APRIL, 1965 35c

# COSMOPOLITAN

## Why Women "Need" Wrong Husbands

Results of the new "Magnolia Blossom" study

## SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE GODS

BY CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

## American Working Girls in Paris

## THE CAPITOL WIFE-PLUS

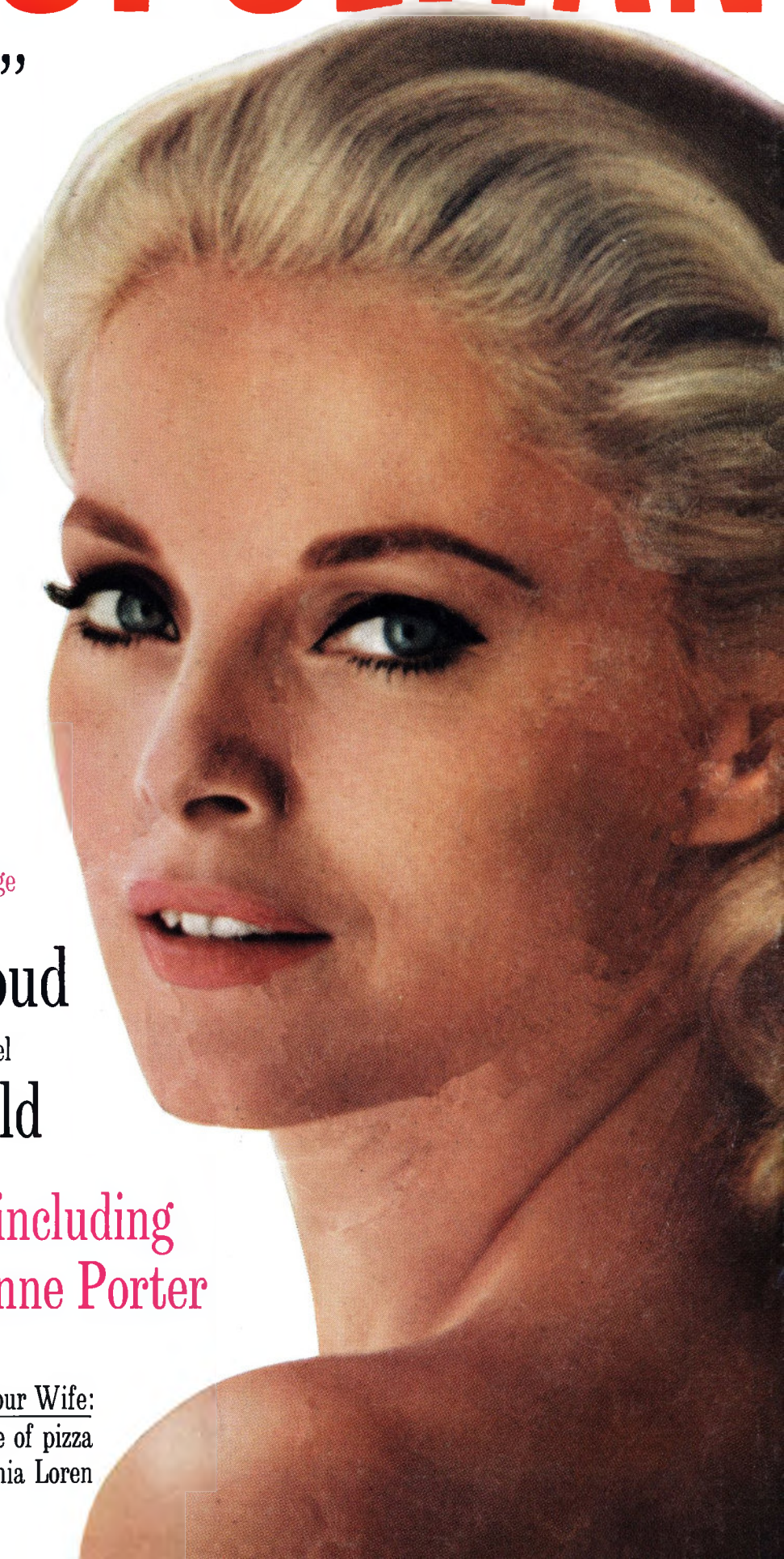
by Tish Baldrige

## Bright Orange Shroud

The latest Travis McGee complete mystery novel

By John D. MacDonald

Plus three short stories including "Martyr" by Katherine Anne Porter



VIRNA LISI in How to Murder Your Wife:
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to reach our shores since Sophia Loren

PHOTO BY BOB WILLOUGHBY


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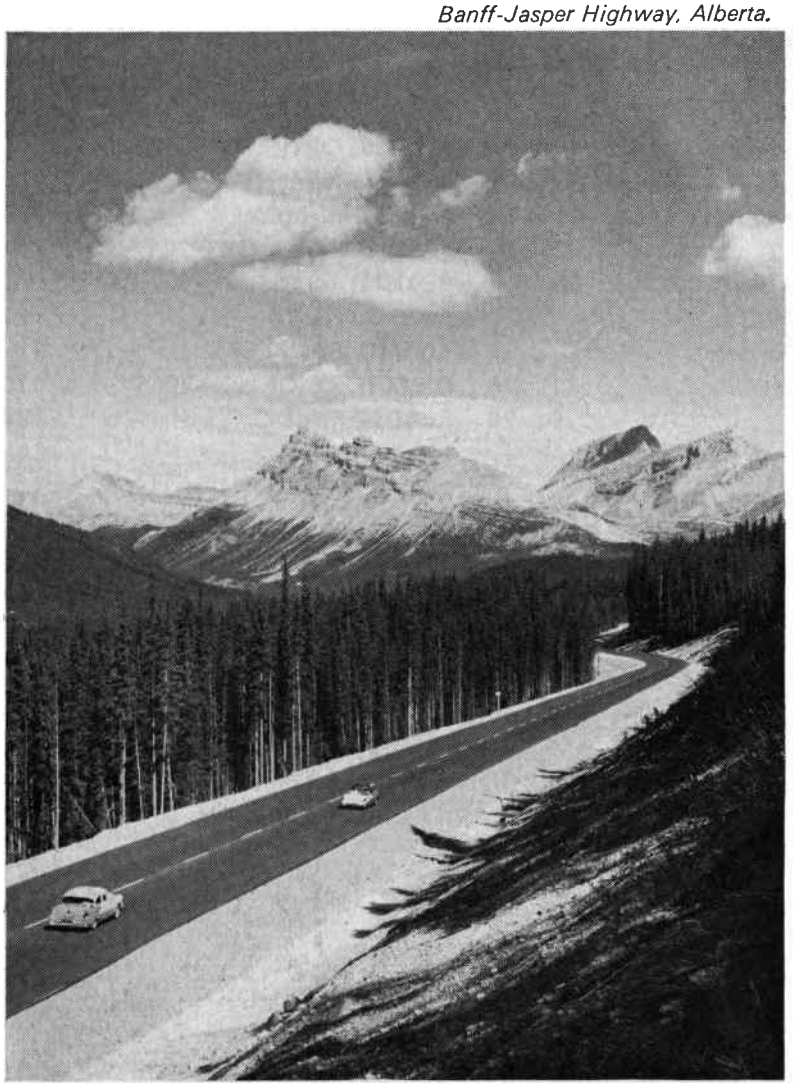
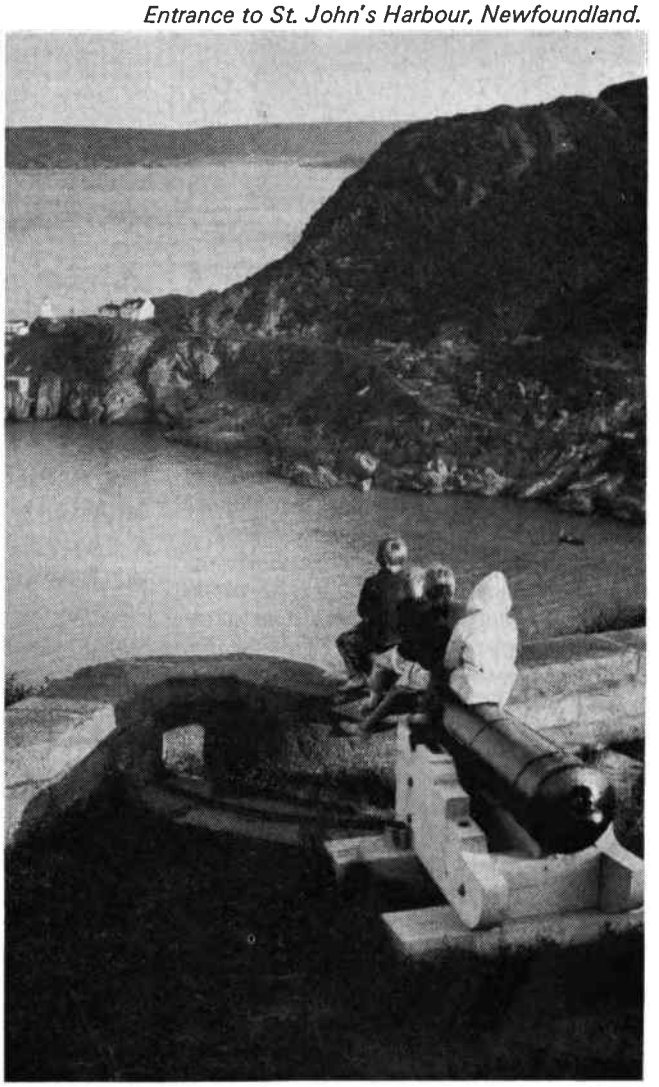


*Entrance to St. John's Harbour, Newfoundland.*



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Editorial Offices: 1775 Broadway, New York, New York 10019




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APRIL 1965 Vol. 158 No. 4





COSMOPOLITAN IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE HEARST CORPORATION, 57TH STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019. RICHARD E. BERLIN, PRESIDENT; GEORGE HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; RICHARD E. DEEMS, PRESIDENT OF MAGAZINES; JOHN R. MILLER, VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER OF MAGAZINES; G. HARRY CHAMBERLAINE, VICE-PRESIDENT FOR RESEARCH AND MARKETING; WILLIAM S. CAMPBELL, VICE-PRESIDENT AND DIRECTOR OF CIRCULATION; FRANK R. DUPUY, JR., VICE-PRESIDENT FOR COSMOPOLITAN; FRANK MASSI, TREASURER; R. F. McCAULEY, SECRETARY. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IN UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIONS, $4.20 PER YEAR; CANADA, $4.70 PER YEAR. ALL OTHER COUNTRIES $7.20 PER YEAR. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. AUTHORIZED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL BY THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, CANADA, AND FOR PAYMENT OF POSTAGE IN CASH.



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## NEWS ABOUT THIS ISSUE

How does a Washington wife help her husband get ahead? Money helps. Using "herbs and imagination" helps. And "a talent for languages" doesn't hurt either. But not *all* of these assets are necessary to a smart wife, explains Tish Baldrige in her article "The Capitol Wife-Plus" (page 36). Tish, who was called to Washington in 1960 by Mrs. John F. Kennedy to become the Social Secretary to the White House, has watched diplomatic, press and government wives succeed in the struggle upward, or fail, dragging their husbands down with them. Her view of the wives wasn't all on Washington, D.C., territory either. She accompanied President and


*(cont. on p. 6)*


**Tish Baldrige—an expert on diplomacy.**

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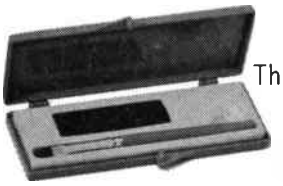

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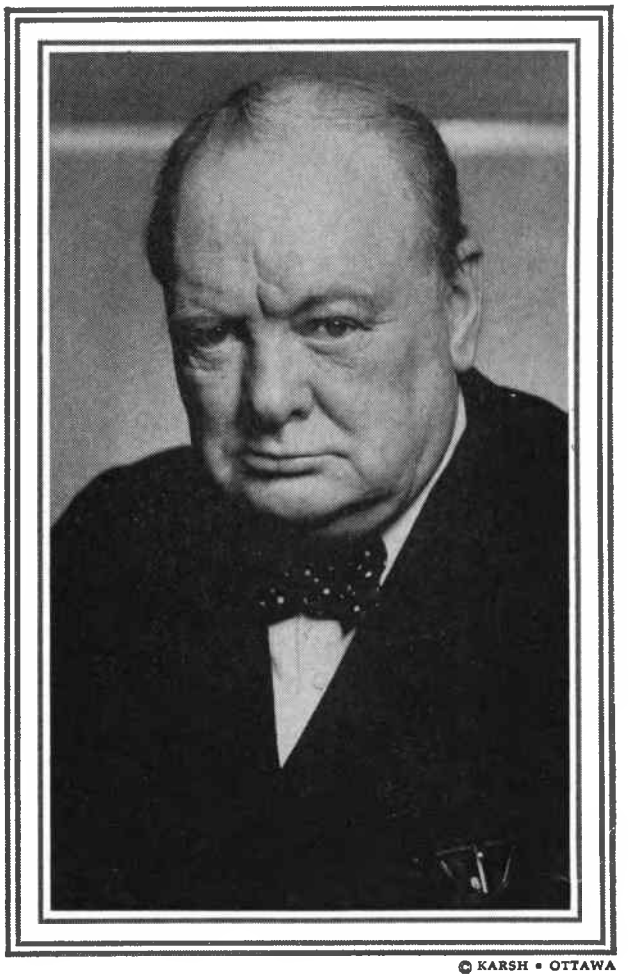
**Helena Rubinstein, 655 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.**

# Some striking facts about Sir Winston Churchill

OVER THE PAST SIXTEEN YEARS Book-of-the-Month Club members have individually ordered—and have received—**the almost incredible total of 5,575,000 copies of the ten books that comprise Sir Winston Churchill's two great legacies of history.** This is as many copies—there is good reason to believe—as have been sold over the same period by all the bookstores in all the English-speaking world. . . . When *The Gathering Storm*—the first volume in his great series, THE SECOND WORLD WAR—was published in July 1948, it was at once designated a Book-of-the-Month by the Club's Editorial Board, which then consisted of Henry Seidel Canby, chairman, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Christopher Morley, John P. Marquand and Clifton Fadiman. Understandably—because of its obvious importance as history and the rare quality of the writing—the same thing happened with each successive book in the series as it was published. Members always have the privilege of not taking the Club Selection if they are not interested, but with all the Churchill volumes the "acceptance" **was far higher than the average of monthly Selections ordinarily taken.** This record of wide appreciation was repeated with each of the four volumes in the next great series Sir Winston was impelled to leave as a legacy of his thought, A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES. . . . After the ten volumes had been separately published they were made available under the Club's Book-Dividend system as two sets, and these also have been in great demand by members who had not previously acquired the volumes separately. . . . This seems to be a timely occasion to extend **that opportunity to newly beginning members** in the form of "advance Book-Dividends" as outlined at the right. . . . Certainly there is no more fitting honor each one of us can pay personally to this "greatest man of our time" than to have these superlative works in our library, to be read and reread as time permits, and to be passed down to our children and to theirs.



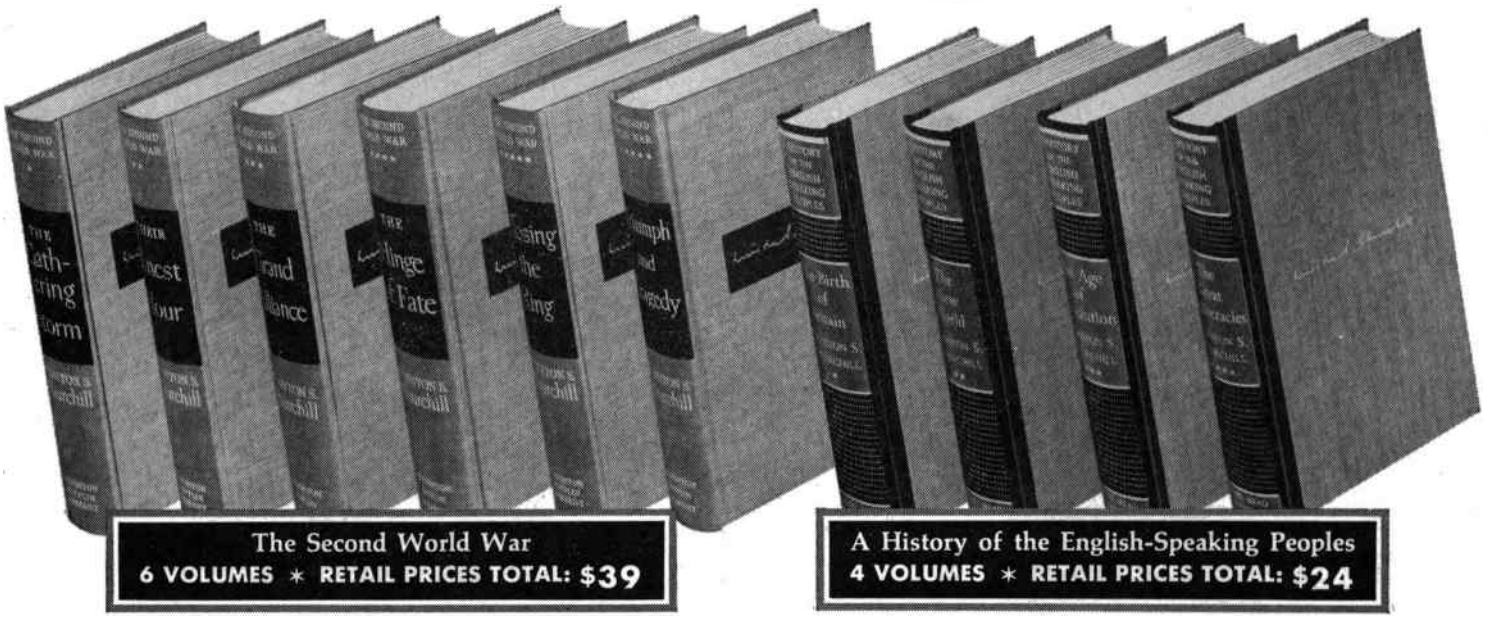
© KARSH • OTTAWA

THE SIMPLE PURPOSE of this suggested trial is to demonstrate two things supremely important for every book-reading family. First, that membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club is **a certain way to keep from missing through oversight or overbusyness** the particular new books you fully intend to read; and second, that under the Club's remarkable Book-Dividend system you will be able to acquire fine, high-priced sets such as these—also useful and beautiful single volumes—for really trifling sums. This system, without any question, represents the most economical plan ever devised for the building up of a prideful home library.

✶ **HOW CAN THIS BE DONE?** The answer to that natural question is that the Club's Book-Dividend system follows the pattern of profit-sharing consumer cooperatives. A portion of the amount members pay for the books they buy is accumulated and then invested in entire editions of valuable books and sets through special contractual arrangements with the publishers in each case. These volumes are the Club's Book-Dividends, and members **are free to choose among**

"We will boast all our lives that we lived when Winston

# and Book-of-the-Month Club members

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"Churchill was alive"—*The Economist*, London

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# NEWS ABOUT THIS ISSUE (cont. from p. 2)

Mrs. Kennedy on all their State visits abroad, and she also served on the Presidential advance team that made all scheduling and protocol arrangements in a foreign country weeks before the actual State visit.

Earlier, as a psychology major not too long out of Vassar, Tish viewed diplomatic wives from the vantage point of Paris, where she was Social Secretary to Ambassador and Mrs. David Bruce, and later from Rome, where she was Social Secretary to Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce. Now married to real estate executive Robert Hollensteiner, Tish heads her own public relations firm, is working on a novel about Rome, and writes a weekly newspaper column addressed to women.

## Slimming Side of the Street

Our most slimming meal of the month occurred when we were conducting an interview for COSMOPOLITAN on "The Wall Street 'Money Girls.'" The interview took place over lunch in the downtown, glass-walled, executive dining room on the sixtieth floor of the 138-million-dollar Chase Manhattan Bank Building, sixth tallest building in the world. The waitress handed us a menu, which in bold black type offered a "Suggested Low Calorie Luncheon" (398 calories). As our eyes traveled down the menu, we saw that beside every dish was its calorie count. "We look after our executives' weight," a Chase representative explained to us, while our glance roved from chilled pineapple juice (65) to sauté calf's liver with smothered onions (240) to cold roast beef sandwich (280). Feeling cared for, at least by proximity, we ordered tomato juice (23), skipped the 200-calorie soup, polished off a sliced turkey sandwich (270), and then eyed a luscious-looking piece of blackberry pie going past on a waitress' tray. "Three hundred fifty calories," said the Chase representative in our ear. We paused, reflected on the slenderness of all those Wall Street career girls, some of whom are already registered stockbrokers though still in their twenties (see page 54), and when the waitress came around, we stoically ordered chilled Kadota figs (180).

