due during that three months. Then let the Hess girl go. Let her tell Dalvin how he'd been a sucker, and it would be too late for them to do anything about it. As the drug was taking effect on her she'd sent the clear message. Go talk to Marty. It was a clue, and he'd been too dull to catch on. And it was only because of his instinct to give to McGell as complete data as possible that he'd stumbled on the deception. Prade was, in his own way, a perfectionist. He'd probably sent a horseshoe of flowers to the funeral he'd paid for—"GOOD LUCK, MARTY."

He thanked Thompkins, walked out into the five-o'clock heat. The air no longer smelled washed. Humidity had folded down over the city again, wilting the women, shimmering the chrome glints of the cars.

He stood uncertainly on the corner, and then walked to the lot for his car. McGell had his office phone and his home phone. It would be wise to go to the house and wait for McGell to call. And when McGell called, he'd get some news.

The street lay quiet, the newly planted maples making small spots of shade. A big phone-company truck was parked down the street from his house, and men were working on the poles.

He turned into the driveway and cut off the motor.

"Hey, Daddy!" Diana called joyously. She came plunging down the two steps from the screened porch of Lew Prade's house and ran to the car. "Daddy, we had

ice cream over at Mr. Ryan's house."

He opened the door. He fought against panic. She leaped to the concealed running board, clutched his leg. He glanced at Prade's porch, saw the bulky form of Lew behind the screen.

He kept his voice low. "What are you doing back here, sugar? Is Paulie here, too?"

"Mr. Joe brought us back, Daddy. We're having a party at Uncle Lew's." Her voice was shrill. "You're invited, Stevie." Lew called. "Come on and join the party." Paulie appeared beside Lew. Steve got out of the car. He felt as if he were in the middle of a vast stage, too brightly lighted. The porch was a hundred miles away across the green lawn.

Steve walked to the screen door, holding Diana's hand. Lew held the door open. Steve looked closely at him. The man's expression seemed calm. Steve said hello to Paulie, ruffled the boy's hair. He was proud that his voice did not shake. The one called Pritch and the one called Joe sat on wicker chairs. Ricky Vogelung sat on the couch. They had drinks. Paulie clutched a Coke bottle. The big doll sat in a straight-backed chair by herself, wearing her half-smile, glassy and permanent. She looked to Steve as though she sat there with robotic anticipation, ceramic glee.

"Bring Stevie a drink, Irene," Lew yelled.

"Coming up," she answered from the back of the house.

"Sit down, Stevie."

Steve took one of the empty chairs. Lew sat beside Ricky on the couch. Steve heard himself say idiotically, "Warm day."

Irene smiled a bit uncertainly at Steve, handed him a drink, and went back into the house. Diana was sitting on the floor near the doll. Paulie stood by the screen door. Lew said, "Kids, go on back and talk to Irene. She's lonesome back there."

"Can Betty Baker Dalvin stay out here. Uncle Lew? She likes it on the porch."

"Sure, honey. Give me a kiss and run along now."

The children left the porch. Lew said, "You're right, Stevie. It is warm. A warm day for running around like you've been,

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Behind the screen door and the fringed window shades, the eyes followed Paulie

making long-distance calls, going to talk to that stupid Thompkins, getting Ryan's driver to pick up your kids downtown. You don't want to exert yourself so much."

"You've been busy, too," Steve said with a faint attempt at defiance.

"Marty's on the West Coast, Stevie. He's working for a friend. Thought you'd like to know."

"I found out today. How big a damn fool can a man be?"

"Stevie, I give it to you straight. Ross Farlini doesn't want any fooling around. He wants Vogeling to get that equipment fast, and you're going to divert it to us just the way I laid it out."

"If Marty isn't dead . . ."

"It doesn't mean you're off the hook. You can't call cop. What can you prove?"

"I can prove that Dressner framed Miss Hess. There are some people in the capital who'll be interested in that."

"Doc promises me that if anybody wants to take a look at her she won't be able to say anything that makes sense. He's got ways. Hell, we've known all along she was a plant. No point in chasing her away. They might have sneaked

one in we wouldn't know about. She's on ice, all nice and legal, for ninety days. They got all kinds of treatments for her condition, Stevie. Some of them are pretty uncomfortable. You get wise with us, and we try to take better care of your friend Gloria. That's item one. Item two is that in a little while we show the kids what happens to Daddy when Daddy is bad. And if that one doesn't take, we can go right on spanking Daddy until Daddy is a nice man again."