## The Sober Side of Paris

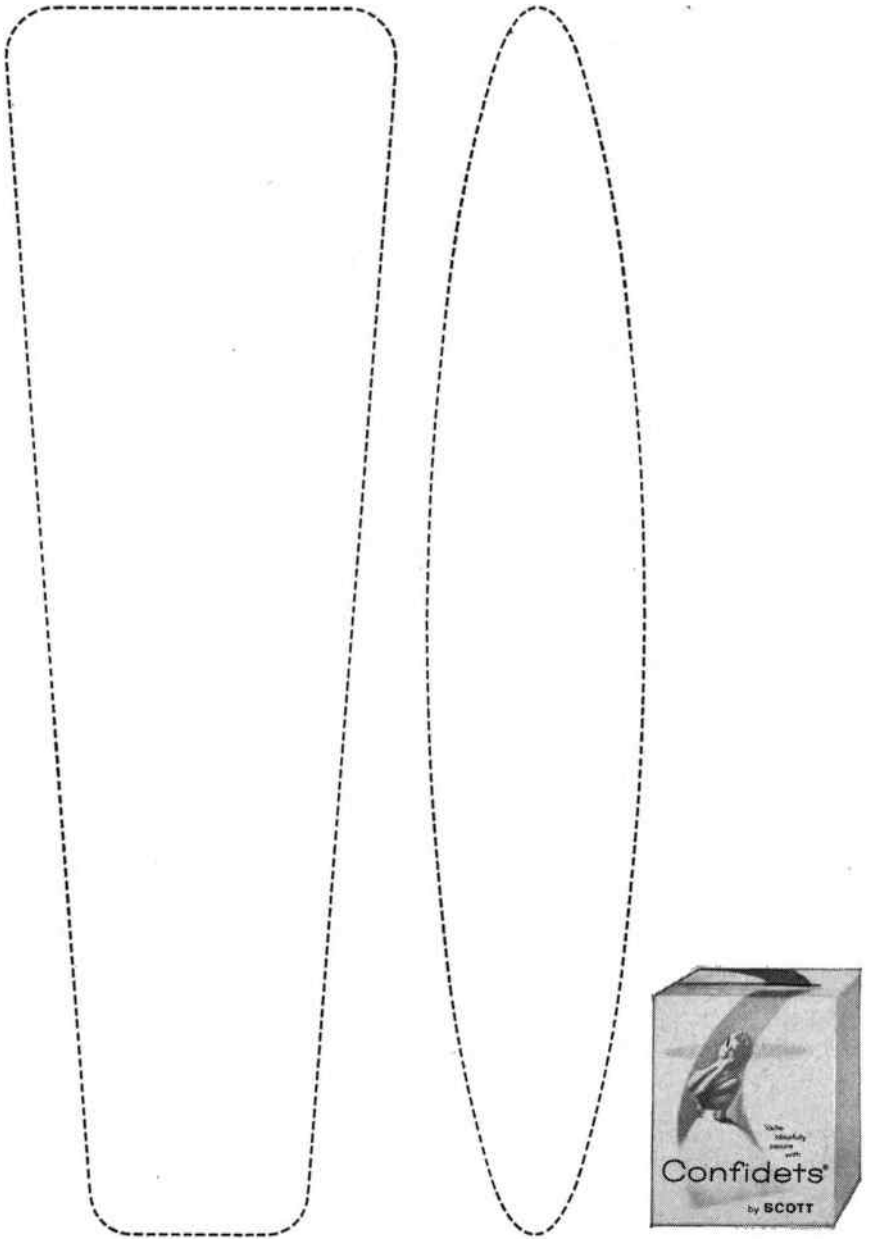
As for the American girl who chooses Paris instead of Wall Street in search of a career or just a job that will enable her to stay in Paris, she's likely to find that life isn't all pheasant under glass, an attractive apartment off the Champs-Elysées, and couturier clothes. In fact, it's likely to be none of these things, as Faith Berry explains in "American Working Girls in Paris" (page 42). Miss Berry manages to live in Paris by writing articles for American magazines or "any magazines, anywhere." What the American girl's special problems are in Paris, and what she needs to know, "She had better find out before she goes."

Getting a job in Paris isn't much easier for men, claims Jerry Bauer, who photographed our "American Working Girls in Paris" story. Jerry went to Paris in 1959, worked as an actor in films ("Luckily my French was good"), then worked for a French-American public relations firm as an assistant to the directress. He finally solved the how-to-stay-in-Paris problem when he discovered that "People in one country are interested in everything that happens in another country," and began writing and photographing European personalities for publications on the Continent. The happiest American working girl he ever met in Paris? "A girl named Josie who gets $2.50 a day plus five cents a paper for selling the *Herald Tribune* on a street corner, and a little over five cents a paper plus $1.80 a day selling *The New York Times*. But she's in *Paris*. And she knows the newsgirl job won't be forever."

## From Main Line to Skid Row

The alcoholic women in our article, "The 'Magnolia Blossom' Drinkers," by Glenn White (page 68), are particularly startling in that they do not, either physically or mentally, fit the popular conception of a female alcoholic. Chic rather than untidy, attractive rather than blowsy, soft-voiced rather than raucous—these are the "invisible" women alcoholics on whose problems and family patterns Mr. White reports. Mr. White, who pinpoints the factors that turn well-educated women in Philadelphia's Main Line high income area into alcoholics, is on the faculty of the Annenberg School of Communications at the University of Pennsylvania, received his M.A. in Political Science at the University of Iowa and lives in Philadelphia with his wife and two sons. —THE EDITORS

**Author White cuts wedding anniversary cake with his guest Hubert Humphrey.**

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# Love in the Bullion Soup

**The Ski Bum,** by Romain Gary (Harper & Row, $4.95). At the heart of *The Ski Bum's* slalomlike plot is a tale as old as time: how the handsome young man deflowers the beautiful young virgin. Yet the boy and the girl in this case are as hip as jazz, as cool as cynicism, as all-knowing as innocence. He is a ski bum in Europe, down below 5,000 feet, trying to eke out a living during a Swiss summer—in any way he can. He is an American, but his father got killed in some silly war. He is wanted by his draft board, too—but man, they've got to find him first. She is an American diplomat's daughter, and Dad is a hopeless alcoholic. She rallies to all the world's causes, from SPCA to Ban the Bomb. She is a virgin all right, but she has been lucky.

Yet before this boy and girl finish their swift downhill race through a few short weeks of plot, their roles are reversed. He, who prefers that his lady loves not know English so he will not have to talk, becomes deflowered of his insincerity. She, who digs the spirituality of Handel's *Messiah*, finds meaning in materialism.

The boy is Lenny, and his way of earning money is to smuggle gold across the French-Swiss border. The girl is Jess Donahue and her Sunbeam has diplomatic plates, thus making the car immune to search. So it is only natural that Lenny makes her his patsy.

Jess takes it in stride. She doesn't care; Lenny becomes another one of her causes. It takes a rare girl, after all, who will tell her father at lunch that 1) she has a lover, and 2) she doesn't know his last name. "Sounds like the real thing," says Dad. All could have gone on—well, maybe for months—this way, with Lenny taking and Jess giving, except her father is fired from the diplomatic corps. Too many leaves of absence to go to the sanitarium. And then Dad gets mixed up in the smuggling and gets a bullet in his back for his initiative. The horror of it all inspires Jess to become a taker herself —sort of like a Joan of Arc with dollars instead of demons on her mind.

Her plan is to cop all the gold—you know, millions—and leave Lenny in the middle of the bullion soup. That will make Lenny and the smugglers sorry. To do this, she enlists the aid of similarly world-weary friends; all these helpers talk and act like kids in a Hollywood musical of the 1930s who mistakenly have majored in Camus and minored in Sartre. One of their games is to take a photo of an emerging-nation type as he emerges from a Swiss bank. Then they show the picture to the guy, who blanches, as the saying goes. Seems his government has a death penalty for anybody who keeps a numbered Swiss account. The guy gets off easy, though; on the kids' orders he leaves his roll of bills and his watch as a tip for the waiter. Jess and these fun-loving kids refer to themselves as the Puritan Army; how Cromwell would have reacted is interesting to conjecture.

How Jess pulls the caper off and how she and Lenny end up are equally interesting—in fact, enthralling.

In *The Ski Bum*, Romain Gary presents a story that is wry, ironic and satiric by turn. Yet it keeps throughout the precious element of tenderness, the singular element of truth. To make his points, Gary does not hesitate to burlesque his characters, but his storytelling always has relevance. Episodically he shows us the faces of weltschmerz, sophistication, ennui, innocence, greed, death, boredom, longing. And each of the faces talks in the manner of an expert, while we listen, fascinated.

## Triangle With a Twist

**Lions Three: Christians Nothing,** by Ann Borowik (Pantheon, $4.95). It is a rare humorous novel that manages to make a telling, serious point, but in this book Ann Borowik does just that. What, she is saying, is the role of the man—and of the woman—in modern marriage? Is one always the breadwinner, always the protector? Is the other always the protected? Or under special circumstances do the roles become less clear? What the reader first greets with smiles and chuckles leaves a bittersweet taste.

**Ann Borowik—bittersweet humor.**

Barbara Denver, an actress at the height of her career, decides to give it all up and head for the apartment house hills with Jim Nations, star (and aging) quarterback for a pro football team. Barbara has no choice but to seek anonymity in the apartment wilderness because she is already married and her husband, as rich as he is old, is also a bit of a nut—entirely capable of hiring men to kill Jim. For a while, the dodge works: They find a place on New York's Riverside Drive; Jim gets a construction job under an assumed name; they start raising a family. And they make friends of a magnificent collection of screwballs. The unlikely combination of Broadway and muscle makes for merry times.

But then the husband discovers their whereabouts. And the laughter takes on a nervous note. One gets the feeling that, very shortly, this very happy couple will find their lives drastically altered. Barbara, gay, bright, vivacious, may not always be that way. Jim, a monolith of a man, may not always be the mountain-mover.

Ann Borowik's novel is ribald, exciting, penetrating; it examines a "marriage" in the most unlikely of circumstances, and it brings it off exceedingly well.

## Fanaticism Pays Off

**The Subject Was Roses and About Those Roses** or *How Not to Do a Play and Succeed*, by Frank D. Gilroy (Random House, $4.95). Here is Frank D. Gilroy's wonderfully perceptive drama—in large part autobiographical—about a young man and his parents and the weaknesses all of them both suffer and enjoy. And here also is the story of the travail that went into getting the play on Broadway in the first place: the endless hassles with potential backers, the awful waiting for producers to return phone calls, the search for the right actors to do the three-character play.

At one point it seems that Gilroy and his henchmen tried every actor in Hollywood and New York. Most said the play was marvelous—but not for me. Gilroy, himself, found his leading man; he was a comic who had spent his career being second banana and had never been considered a serious actor. This led to further conflicts with backers, who wanted a name star. But Gilroy remained true to his dream. No man every really accomplished anything, he says, unless he was an out-and-out fanatic. The fanaticism paid off. After years of machinations that would make Machiavelli marvel, Gilroy got the money (largely by raising it himself from friends), got the actors, got the theater and then waited to hear the critics' reviews.

For *The Subject Was Roses*, the reviews were raves, and deservedly so.

—GEORGE WALSH

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Naked Blush
Sugar Daddy Red
Moonlight (a silvery froster)

# Home Economists—Today's New Glamour Girls

BY JOAN YOUNGER

What's happened to the home economics major—that domestic-minded girl, in low heels and a smock, studying cooking and sewing in college? She's today's glamour girl, wooed with job offers by the dozen. A home ec major in college used to prepare a girl for marriage; now it prepares her for some of the world's most fascinating, challenging and exciting careers. A Bachelor of Arts or a Bachelor of Science degree from one of the good home ec colleges is a ticket to a hundred-dollar-a-week job anywhere in the country; a big city girl with a Master's degree and some experience can write her own ticket.

## No Slave to a Hot Stove

And seldom will she hang over a hot stove or a sewing machine for her ten-thousand- to twenty-thousand-dollar salary. The big city jobs have style and colleagues of the opposite sex, as well as top-dollar pay. Everyone has long known that the home economics graduate was a good, hardworking kid; the surprise today is that she's as much in demand as the English lit graduate in advertising, magazine and public relations writing, television work and publishing—not to mention the Peace Corps.

Advertising and public relations firms with big food, clothing, home furnishing and drug accounts can't get enough walk-ins, so they are recruiting in person on the great home ec campuses—at the Universities of Cornell, Iowa State, Kansas State, Wisconsin and Ohio State.

What they want most is the home ec graduate who has combined her food, textile, child development or home management courses with journalism and publishing classes. Jobs are going begging at J. Walter Thompson Company, BBDO and Bernard L. Lewis for girls who can write product copy and develop ideas for new foods and fashions. These agencies are also searching for women experts in product testing and display work on television and radio. Some are needed to prepare food for photography, which means knowing not only how to cook, but how to cook in color. Others must be able to describe, with flair, anything from a frozen lima bean to an outsize oven, cautiously push new medicines on their merits alone, or grow lyrical over the latest synthetic product.

More and more magazines and newspapers are insisting on home ec backgrounds when they hire editors and reporters in their service departments of food, fashion and family living. Girls who concentrate in home management are in demand by banks, insurance companies and the Government to write finance columns, put out trade organs or work with the underprivileged here or abroad.

"There are five thousand jobs open every year in teaching alone," reports home economics professor Henrietta Fleck of New York University, "with beginning salaries the third highest for women—and summers off. The Government's antipoverty program will want a lot more teachers when it gets rolling."

Public utility companies from coast to coast need home ec graduates too. They seek girls to work with new appliances, write manuals and display products not only in retail stores, but also at county fairs, on television and at conventions. A new appealing job blossoming in some areas is working with architects on large-scale housing, supplying the woman's talented touch.

Clothing manufacturers of everything from zippers to space suits go frantic looking for enough girls with a textile background to develop new products, write tags, work with advertisers, do public relations—and, sometimes, knowledgeably model the product. Home furnishing suppliers want interior decorating majors; hospitals seek dietitians; the Government has a girl with a Master's degree in nutrition working on its space diets; museums seek graduates with a knowledge of fashion history.

"If you've got knowledge in more than one field of home economics plus any business sense, you'll have more job offers than you can count—or handle," Esther McCabe of Old Greenwich, Connecticut, reports. She should know: After getting her Ph.D. from Columbia's Graduate Faculties in New York City, she became a home ec professor, then an editor, and now is a free-lance consultant in household equipment making more than twenty thousand dollars a year. "I keep my own hours, do the jobs I like and still have time for my family," she says. She has time to be New York City chairman of HEIB (Home Economists in Business, a national affiliate of the American Home Economics Association), with over two thousand members.

Home ec graduates also are needed to work with the underprivileged and the handicapped, to adapt home appliances for people crippled by heart attacks or age, to set up diets, to organize therapy and vocational rehabilitation. Douglass College at New Brunswick, New Jersey, only graduates about twenty girls a year in home economics but it placed three adventurous idealists in the Peace Corps. Simmons College in Boston, famed for its graduates in library science, now finds its home ec girls in equal demand. Iowa State's placement bureau reports six jobs to every home ec graduate. "The new question being asked about our graduates is whether they can sell ideas to men," says the placement bureau of New York State College at Cornell.

Jobs are also waiting for home ec graduates with the big food companies like General Foods in White Plains, New York; Lipton Tea in Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey; Best Foods in Manhattan; Campbell Soups in Camden, New Jersey; General Mills and the Pillsbury Company in Minneapolis; Armour, Kraft and Swift companies all in Chicago; the National Dairy Council in cities everywhere. The top is the limit: General Foods' only female vice president is Ellen-Ann Dunham, a home ec graduate from Swarthmore and Cornell.

"We've got a status and a salary pattern of our own," said one home ec success who prefers to remain anonymous. "Let the men go gray worrying about who'll get the next key to the executive washroom."

## One Major for Two Careers

Home ec girls marry at the average rate for most girls, and at a better than average rate for career girls. "A home economics career and marriage work well together on all levels," the director of the home ec placement bureau at Cornell, professor Doris T. Wood, summed it up. "First the same education prepares a girl for both careers, and next a home economist can choose when she works and where. She can work in business when her life is mobile, and either teach when her children are young or stay home and take advanced training. If she does this, she will have no trouble finding a good job when her children are grown."

About the only area home ec majors haven't invaded is acting; the girl who bakes a cake for television stays behind the scenes. The face on camera is that of a professional model. THE END

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Instant Shoe Coloring

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**LADY ESQUIRE**
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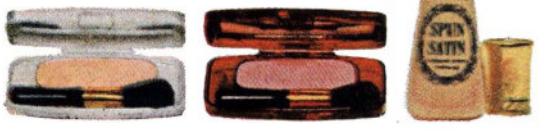
**Take this coupon to any store participating in this offer and get any one of the 4 new "cool, cool" colors ($1.00 value) FREE.** Dealer: Lady Esquire will give you (dealer) 2 free $1.00 size bottles of Instant Shoe Coloring to cover handling. Send coupon to Knomark, Inc., P. O. Box 41, Jamaica, New York 11434. Offer void where prohibited, taxed or regulated. Consumer offer expires June 30, 1965. Valid in Canada. C


Coupon cash value 1/20 of 1c.

*MONEY BACK GUARANTEE if New Formula Lady Esquire Instant Shoe Coloring is used as directed and shoes crack or peel. Return unused portion plus insert containing guarantee to Knomark, Inc., P. O. Box 41, Jamaica, N.Y. within one year of purchase date for refund.

# This is the look.

## 'Lighter-Than-Air,' by Hazel Bishop. 3 new air-borne make-ups for the most natural look in the world. This is it. The look that's more woman than make-up.




**Spun Satin,** the first whipped make-up. An airy cloud of make-up so light it almost floats on for a complexion that's satin smooth.

**Finishing Powder,** the colorless finish you dust on with a brush. Don't ply it with a puff. Just lightly whisk it on for a nearly ethereal glow.

**Brush 'n Blush,** in the most subtle color of them all — "misty mauve." A velvety blush of color to heighten your features with natural radiance.

# Human Lives in Pawn

***The Pawnbroker*: Rod Steiger and Geraldine Fitzgerald—the nihilistic refusal to live.**

As the official U.S. entry to the Berlin Film Festival, it won a Best Actor award for its star Rod Steiger. *The Pawnbroker* is one of the most remarkably gripping movies of our time.

We open in an artsy-craftsy slow motion of pastoral splendor—children after butterflies, a Jewish scholar under a tree reading, a wife drawing water from a stream, a professor joyously springing up to play with his progeny. In slow motion they freeze, startled by something. The film moves into high gear and hovers over a hideous Long Island housing development. The professor, now grown older, is lying in a lawn chair, his joy vanished. What is this all about?

The man (Steiger) retreats from his Americanized relatives, and drives into the brutal realism of Harlem to the vibrating, disturbing jazz of the sound track.

Steiger is now a pawnbroker dealing in the sordid articles of human agony—a glass engagement ring from a pregnant unwed girl, a stolen power mower from a smirky Puerto Rican gang, a balky radio from a shivering narcotics-needing addict. The pawnbroker relates to nothing, for his mind—and the film—keep flashing back to the pastoral scene and to the subsequent agony of the concentration camp and the loss of his family. Seeing the past in everything (the hand that holds a ring across the pawnshop window reminds him of hands on barbed wire being stripped of rings by Nazi brutes), having loved and lost life, he rejects everything—the joyless love of his mistress, the hope and sympathy held out to him by an unattractive, well-meaning and lonely social worker (brilliantly played down by Geraldine Fitzgerald), the love and admiration of his Puerto Rican helper (another sensitive and moving performance by Jaime Sanchez). He walks, unmoved, past a beating in a deserted school yard—it only reminds him of beatings in his past. But finally, brought down by a Harlem gang lord (Brock Peters) who is as decadent and amoral as were the Nazi supermen who ruined his life, he sees the useless, violent death of his helper as being caused by his own lack of love, charity or interest, his nihilistic refusal to live. Literally with the boy's blood on his hands, he tries to crucify his own palm on the pawnbroker's spindle and ends up weeping on a dirty Harlem corner under a sign reading RADIANTE BAR.

There is just too much of greatness in this film to adequately relate. The actors have been superbly chosen by director Sidney Lumet; the flashbacks have the power of true horror over one's mind long after the film is over (as a Negro prostitute—stunningly played by Thelma Oliver—offers herself to the pawnbroker he sees only his wife in a Nazi officer's brothel); the scenes of filthy Harlem streets, rat-maze apartments and impersonal names on mailboxes are the shriek of a gangrenous city; Steiger is deliberately unlikable, cold, unmoved and yet moving.

Sidney Lumet is a very talented director, more capable than his critics have dreamed. Morton Fine and David Friedkin have created a realistic yet poetic screenplay, and the Ely Landau Company has produced a truly memorable motion picture that is a must for thinking, feeling human beings everywhere who believe that we who forget the past are condemned to relive it.

## O'Hara With Suds

O'Hara has always written spare contemporary fiction dissecting this hard-drinking, easy-loving generation. In *A Rage to Live*, the film adapted from his novel, the effect comes awash in suds and the frankness of the dialogue doesn't rescue it from the genre of soap opera. Still, like lots of soap, it exerts a sudsy fascination. Some of the acting is quite good—Miss Pleshette, for instance, originally a commercialized junior grade Elizabeth Taylor (whom she resembles), is coming along nicely. She has a kind of diamond bright-hard quality often found in stars, a cultivated star voice and good instincts for sex, violence, pity, pathos and the rest. Brad Dillman gives his standard sensitive believable performance. Ben Gazzara, who seems atrophied by TV acting, is strong and silent, then overvoluble and violent. In his role, gears simply fail to mesh. Carmen Mathews is a wonder as the tender mother. Oh yes, there's a "prop" baby in this film—a two year old who is handed about as if for effect. You never for one minute believe he is the child of anybody's union and maybe that's a telling point after all.

## Lemmon vs. Lisi

*How To Murder Your Wife* is fast entertainment. Again we are served Hollywood's chilled martini version of New York, with Jack Lemmon as a dedicated bachelor who loves his life in a magnificently implausible town house, his work

**Jack Lemmon, Eddie Mayehoff in *How to Murder Your Wife*: running gags.**

as a popular cartoonist whose panels resound with sound effects and whose hero resembles James Bond, and his pursuit of happiness, which means liberty to chase dames under the pampered tutelage of his butler, Terry-Thomas.

One night, at a bachelor dinner, a blonde Italian vision (Virna Lisi) rises like Venus out of a cake and Lemmon wakes up married to her. Miss Lisi is such a gorgeous dish she must be seen to be believed. (See cover story, page 32). Claire Trevor, one of the best serious actresses in cinema, is miscast but effective as a shrewish middle-aged wife.

—LIZ SMITH

## The Hills Are Alive

The camera sweeps across the bleak, gray-black faces of the Austrian mountains, and the sound track introduces the muted howling of wind. Gradually, the scene acquires depth—crevices, valleys appear—and slight hints of color, and the track has picked up the sound of birds singing. Then, suddenly, a panoramic vision opens up with a high aerial view of a spread of green hill, along which a tiny figure is running. The camera swoops down and the score builds up to a crescendo at the sight of Julie Andrews bursting forth with "The hills are alive with the sound of music!"

Based on the true story of the musical Von Trapp family, the translation to the screen of the Broadway play, *The Sound of Music*, is a delight. Julie, as novitiate Maria, leaves the convent for the home of widowed Captain Von Trapp to be governess for his seven children ("Oh, of course I shall do the Lord's will," says Maria, "but—seven?"). She proceeds to relax the martial-like atmosphere of the household and, in its place, brings laughter, play, music and love.

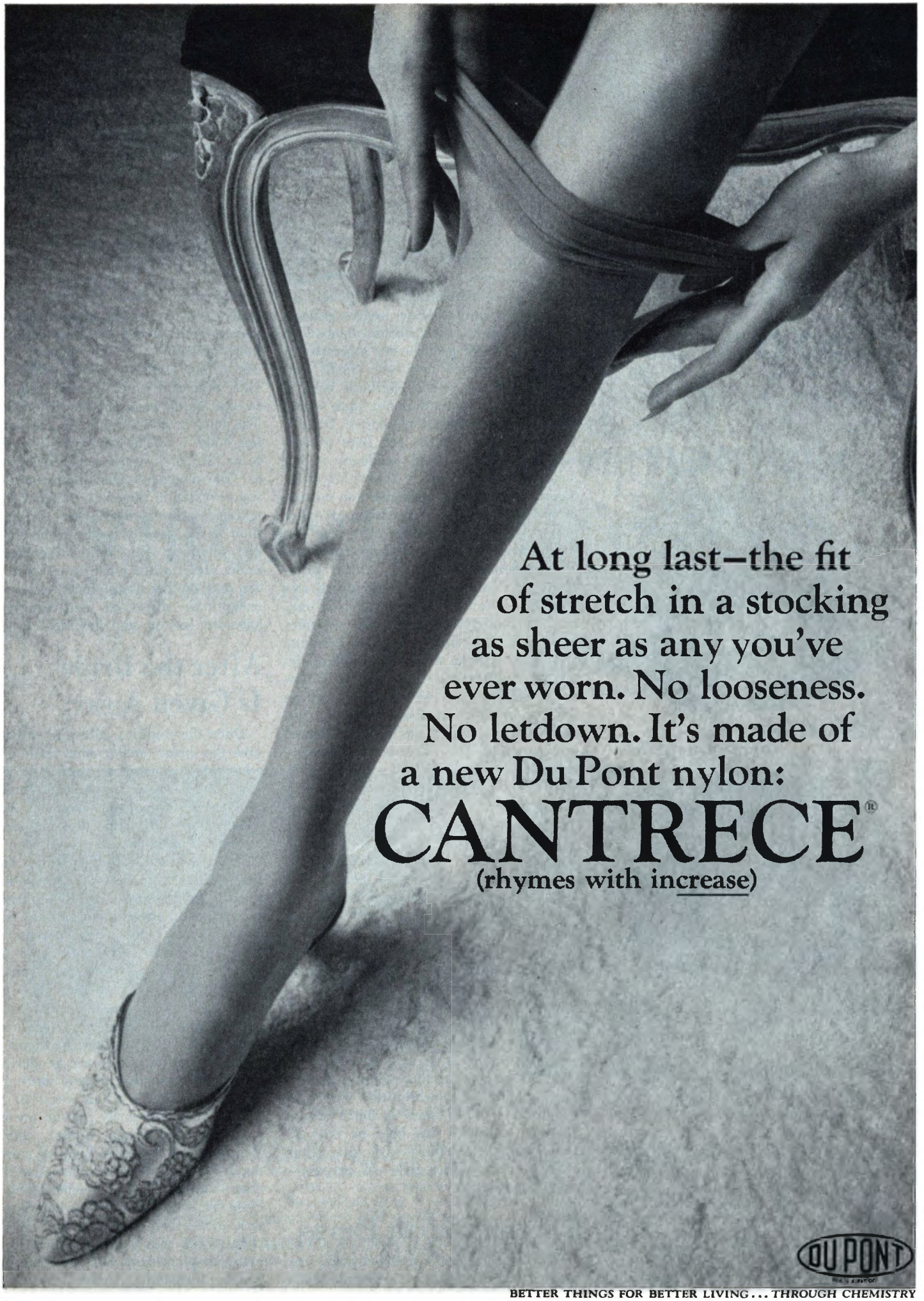
The story's message is in the song "Climb every mountain till you find your dream." This is accomplished literally at film's end, when the family trudges up into the hills to escape Nazi-dominated Austria. But it is something, too, which Maria and the Captain must learn—although their love scene is one of the few awkward moments in the film and isn't helped much by one of the two new songs written expressly for the picture by Richard Rodgers. Still, the original Rodgers-Hammerstein score is lovely fun. There is nothing quite like the family's musical escape from the stage of the Salzburg Music Festival. Their final number spins each member off the stage singing the chorus of "So long, farewell, auf Wiedersehen, good-bye," and when they *don't* come back, everyone seems surprised.

Choreographers Marc Breaux and Dee Dee Wood and director Robert Wise have combined talents to make the entire film seem like a choreography. There are some striking patterns of bicycles going up a hill, children descending steps, black cars swinging slowly around a circular driveway, soldiers strutting across a square, nuns gliding through a corridor.

Julie Andrews is a complete natural, and the children are charming. Richard Haydn and Peggy Wood give fine supporting performances. Christopher Plummer, as the aloof but human Captain Von Trapp, makes his musical debut, and he doesn't seem completely at home in this milieu. But when he stands on that same spread of green hill, looking back to his beloved land of the edelweiss, it's easy to emphathize. The audience, too, has a hard time allowing this movie to end.

—ELIZABETH CARTER

**Andrews, Plummer and the children rejoice in their own *Sound of Music*.**

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## LOOKING INTO PEOPLE

### Does She or Doesn't She . . .

Challenging current beliefs that sexual promiscuity is widespread and increasing among American college girls, researcher Mervin B. Freedman (Stanford University) offers worried parents these reassuring findings: that three fourths of the nation's unmarried college women are virgins; that premarital sexual intercourse among college women usually is restricted to their future husbands; and that sexual promiscuity otherwise is probably confined to a very small percentage of the co-eds—perhaps even a lower proportion than among high school girls. These conclusions derive from a four-year study of the sex lives of several thousand women students at an Eastern college, and a survey of other research which has been done on college women's sexual behavior. Acknowledging that attitudes toward sex often are liberalized in college, and that co-eds are less convinced about the ethical arguments of virginity, Dr. Freedman stresses that "The Puritan heritage still is strong, and the underlying traditional attitudes about curbing sexual appetites continue to act as strong deterrents." Thus, regardless of how they may talk or of how much petting they may do, most college girls show restraint about going too far. The biggest break from previous sexual conventions, Dr. Freedman believes, came after World War I, when nonvirginity among college women probably doubled or trebled. But this increase appears to have leveled off by about 1930. "It may well be," adds Dr. Freedman, "that American college students have evolved patterns of sexual behavior in petting, intercourse among engaged couples, and early marriage that will remain stable for a long time to come." However, the sex attitudes of the college girls do change as they proceed through college. For example, regarding the questionnaire statement "No man of character would ask his fiancée to have intercourse before marriage," 53 percent of the freshmen girls said *true*, whereas only 18 percent of the senior girls had this opinion, and while the view that "Women ought to have as much sexual freedom as men" was held by only 25 percent of the freshmen girls, more than twice as many senior girls—57 percent—felt that way.

### Parental Birth Pangs

Whether or not the first baby will create serious stresses for a couple often can be predicted through certain events which attend or immediately follow the birth. As reported by Dr. Virginia L. Larsen and her associates, Theodora Evans, Susan Kaess and Dale Kaess (Mental Health Research Institute, Fort Steilacoom, Washington), trouble in adjusting to the new baby may be foreshadowed by these factors and others like them: Someone other than the husband himself takes the wife in labor to the hospital. . . . The father refrains from telling the relatives about the baby's birth. . . . Too many and/or too tiring visitors come to see the new mother and baby at home. . . . The mother continues to have nightmares after delivery, or feels blue and upset without being able to express or work out her feelings. . . . The mother doesn't snuggle the baby to her body. . . . The new baby is referred to as "it," or by some such adverse term as "the monster." One happy note that was revealed in the study was that among married servicemen who were living with their wives, usually far from their homes and relatives, with limited incomes and under rigid military demands, "The fathers and mothers, with only a very few exceptions, appeared surprisingly responsive, lovable and flexible."

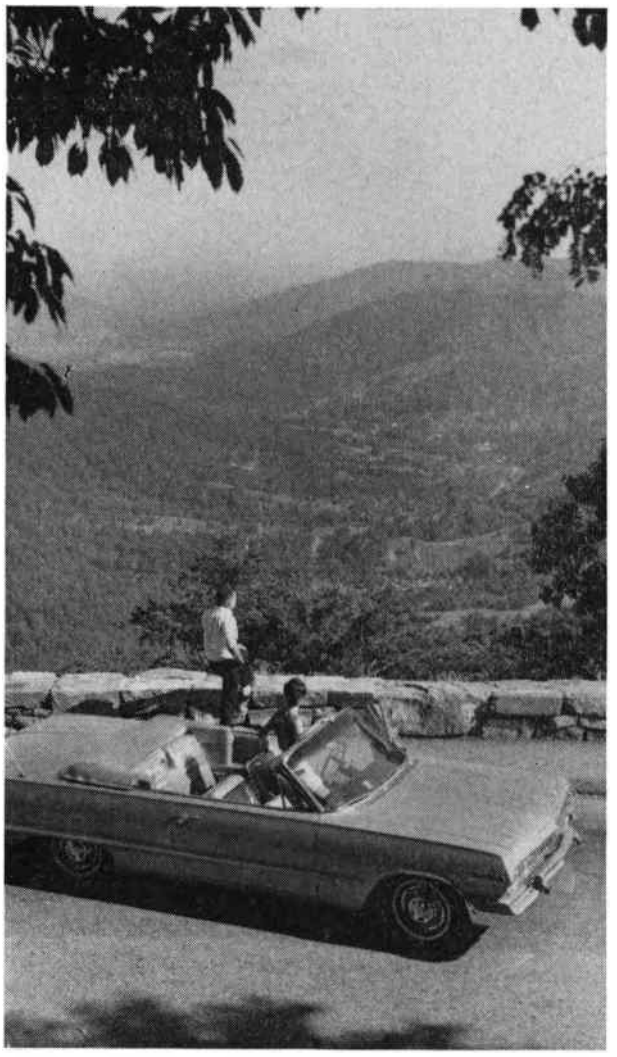
### After the Bride Is Given Away

Once the wedding gifts are tallied up and the bride and groom settle down, what can they count on getting thereafter from their respective parents—and for how long? Sociologist Bert N. Adams (University of North Carolina) queried several hundred couples who'd been married an average of eight years. Among his findings were these: When both sets of parents live close by, the husband's parents are more apt to continue giving financial aid; the wife's parents tend more to provide services, such as babysitting, and also—respecting their son-in-law's position as the provider—to do more indirect giving, in the form of gifts. Money aid from both sides usually starts right after the marriage and then soon diminishes, while the rendering of services is usually greatest during the early through the ninth years of marriage, which ordinarily are the preschool years for the young couple's children. Parents of middle-class couples more often give financial aid; parents of working-class couples, in cases when they live close by, most often give what they can best give—their services. But in both classes, the wife's parents tend to give more frequent help, on the whole, than do the husband's parents.

—AMRAM SCHEINFELD

**Who named the Atlantic Ocean "The Virginia Sea?"** That was Captain John Smith on his 1608 map. You'll agree with him as you romp in the waves and bask on white sands at gay Virginia Beach. It's in the heart of historyland, and next door to the new 17½ mile Chesapeake Bay Bridge-Tunnel.

# VIRGINIA
## takes a heap of knowing



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## TRAVEL SERVICE

# Every State Has a Vacation Wonderland

**ALABAMA** **Bayou la Batre**—haunted by ghosts of Jean Laffite and other pirates. **Montgomery**—first capital of the Confederacy, with Jefferson Davis's "White House." Write to Division of Records and Reports, State of Alabama, Montgomery 5, Alabama.

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**ALASKA** **Fairbanks,** only one hundred thirty miles from the Arctic Circle, where they play a midnight-sun baseball game each June 21st at 10:30 P.M. without artificial light. **Mount McKinley National Park,** where our biggest mountain shows off. **Glacier Bay National Monument,** where twenty giant "ice rivers" flow into a bay fifty miles long. **Kotzebue,** for Eskimo dances and umiak boat rides. Write to Alaska Travel Division, Box 2391, Juneau, Alaska.

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**ARIZONA** **Petrified Forest National Monument**—ninty-four thousand acres of multicolored prehistoric wood, which includes part of the **Painted Desert** where sunlight and clouds create a gigantic, continuous kaleidoscope. **Navajo Reservation** (shared with **New Mexico** and **Utah**) —three times the size of Massachusetts. **Montezuma Castle**—five-story, twenty-room cliff dwelling, five hundred years old. **Grand Canyon**—considered by many to be America's greatest natural spectacle. **Tombstone**—restored as a museum town of the Old Wild West. **Nogales** on the Mexican border—colorful multilingual frontier town. Write to Arizona Development Board, 1500 West Jefferson, Phoenix, Arizona.

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**ARKANSAS** **Great Lakes of the Ozarks,** with their sunken ghost towns. **Hot Springs**—plush resort and spa with forty-seven boiling springs. **Fort Smith,** with its 1839 **Old Fort Museum** and one of the West's biggest annual rodeos each May. **Murfreesboro**—the only diamond mine in the United States. Write to Publicity and Parks Commission, State Capitol, Little Rock, Arkansas.

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**CALIFORNIA** Snow-capped **Mt. Shasta,** an extinct fourteen-thousand-foot volcano, and nearby **Shasta Lake** and **Ski Bowl. Fort Ross**—once an outpost of the Russian empire in America. **Mother Lode Country**—one hundred and fifty miles of Gold Rush ghost towns north of San Francisco. **Muir Woods National Monument**—a redwood sanctuary only seventeen miles from San Francisco. **Carmel**—dark pines, white beaches and artists, artists, artists. William Randolph Hearst's **San Simeon**—fifty million dollars' worth of art, now a state monument. **Yosemite Valley**—heart of the national park, with **El Capitan,** largest rock on earth, and **Upper and Lower Yosemite Falls,** together making up the second highest waterfall in the world. **Palm Springs,** where the rich irrigate the desert with close to three thousand swimming pools. **Disneyland**—forty million dollars' worth of Walt Disney magic. **Big Bear Lake**—water-skiing at seven thousand feet. Write to San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau, San Francisco, California.

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**COLORADO** **Pikes Peak Country,** which includes the **Garden of the Gods** —a park strewn with grotesque rock masses of fantastic shapes. **Aspen**—superb skiing, culture from **Aspen Music School, Institute for Humanistic Studies. Royal Gorge**—the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas River. **Broadmoor** in **Colorado Springs**—one of the world's great hotels, with five thousand acres of grounds. **Great Sand Dunes National Monument,** where shifting dunes reach heights of seven hundred feet. Write to Colorado Department of Public Relations, 507 State Capitol, Denver, Colorado.

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**CONNECTICUT** **Mystic Seaport** —restored whaling village of early 1800s with over thirty museum buildings, the square-rigger *Joseph Conrad* for exploration. **Groton**—nuclear submarines, museum. **New Haven—Yale University. Guilford—Old Stone House,** built in 1660. **Essex**—racing yachts by the dozen. Write to State of Connecticut Development Commission, State Office Building, Hartford, Connecticut.

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**DELAWARE** **Delaware Dunes**—untraveled, five-thousand-acre tract of shoreline. **Fort Delaware State Park**—Civil War prison, a must for buffs. **Winterthur Museum** in **Wilmington**—nation's finest collection of American furniture and interior decoration, 1640-1840. **New Castle**—charming museum of Colonial days. Write to Delaware State Develop-

ment Department, 45 The Green, Dover, Delaware.

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**FLORIDA** **St. Augustine,** oldest city in U.S., and nearby **Marineland.** In **Sarasota, The John and Mable Ringling Museum of Art.** Near Lake Wales, the **Bok Tower**—seventy-one bells from twelve pounds to eleven tons make lovely music over twenty-three lakes. **Miami Beach**—the greatest concentration of luxury hotels on earth. **The Everglades**—the world on the third day of creation. **Key Largo**—Florida at its quietest. Write to Florida State Advertising Commission, Tallahassee, Florida.

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**GEORGIA** **Savannah**—the old romantic South, magnolias, mansions and friendliness. **The Golden Islands,** along the coast south of Savannah—unspoiled white beaches, oyster roasts, "sand sailing." **The Berry Schools** in **Rome**—unique work-study system of education. Write to Georgia Department of Commerce, 100 State Capitol, Atlanta, Georgia.

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**HAWAII** Unspoiled **Kauai**—the Garden island with its own "Grand Canyon." On **Maui**—the valley island, the slopes of **Haleakala crater,** spectacular **Iao Needle Mountain. Volcanoland** on Hawaii (the Big Island), and the **Kona Coast** with its great walled **City of Refuge** sacred to the old gods. Plus **Waikiki** and **Diamond Head**—still worth a look. Write to Hawaii Visitors Bureau, 2051 Kalakauka Avenue, Honolulu, Hawaii.

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**IDAHO** **Pend Oreille Lake**—good fishing, great scenery. **Hells Canyon**—seventy-nine hundred feet down, deepest on the continent. **Craters of the Moon National Monument**—the name speaks for itself. Write to State Department of Commerce and Development, Boise, Idaho.

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**ILLINOIS** **Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.,** famed department store with five-story dome made of 1,600,000 pieces of glass; **Chicago Temple,** tallest church in the world; **Marina City**'s circular apartment buildings; **Maxwell Street Market,** the pushcart peddlers' paradise. **Springfield—Lincoln's tomb and house. New Salem State Park**—restored village of Lincoln's youth. Write to Illinois Information Service, 406 Capitol Building, Springfield, Illinois.

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**INDIANA** **South Bend,** the **Notre Dame** campus. **Indianapolis,** with its **five-hundred-mile auto race** each Memorial Day. **Indiana Dunes State Park,** near **Michigan City**—the Cape Cod of the Midwest. **Gary**—tours of steel mills. Write to Indiana Department of Commerce and Public Relations, 333, State House, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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**IOWA** **Iowa State Fair,** in **Des Moines** at end of August—one of the nation's biggest and best, scene of the movie. **Sioux City**—famed for its homegrown symphony, civic ballet and art center. **McGregor State Park,** where beds of lotus bloom in Mississippi River bayous. Write to Iowa Development Commission, 200 Jewett Building, Des Moines, Iowa.

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**KANSAS** **Abilene**—restoration of roaring cow town of the 1870s, plus **Eisenhower Museum. Haskell Institute** in **Lawrence,** nation's largest Indian school. **Osawatomie**—relics of John Brown, including his log cabin. Write to: Tourist-Travel Division, Department of Economic Development, State Office Building, Topeka, Kansas.

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**KENTUCKY** **Bluegrass Country,** southeast of Lexington—home of fine racehorses. **Kentucky River Palisades** for scenery lovers. Likewise the **Cumberland Gap,** historic gateway to the West. **Mammoth Cave,** with three rivers, waterfalls, a lake. **Louisville's Churchill Downs** during Derby Week. **Kentucky Lake**—world's fourth largest man-made body of water. Write to: Division of Publicity, Commonwealth of Kentucky, Frankfort, Kentucky.

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**LOUISIANA** **Shreveport**'s five-day **Holiday in Dixie** in April. **New Orleans,** still Paris in America, with **Antoine's, Galatoire's, Arnaud's, Broussard's** and **Brennan's**—just a few of the feasting places. Don't miss the **French Market** on the waterfront for café au lait and doughnuts at dawn. **Natchitoches,** for its fine old Colonial homes. **The Bayou Country,** with its unique scenery and folklore. Write to: Louisiana Tourist Bureau, Box 4291, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

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**MAINE** **Camden** for fresh lobsters. **Boothbay Harbor** for scenery and artists galore. **Desert of Maine**—five hundred acres of spectacular sand dunes, near Freeport. **Bar Harbor,** where the rich relax. **The Rangeley Lakes** for fishing. **Moosehead Lake** and surrounding north woods, where you can still rough it frontier-style. Write to: Maine Publicity Bureau, Gateway Circle, Portland, Maine.

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**MARYLAND** **Chesapeake Bay**—3,237 square miles of inland water for swimming fishing, boating. **Wye Oak** at **Wye Mills**—425 years old, 27 feet 8 inches around, 95 feet high. **Crisfield**—self-styled seafood capital of the U.S. **Fort McHenry** in **Baltimore**—inspiration for the "Star Spangled Banner." **Antietam Battlefield**—memorials of the Civil

# Travel Service (continued)

War's bloodiest day. **Annapolis**—site of **U.S. Naval Academy** and oldest State House in continuous use. Write to: Maryland Department of Economic Development, State Office Building, Annapolis, Maryland.

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**MASSACHUSETTS** **Boston's Freedom Trail**—well-marked walking (or riding) tour through the old town's history. **Lexington,** where the minutemen stood their ground. **Concord,** with its "rude bridge" where the redcoats fell, and Thoreau's **Walden Pond. Cape Cod**—three hundred miles of gleaming beaches; also **Plimouth Plantation,** an arresting re-creation of a Pilgrim village, plus full-scale **reproduction of the *Mayflower*. Provincetown,** for theater, jazz, art and fun in the sun. Turning west, **Tanglewood** in lovely Berkshire Hills, with its music festival. **Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival,** in **Lee.** Write to: Massachusetts Development and Industrial Commission, 20 Somerset Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts.

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**MICHIGAN** **The Lower Peninsula,** where most of the state's eleven thousand lakes glisten, especially **Petoskey** on **Little Traverse Bay,** known for its **All-state Indian Powwow. Interlochen**—mecca for music students; and **Au Sable River**—fisherman's paradise. **Dearborn**—tours of the **Ford Rouge industrial complex,** world's largest. Write to: Michigan Tourist Council, Stevens T. Mason Building, Lansing, Michigan.

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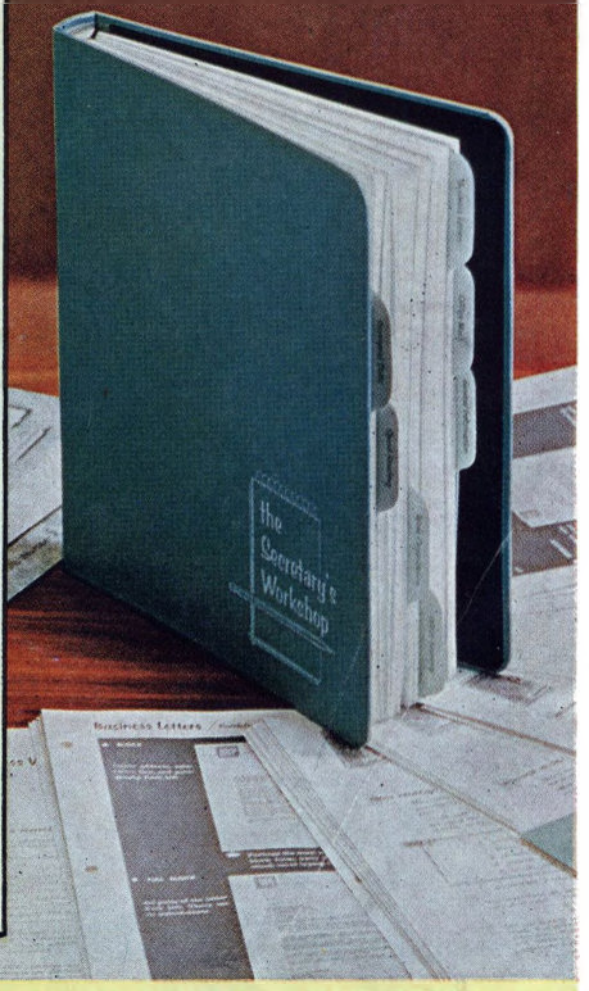


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# Playing Piano With Four Hands

One of the hottest duos in the recording business today is, surprisingly, not a singing but a piano-playing twosome. In fifteen years they've recorded almost fifty albums and in the last four years six of those albums have leaped into the gold record category. While their names, Ferrante and Teicher, are not very well-known, their lush recordings of such tunes as "Exodus" and "Tonight" are as familiar to the American public as "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Their popularity stems from the rich full-bodied sound produced by two pianos played as one. "We're a real two-piano team," says Mr. Teicher, "not soloist and accompanist. The melody switches back and forth between the two of us in one piece; it may even change from bar to bar."