"You—dirty—"

"Now, Stevie. That attitude isn't fair. You got to understand my position. Ross likes me to be efficient. I don't want him sore at me. So I got to keep you in line. The doc and I are always anxious to please. You sort of fell into my lap, and I had you fooled thinking Marty was dead and you killed him. So you're a little smarter than I give you credit for, and that's okay, too. I like smart friends, and I want you to just brace yourself for this little clobbering, and everything will be fine from here on in with us."

"No matter what you do to me, Prade, I won't do it."

"Movies he's been seeing," Pritch said with contempt.

"I guess you won't mind if I go, Lew," Ricky said.

"Weak stomach, Ricky? Okay, run along. You'll get the stuff all right. Stevie is going to be a lot smarter in about fifteen minutes."

"How did you get the kids back here?" Steve asked in a low voice.

"I had a hunch and told Joe here to keep them in sight. He told me where they went. So I sent Joe out there with a note from you. I printed it with my left hand. Just like you'd have to. Pretty slick, eh?"

"It won't work, Prade," Steve said, and his voice trembled.

"Irene! Send the kids out here."

There was enough shrubbery around the porch so that whatever happened on it couldn't be seen from the street. "Pritch, you go in turn up that radio loud."

Pritch stood up slowly. He took two steps toward the living room and then looked out at the curb in front of the house.

"Phone company, Lew," he said softly. "Go stall them," Lew snapped.

Steve turned his head and watched the three workmen heading toward the porch. Pritch met them. There were low voices Steve could not hear. He stared hard. It looked as though the tallest workman were slapping Pritch's pockets, backing Pritch up. Ricky had got in his car. One man reached in casually and took the keys out of Ricky Vogeling's hand.

They came up to the screen door. Lew Prade said, his voice thin and sharp, "What goes? What goes on?"

The tallest man had a lean, sad, worn face, graying hair, somber eyes. "Hello, Prade. Name's McGell. Give him his subpoena, Benning. We got a lot of them, Prade. Blank except for the date, and we just filled those in."

Lew said, "You know what you're doing, maybe? You can't touch me."

"We're not touching you, Prade. You got some dates. One before a committee. One before a grand jury, probably. Dressner gets a bid to the party, too. I think he'll check Miss Hess and find she's made an astonishing recovery."

"You got nothing," Lew said, regaining confidence. "Nothing at all, my friend."

"I'm—glad to see you, Mr. McGell," Steve said. "And if anybody ever made an understatement—"

McGell's smile changed his face completely. "We let you sweat a little. Off the record, I like the way you were taking it. Hi, honey," he said, sitting on his heels, arms outstretched.

Diana ran to him. She turned in his arms and smiled up at Steve. "It was a secret," she said solemnly. "We had to promise, didn't we, Paulie?"

Paulie had a fresh bottle of Coke. "She raised heck about hurting Betty Baker,"

he said with obvious masculine disgust.

"I did not!" Diana said.

"You did so! You cried."

Diana showed signs of being about to cry again, this time with indignation.

McGell said, "You were both good kids."

Still sitting on his heels, one arm around Diana, McGell grinned up at Lew Prade. Steve was glad that a grin of that sort wasn't directed at him. McGell said, "I've been in town for over a week, Prade. Time was getting short. I've been in touch with Miss Hess. The committee appropriation was about to run out on us, and so we had to nail you down fast. We wouldn't have been able to manage it if you hadn't tried to sucker Mr. Dalvin here."

"Nail down. Nail down," Lew said contemptuously. "You've got nothing."

"Haven't we? I ought to keep this to myself, Prade, but it's too good to keep. I had a little conference with a man named George Ryan in the small hours this morning. Got his cooperation. So he phoned me at once when Dalvin here got Ryan to have the kids taken out to his house. Your Joe tailed Russ and we tailed Joe, just in case. When he turned back at the house, we went in. We had a hunch you'd try to get the kids out of there somehow. It was a scramble getting just what we needed, and I had to do a lot of talking to my girlfriend here, to get her to let me do a little operation."

"A real one!" Diana said with awe. "We opened up that doll, Lew, and we put a little one-tube mike and a battery pack in there. The doll sat there and took it all in, and we picked it up on tape in that truck parked down the street. Now, do you think you're nailed?"

Lew sat down abruptly. He was chalky white. They left him there, on the porch, left him with his silent, uneasy crew, left him to long thoughts of self-excuse and worry about retribution.

McGell said, "Want to come along? I think you've earned it. The good doctor is going to let our Miss Hess out of her padded cell."

They dropped the children with Mrs. Chandler, and McGell drove Steve's car out toward Valley Vale, the borrowed

phone truck following along behind them.

Steve said, "It's—moving so fast. I thought I was way out on the end of a limb. And you showed up like the United States Cavalry. How come you talked to George Ryan?"

"After Gloria dropped you off last night, she came right to the hotel. We had a long talk. But first she made me promise that I wouldn't use any part of it, that it had to be up to you. She told me it sounded too pat, all the way down the line. I agreed. It began to look as though maybe Marty weren't dead. She agreed to take the chance of trying to get into Dressner's records. After she left I did some thinking. I broke my promise. I went to Ryan, told him most of the story, told him to let me know any developments. Nice guy, that Ryan. Nice to work for, I imagine. As I told Prade, Ryan let me know about the kids. Your little girl was hard to convince. We got the truck, put the equipment aboard, and parked within range and waited. It had to work, Dalvin. If it didn't, it was going to be no easy job getting Gloria out of there."

Steve said, "Won't Lew warn Dressner?"

"Not a chance. We fixed that."

Fifteen minutes after they drove through the gates of Valley Vale, Gloria walked out of her private room, pale and shaken, her eyes enormous. She walked into Steve's arms, and he felt the trembling of her body.

A week later Steve and Gloria sat on his front porch, drinking chilled beer in the warm summer night while Mrs. Chandler was getting the kids to bed.

Steve broke the long silence. "Every time I see that for-sale sign next door I feel good." It was too dark to see her expression.

"It's such a little accomplishment though, Steve. Mr. McGell says it will put only a minor crimp in Farlini's operations. Prade and Dressner will take it in the neck, but not too seriously. All that work for so very little."

"Don't let me sound fatherly, darling. But if everybody starts putting little crimps in the operations of all the Ross Farlinis, this will be a better country to

live in. We showed it *can* be done. Maybe we've given somebody else moral courage to take the next whack. —Listen to me! Dalvin, the monument of integrity. Until you came along I was fighting with all the reckless bravery of a cornered mouse. Just sitting on my back legs, squeaking."

"Stop it! You *think* you would have gone through with it, but when it came right down to it you'd never have. . . ."

"I want you to believe that. But I'd like to convince myself, too."

"We're a pair of amateurs."

We're a pair." He slid his chair closer. "Are you interested in saving my face?"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"There's an unpleasant little clerical type who figures I was stood up. He cackled at me. I'd like him to know there really is a girl willing to fill out the rest of that blank."

"Steve, dear, that was a business arrangement. Besides, I did the proposing. Who'd want to remember a thing like that? You'd never let me forget it."

He found her hand in the dark, held it tightly. "All right. Miss Hess, would you care to help me provide a home for a lot of homeless butterflies?"

"Saturday-morning butterflies?"

"The kind that get in the back of your throat. Got any?"

He could tell from the sound of her voice that she was smiling. "Hold it a minute. I'll check."

"There better be at least one. The kids were doing some strenuous matchmaking at dinner."

"I noticed."

"How many butterflies, darling?"

She moved closer to him. He knew she was not smiling. Her voice was warm, tremulous. "There are too many to count, my darling," she said. They stood on the dark porch and kissed. This time she did not withdraw. He held her close then, and, with her dark hair against his cheek, he looked out across the nighttime lawn, noting with vast, benign detachment, with fatuous delight, that there was indeed a fine crop of fireflies on this warm summer night. Too bad they couldn't be hung in her dark hair, and it was definitely time to kiss her again, for luck. **THE END**

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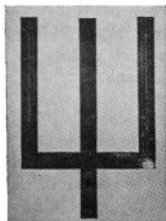
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The Last Word

The Ukrainian Underground

New York, New York: Little publicized in the U.S. is the underground of the Ukrainian people which has been carrying on a struggle against the Russian dictatorship for more than two decades. The posters printed with your August article ("They Live to Revolt," by Tris Coffin)



Ukrainian symbol

are actually the work of the Ukrainian underground, written in the Ukrainian language, and directed against the oppressors of Ukraine. The St. Vladimir sign (above) is actually a revered Ukrainian symbol—the basis of the Ukrainian national emblem.

Today, as in the past, the Ukrainian resistance movement has the wholehearted support of a vast majority of Ukrainians who still inhabit Ukraine and of Ukrainian émigrés in every nation of the world.

—ELEANORA KULCHBYCKY

The Greenwich Sex Criminal

Spartanburg, South Carolina: I was especially impressed by your article, "The Town That Defeated the Sex Criminal" (September, by Sumner Ahlbum). It will enable me to teach my twin boys the measures to guard them from this menace. Thanks to COSMOPOLITAN and Chief Gleason for helping us defend our children.