Arthur Ferrante and Louis Teicher began working together when they were students at the Juilliard School of Music. They continued through classical concert tours, a return to Juilliard as faculty members, and finally into big success in the pop recording and concert field.

"We started doing pop instead of classical because of records," Messrs. Ferrante and Teicher explained over lunch at Casino on the Park, one foggy Thursday. "No one seemed interested in a two-piano classical team, but we'd been recording pop on the side and had collected an enthusiastic following. We tried to interest several record companies in letting us record with a large orchestra, but they weren't enthusiastic. No one had ever heard of two pianos recording and they just didn't want to take a chance.

"Our big break came when we were signed by United Artists. They needed someone to record the theme from *The Apartment*, so they gave us the large orchestra and let us do it. That hit the jackpot; then, just when that was beginning to slide, they needed someone to record the theme from *Exodus*, and we were in solid."

Because of their success, Ferrante and Teicher now have a heavy pop concert schedule. "We travel about six months of the year—real one-night stuff. We get to a place about three in the afternoon, check in at the hotel, then go straight to the concert hall. We practice, go back to the hotel, change, eat, and then back to the hall for the concert. Afterwards there may be a reception, then sleep, and next morning we're off somewhere else.

"We take our own pianos with us because in some towns you can't be sure you're going to get one really good piano, let alone two. They are tuned every time we perform. Sometimes you can't even trust the local piano tuner. We always have him wait around until intermission, because sometimes we knock one out—keys that is, not piano tuners."

I wondered why they didn't do nightclub work, which would enable them to stay in one place for a while. "We've refused some of the best nightclubs and we're proud of it. When people come to a concert, they pay their money and they come for one reason—to hear you play. When they go to a nightclub, they come to hear you, but they also come to eat and drink. We aren't equipped to handle hecklers, and besides, why should we? We have enough concert bookings to keep us happy."

Their latest album, titled, appropriately, *Springtime*, includes such selections as "Younger Than Springtime" and "April in Paris." *United Artists.*

Other duos with new releases include the following:

***Getz and Gilberto*** are the two names which mean *bossa nova.* Joao Gilberto, with Antonio Carlos Jobim, is the Brazilian originator of the rhythm. Stan Getz, with his famed tenor sax, was the first to introduce it to the United States with such recordings as "Desafinado" and "The Girl From Ipanema."

The haunting vocal in "The Girl From Ipanema" is sung by Gilberto's wife, Astrud, who had never before sung outside her kitchen. The latest album, *Getz Au Go Go*, features Astrud singing such selections as "Corcovado" and "It Might as Well Be Spring," with the gentle woodwind quality that makes her voice such a perfect blend with Getz's sax. *Verve.*

***The Smothers Brothers*** are a comedy folk-singing team who actually are brothers. Tom and Dick (there's no Harry) sing folk parodies interspersed with patter, as Tom stammers through a bewildering array of non sequiturs. The comedy is amusing, but the boys are talented singers and we'd like to see more songs on their albums. Their latest is *The Smothers Brothers: Tour de Farce American History and Other Unrelated Subjects. Mercury.*

***Flatt and Scruggs*** are another two names synonymous with a certain type of music—this time it's Bluegrass. Lester Flatt is a singer-guitarist, Earl Scruggs plays a mean five-string banjo. Backed by the singing and playing of The Foggy Mountain Boys, they have regular radio and television shows, and appear weekly on "Grand Ole Opry."

Their latest album, done with good ole country twang and swang, is *The Fabulous Sound of Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs. Columbia.*

***Simon and Garfunkel*** is the name of an exciting new folk-singing team. Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel are students at New School for Social Research and Columbia University, respectively, and have been singing in Greenwich Village for several years. Paul writes much of their material—in the Bob Dylan tradition—and Art does many of their arrangements, which are excellent. Their first album, *Wednesday Morning 3* AM: *Simon and Garfunkel*, has a dozen selections, including "Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream" and five of Paul's compositions. *Columbia.* —MICHÈLE WOOD

**Ferrante and Teicher with Henry Mancini (right) at Hollywood Bowl rehearsal.**

# Alain Delon's Biggest Fan—Himself

BY LYN LEVITT TORNABENE

"If you're looking for the blue-eyed monster, he's over there," said the man, pointing to a far corner of the movie set. He was referring to Alain Delon, French movie star *extraordinaire*, newest living legend in a business where newness is as marketable, and about as durable, as it is in the sudsy world of household detergents. Like the all-purpose cleanser purchased today that will be new and improved tomorrow, M. Delon is today's new kind of movie star. He's just traded European cinema for Hollywood flicks and, if his press agents function properly, his name will soon be as famous as a one-syllable soap flake's.

What is particularly new about M. Delon is the complex way he combines several familiar qualities. Like an old movie star, he is a supreme glamour boy; like a new movie star, he is both tortured artist and dispassionate strategist. The glamour boy is arrogant; handsome almost to a fault; pursued by sycophants; pleasure-loving; propped with cars (a Buick Wildcat), houses (two in France; one, with swimming pool, in Beverly Hills); dogs (fourteen at last count) and clothes ("very, very many").

The dedicated artist is the humble and brooding product of hard labor with such noted European directors as René Clément (*Purple Noon*), Visconti (*Rocco and His Brothers* and *The Leopard*), and Antonioni (*Eclipse*), in a total of fourteen art films. The strategist is icily, almost objectively, analyzing how far these films have gotten him and what he must do to go the rest of the way. "I am known in Europe and in South America," he says. "In Japan I am No. 1. I want to be popular in America because it is the major market for films. So far my films have been shown in America only in art theaters. If I am to achieve a goal as an actor, I must be seen everywhere."

## Between Belmondo and Bardot

Unlike another new movie star named Marcello Mastroianni, who also wants an American audience—but only the one that can read subtitles—Delon is studying English and making English-speaking movies as fast as his prime physical condition will permit. He has recently finished five pictures for MGM including *Joy House* with Jane Fonda, *The Yellow Rolls-Royce* opposite Shirley MacLaine, and *Once a Thief* with Ann-Margret. On the heels of these he has scheduled still another MGM movie, *Ready for the Tiger*, to be made in Mexico. M. Delon hopes that by the time America has felt the cumulative effect of these last six movies, he will be a major box-office attraction here. If he is not, he may keep trying, or he may just go back to being the second highest paid star in France (under Jean-Paul Belmondo, but reportedly higher, at $150,000 per picture, than Brigitte Bardot). In either case, the angry young man who once expected to spend life as a butcher's apprentice will not have fared too badly.

Delon, three parts French and one part Corsican, was born thirty years ago in a poor but honest suburb of Paris. His father managed a movie theater and his mother worked in a drugstore. When he was quite young, they divorced and each remarried. Alain was dispatched to a variety of strict parochial schools, most of which he fled at the earliest opportunity. At the age of fourteen he ran away from school for the last time. His mother turned him over to his stepfather, a butcher, to learn a trade. Butchery, however, was not for Alain. As soon as he turned seventeen he joined the French Marines, during which time he saw little of the world but a lot of the brig. At eighteen he transferred to the Army and fought both his superiors and France's enemies in Indochina for three years.

"When I came out of the Army," he narrates, "people saw this face, so young. They did not see me. This face is not me. It is very useful, but it is not me. I was lucky to be alive; so many of my friends were killed. When I came out, I didn't know what I was going to do. I tried many things, but when I began to act I knew it was right for me."

Discovered the old-fashioned way, by a talent scout while Delon was a porter in Les Halles, he was an immediate success on the Continent. Despite the fact that in his first few films his acting was stilted and awkward, he had the magic that made people remember they had seen him on the screen. Directors, from the start, found him an ideal personality. He still is very much a directors' actor, putting himself completely in their hands, accepting a discipline from them he has never accepted from anyone else.

Delon is the first French star since La Belle Bardot to hit a universal chord; a fact, the actor says sadly, that has not endeared him to his countrymen. The French, he claims, are very possessive about their native talent. They turned their backs on Louis Jourdan when he went Hollywood, they long ago ceased to identify with Maurice Chevalier, and they have been extremely hostile to Brigitte Bardot.

M. Delon's compatriots are also angry with him because he scorned a ladylove of whom they are very fond. Her name is Romy Schneider, and she was a teen star in Germany before she moved to Paris and became the toast of the boulevards. Delon was her co-star in his third movie, *Christine*, made in 1958. They had the same agent and a well-publicized romance. Through five cold winters the French press waited for them to wed in regal splendor. Instead, in 1963, came the rumor that Alain had sent to Romy a single rose bearing the message *Je regrette*. He was immediately denounced as a bounder, villain, and cruel, heartless lover—all synonymous to the French.

## "I Am Not Cruel"

Last August, without fanfare, he married a twenty-three-year-old French girl named Nathalie Barthelmy. In October, without comment, Natalie gave birth to their son, Anthony, in Beverly Hills.

"I am not cruel," Delon, the Latin glamour boy, insists, his azure eyes changing color like the sea on a cloudy day. "I am a good man. I may love you, and you love me more, and then I stop loving you, so you think I am cruel. Do you understand? I have done some things I am ashamed of. But I am a good man inside. Am I a good husband? What does that mean? Either I am in love, or I am not in love. What does being a good husband have to do with it?

"Life is a crock of . . . " says Delon, the melancholic *artiste*. "And so are the people in it. So you treat them that way. And from them all, you find the one or two you can trust. The rest . . ." He makes a Corsican gesture. "I feel like an animal. An animal in a cage. An actor is always an animal in a cage.

"How do I picture myself in ten years?" mulls Delon, the cool strategist. "Like I am, but a famous actor. Not a movie star, an actor. I will have my child, but I do not know if I will have a wife; I know this business. I am not afraid of losing my money. If I lost it, I would start all over again. I am better off than a man who was born rich, because I have done everything myself. I could do it again. I know who I am. I believe in me. I am my greatest fan."

Fortunately for the new, improved movie star, he is not his only fan.

THE END

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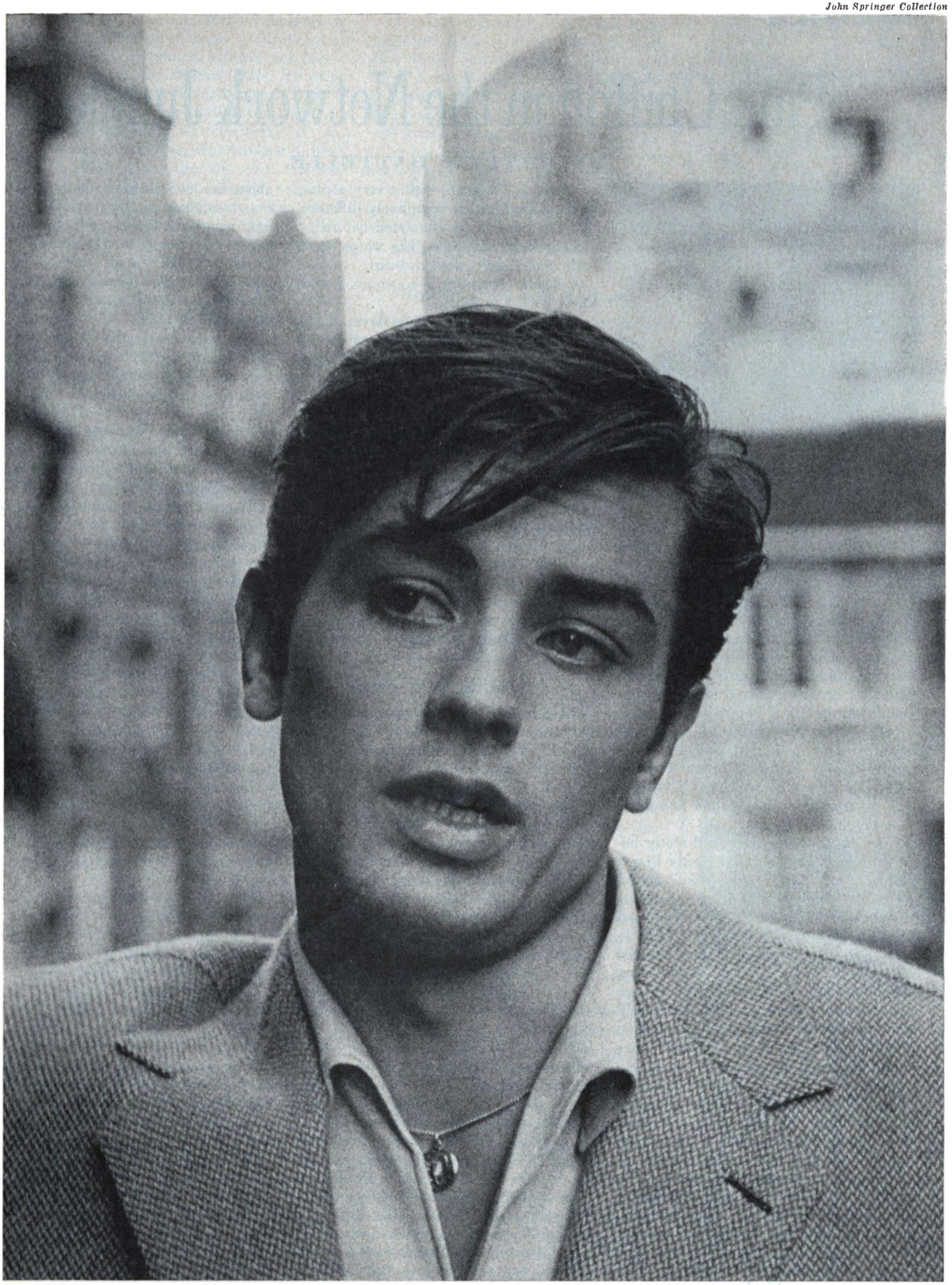

**THREE MASKS** *of Alain Delon: glamour boy ("I am a good man inside"), tortured artist ("An actor is always an animal in a cage"), cool strategist (". . . I have done everything myself. I could do it again. I know who I am").*

# Pink Chiffon in the Network Jungle

BY PHYLLIS BATTELLE

Lucy Jarvis—all-woman career woman.

Lucy Jarvis sits—and scintillates—in a modest office on floor seven of the National Broadcasting Company.

She does not look like the "hottest" producer in television: Woman Wonder. She is swathed in deceptively delicate pink and has enormous brown eyes outfitted with lengthy lashes which have helped flutter her to fame. On all sides are personally autographed photos of her pals: Vice President Humphrey ("A wonderful friend, Hubert"), the late President Kennedy ("I was hysterical when I heard —"), Dr. Albert Schweitzer ("I latched onto him through a friend, and he's quite a guy.")

Near Dr. Schweitzer, and directly below a stuffed dog from old buddy Pierre Salinger, rests a "Golden Mike" award which Mrs. Jarvis won for making a miracle. It was she who personally charmed Nikita Khrushchev into allowing NBC to film *The Kremlin*, an unprecedented coup in TV history. Lucy's most recent sensation was convincing the French Government to let her produce the magnificent spectacular about *The Louvre*. That centuries-old palace of art had never been invaded by a massive TV crew, and officials were dead set against the idea. "Especially after an idiot English cameraman had used a hot light trying to photograph a Rembrandt, and blistered the canvas," she says with genuine disgust.

But Lucy does not recognize the impossible. "It's like waving a red flag in front of a bull." So she went to Paris, with the positive thought that "No Frenchman can refuse a woman," and put thought into action.

Having accomplished these two incredible feats, Lucy is working on a new "impossible." She won't say what it involves except that "It deals with a very serious medical problem, is completely different, and has never been attempted before."

Then, with apologies, she whips out a little sign from a desk drawer.

It reads "My work is so secret, I don't know what I'm doing."

Probably not everybody loves Lucy, because when a woman is this successful she does not endear herself to all men, and when she is this handsome, she is scarcely beloved to all women. But it is safe to say that everyone respects her accomplishments. William R. McAndrew, NBC vice president in charge of news, for example, concedes that in Lucy Jarvis' case, "Her sex is no handicap."

Lucy, herself, is refreshingly honest enough to say that her sex—beyond being no handicap—is one of her greatest assets.

"Look, it's a chintzy thing to say, probably, but I never believe for a minute these career girls who say 'I give no quarter and take no quarter from men.' It's nonsense! Being a female is marvelous, and I use female wiles as much as I can.

## Storming the Kremlin

"If I hadn't been a woman, maybe we never would have got into the Kremlin. I did such corny female things, you wouldn't believe it." From the beginning, she acted all-girl and the Russians fell for it.

The beginning was in 1962 when the NBC brass suggested that Lucy take a fling at getting permission to film the Kremlin, an assignment which had been flatly refused all the U. S. networks by Soviet authorities. Lucy was the logical choice for the mission because, in her job as producer of specials and a series of weekly forums called *The Nation's Future*, she had become acquainted with Alexei Adzhubei, then editor of *Izvestia* and Khrushchev's son-in-law. While dining with Lucy and her Russian-born husband Serge, a corporate attorney, Adzhubei had invited them to visit Moscow. Lucy took a three-month crash course in Russian, and flew off to meet the challenge.

"But when I arrived in Moscow, I couldn't see Adzhubei," she remembers ruefully. "They kept making excuses, saying he was out of town and all sorts of things, which was a lot of nonsense."

During the weeks she was waiting to see her "host," Lucy got to know some rather prominent Russian leaders in the communications industry. But although she was endearing herself to underlings in the Soviet Union by such things as baking brownies and telling anecdotes about her two children, both in college, Lucy remained totally frustrated for two long months in Moscow. NBC had cabled her, DON'T COME HOME WITHOUT "THE KREMLIN." The break came when she learned that the Viennese delegation was having a party, and that Premier Khrushchev had accepted.

"I wangled an invitation, and I dressed to the teeth, and I floated into that reception on a pink chiffon cloud. I drifted right over to Khrushchev and started my pitch. I talked with my eyes, my arms, my fingers and both feet. If I'd been a man, a guard would have rushed over and kicked me out—but you don't throw out a woman who's dressed to the teeth.

"Well, I talked and talked about what a wonderful thing it would be for the world to see inside this glorious complex, the Kremlin. Every time I'd stop for breath Khrushchev, who was fascinated, would correct my grammar. When I finished the pitch, he just said, 'I think it's a wonderful idea. I'll arrange it for you.' "

After K gave his OK, Lucy stopped baking brownies and went to work with another producer NBC brought in. The special on the Kremlin was almost finished when the famous Cuban missile crisis arose. The atmosphere was tense, but the Russians decreed she could stay.

Lucy, with her usual good-humored optimism, cabled Pierre Salinger: COULDN'T THE PRESIDENT WAIT TILL I WAS THROUGH?

The job finished and the crisis resolved, Lucy returned home and promptly visited the White House.

"Did you get my cable?" she asked President Kennedy.

"I could see that smile start to crinkle up around his eyes. 'Yes, of course,' he said, 'but didn't you know you were part of the negotiations? We promised to take you out of the Kremlin if they'd take their missiles out of Cuba.' "

A native New Yorker, Lucy began her career by majoring in home economics at Cornell and the New School for Social Research in New York, and after graduation spent a year in research at the Cornell Medical Center of New York Hospital. "It couldn't have been a more female job," she says, "but it was very depressing." Lucy wanted to get out and do things—with and for people.

The Beech-Nut company snagged her from hospital life by offering her a job as director of special promotion for baby foods. Then a woman's magazine, three years later, snagged her from Beech-Nut to become its associate foods editor. "I

loved that; I traveled all over the country talking nutrition to ladies' groups—but at that point, I'd gotten married and had a miscarriage. My husband said, 'If we're going to have a family—and I want a family—you've got to stop working.' "

Lucy stopped. As efficiently as she manages her career, she managed to bear two children, one after the other. She was a housewife, mother, charity volunteer worker, till the kiddies reached school age. One day, she saw a program called *The Home Show* on TV—and was heartbroken. "It was an idea I'd had years before, when I was working on the magazine. I knew I had to get back to work."

When Lucy "has to" do something, she does it. She dreamed up a program idea and teamed up with Martha Rountree to co-produce it: It was *Capitol Close-Up*, a successful syndicated radio program which ran four years.

On the side, she worked on special projects for David Susskind's Talent Associates, and was women's TV editor for Pathé News. Then, early in 1960, NBC found Lucy irresistible. The network hired her as coordinator of community relations for creative projects, NBC News.

Her first producing job at NBC was *The Nation's Future*, a series of TV forums which brought the formidable Lucy into close association with such other formidable personalities as General Maxwell Taylor, Douglas Dillon, Arthur Goldberg, Robert McNamara and astronaut John Glenn. Her multitude of programming achievements—and her friendships with the famous—led her to be named a producer of special programming.

And *The Kremlin*, which took five months and a quarter of a million dollars to produce, brought her the international acclaim she deserves.

There was no vacation for Lucy Jarvis when she came home from Moscow in late 1962. Already, her alert mind was noodling over a new possible miracle: trying to film the sacrosanct Louvre. "I suggested it to NBC," she remembers, "and they said, 'What do you have in mind? Will it be a travelogue of paintings?'

"I said, 'Over my dead body!' They said, 'OK, go ahead.' "

## The Coup of the Louvre

Once again she used female strategy. She arranged for an introduction to the curator of the Louvre, Germain Bazin, through the famous publisher of art books, Harry N. Abrams. It was settled that Lucy should be personally conducted through the Louvre by M. Bazin, himself. From French friends she learned that Mme. Bazin loved English tea. So, Lucy brought to Paris an enormous tin of English tea: "These are things women do that men never think of. Madame Bazin loved it, so, naturally, her husband was in the position of being grateful."

Then Lucy put her special brand of enthusiastic charm to work. "My dear Monsieur Bazin, can you imagine how exciting it would be to bring all the beauty and splendor of the Louvre to the people of America through television?"

M. Bazin was appropriately wary. He—or rather one of his Rembrandt's—had been burned before. "But we have new techniques," Lucy assured him. "We will use the same lights we used for *The Kremlin*. Nothing was damaged." After all, if Premier Khrushchev trusted her . . . The coup was clinched.

## Setback Becomes Victory

But there was many a mishap during the filming of the coup. "The huge arc lamps, which we promised would give out very little heat," Lucy explained, "gave out billows of carbon smoke."

The woman in charge of "the health" of the paintings angrily ordered Lucy out of the Louvre with her entire crew. "But my director of photography, Tom Priestley, took her to lunch and assured her the smoke was harmless, and she relented."

One night, Lucy was locked in the great museum. "It was eerie, but it gave me the idea for the dream sequence we used in the film. Hasn't everyone wished that he could enter the museum—alone—and possess it for a few selfish hours?" It was another sample of how Mrs. Jarvis can turn trouble into victory.

When the multiprize-winning special on the Louvre finally was finished, Lucy conceived the idea of giving M. Bazin a thank you gift. "There are probably thirteen thousand windows in the museum, all of them incredibly dirty. We thought we'd have them washed, at NBC's expense. Then we found out it would cost twelve thousand dollars—and that was the end of *that* thought."

However, Lucy did manage to leave a very special gift to the museum. "While we were snooping around, looking for camera angles down in a secret portion of the dungeon, the Louvre people with us discovered a moat that they didn't know existed. The French are now trying to bring it to light."

Besides such specials, Mrs. Jarvis is famed in the industry for producing the first NBC-TV show using a communications satellite. She longs to do more such work, but right now she appears to be the network's magician, with a reputation for accomplishing the impossible. However, with her boundless energies, it is probable she can satisfy NBC's ambitions as well as her own.

"I never took vitamins," she sums up, proudly, "but there was a moment when I was a bit run-down and asked someone what vitamin might pick me up. An associate cried, 'My Lord, don't tell her. Look how she goes without vitamins. Imagine what she'd be WITH!' " THE END

# The Improvised Party

## Susan Stein serves drinks in the elevator and dinners around the pool table.

"I can't stand organized parties," says Susan Stein with a wave of a dotted swiss ruffled arm. "Everything I do is impromptu; I've *never* sent an invitation. If I'm having a buffet dinner, I just make up a preliminary list of fifty to a hundred people (you can't have less in this apartment, they'd get lost) and call them myself. I don't have any set group. I mix indiscriminately, introduce people to about ten or fifteen others, and then let them take care of themselves. If some of my guests are noncommunicative types, they can stand around watching other people play pool."

Attractive, raven-haired Susan Stein is in her late twenties. She is the daughter of Jules Stein, head of Music Corporation of America. A world traveler, collector and actress (she was in *Take Her, She's Mine* throughout its run), Susan now works very hard at Ports of Call, a New York travel agency which she started with four partners. Her apartment is in the Dakota, one of the few grand old buildings of New York, with its paneled halls, high ceilings and mammoth apartments. A party "mixed indiscriminately" may include good friends Joan Collins and Anthony Newley, satirist Jules Feiffer, ex-roommate Jane Fonda, and her sister and brother-in-law Jean and Bill vanden Heuvel, who are leading forces in New York's Democratic party.

Oh, you still want to know about the pool? Well, it's a very simple story.

"When I was in *Take Her, She's Mine*, I shot pool every night in McGirr's pool hall. I was always the only woman there and, although they said they were delighted to have me, I finally decided I should find a better place to play." So she trotted down to a secondhand shop and bought herself a billiard table with all the trimmings. It now sits resplendent under the jewel-like crown of a Tiffany lamp in what should be the dining room. "*All* my parties end up here; it's the most popular room in the house."

And there are many to choose from. The living room looks out on a magnificent view of Central Park and the Fifth Avenue skyline. "This is my Chinese room," Susan says, indicating the Asian art. Guests gasp as they catch sight of a black-robed specter lurking in the shadows, laugh when they discover it's merely a marble bust covered with a black Moroccan burnoose.

To the right of the Chinese room, a long hall suddenly becomes an ornately paneled bar—looking for all the world like a turn-of-the-century Pullman car. "When the building ripped out its old elevators, I asked them to give me the insides. I worked with the carpenter to make sure they were installed as exactly as possible, even to the sliding door."

Through the elevator door, another hall passes a huge closet filled with intriguing outfits such as a velvet, gold-encrusted Indonesian dress. ("I bring back costumes from all over the world and redesign them into evening clothes and hostess gowns.") The hall then leads into the kitchen.

"I think this is the cheeriest and coziest room in the house." At the moment it is also the only place where Susan gives sit-down dinners. "Eventually I'm going to cover the billiard table with a huge board and have formal dinners there. Right now I just invite a few people back after the theater and we eat around the kitchen table." By now you've gotten the idea that it's no ordinary kitchen table. "I had it made from antique Portuguese tiles, then I took the design from the border and stenciled it on the tiles around the walls." The hood over the stove is in gay yellow, black and white stripes like a carousel awning. "I collect everything yellow, black and white for this kitchen."

### Buffet by Candlelight

An after-theater supper means about eight guests. Susan makes a casserole ahead of time, reheats it, whips up dessert and salad, adds cheese, coffee, and plenty of wine and laughter. "In the spring I may do something lighter, like a lemoned chicken, or sesame scrambled eggs. I don't have too many recipes; I just improvise." (Improvising includes liberal sprinklings from the large spice and herb drawer in the sideboard). "I make everything as easy as possible for myself. When you entertain often, and are also working, you just can't spend hours hovering over a stove."

When she has a large buffet dinner, she makes dessert and salads, but orders the entrée sent in and hires two maids and a bartender. She sets up the buffet across from the pool room. "I light it entirely with candlelight, as I don't really like the room." Entrée, rice, salads, cheeses, French rolls and wine go on a large table. Dessert (often cut-up fresh and frozen fruit with Cointreau), coffee, cinnamon rolls and cookies go on a smaller one. In the same room she puts two round tables where people can sit and eat. "I've found it's much easier for everyone, and you can accommodate a hundred guests because they don't all want to eat at the same time."

Other types of parties which Susan likes to give: Sunday afternoons, which involve lots of people and a table heaped with fruits, cheese, nuts, dates and wine —"like a huge cornucopia." Dinners which involve going to a Chinese restaurant. "No at-home cooking can equal that of a really good Chinese restaurant. I arrange for a table of ten and order an entire meal of special dishes a day or two ahead." And press parties which involve ingenuity. At the press party for her travel agency, "I asked four foreign friends to dress in their native costumes —Swedish, Iranian, Chinese and Greek —and they weren't allowed to speak a *word* of English. Then I hired an Italian butler who dressed as a gondolier. We had tables with food and drink from the five different countries, and fortune cookies with specially printed fortunes like 'There's a fjord in your future.'"

Need we say more? There's fun in your future if it includes an invitation (*au téléphone*, of course) chez Stein.

—MICHÈLE WOOD

**After-Theater Supper Menu**

*Broiled Chicken With Lemon*
*Watercress Salad*
*Cheese*
*Banane Flambée*

**Recipe for Banane Flambée**

*3 firm bananas*
*1 cup orange juice*
*6 teaspoons grated lemon rind*
*1½ teaspoons cinnamon*
*sugar to taste*
*3 tablespoons brandy*

This delicious dessert can be prepared in a jiffy. Slice bananas in half lengthwise (if too long for frying pan, cut in fourths). Sauté in generous amount of butter for about one minute. Slowly add orange juice. Sprinkle each part banana with grated lemon (powdered lemon may be substituted) and cinnamon. Add sugar to taste. Simmer about two minutes until bananas are soft but not mushy. Warm brandy, set aflame, pour over bananas in serving dish. Serves six.

George E. Joseph

**HOSTESS STEIN** *stands behind bar made from parts of old elevators, with pet Siamese Zam-zam (which means "The Sacred Well of Mecca"). Sign reads:* Warning: All Who Ride This Elevator Do So at Their Own Risk.

# Virna Lisi –the Italian Blonde Bombshell

It's no wonder we made concessions at Yalta and Potsdam. Chances are both meetings—like most diplomatic conferences—were conducted through interpreters. I've just interviewed one of the world's most beautiful women using the same technique and believe me, I haven't got a clue whether my notes add up to a true picture of Virna Lisi. Fortunately we have her stunning cover picture to give you a good idea of this bombshell—the most important blonde import from the Italian Boot since Fiat started making cream-colored sports cars.

Virna Lisi looks to be about twenty-five, though that's strictly an educated guess. (She was married at twenty-three and has a two-year-old son, Corrado.) When I arrived at her penthouse suite atop the Regency Hotel overlooking Park Avenue, there was a minimum of good-natured bedlam which increased by decibels as our time together progressed. Curled up barefooted on a sofa in a room that looks the way you wish your own living room did, Virna was wearing black-and-white print, silk-jersey lounging pajamas cinched with a pale green sash. She had almost platinum hair, a toasty suntan, makeup to accent her sea green eyes and just a hint of the palest lipstick imaginable. She said the shadows under her eyes were the result of no sleep. The night before she had been wined, dined, toasted, kissed and congratulated by the likes of Frank Sinatra, Jack Lemmon, Barry

**VIRNA,** *described as a kind of vanilla Italian dessert—good enough to eat—shows distinct comic flair a la Carole Lombard in her first nonserious role.*

Goldwater and many other famous names at a party in El Morocco for the premiere of her first American film, *How to Murder Your Wife* (see review page 15).

Virna made twenty-eight films in Italy and France before somebody wised up and put her in an American picture. That somebody is writer George Axelrod who saw Virna in a French flicker called *Eva*. He knew the beautiful European star was in Paris making a yet unreleased movie with Alain Delon called *The Black Tulip*, so he interviewed her to test for his original screenplay, *How to Murder Your Wife*. Although Virna had never played comedy before, the screen test became a classic. Jack Lemmon, a partner with Axelrod and director Richard Quine in the Murder, Inc. company, has said, "More people have asked to see it than many of our movies."

## Breaking the Language Barrier

Virna, who is a natural for color films, tried to tell me about her six months in Hollywood, which she loved. ("Beverly Hills—so beautiful!") Her spoken English is not bad. She has been studying, but every now and then she would bog down, snap her fingers, hit herself in the temples, roll her eyes heavenward in despair and call for Maria Pia de Giorgio, the interpreter. Maria had to really be on call for interpreting when I asked questions back, for Virna can speak English better than she understands it. The language barrier was the worst frustration of making her first U.S. film. "I could not explain myself to the production crew—I mostly used my hands like Jack Lemmon does in the picture."

Our interview had hardly begun when the first of a series of telephone calls rang through the two-bedroom suite. Everybody wanted to see Virna. Baskets of fruit and flowers were everywhere, but more arrived. Messages poured in under the door. Then a waiter arrived with Virna's lunch. "My kitchen," she applauded, delighted. Then sagging back on the sofa she said, "No, that's not right. Not *kitchen*—my *chicken* I mean. In Beverly Hills, I try to go to supermarket for dinner. I say to them there 'I want a nice plump kitchen for broil.' They think I am crazy. These words sound so alike to me."

Expressively flashing through the air on Virna's right hand was an enormous square-cut emerald surrounded by a staggering coping of diamonds. "A gift—my husband—my birthday," she said. That had been back on November 11th and for a while we discussed the Scorpio temperament. Jealous and tempestuous. "Ah," said Virna, "but remember in my picture I do not murder my husband. He is the violent one." It is true. Scorpio she may be, but Virna Lisi has the endearing qualities of a happy child. She is warm, friendly and, by her own account, "nice." "I am nice—I like people to be nice, too."

American people have made the grade with her. "I like the people because they are so nice, so sweet, so serious about work. Professionally, it seems to me there is not so much of what they have in Europe—you know, contorted. I mean people here are more open and sincere. Most of the ones I've met anyway. They are simple, clear and clean." She sat back and looked pleased with the speech, then waved her fork at her chicken breast and said, "But I need a leg. I like the legs. Is there a leg there?" The waiter brought a drumstick and then she took a sip of red wine. She cautioned me not to drink the ice water on the table. "Bad, bad, bad for your stomach."

With us at the table was a second interpreter and Virna's old friend ("like my sister") Miriam Valenti, a pretty brunette woman who had traveled here from Rome with her. Both Signoras Valenti and de Giorgio were kept busy answering the phone and speaking in Italian to admirers. One was a man who had followed Virna down the street and insisted on meeting her. She giggled and waved off the call.

I asked if her pajamas were by Pucci, the famous Italian designer. "Oh no, from Saks. They are American; I have bought so many of them. I love them. They are so inexpensive and so nice and there is nothing like them in Italy. All my friends want me to bring them back. They are really all I buy here." (Later I read she had purchased a bleached, three-quarter length kit fox coat to wear with pants, a natural gray rabbit with shoestring tie, and an amber possum from Fur and Sport.)

Virna *is* the sporty type despite her fragile beauty. She flies her own plane, swoops about in a red Maserati, plays tennis, rides and dotes on soccer games. Born in Ancona on the southern Adriatic coast, she now makes her home in Rome with her industrialist-builder husband Franco Pesci. "He is tall and big and he's very intelligent because he knows very well that my work is important to me. Like all husbands he might prefer I stay home and be domestic, but he doesn't insist." (Signor Pesci reportedly blew his stack when he saw his wife clad in only a shaving cream bikini for her first U.S. picture, but calmed himself for art's sake.)

Virna's idea of heaven would be to make a picture a year and spend at least a part of every day of the year with her baby. "Now that is so difficult, but I plan my life in a well-organized way, so I hope to make it happen." Later when I asked what she liked to do best, she smiled and said, "I know it sounds conventional but actually I like best to stay home and play with my kid." Then she told a story of how she bought a splendid mechanical toy horse for Corrado on her first visit to America. "I took it to Rome. It was much too big for him, but my husband and his friends—they enjoy it very much."

Virna, who is under a five-year contract to the Murder, Inc. company, will be back in the United States in May making another film. She has been compared to Madeleine Carroll, Carole Lombard, Marilyn Monroe and Grace Kelly, but these comparisons irk her. "I will be happy when I am not compared to anyone. I like to be myself."

The telephone was insistent. An important Italian journalist was in the lobby and he must see her. She discussed it in Italian with the interpreter and her friend. Shrugged, smiled, threw up her hands. "I must see him—so important is this Italian paper—and he might think me unfriendly." The man arrived and Virna spoke animatedly to both of us—him in Italian, me in English with help from the interpreter. "My clothes I have mostly made by Valentino in Rome, a very young man, so talented. But I love these American pajamas—I think they are—what do you call—nylon."

"Oh yes, I have to say what I like best about the movie now it is finished—the music they put with it. Such a pleasant surprise." Two fabulous photographs of Virna by Pier Luigi were stuck in a mirror. "Do you like them?" I said I did. "Yes," she said, "I like too." I asked if it were true that Virna Lisi has everything—handsome husband, wonderful baby, beauty, health, joie de vivre, a rocketing career and money besides. "Yes," she said happily, "I have. My father was in the marble business. I've got everything and I always had lots of money, I guess."

## An Unstudied Success Story

Had she ever studied acting before director Francesco Maselli discovered her in a business college in Rome? "No." She frowned. "I never study." She said it over again as if to affirm her natural bent and belief that studying acting was the nadir.

"What," I asked, "do you dislike most?"

She thought, her green eyes flashed, she looked at the Italian journalist and laughed. "I hate to speak with stupid people." I folded my notebook like a non-Italian-speaking Arab and faded silently away. But I would be back and so would Virna Lisi. She is definitely here to stay and since she does everything so well, I'm sure next time around her English will be as flawlessly beautiful as she is. In fact they could use her at the United Nations; *she* might be able to convince the Russians to pay their part of the debt.

—LIZ SMITH

# How Much Is a Woman Worth?

BY BOB GAINES

Two women I know recently began to buy insurance. One is a fund-raiser in her mid-thirties, pretty, divorced and on her own. She lives in a penthouse overlooking New York's plush Gramercy Park, has a ski lodge in Vermont and earns enough to afford both.

The second woman is a registered nurse in her late forties. Her husband died last year. Her only dependent, a teen-age daughter, works occasionally as a model but still lives with the mother whose weekly paycheck is modest.

These women have two things in common. The first is a fear that there will come a day when they will be alone, old, ill and unable to support themselves. Coupled with this is the realization that they have *immediate* value to themselves as well as to relatives, friends, employers, and that this value should be protected.

The nurse is putting as much money as she can into an endowment plan which will pay her twelve thousand dollars at age sixty. The fund-raiser has a limited-payment life insurance policy. She told me, "I decided that if I was smart enough to collect millions in a fund-raising campaign, then I could sit down with an insurance agent and figure how much I'm worth and then protect it."

One way or another, millions of other American women are making the same decision. According to the Institute of Life Insurance, the industry's clearing house of statistics, the amount of insurance held by women shot up from fifty billion to one hundred and twenty billion dollars between 1954 and 1965. Women—married, widowed and single—now constitute close to 25 percent of the insured population.

This is all part of a social revolution going on in America. One insurance agent told me, "At the turn of the century, it was considered vulgar for a woman to talk about money. She might chat about her husband's business and his associates, but business per se she didn't discuss. That's all changed. Women now work, handle their own business affairs, own a major part of the wealth of the country."

Affluence has played a part in this change. People no longer buy insurance just to insure themselves a decent funeral and a few dollars for the kids afterward. Today, over 50 percent of the benefits paid by life insurance companies go to policyholders who are still alive.

"More than anything else, I think it's a revolution in values," says Miss Phyllis Biondi, president of the Woman's Life Insurance Company of America, with offices in Maryland. "Women are learning how to stand alone, and insurance helps them."

Miss Biondi complains, however, that the three-hundred-year-old insurance industry is basically male-oriented and has not fully adjusted to the idea that women have insurable value.

Four years ago, Miss Biondi founded Woman's Life, the first insurance company in the country geared exclusively to meet the special insurance needs of women. Says Miss Biondi, "Women live longer, but need less to live on in their final years than a man. At the same time, they need a different kind of medical and disability program. The big firms haven't fully thought out the problem of insurance for women."

## The Most Attractive Policies

At the moment, according to figures from America's 1,580 life insurance companies, three kinds of individual insurance seem most attractive to women.

The most popular is *limited-payment* life insurance. Payment of annual premiums ends after a given number of years, say fifteen or twenty, but protection continues as long as the policyholder lives.

*Straight life* represents the second most popular brand of insurance for women (and the most popular overall in the country). Its premiums are payable throughout a woman's lifetime, but the cost of the premiums are lower because of the expected long spread of payments.

Third, and especially popular with single women, are *endowment* policies. Premiums are paid only for a given period, say twenty years. After that, the insurance ceases, and the policyholder receives the face amount of the policy.

The policies are frequently combined with *group* insurance programs for personal protection. Practically every company today offers group. It is actually a special form of *term* insurance, offering the greatest protection for the lowest premium. Many insurance agents feel term is risky because it has no savings value (premiums can never be recovered by cashing in the policy), and it is difficult to renew when the policyholder reaches sixty-five. But for the short term, it remains the best of bargain insurance.

What is the best kind of life insurance to carry? How much should a woman take out? These are questions every woman must work out for herself. Mrs. Jean Kinkead, head of the Woman's Information Bureau of the Travelers Insurance Companies, spends her days answering questions about insurance for women, and here are some tips I gleaned from her:

1) Insurance is intended for the catastrophe your family budget can't take. Concentrate on the heavy blows to the budget.

2) Loss of income can be about as bad a blow to a family as loss of life. The young wife who ends up in a wheelchair after an auto accident may be an invalid the rest of her life and a constant source of bills. Life insurance isn't enough. She needs some other insurance to either take care of those bills or reimburse the family for the years during which it will be deprived of her services as either a housewife or wage earner.

3) An agent should have the knowledge and experience to put together a personalized program that will give you as much protection as you need and still be within your means.

The best way to find this man or woman is to ask among friends. If two friends had happy experiences with an agent, the odds are you will too.

4) Don't be a "bits and pieces" buyer. Find a good insurance man and let him fit a program to your needs. And make sure he reviews it occasionally. People's needs change as they get older.

5) Rates vary from company to company, but it is a tricky business trying to figure out the relative value of the features offered by different firms. It probably would be easiest to just trust the insurance man you select.

6) Be sure to deal with a reputable company licensed in your state. Courts frequently allow lawyers a great deal of latitude in interpreting specific health and medical clauses in a policy, and so you will be safer dealing with companies with a reputation to uphold.

7) While the terms of straight life, the most popular kind of life insurance in the country, are the same in all policies, many companies offer a *preferred risk* policy at a lower rate. If you are thinking of straight life, make sure your agent checks to see if you are eligible.

8) Insurance companies will tag on an extra bookkeeping charge if you try to break up your payments into more than one lump sum a year. You can get around this by taking out two policies instead of one large one, then arranging it so the premiums are due on different dates.

9) Explore your tax situation with your agent. Some insurance premiums are tax deductible.

"A woman is only as valuable as she thinks she is," says Jean Kinkead. "The care she gives to working out an insurance program is one way of measuring this value." THE END

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# THE CAPITOL WIFE-PLUS

**In the nation's capital, where affluence is less important than influence, and the personal touch more potent than the political, the Solon's secret weapon is often his charming wife. An insider reveals the subtle ways of the Washington wife who helps her husband succeed without the appearance of really trying.**

BY TISH BALDRIGE

The power of a woman to help or hurt her husband's career has been recognized since ancient times, but perhaps never in history has it been so apparent as it is today. In fact, life in a city like Washington often seems to revolve more around the wife than her hard-working husband, so important are social relationships in this city today and so much are these the woman's responsibility. The Washington husband, who, if he is at all influential, works long hours in Government service, has to rely on his wife to enlarge the circle of his social acquaintances—and thus contribute to his becoming *more* influential. It is she, after all, who has the time to engage in charity projects, to attend art classes at the National Gallery, or to chin with the Wives of the Great in the Georgetown shops. It is she who may have to entertain the guests and keep the party going when late meetings or emergencies keep her husband at his office.

The pacesetter and the inspiration to all American women today is, of course, Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson. The wives of her husband's White House team are, like them, also on twenty-four-hour duty. Behind the glamour of the executive mansion is a base of backbreaking hard work.

The formula is deceptively simple: If young Jack Climber's wife meets and is liked by Joe Important's wife, Mr. and Mrs. Important will accept the Climbers' invitation to dinner. It is enough for the

*Photos by Fred Ward*


**ENERGETIC** Mrs. William S. Moorhead, wife of Democratic Congressman from Pittsburgh, finds raising a family as agreeable as boosting husband's prestige. Tireless worker in civic causes, Lucy also ranks as leading capital hostess, but finds time for ball game (above) and "carpet bowling" (right) with daughter Perrin, 14, sons William III, 17; Stephen, 13; James, 11; and husband.

wives to have made the initial contact. Whether the Climbers will then be asked to the Importants' house depends as much on the success of Jack Climber's wife's dinner, her charm and style of entertaining, as it does on Jack's own sterling qualities and conversational talent.