—MRS. DONALD PUTNAM

Los Angeles, California: Greenwich is not alone. These sex crimes have been happening with increasing frequency in the Los Angeles area. The worst part of it all is that the children always knew who the offenders were; they were not strangers but local people, and the law somehow behaves very leniently toward these men. They get out too soon, to commit their crimes again.

—JEAN CARROLL

Boston, Massachusetts: It was a wonderful article and a most inspiring one. You are to be congratulated for publishing it and the town of Greenwich for appreciating the criminal. But when I realized the shortness of that criminal's sen-

tence I was sick at heart. He will be out in a matter of months, and I have no doubt this pervert will do it all over again.

—EMIL R. WILLIAMS

Circus Freaks

Santurce, Puerto Rico: I have always praised your magazine as being above the other cheap, sappy, ordinary magazines. But when you stoop to such a sadistic article as "Where Circus Freaks Come From," by John Kobler (August) then you reach the very low bottom. You weren't satisfied with all the morbid details so you had that supersadist Charles Addams illustrate it in his own freakish style. Someone should have put him out of his misery long ago. The whole idea is repellent.

—MRS. J. R. BEVERLEY

Cincinnati, Ohio: I have been watching Addams' work for at least a dozen years, and I can't remember when he ever had such a group of "delightfully weird" people. The sympathetic handling of the subject by the writer and the perfectly complementary cartoons by this great artist made this a truly memorable piece.

—JUSTIN R. REYNOLDS

George Heyer—Pls



Brother Godfrey

Missouri's Benedictine Monks

Kansas City, Missouri: Having made a recent retreat at the abbey atCEPTION, Missouri. I was happy to find your picture story "Monks in Missouri" in the September issue. Thanks for reviving some wonderful memories and reintroducing me to the monks I was privileged to know. One memory remains: It was Sunday; I was returning from lunch in a light drizzle. There was Brother Godfrey, smiling for all he was worth. "The rain," he exclaimed. "It's wonderful! Wonderful!" To get such a kick out of so little! Here was a man who had really found happiness. Your picture illustrated the point perfectly.

—ROBERT LEE QUINLVAN

The Art of Ogling

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: In your story in September, "When You Travel Alone," you show the man on the motor scooter ogling the pretty girl. Three

Ruth Orkin



No telling what that fine Italian ogle will do

pages later she is sitting on the back of the same scooter with the same man. What did he do? Make a quick run around the pages and pick her up?

—JACK D. SWEDLOFF

Heavenly Art

St. Louis, Missouri: The story by Laurence Critchell, "Schoolteacher in Paradise," in the September issue has a Maughamlike charm and slickness all its own. I think Mr. Critchell would be the first to recognize that the story received a mounting few authors can hope for. I refer to Al Parker's superb illustrations. I can't remember when I have seen anything so vivid!

—JACK WARRING

More Format Plaudits

St. Louis, Missouri: Last month I wanted to sit down and just gush about your new August issue. Now here comes the September issue, and before I am even finished I must get off this small "bouquet." Thank you for so much for only thirty-five cents.

—JUNE TOWNS

Nashville, Tennessee: I estimate that I will now be saving three hours a month or about a day and a half a year reading the new streamlined COSMOPOLITAN.

—LOLA ANDREWS

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Austria's bat-men spread their wings-and fly!

1 "It's a flying circus when Tyrolean ski stars take to the air," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "I joined them on a peak above Austria's Oetz Valley, and strapped one of their sail-like 'Thirring capes' to my wrists and ankles. We raced downhill, hugging our 'wings' tight. Nearing a crevasse, we threw open our capes, caught the rushing updraft and soared into space . . .



2 "A crash landing ended my flight when I straightened up too soon. I'd just made it across the crevasse. Gliding by, my companions made ski-flying look easy. I decided on one more 'flyer' . . .



3 "Smoke from blazing torches we'd lit down below showed me that the headwind I needed was still blowing strong. I sped into it, taking off over a hillock. Landing on my skis nearly a hundred feet away, I took off again—and again—practically winging my way into the valley.

5 "Only in Austria have I seen skiers really fly. But almost everywhere, I find that Canadian Club has as loyal a following as it has back home!"
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4 "The fledgling earned his wings," said my host at the Glacier Hotel in Hochsoelden, "and that calls for the best in the house—Canadian Club!"