Some husband-wife teams flourish in the rich social soil of Washington and others are promptly weeded out as colorless, drab and no addition to a group. (Of course, if the husband of a lackluster team holds an extremely important position, the pair will be invited anyway, with great care taken to surround them both at dinner with interesting, attractive guests for camouflage purposes.) Dull couples who are merely on their way up, who fail to show signs of improvement, will inevitably find their names dropped from party lists. Cruelly enough, this cannot help but affect the man's career.

## Conversation Is the Key

Since Washington, like almost every other city in the United States, is lacking in the distractions of New York night life and theaters, the source of most social amusement is conversation. The Plus Wife comes out to shine in the nighttime as she moves into her position on the team at party time. (It is important to remember that the term *party* in this town applies just as much to a sixsome during a bull session, eating *fettuccine* around the coffee table, as it does to a private ball at a mansion.)

The Plus Wife is inevitably *ambitious* —but ambitious in the nice kind of way. She's eager to see her husband advance, but primarily for his own self-satisfaction and because she believes he has a real contribution to make. She is enthusiastic about his merits and talents and basks in his glory without seeking it for herself—though some will inevitably rub off on her and polish her own ego with a nice patina.

The story is told of a Cabinet officer some time back who was seeking an imaginative man to head an important new international training program. At a dinner party, he went over to sit on the sofa beside an attractive young woman he had never seen before. (High Government officials find these rare moments a delightful relief from sitting next to the same high-ranking grandes dames night after night because of protocol exigencies.) The young wife turned the conversation subtly to her husband's work, and pointed him out to the Cabinet officer. Then she led her partner on the sofa into telling about his latest trip abroad. She knew much about it from the newspaper reports, which naturally flattered him. She asked intelligent questions and interrupted in a burst of enthusiasm when he began to talk about one remote region familiar to her. Could she be forgiven for telling a story about her husband's tour of military duty in that region? It seems he had singlehandedly organized the town's teen-aged boys into baseball and soccer clubs, instructed them, found American organizations to donate the athletic equipment, refereed the games in the boys' native tongue, and all but destroyed the town's formidable juvenile delinquency problem. Her young man had then come back to Washington to begin the slow way up the ladder of Government. The young husband was called over the next day to the Cabinet member's office, and one week later was established as head of the new training program.

The primary goal of most men in Washington is prestige, not riches. This is not a moneymaking city. The United States Ambassador to a small country earns $22,500 annually, but enjoys prestige surpassing that of an industry mogul who earns $125,000 annually, not counting dividends. Honor, not wealth, rewards a Chief Justice, a Cabinet member, an Ambassador, a military genius, an agency head, a distinguished Senator. The Plus Washington Wife needs to share her husband's ambition to attain this kind of eminence, if she is to enjoy organizing beneficial social contacts, arranging the time and the peaceful surroundings for him to read and study at night, even when it may interfere with more amusing activities.

**EX-SECRETARY** to ex-Vice President Lyndon Johnson, Mary Margaret Valenti is well aware of her husband Jack's marathon duties as special assistant to the President.

The Plus Wife need not be pretty, but it will help if she is attractive-looking, for Washington is full of beautiful women—night-blooming ones. The competition is fierce. She is generally an avid reader of fashion magazines, as the way she dresses and grooms herself for social events matters to the team's social position. Because Government salaries are not high, she has to dress within a tight budget—unless there is already money in the family. This is a challenge, for Washington social life calls for more dressy evenings than almost any other city in the world. How she looks is a plus or minus factor to her husband, whether he is a junior administrative assistant in the Peace Corps, or the director of a major agency.

The Washington Wife has to be her own one-man Emergency Planning Staff when it comes to her soirées. Whether she's dictating to a large domestic retinue (and that means constant dictation, no matter how well-trained her household), or whether she and her husband are do-it-yourselfers (from growing their own mint for the juleps to the last twitch of the dishwashing machine dial), that elusive quality of poise must be maintained. And it is difficult to do if one's leading guest arrives in a bellicose condition; or if one's leading foreign guests, such as the Ambassador and Ambassadress of Pakistan, are thought by many of the out-of-town guests to be Indians and are subjected to diplomatic praise of Indian Government officials.

One hostess who has had to call upon her famous poise in many instances, said, "War is usually declared in my house between the soup and meat courses. By soufflé time we have it all back in the United Nations for mediation. With coffee and brandy I send in a counterattack of pretty girls I have invited. There is nothing like a little sex to change the subject and settle the stomach!"

Washington has no mercy on an official wife with beatnik habits. She may spend her days clad in leotards and with long bangs hanging into her eyes as she daubs

Fred Ward

**U.S. INFORMATION AGENCY**'s deputy director Donald M. Wilson has an invaluable asset in young, elegant, efficient wife, Susan. Favorite of official Washington, she studies French, teaches remedial reading in spare time, runs a well-organized household *and* attends to the growing pains of son Dwight, 6; daughter Kate, 5.

away at her easel, but she still has to turn objective and conformist by dinner time when the social life begins. The right to rebel against all of the stringencies and pressures put upon the Washington wife is reserved only for those who have carved their places firmly and precisely in the city's society and who have been enthroned in those niches for years. There is a small hard core of women who have become "lovable characters," whose saucy tongues and impertinences are the spice of life. They are adored, quoted and sought after—but only because they have earned the right to be characters through longtime knowledge of—and service to—their capital's life.

Fortunately, Washington judges people far more for what they are and for what position they hold than for how much money they have. The young wife of a relatively low-salaried newspaper correspondent can attract important Government and social personages if they know that when they walk through her door the atmosphere will be warm, the guests an interesting and rewarding mélange, and the conversation and food superb.

If she has to dress on a budget, the Plus Wife must also cook on a budget—and cook well. One popular hostess who has to watch every penny does not let this cramp her entertaining. She buys an imported red wine at $1.20 a bottle. She cooks the whole dinner ahead of time—usually an exotic cold soup she makes in a blender, followed by a hot dish like cannelloni or chicken livers with rice, which she serves with a mixed salad and hot bread. A dessert like *pêche flambé* dramatically appears in a chafing dish—and no one stops to consider the fact that canned peaches with domestic brandy are not a very expensive dish. The young woman is simply regarded as an excellent cook and an accomplished hostess.

But if a wife just happens to be wealthy—well, let's face it: wealth combined with an attractive personality has never been a disadvantage. Properly used, money can greatly help a woman in furthering her husband's career. Not only can she delight with her entertaining—she can *impress* and *influence*. If a man is not a natural ladder-climber, a wife with money can hoist him up several rungs—if she does it deftly. Washington is not a city where you can buy your way completely into any job—or buy your way out of trouble, for that matter. It abhors an ostentatious display of wealth. Tasteful understatement is always a factor—whether it is in the way a woman dresses, decorates her home or gives her parties. A chinchilla floor-length evening coat would raise eyebrows as well as a few comments regarding her husband—such as, "Well, I wonder what *he* did for the fur industry?" But Washington does not abhor wealth nicely handled.

## Tasteful Manipulation

The wealthy wife has the advantage of being able to arrange those "little weekends" in the country, where guests (capable of assisting her husband's career) can be gently worked upon while relaxing and enjoying life. With any degree of brains and taste, such a woman can manipulate groups and social situations—and all to the glory of her husband's position.

A wife with a talent for languages may be a great help if her husband is in

the Foreign Service or an international organization. The sound of foreign tongues is common in Washington today. The American woman who can speak Spanish at a dinner at the Spanish Embassy, French at a tea for visiting Africans or translate informally at a polyglot World Bank reception has stuck a conspicuous feather in her husband's cap.

## "Join the Gentlemen"

The Washington Plus Wife is well-informed and diligently keeps up with the news and editorial comment. No longer is she supposed to sit silently simpering, beautifully decorating a sofa in the company of men, never participating in their discussions, hiding any knowledge she may accidentally have of their business. Young Government wives with children—and a low budget—miraculously manage to take courses in languages, history, economics, history of art, or foreign affairs so that they can "join the gentlemen" and make worthwhile contributions to the talk.

As a hostess she learns to launch conversations in which everyone within earshot can participate; she shifts to a new topic when the going gets rough; she subtly mends fences when someone has been offended, and she puts a damper on talk that may cause tempers to flame.

She is in a better position than her husband to lead and control the conversation because no one is going to argue with the hostess if she insists upon changing the subject. Conversational diplomacy is a great gift and the wife who wields it is an asset to her husband.

Elsewhere in the country, the art of conversation may be fighting a losing battle with television, but not so in Washington. Here there is a renaissance and, as in France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it is the woman who conducts the salon, waving her baton to stage-manage the evening—making sure that guests are properly introduced, briefing them on each other, throwing out topics of mutual interest to those meeting for the first time, seeing that everyone is verbally involved. (She also provides some good listeners to complement loquacious officials.) If she has a VIP, she manipulates him so that everyone has a chance to talk to him. She cajoles her guests, and can so engagingly introduce a complete stranger to the group that he is lionized on the spot.

*Thecla*

**AMBASSADRESS AT WORK:** Making foreign State visitors feel so good they'd like to stay here forever is second nature to Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke, wife of our newly appointed "man in Madrid." Sprightly Robin Duke learned her style when her husband was the U. S. chief of protocol.

Washington is a city where one has to learn to take criticism—from every quarter—not on the chin, but deep inside, where the anguish may show up later in doctors' offices in the form of nervous tension and stomach troubles. It is not, therefore, a place for oversensitive creatures. There is no ivory tower safe from public judgment to which an effective escape can be made. Men of prominence learn to live with this fact. Their wives seldom do.

There is a prominent Washington wife who to this day will not let a certain journalist inside her home because he attacked her husband in print several years ago. The fact that the two men are now good friends means nothing. She could never entertain in her house a man who had brought such mental anguish at one time to her husband. Her husband may laugh good-humoredly in public at these grudges of his wife. Secretly, he would probably hate her being any other way, for her loyalty to him is delightfully ego-gratifying.

Since Washington contains representatives of fifty American states, well over a hundred diplomatic missions, every segment of big business, and a powerful press corps, social errors and bad behavior on the part of a woman are usually frighteningly conspicuous.

In Los Angeles, if the wife of a real estate executive drinks too much, social situations can become tricky and embarrassing. But the man's job will not necessarily be jeopardized so long as he keeps his own mental balance. In Washington a man's career is directly affected if his wife drinks too much, or is afflicted by any other serious personality problem. To a lesser degree, his job will be negatively affected by an overly aggressive or an overly timid wife, or by a compulsive talker. The too ambitious, aggressive, strident woman is as unpopular here as elsewhere. Women with a penchant for pushing their husbands too obviously may wind up in the penalty box, with their husbands by their sides.

The wife of a man in Government is on view, a walking set of public relations, wherever she goes, whether she likes it or not. If her husband is a Congressman, then she has to captivate all those voting constituents who flock to Washington favor-hunting and cherry-blossom-ogling. If he is in the military, she is under constant scrutiny by the supercritical Washington military community. If he is in the international field, she is constantly exposed to the judgment of the diplomatic set, as well as to members of Congressional committees with well-known capabilities for criticism and chastisement. If her husband is eventually assigned abroad, she goes with

him. There she will be officially representing her country every bit as much as her husband. One frustrated State Department planner was overheard saying, "Why don't we just pay them [the wives] salaries? Maybe then they'd realize their responsibilities!"

If a Washington wife does not gain control over her serious difficulties, she stands a good chance of putting a cancellation stamp on her husband's new appointment or his promotion.

In other American cities the overtalkative wife may be a bore. In Washington she may sabotage her husband's career. A loud talker at a party—a female voice grating like the screech of a knife on a windowpane—can sour an official who might have given the husband of that voice a better job. (For one thing, he would reason that her husband's nerves would be shot with such a constant harpy sound in his house.)

If the wife gossips carelessly, she hurts her own husband far more than the subject of her attack. Every Washington wife whose husband holds an important job in one of the sensitive agencies inadvertently possesses classified information at one time or another. She gains it in snatches from meetings held in her living room, by helping to pack papers into her husband's briefcase, by making note of when and where those "sudden meetings" have to be called, by overhearing those "sterilized telephone conversations" on security matters, and by hearing little details that innocently slip out during her talks with her husband. If she makes a security violation by passing these items on to her friends as interesting gossip, her husband may suffer dire consequences.

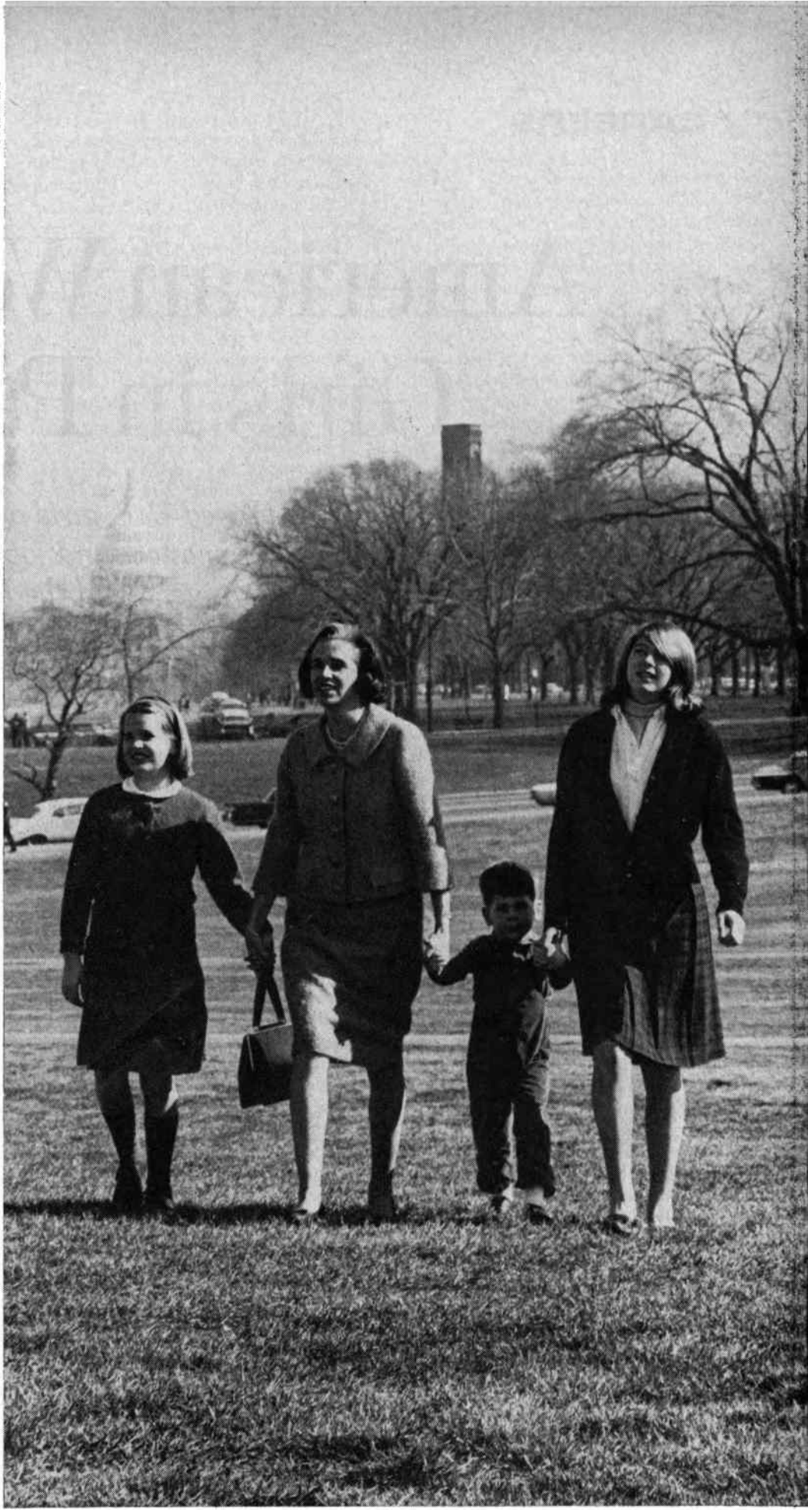
## A Shared Limelight

Being a Washington wife is difficult, challenging, but also rewarding—for the woman who really wants to help her husband and who gains ego-satisfaction from his accomplishments. Some modesty may be demanded of her, but there are moments when, as hostess, she has complete control of the limelight.

If the show's a success, the critics' rave notices go to her. When she serves on civic committees and organizes charities, her own name emerges with her husband's. If her husband is important on the Washington scene, she is inevitably urged to become a ribbon-cutter and speech maker. While basking all the time in her husband's glory, she suddenly finds that she's basking in a goodly share of her own.

Let's give this busy, pressured Washington wife her just due—for she, incidentally, has just as many children to raise as other women do! THE END

Fred Ward



**MRS. JOHN V. LINDSAY,** wife of New York's young Republican Congressman, is as good a campaigner for husband's votes as she is at plunging into civic problems in the capital and Gotham. She is shown with three of her brood of four (l. to r.), Anne, 9; John, Jr., 4; Kathy, 14.

# American Working Girls in Paris

*Every year a throng of wide-eyed U. S. girls descend upon the French capital in search of culture, romance—and jobs. Because of an official reluctance to give work to strangers, and the high cost of living, most will return home disappointed. But for the lucky few who find an offbeat job, "Paree" can still be the answer to a starry-eyed's dream.*

**BY FAITH BERRY** *Photos by Jerry Bauer*

She arrived in Paris from New York in 1963 with great hope and one suitcase. About the most strenuous thing she's done since she came is to go to the beauty parlor three times a week, take sauna baths and polish her nails.

Today she drives a Facel-Vega and her clothes come from the fashionable boutiques of Avenue Victor Hugo and the Rue du Faubourg-Saint Honoré. The two-room, two-hundred-dollar-a-month apartment she has is in one of the plushest sections of Paris—Neuilly-Sur-Seine. A wealthy French businessman introduced himself at the open-to-the-public swimming pool of an exclusive hotel where they both happened to be swimming when she first arrived. By the time they finished splashing around in the pool together, her worries in Paris were over.

But she will tell you: "I come from a family of nine. I sent myself to college—and I take all this for what it's worth because I know it won't last. He'll never marry me. I know that. It's the institution in France to have a mistress, not a divorce—and he's got a wife. This will end and I'll go back home. Everybody will want to know what I've done and how I got these clothes and I'll have to tell a lie. But I wanted to stay here, and I'd gone to twenty places looking for a job." One of countless thousands of American girls who's come to Paris seeking a new environment, she is not alone. And every year, to the city that's become a legend, they keep coming back again . . . aspiring young painters, playwrights, reporters, dancers, starlets . . . some living in villas, converted coach houses, in attics, over bakeries, and in Left Bank hotels—half of them unemployed in a city that's one of the toughest in the world to find a place to live or a job.

Annually, it's almost the same, only names and faces change: the tourist who wants to stay, the college graduate on her own, the secretary for a firm—all with a prospective job in advance, or looking for one. As for the ones who come looking, probably nobody—from the mannequin who wants to model at Dior to the strip-teaser—could choose a more glamorous city in which to work, but it's about the most difficult place to be *looking* for anything if you plan to stay: an apartment for rent; the right *préfecture de police* to apply for a *carte de séjour* which you must have in order to remain; and with six phone-book volumes all listed from *rues* to *alphabétiques*, the right place to look up a number just to dial a phone.

## Where to Look

Hardly anyone arriving in town for the first time and wanting a job knows the right place to start looking for one; there are no employment agencies; placement bureaus abound, but only for household help; a government employment office exists, but only for the French.

Three agencies provide contacts for photographers' models, but as far as the Registrar de Commerce is concerned, they're telephone services, not agents; it's illegal in France to take commission on a young woman's salary, so they cannot function as American agents do; they may have offices, but commission is made from contracts with magazines.

The closest resemblance to an employment office in Paris for a foreigner is what the French call La Mairie, Bureau de Placement pour Étrangers—the Town Hall Placement Bureau for Foreigners. Twenty such bureaus are scattered throughout the city—one in each of the twenty districts, or *arrondissements* as they are called. Most newcomers to Paris don't know how or where to find them—coming under the jurisdiction of the municipal government, they are not posted or advertised—with about twenty thousand students a year from the University of Paris also applying for employment, few positions are ever available.

The most familiar word among girls trying to find a job in Paris is *tuyau*—French slang for *connection*. Everybody looks for one, but even if your mother is one it wouldn't help much.

What most do is use the newspapers—either to place ads or try and answer them—*Le Figaro*, *France-Soir*, the Paris editions of *The New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*.

When the *tuyaus* have been exhausted and there's no money to keep running ads, then begins what the American girl in Paris calls *hitting the pavement*. At this point many give up and go back home.

One girl, from Michigan, instead, went off to North Africa and Spain in 1964. With the merchandise brought back to Paris from her trip sold to enough people at cocktail parties and in her hotel, she now lives off what is called a *cutback*—which is, in the language of those who take dope and buy it—money made from selling "pot."

It's when a girl begins to hit the pavement that she finds the hiring problem goes beyond no agencies or immediate

New Yorker Mary Gottlieb, 28, has lived in Paris five years as literary agent for U. S. publisher.

**"Paris is so full of foreigners that the French couldn't care less about one more American girl. . . . The French are essentially an egotistic race. . . . But what I like about France is that the Frenchman really makes you feel like a woman. He gives you his undivided attention, and when he takes you out, he really makes you feel as if he wants to be with you. And he doesn't continually talk about his business, or golf, as so many American men do."**

answers to her ads. She has thought, as hundreds do every year, that she would easily be hired by one of the American companies in Paris. It is not true. The stipulation imposed upon American outlets in France is that 90 to 95 percent of its employees be French. It is this which so often leaves her out in the cold. The French will only hire her in a capacity a French girl cannot perform as well.

Even out of over six thousand Paris firms which are branch offices of foreign businesses, or in which foreign capital has been invested—from the American Diaper Service to Lloyd's Bank (Foreign) Limited—84 percent of the hiring is done in France, and all 84 percent of it is French.

Increasingly, when American girls are needed to fill specific positions, they are hired and sent from home. Otherwise, bilingual French girls are employed—and usually for less pay.

It is the way the French Government keeps down unemployment, the way it gets its taxes, and as far as the foreign entrepreneur in Paris is concerned, hiring the French not only maintains his business, but promotes goodwill. A foreign girl in Paris cannot even be a waitress without a work permit.

She is also unable, as many are unaware, to work at the American Embassy or the American Delegation in Paris to NATO without having been sent through the State Department in Washington and having passed the Foreign Service exam. Yvonne Williams, 27, a Barnard College graduate who plans programs and lectures at the American Cultural Center, is one of the youngest employees of the

# American Girls in Paris (continued)

United States Information Service in Paris. Assigned after working in Dahomey, then Tunisia, she passed the USIA Foreign Service exam three years ago.

An American college graduate can, without an exam, work in a division of UNESCO in Paris, but only by first writing to the State Department for a Curriculum Vitae form. She applies, has her name retained along with prospective candidates, then waits for a vacancy.

One girl who has worked there since the spring of 1964 says: "The building is really beautiful—with the Secretariat shaped like a Y, and all the Picassos and Miros around. My office even looks out onto a Japanese garden, but I don't really do anything—I just work in the typing pool. . . . But after waiting five months, I was glad to get that."

With the job situation in Paris, some girls, in order to stay, will spend one year pasting gum labels on bottles of vitamin pills or carting toys, or for the salary of $2.50 to $3.60 a day plus five cents a paper, sell the *New York Herald Tribune European Edition*, and for five hours a day at a little over five cents a paper plus $1.80 pocket money, stand on a corner with *The New York Times International Edition.*

An American girl may speak French beautifully, fluently, and sometimes it won't even count; most European girls arrive speaking four languages when they apply for a job. A twenty-two-year-old honors graduate in French literature from one of the finest schools in California spent one year trying in Paris—giving English classes privately, doing translations, with little money coming in. And when her parents cut off support, she refused to go home. Discouraged, when she was no longer able to make it alone, she went to a street in Paris which compares to none other in the world. And when it is mentioned, more famous ones in Tokyo, Amsterdam, Hamburg and Beirut are called minor league. It is the Rue Saint-Denis, street of the international hooker, the prostitute, *la putain.*

Running nine blocks long through a dimly lighted district from the western edge of the Right Bank to the Seine, it is lined with over eighty glass-door entrances that read HOTEL with no other given name. Every night, behind these doors, up and down the street, stand the "ladies-in-waiting"—six to ten in a line. If she misses, it won't be because she hasn't tried. A girl here does not fight for a turn; there are too many languages to be understood. The top price: thirty francs. But because of competition, it is usually lower. Thirty francs. Six dollars. The price in Paris of three basic meals.

This too is part of the legend. In a city that's the sixth most expensive in the world, a girl coming to find a job, or trying to wait for one, will spend most of her money on living expenses . . . staying in rock bottom hotels where rooms have a bed, lamp, bidet, sink, where the running water is cold, the bathroom is down the hall and sixty cents is paid for every shower or bath taken.

If she stays with a French family as a paying guest, the cost of living is more . . . five to seven dollars a day for a room including two meals—*demi-pension*—one is usually the old-fashioned *petit déjeuner* (black coffee and a *baguette* roll).

## Sky High Apartments

An apartment, which can take a year or more to find, usually hits an astronomical level which most can't afford. Foreign girls in Paris rarely know where to find inexpensive housing; Paris rent-control laws enable low-cost dwellings to be handed down through families who almost never move; agents all over the place charge a minimum of one hundred dollars rent a month in advance, another hundred security, and one hundred for a fee; non-French residents are usually ineligible for Government subsidized flats, and furnished units are scarce.

As one American puts it: "Finding an apartment in Paris is no problem—*if* you have money."

It will cost sixty dollars for the installation of a phone, plus eight dollars monthly charge, five dollars a year payment to the French Government for having a radio, and seventeen for a television—the price in France for having no commercials.

An Oklahoma girl who found an apartment and pays for it on a monthly income from home while waiting for a job says: "I never knew what I was getting into. It's like living a la carte. I've spent all my savings on plumbing, heating and some used furniture. You'd think an apartment in the long run would cost less, but you end up paying more."

A girl from New York doing temporary research for a French biographer, leased an apartment from a Frenchman planning to spend four months out of town. She pays sixty dollars a month for a fifth-floor walk-up on a street Utrillo might have painted, in Montmartre, full of "Old World charm." There's a skylight, a bathroom that's in the kitchen, and a little wrought-iron balcony off one room.

"A month or so after I got it," she says, "my sister came to town. She was supposed to stay two weeks with me, and she ended up only staying one. I knew why, I could tell the minute we walked in. . . . "W-h-a-t? W-h-a-t is *this?* What do you do, walk up? There isn't any elevator? There's just this one room? The television? Where's that? How can you make it without a television? Don't you have the *Late Late Show* around here? And the refrigerator? You don't have one? How do you keep frozen foods? And the telephone? How about it? Don't you ever get any calls? And this—what in the world is this? What do you do? Wash your dishes in the bathroom sink?" I guess she went home telling everybody I'm a big failure over in Paris. I didn't tell her, but I like this little place better than the air-conditioned one I had in New York."

Whether a girl has a temporary apartment, a place in a French family or a hotel room, it costs her a minimum of one hundred dollars a month to live, and more to keep going around for interviews.

For the girl just arriving and wanting her clothes pressed, it costs $1.00 for every dress—unless she has a travel iron—and that has to be 110-115 volts AC or she'll blow a fuse. If any dry cleaning is to be done, the prices go from $2.50 for a raincoat, $4.00 for a cocktail dress, $2.00 for a pleated skirt, $1.75 for a jacket, $1.25 for a sweater or if she finds a self-service, $3.00 for a twenty-pound load, sixty cents a washing machine and twenty cents to dry.

When it comes time to eat in a restaurant—unless she finds one of those that's self-service too—it'll cost a minimum of $1.35 for each meal plus a 15 percent compulsory service charge which includes the napkin, the tablecloth (if there is one) the bread, and the tip. The tip will almost always be included; that's why it's necessary to ask for a glass of water. As one model quips: "It's hard to find any place around here where you can just run in and have a hamburger, and if you do, you pay two dollars for it."

By the time a young woman has paid room and board, and if she smokes, bought cigarettes (costing a minimum of thirty cents in France, and sixty cents for American brands), paid seven cents per ride on the *Métro* and ten for every special *jeton* coin used for the telephone, bought stamps and other essentials, she has spent more looking for a job than most people make a week in France.

Anyone having adequate resources to remain beyond three months—whether employed or unemployed—must apply for what is called a *carte de séjour*—a temporary card of residence. "To get one," as one girl from Minnesota puts it, "is like trying to be admitted into a sorority, not everybody makes it." When applying, one submits to the *préfecture de police* at 1 Rue de Lutèce five full-face photographs and proof of financial income (a bank letter of credit, proof of income amounting to $140 a month, or a letter from one's parents or guardian stating responsibility for support of the applicant). If the application is approved, one is issued a *Visa de Régularisation*, the fee for which is eight dollars, and additionally, a *carte de séjour*, which costs one dollar and which

must be renewed at its expiration date.

Each year, girls renew them again and again. . . . The given source of their income is variable and often not true. The girl in Paris with a residence card is often a prostitute wearing a mink stole on the Champs-Elysées; enough money is made to stay in France; she may say what she likes about the way she got it. Or she may be like one from Connecticut, a blowtorch painter who lives up on a roof until it gets cold, and sells her art work at cocktail parties in blue jeans. Or like another who spends weekends in Monte Carlo, kept. Each has sufficient proof of financial income, and each is a temporary resident of France.

In addition to having a residence card, if a girl is employed, she must have a work permit. It does not take a work permit to get a job in France; it takes a job to get a work permit. To apply for one through the Ministère de Travail is an involved process. The cost, depending on the job, varies from five to twenty dollars.

But each year in the city where just about everything and anything happens, some girls in spite of all the statistics and expenses make it overwhelmingly, succeed in getting jobs, work permits, husbands, and except for visits do not ever return home again. In March, 1959, ninety-two American girls in Paris tried out for a role in a film starring Brigitte Bardot. It was called *The Truth*, and an American girl was needed to play the part of Miss Bardot's roommate.

Out of all ninety-two who tried, the director Henri-Georges Cluzot liked only one: a brunette named Barbara Somers from New York. She became Daisy, the tall, bookwormish roommate who wore glasses. In New York briefly in three off-Broadway plays (*Three Penny Opera*, *Under Milk Wood*, *The Trial*, and several short runs), she had come to try the theater in Europe—Dublin first, then Paris.

## A Matter of Timing

But if the tryout for Daisy had come three months later, she wouldn't have been there. "*The Truth* of the matter," puns Barbara, "came just in time; I was going home in June." She had been in Paris: auditioning for one role after another that hadn't come through, learning French, selling the *Herald Tribune* in the daytime and dancing at the Lido at night, trying not to give up. She is today the highest paid American actress of French theater and television, has made four more films, and since 1961 has been the wife of French actor Claude Nicot.

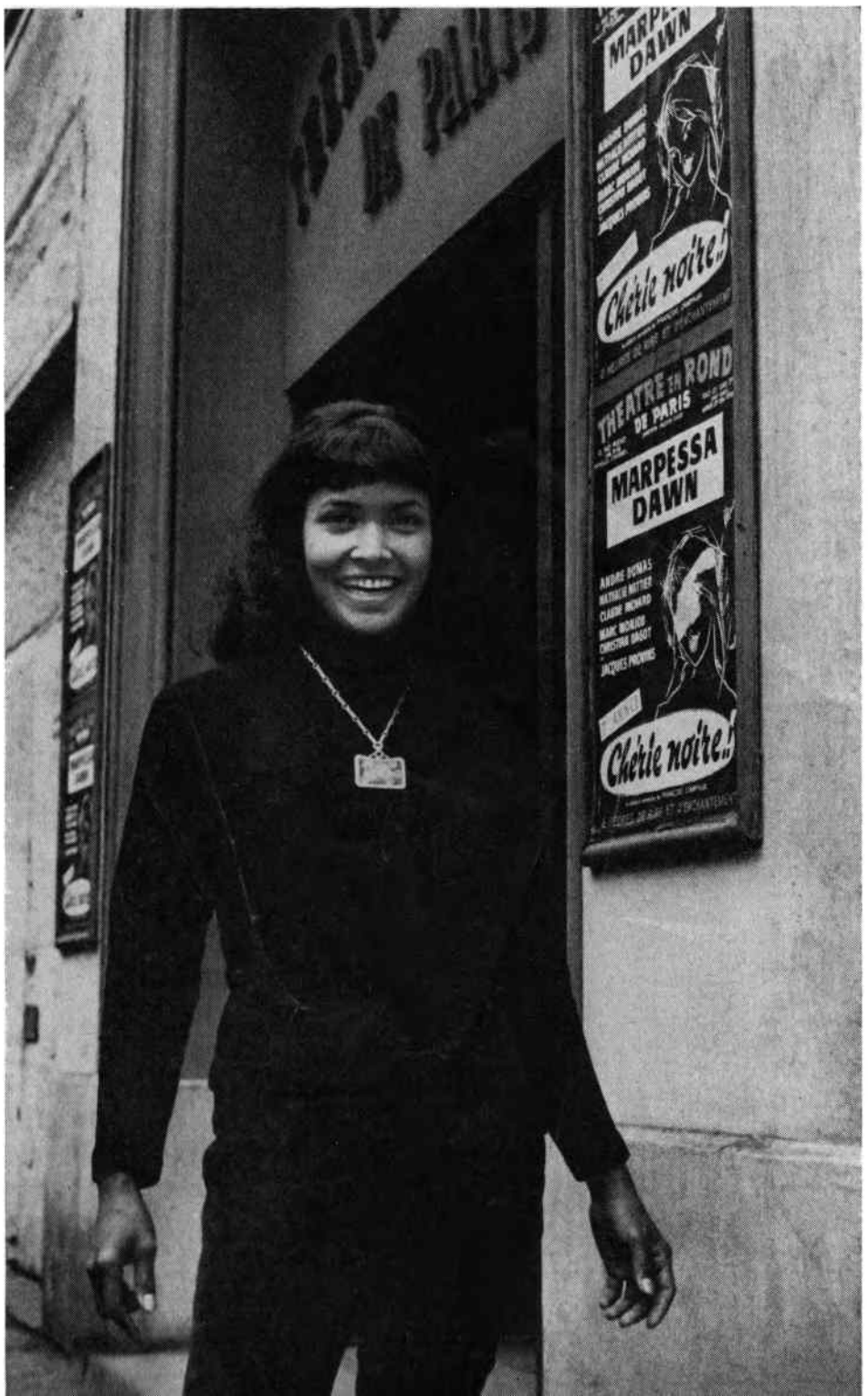
Once perhaps, only once, out of ten million girls, does one come to Paris as a tourist, decide to stay, and end up an international star. It happened to a medical secretary from the suburbs of Pittsburgh—a chestnut-skinned girl with long

**"I enjoy the sense of freedom in Paris, of being able to say and do whatever I like without worrying about the next person. But I am lonelier than I was in the States. In America I could pick up the telephone and have lunch with any of twenty people. Here, even though I make friends, it is on a much more formal basis. I have three beaux, but I would like one steady. Alas, nothing is ever permanent with the French."**

In Paris a year, Pat Curran 28, of Lansdowne, Pennsylvania, works as a high fashion model.

# American Girls in Paris (continued)

**"I wasn't one of those who came here to escape from anything, nor to gain my independence. I had forty dollars in my pocket when I landed in Paris—but my outlook on life was always optimistic. I was happy eating bread and cheese in a dingy hotel room. When an American girl comes to Paris to look for any kind of work she should be prepared for a hard time, but she shouldn't let it get her down."**




black hair and the unusual name Marpessa Dawn—the Eurydice of *Black Orpheus*, Oscar winner of the Best Foreign Language Film of 1959 and The Golden Palm Award in Cannes.

She was in Paris four years before any of it happened—working for a family, as a secretary at an Army base in Orleans, and dancing with an African dance troupe. Her mother, ten years before she was born, had named her Gypsy and, uncannily, she attributes this to often being in the right place at the right time. Her first film role in Paris came by walking through a park called the Luxembourg Gardens. French director Gaspard-Huit, shooting a film in the park, saw her and asked if she'd be interested in another film he was making called *La Fille Elisa*. She was, and before long Marcel Camus, director of *Black Orpheus*, sent her a telegram. He had traced her to London where she had gone to appear in a play at the time, *Simply Heavenly*, directed by then unknown Laurence Harvey.

In order to become Eurydice, she had to learn Portuguese and go to Brazil to make the film. She did it all, never having had any dramatic training in her life.

Now twenty-nine, she has starred for the past seven years in a hit Paris play, *Chérie Noire*—soon to be made into a film. She married a Belgian in 1959, and has a four-year-old son.

Another tourist who knew one song when she came to Paris now headlines every billboard of French music halls—Nancy Holloway from Cleveland, Ohio. A former chorus girl with the Larry Steele Revue, she knew Art Simmons, a jazz pianist appearing when she first came to Paris at a night spot, the Mars Club.

"I was in there one night," she tells, "and for fun, Art told me to get up and put on a number. So for kicks, I sang 'Hip-Shakin' Mama.' The next thing I knew, everybody was clapping and the owner Ben Benjamin was hiring me to sing. The very next night he fired me too. I only knew that one song. I had told him that but he didn't believe me. But a few people who had heard me encouraged me, and there I was, living in a broken-down hotel, starving, trying to learn some songs."

She learned enough to tour the Middle East, travel with USO Army shows, and come back to Paris in 1961 and invest in her own nightclub—Chez Nancy Holloway. Two years later, the Olympia Music Hall in Paris offered her a contract; in order to take it, she had to give up her club. It's illegal in France to sing in both clubs and music halls.

She still lives in Paris and, at twenty-seven, is one of the few Americans per-

**From suburban Pittsburgh Marpessa Dawn hit Paris in 1953, later hit jackpot as international stage and screen star.**

forming on television throughout Europe. "I'll stay here, now," she says. "If I went home, I couldn't sing in French—I'd have to start all over again."

Of these three girls, Barbara Somers came especially to try for show business. Except for Jean Seberg, very few other Americans have ever succeeded. But in Paris, since Miss Somers arrived, there's a new stage for the actress interested in the English-speaking theater in France.

## Actor's Studio International

It's the Paris Theater Workshop for English-speaking actors and actresses abroad—organized along the lines of the Actors Studio in New York with different nationalities. The Workshop, which grew out of several short productions at the American Embassy Little Theater and the USIS Center in Paris with performers living in Europe, had as its first full-length play during the fall of 1964 *J. B.*, the Pulitzer Prize-winning drama by Archibald MacLeish, directed by an American playwright, Gurney Campbell, and produced by John Clemow, formerly of the Questors Theater in London.

With a bill of four plays to be presented to subscribers for a 1965 English-language theater season, many Americans are members of both the professional and apprentice groups, with new people trying out all the time.

The leading actress of *J. B.*, Helen Auerbach, who formerly appeared off-Broadway, in summer stock and on *The Defenders* before coming to Paris a year ago as the wife of an American executive, had her first role in Europe in this play.

Another member of the cast, Ginger Hall, who can most recently be seen appearing as the wife of a trustee in *The Sandpiper*, filmed in Paris last fall with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, and as a pert blonde nurse in *L'dîné des Ferchaux* opposite Jean-Paul Belmondo, left Paramount Pictures five years ago to live in Paris. During the time she has been in Europe when no roles were available, she has dubbed foreign language films. Enthusiastic now about the Workshop and being able to perform in English abroad, she says: "It beats running around in Hollywood."

Angela Annich, a former New York promotion-advertising assistant, got a job as production secretary of the Workshop by answering an ad at a French language school called the Alliance Français. Several other American girls also do press bookings and ticket supervision on a part-time basis.

Director-organizer Gurney Campbell—along with advisory members living in Paris: Jean Seberg, her husband Romain Gary, William Saroyan, James Jones and others—has plans for the Workshop as a possible testing ground for pre-Broadway shows. "I'm told by Broadway producer friends," says Gurney Campbell, "that a Paris audience would provide as good a testing public as a United States small town, and present-day theater economics make it practical. There are definite advantages to trying out new plays here."

As well as for the American actress, a helpful advantage is available in Paris for the girls who get into town during fashion collections, before and after, ready to run over to Coco Chanel's boutique or Pierre Cardin's and get a job modeling a couple of the latest fashions in suits, dresses, coats and cocktail pants. The first place they go to find out about it is 7 Villa Mallekof—the studio of an American woman who's appeared on the cover of every fashion magazine they know, and in every ad from I. Miller to Revlon—Dorian Leigh, who came to Paris in 1956 to start a model agency.

But every year she's been there, she's had to give the same regretful answer: Two different types of models work in Paris, the fashion house and the photography, and she only handles the latter. She often tries to recommend a particular fashion house to an individual girl, but cannot recommend a particular girl to an individual house; hiring done by Balenciaga, Givenchy et al. is done on an individual basis. A girl either writes in advance or, when she comes to Paris, goes from one couturier to another.

What many come for and don't know is: No hiring is done during collection time. With the seasons of haute couture always in reverse, summer clothes are presented in winter (from the end of January through the fifteenth of February) and winter clothes shown in summer (from the last of July through the middle of August). To model in a seasonal collection in any Paris fashion house, a mannequin must be hired three to six months in advance in order to go through grooming.

## Mannequins' Metamorphosis

This procedure, done at the expense of the couturier, involves first sending her to the salon of Alexandre, Carita or one of the other top coiffeurs for a hairstyle. Not hers; theirs. Not the makeup she's wearing, the kind they prefer. Mink eyelashes are trimmed, cut, put on in strips so she blinks mink like a Toni doll. If she eats one piece of cake, it's likely to spoil the whole collection, so a strict diet is enforced, and ballet lessons are often recommended. She is taught to walk. Then the fittings . . . for three months she becomes a beautiful, statuesque pincushion—while the designer screams, the scissors snip and the tape measure goes around from top to toe.

Finally, during collections, with a little Joy sprayed around in the air at Patou, a few drops of Madame Jolie at Balmain, and a bit of My Sin put on the curtains at Lanvin, she walks out elegantly, glittering among tinkling chandeliers, smiling ladies and Louis XIV, Louis XVI or Louis XVIII decor. She usually models in the afternoon and, depending upon the fashion house, the show is usually from three thirty to five.

What almost every couturier in Paris does before a season starts is to fit a famous photographers' model into a certain creation he wants to make fashion news. She is recognized by women of the press and by New York buyers from having appeared in magazines, and is hired only for the days they are present.

For customers and invited guests, the groomed mannequin is used. The reason for it is economics: She doesn't get paid as much. A photographers' model in Paris makes twenty-five dollars an hour, and more for collections. The regular fashion house mannequin, depending upon the size of the house and where she works, makes a salary of between eight and eleven hundred francs per month—$171.10 to $220.

At the end of every season, couturiers dispose of the model dresses. A mannequin cannot keep the clothes free but may buy them on a first-choice option at reduced prices. If she doesn't take them, they're sold to resale houses—Marlborough, Cabessa, Geroy, Anna Lowe—where they are usually sold for one-third off.

## A Week's Wages in Dresses

The photographers' model works differently. Judy Henning, an attractive model from Chicago, says: "We don't get paid as much here, but it's mostly fashion ads we do, instead of other kinds. A European designer doesn't want to see you in his suit on one page, and smiling on a toothpaste ad on another, but sometimes when we work a week for a designer, instead of paying us, we'll get a seven-hundred-dollar dress free. And who's turning that down? I know a girl who got a whole Cardin wardrobe that way."

Her roommate, Pat Curran from Lansdowne, Pennsylvania, adds: "What I like about it here is that we're not so pushed for time like at home, and we can get assignments other places in Europe with all expenses paid—I wouldn't want to be an expatriate, but I think it's a marvelous experience for about two years."

When Dorian Leigh started her agency in Paris about seven years ago (after going through legal difficulties to do it), there were no other agencies. Now there are two others, and about three hundred models work in Paris, with thirty to thirty-five at the top; most are from New York. "The girl," says Dorian, "who comes with pictures and experience through Eileen's (Ford), or another well-known agency in New York, has a better chance than one who may be just

# American Girls in Paris (continued)

as pretty from somewhere else." But she admits that it can happen the other way around. Wilhelmina, from Chicago, came to her agency and had never worked in New York. She is there now as one of the three or four highest paid models in the world. Monique Chevalier, who came from Germany as Monica Graebener and married a Frenchman, became a leading New York cover girl and model.

Says the classic-looking Miss Leigh, bearing resemblance to sister Suzy Parker, "There is the model who comes to Paris to make it to New York, and the one who's tired of New York and wants to be in Paris. But they don't come here because this is the center of the fashion world; it's an old myth that it is. Paris designers repeat themselves—they're designing news, not clothes. Designs like Chanel's will always be lasting; I wear mine from ten years ago. But the Paris designer designs for the buyer and the buyer alone. A young designer will learn here, he may prefer living here as I do, but his aim is to be Jacques Tiffeau in New York."