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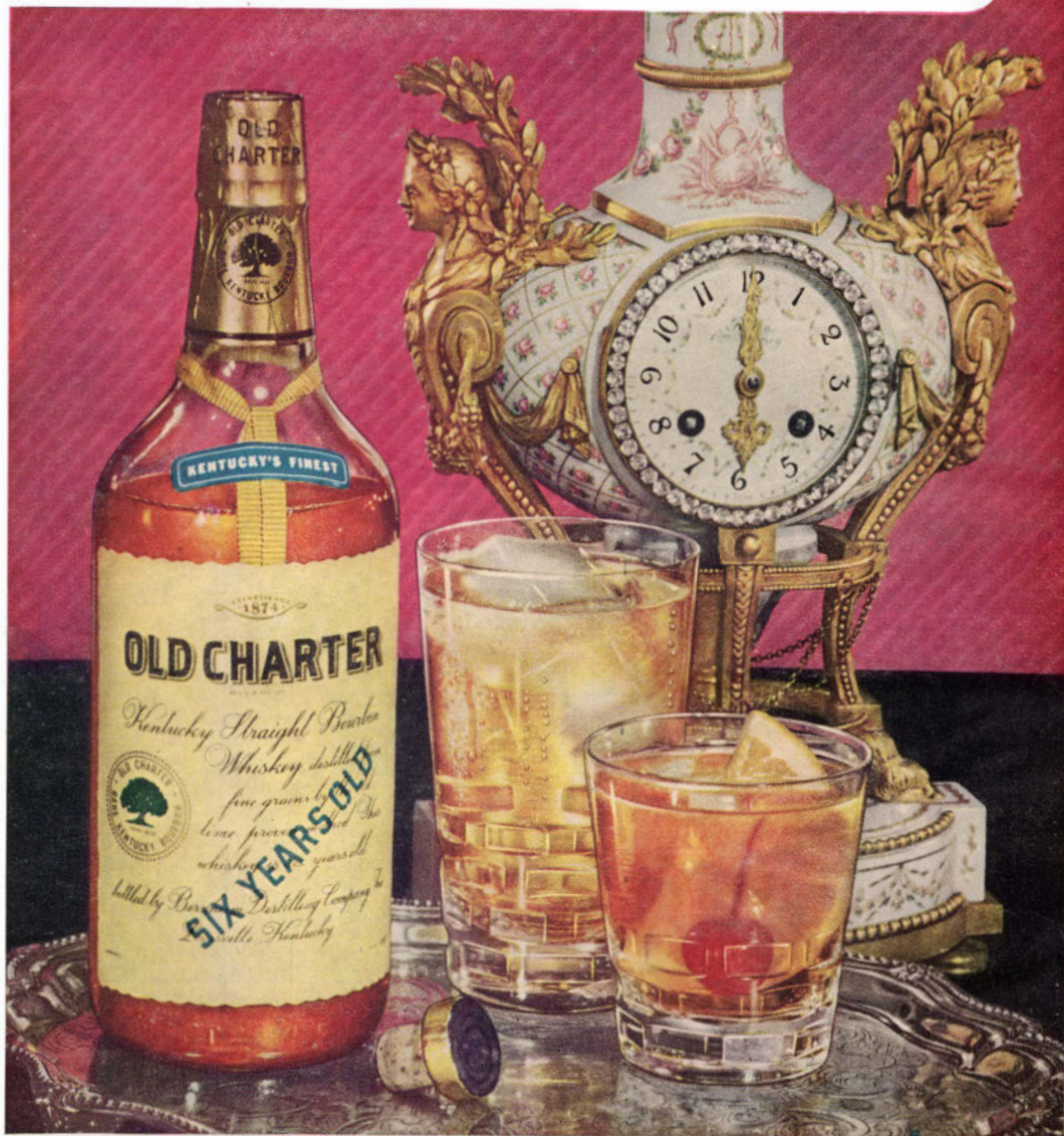
6 YEARS OLD

90.4 PROOF

IMPORTED FROM WALKERVILLE, CANADA, BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.



Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock... QUIETLY AGED TO PERFECTION!



SUPPOSE we don't try to put in words what happens with your first taste of this great whiskey. Instead, do this... Imagine you have started with the basically finest whiskey ever made in old Kentucky... Then you have waited for 6 full, round years to ripen it slowly, perfectly... Then take from your memory the finest-tasting whiskey you have ever known and imagine one still silkier, still mellower, still smoother. Do all these things... and *then* taste Old Charter!

OLD CHARTER
KENTUCKY'S FINEST
STRAIGHT BOURBON

6 YEARS OLD



STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 6 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF • BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.