American models in Paris, along with all the chic young Parisians, can usually be seen lunching at Le Drug Store—an all-in-one place on the Champs-Elysées planned after an American drugstore and looking like a baby Saks Fifth Avenue. You can run in some days, see Jeanne Moreau, Roger Vadim and the rest of the *Nouvelle Vague* crowd having a midday *anis gras. Très* chic. So chic that you spend your lunch hour standing up looking at them because there aren't any seats. It's probably the only place in Europe where you go in the powder room and put your hands under the waterspout and it comes on automatically.

At night in the company of her male escort, the beautiful American model is dined regally. You can usually see her for after-theater supper at Cloche d'Or, Elysées-Matignon, L'Impériale on the first floor of Maxim's, Rotisserie de L'Abbaye where one can eat completely in a medieval setting with minstrels and troubadours, La Grignotière, where you can get a few songs and some storytelling, the Spaghetti Club where there's dancing—and if she doesn't dance there then it's off to Whiskey a Gogo with dancing to discothèque, or Jean Castel's, or New Jimmy's in Montparnasse that's so private and so chic with its black and gold decor that you have to almost be with Onassis to get in. A favorite, but unknown to Americans unless they keep company with fashionable Frenchmen, is Caveau Villon, a cave with music and candlelight—so chic that it's listed in the phone book under a different name (J. Collin—64 des Arbre-Sec).

After a hitchhiking tour in the summer of 1964, a girl from Baltimore arrived in Paris to look for a job not knowing anyone and having no money for a hotel. She slept in the Austerlitz station four nights and changed clothes in public baths.

At one place where she went to look for a job, she told an employer her story. He had no job, but could loan her some money and see if he couldn't find some place where she could stay. She was to call him back by six. When she did, he said he had found a nice place on the Left Bank near the Pont Neuf; she was to meet him and he'd take her there. The Pont Neuf is the oldest bridge in Paris, but he wasn't meeting her there to talk about any Paris bridges; a friend's boat with the capacity to sleep six was docked right there on the Seine. She went back to sleeping in the station.

A few days later, she found a job doing what about twenty thousand girls in Paris a year do: *au pair*, meaning *on par*, a term better known to Americans as a governess.

The European governess, who supposedly sits on the sprawling flowered lawn of a beautiful château giving little children their lessons and putting them to bed with a couple of stories, ended in Paris around about the time of Marie Antoinette. The governess, if anything, is just short of Cinderella—and not at the ball either.

## Only One Bath a Week

An *au pair* girl in Paris works six hours a day six days a week, makes one hundred eighty francs a month (thirty-six dollars), gets two meals and lives in an attic. She lives in an attic because in eighteenth, nineteenth and early twentieth century Paris buildings, a Frenchman always has two things: a wine cellar called a *cave*, and a room for *la femme de ménage* (the maid) on the fifth or sixth floor. She will have no elevator, and because of plumbing facilities have no bath on the floor, 90 percent of the time no central heating and no closet space. She enters her room by back private staircase, eats most often in the kitchen separate from the family, and is permitted one weekly bath in the family tub.

Her duties, depending upon the family, go from scrubbing, (no mops are sold in France), dishwashing, ironing, cooking, mending and child care.

There are eleven agencies in Paris for *au pair* help—Accueil Familial des Jeunes Etrangères, and Tourisme Scolaíre being the two largest. The girl from Baltimore went to six before she could find anything; none of them could find families who wanted Americans; they don't work hard enough and they all have dishwashers, were the reasons. Most *au pair* girls aren't American, although many apply. There is more than one reason.

"The French," says Dona Hooper, 29, who has a doctorate degree from the Sorbonne, "deep down don't like us. They must always remain superior. An American, by most Frenchmen, is called *Amerlo*, which is about like calling us a nut. Deep down under their *politesse* they don't like any foreigner, that is why they are indifferent. In all of the history I've read by Frenchmen there is hardly any single reference to any other country's accomplishments except their own. They are proud, geared toward individualism from childhood, and they could care less about us. A Frenchman is *intéressé*, (self-concerned), he values tradition above all, he values intellectualism and gastronomy, not friendship, and for a foreigner—as I read once—'the French may be regarded as the most hospitable people in the world so long as you do not enter their homes.' "

Americans though, bless their hearts, like the French. There's one group that spends about four nights out of the week running between half the cafés in Saint Germain des Prés and Montparnasse looking to see where Jean Genet, Nathalie Sarraute or Simone de Beauvoir might be having their coffee. And especially since he won—and refused—the Nobel Prize, Jean-Paul Sartre. They even sit around the Deux Magots and Café de Flore looking for him, and he hasn't put his toe in the door of either one of them since about 1950.

A little secret: A café where he often goes is Le Raspail Vert in Montparnasse; it's on the corner of Edgar Quinet and Boulevard Raspail. Directly across the street from the café, overlooking a cemetery is the apartment house where Simone de Beauvoir lives, 1 Boulevard Edgar Quinet. She lunches at La Coupole on Boulevard Montparnasse every Thursday, and sometimes J-P is with her.

An American woman in Paris eighteen years, handling the literary works of both Americans and Europeans, is agent to Madame de Beauvoir; Ellen Wright, wife of the late and eminent novelist, Richard Wright.

Mary Gottlieb, 28, a trilingual Smith graduate, is Paris representative of George Braziller, American publisher of Sartre. She came to Paris on a six-month-trial period in 1960 after working for Braziller as an assistant editor in New York, and has been in Europe ever since.

Another twenty-eight year old who's been there just as long and succeeded in the editing and publishing world is Mary Blume, youngest feature writer on the Paris staff of the *Herald Tribune*—she got her job by handing in free-lance pieces while in Paris on vacation in 1960 (never having written before). Having worked in Paris once before in 1957 when just out of college as a secretary at the

office of French magazine, *Réalités*, she went home and worked on a Ph.D. at Columbia, and came back to try again.

A young woman from Wisconsin, Nancy Davies, who came in 1960 as a Fulbright student and stayed, is head translator and researcher for the French edition of *Reader's Digest* in Paris.

Elizabeth Peer, 29, who started off as a mail girl at *Newsweek* after finishing Connecticut College for Women, was moved to researcher position on the staff, then writer, and has been in Paris since the spring of 1964 as the youngest and first woman member ever to be sent overseas as a feature writer.

Dorothy Griffith Wiart, from New York, is an editor of an internationally distributed fashion magazine, *Elégance*, with one of its staffs in Paris. Formerly an actress, model, cover girl and photographic stylist, she came to Paris in 1956, had her own fashion house one year and, in 1958, married a French lawyer.

Another who married a Frenchman is Gwendolyn Sheffey, a young playwright from Pittsburgh. She came to work in the theater in France under the direction of Michael St. Denis and, in 1964, married a young French architect.

So many Americans were coming to work in Paris, marrying Frenchmen, that a young woman, Phyllis Michaux, who did it herself, organized a club for them in 1961—The Association of American Wives of Europeans. It now has one hundred and thirty members.

Mary Gradwohl, Paris secretary of Jules Dassin of *Never on Sunday* fame, is the wife of a French banker.

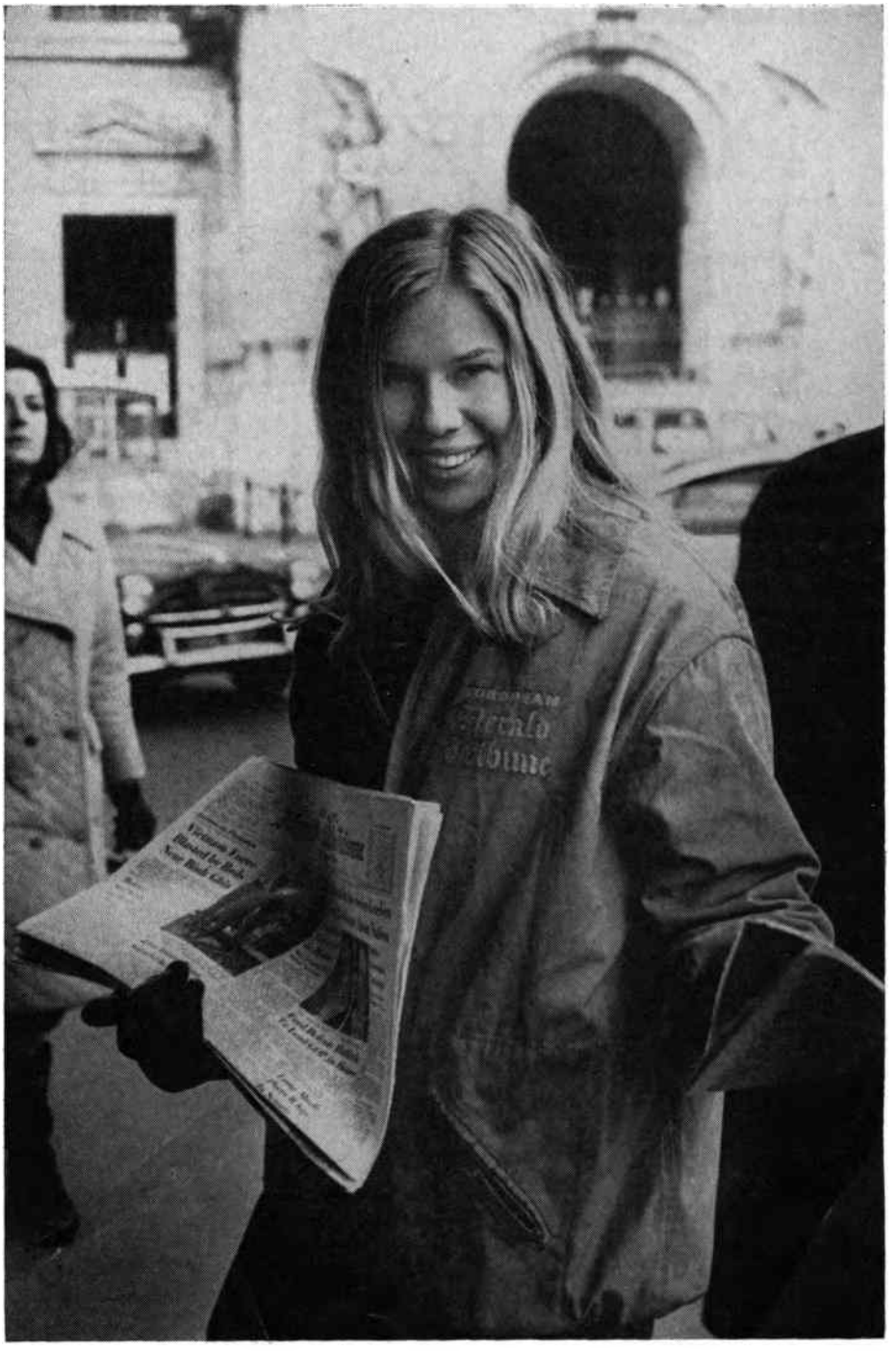
Another one in the film world married to a Frenchman is Shelley Rio from Texas—one of the Paris secretaries of Darryl F. Zanuck.

But any young lady coming to Paris planning to get married has to bring along her birth certificate, have it translated into French and legalized by a French consular officer. It's as hard as getting a job. . . .

## They Overlook All Hardships

No matter what the difficulties, many will be back this year—especially as the snow melts and spring begins. Some will marry Frenchmen. Thousands will go home. The blowtorch painter will be back out again on her roof, the girl in her mink stole on the Champs-Elysées, the *au pair* looking out from her attic room at the quais and parks and gardens and hundreds sitting in outdoor cafés.

Another girl will come with one suitcase and great hope to the city which so many have come to love and call not Paris, but the affectionate French name "Paname." The odds will be against her, but as with the young lady who knew one song, it is possible to win. THE END



Pamela Gilson, 22, of Summit, New Jersey, makes slim living selling *Herald Tribune* on Paris streets.

**"It's different for the American girl who comes to Paris in blue jeans and with a rucksack, and who is used to roughing it. She is less likely to be disappointed than her sophisticated counterpart. And I think that Frenchmen are much more polite and romantic than Americans are. However, alas, people just don't have platonic relationships anymore."**

# A Catholic's Concern About the Creative Arts

The outspoken editor and publisher of the liberal magazine *Ramparts* takes a critical look at the heavy hand his Church has laid upon American artists' right to freedom of expression.

BY EDWARD M. KEATING

The Roman Catholic church today is enjoying unparalleled prosperity, particularly in terms of its public image. In the last few years the world has become intimately acquainted with much that once was quite hidden and mysterious; the Vatican Council has served to humanize that institution which, in previous times, was the object of much speculation and uneasiness. For a few short years we had a simple Pope whose passing was universally mourned, even by those who ordinarily would be hostile to all things Catholic. We have currently a Pope of slightly less human appeal, and as a consequence there is a certain concern over the true fruits of the Vatican Council and even ecumenism itself. Whereas Pope John XXIII opened the windows, there seems to be a growing fear that Pope Paul VI is beginning to close those same windows.

Those of us within this world-wide institution with its heart and mind in Rome are equally concerned, along with others, over the course to be followed by the Church in the future. One of the most fascinating new phenomena in the Catholic church is that of criticism from within. A number of years ago Paul Blanshard was one of the most vocal American critics of the Catholic church, but, as a friend of mine recently said, "If Blanshard had only known where the bodies were buried . . ." This rather vulgar expression is very appropriate to the present situation. Only those within an institution can truly understand it in a way unavailable to others. This arises out of genuine love, as well as a belief in the need for forthright criticism.

To the stranger, the Catholic church may appear as an enormous monolith, but what he sees is merely the facade behind which teems an enormous complex of interrelated and interacting institutions ranging from the sacerdotal to the mundane. While we have the College of Cardinals and the Curia, to say nothing of the ordinary priest in some small parish, we also have vast welfare programs, school systems, medical plants, enormous real estate and stock holdings, and even such temporal institutions as Catholic Boy Scouts and Catholic all-American football teams. In brief, we are a complete and closed society.

## The Culture Question

To discuss all the details would be an arduous and confounding experience. I would prefer rather to direct attention to the broad concept of Catholic culture which manifests itself in everything—literature, music, the press, education, and even such national concerns as civil rights and thermonuclear war. It may come as somewhat of a shock to many, but there exists in this country an enormous subculture that I can only describe as "the Catholic ghetto." For example, there are over one hundred twenty diocesan newspapers whose publisher is the local bishop; there are approximately four hundred magazines published on a regular basis, and hundreds and hundreds of books that come out each year to satisfy the needs of this ghetto. We have parochial schools, Catholic high schools and Catholic colleges that number in the thousands—all to satisfy the needs of the ghetto.

So when I say, "Where are Catholics now?" I am referring to culture in general—and art in particular.

Art was once a rather casual, even intimate, part of the lives of those who rejoiced in being considered Catholic. The Church, in all its worldliness, was the major patron of the arts. Indeed, it is hard to tell who was more eager—the artists to draw near the Chair of St. Peter, or the Chair to inch closer and closer to the fashionable artists. Inevitably, in any discussion of the Church and art, one's attention is directed to the magnificent works of Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Da Vinci, and particularly Michelangelo and Bernini who were so largely responsible for St. Peter's cathedral in Rome. It is a source of parochial pride to realize that so many of the great masters glorified the Catholic church; only in the later ages did artists tend to leave the Church to its own devices and go about portraying common men doing very ordinary things, such as sitting for a family portrait or drifting down a stream.

In the Age of Enlightenment, when the Christian churches went on the defensive and Puritanism was the rising ethic, the arts became suspected of the most terrible mischief. No one could stand before the blatant carnality of the human form without the necessary blushes appropriate to his faith. No mind could wallow in the intellectual licentiousness of the emerging novelist or poet without exposing his latent heresy. Music, once so safely Gregorian, broke in upon spiritual decorum with lascivious harmonies, certain to corrupt the choir of the young. There was something presumptuous about art: It dared to exist independent of the bishops.

## Blessed by Mediocrity

It need hardly be pointed out that one of the worst collective offenders against artistic taste has been the Catholic church in America. America, it must be confessed, is terribly blessed with mediocrity, in terms not only of Church-oriented art but of art generally. There are, of course, two basic factors which account for the paucity of any genuine Catholic art in this country.

To begin with, we have the hostile heritage of Puritanism, which viewed any artistic adornment as the work of Lucifer —not metaphorically but quite literally.

Second, Catholics, ever anxious to be part of the national family, severed all aesthetic ties with European Catholicism and, if possible, became more puritan than the Puritans who engulfed New England. Actually, in all things, Catholics have made pathetic attempts to be *liked* by the rest of society.

Inherent in the problem of the American Church and art is the role played by the Irish. If one peculiarity marks the Church in this country, it is the dominance by the Irish. However, the Irish to whom I allude are not the leprechaun-loving and dancing-of-the-jig sort of Irish, but rather those Irish clerics who have historically ruled Ireland with a mailed fist. While Ireland has produced its share of amusement, it has also produced a type of churchman who has almost stifled freedom. One doesn't have to suggest Joyce; one can refer to the problems of such internationally recognized masters as Synge and O'Casey to lay bare the nonsense of hierarchical censorship.

This repressive, ignorant, philistine segment of the Church merely transplanted itself into American soil in the nineteenth century. The result is a clergy in America overwhelmed by the Irish, who have brought with them their ancient prejudice against anything they don't understand.

This really is the problem. Not only do we have to contend with the Irish clerical disposition; we are also faced with the clergy's general ignorance about art. It could hardly be otherwise. Coming here, as so many did, a century ago, the Irish brought with them little more than body and soul, plus a serious need to feed the body and protect the soul on alien shores. There was little time for niceties; a man had to work to support his family. The curse has not left the American scene. True, there are a few priests and bishops who can raise their sights above a good and sensible diet, but the great majority simply can't see the difference between art and artifice. What serves to decorate the Church is tolerable as long as it is the sort of thing one experienced in Ireland. All else is the work of the devil—that is, they don't understand it.

We have the Irish; what fun to conjecture about what it would be like if the French or Italian or Spanish dominated the American Church! Three great artistic civilizations have lost out to the Irish, whose only significant contribution has been to supply us with St. Patrick's Day parades and shillelaghs! But it would be unfair to place all the blame on Irish philistinism; in all probability, the massive Anglo-Saxon influence in America would have seriously handicapped any efforts at real art—that is, until sometime around the First World War.

While America produced very little worthwhile art of any sort during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it began a sort of barbaric renaissance some fifty years ago. Critics may argue over Dreiser, Hemingway, Dos Passos, Fitzgerald and all the others who set out to write, but this is far better than the Catholic silence that has yet to be broken by anyone of recognizable talent.

"Censorship not only keeps from the public what it censors, but also scares artists away.... Very few Catholic Americans warrant the title of artist."

The really basic question in art concerns its function. Should art be an end in itself or should it be a means to an end? To the Christian the answer seems quite simple: Art is a means. In opposition to the view of the Christian (and all those who are religiously oriented) is the principle of art for art's sake, an attitude that refuses to place art in any context other than a vague one called "aesthetics." Morality, particularly Christian morality, can play no part. While at first blush this may seem anti-Christian, it really isn't.

No artist works in a vacuum, and despite constant protestations from all sides, the artist impresses on his work a certain philosophy, whether implied or expressed, unconscious or conscious. However, sometimes it takes probing to find. Of course, the philosophy that animates a work of art may not be particularly sophisticated or very beneficial; but it is nevertheless present, even where it is manifestly absent, even if all the artist's work seems to say are such things as "There is no God, no purpose to life, no hope."

There then remains the alternative: Art is a means to an end. And it is because art is a means to an end that the Catholic church in America has seized on it as a splendid means to convert the world to Catholicism, as well as a sop to the aesthetic needs of Catholics. Only, the Church has failed miserably on both counts.

What makes art of *Oedipus Rex*, Michelangelo's "Moses," Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, *War and Peace*, *The Divine Comedy*, *Hamlet*? Can mere words, marble, sounds or patterned movements conspire to overwhelm man if they are just that and no more? What makes them art is the lifting, ever so slightly, of the veil of mystery that man seeks to penetrate, the mystery that is eternity. Man yearns for something ineffable, and art, for a moment at least, satisfies that yearning by helping him glimpse that something which gives life meaning. How terrible to be just a maker of bread! How empty the grave if it were the final answer!

The danger attending art is the danger that attends all creation; that is, What has been created? It is one thing to gaze rapturously at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and an entirely different thing to

# A Catholic's Concern (continued)

come across the writings of the Marquis de Sade. The Christian reacts one way to *The Diary of a Country Priest* and rather differently to *Candide*. History is filled with examples of art that horrify and degrade as well as exalt. The obvious question arises: Should art be censored? And if so, who is going to do it?

## Getting Past the Censors

Personally, I would like to get rid of all art that offends my personal taste. There are many church buildings, pious paintings and unctuous writings I would love to do away with, just as I would like to keep profane art that is morally repugnant out of my path. Actually, there appear to be two bases for decision: bad art and bad morals. Should we just protect morals or should we also do away with what we consider aesthetically bad? At this point, we should do neither. We should first ask this question: Does the artist have a right to produce whatever he wants? Certainly. To say otherwise is to deny him freedom.

Because most Catholics don't understand art, all they can think and talk about is censorship. Based on ignorance, censorship not only keeps from the public what it censors, but also scares artists away from natural expression and substitutes self-conscious artifice, designed not as an art work but as a means of getting past the censors. This is an utter perversion of art. And it helps explain why very few Catholic Americans warrant the title of artist.

If man is really free, subject only to conscience, a well-formed conscience, then the artist should—indeed, *must*—be free to create as he will, with absolutely no regard to society or censorship. Creativity must be unself-conscious in order to produce an authentic art work. The artist, when functioning as an artist, has as his highest responsibility his total dedication to his work. He must be true to it and it alone, out of love for what he creates. Anything less would be a betrayal of himself as an artist and of his work.

The error of those who proclaim art for art's sake, like that of would-be Catholic (or Christian) critics, is that they each have only one standard. Each fails to observe the other's standard. Catholics tend to relate all art to God, concluding that a "bad" poem about God is better than a "good" poem about something else. Their opposite numbers seem to say, "We don't care what you say as long as you say it well." Both groups are guilty of faulty judgment.

It is a basic fact of my own critical life that I dislike the work of Tennessee Williams, but I must always add the fervent wish that he were a Christian. On the other hand, we have Morris L. West, obviously well-intentioned, who is an abysmally bad writer. Some say that John Steinbeck is a Catholic, and thereby ostensibly reliable, but his recent efforts have lain helpless beside the vigorous work of Camus the atheist. Poulenc, whose philosophical tendencies caused a great deal of concern, nevertheless wrote better music than does Gian-Carlo Menotti. Edward Stone's talent is apparent whether he designs an embassy or a hospital. And there is even great merit in a well-conceived and well-executed television commercial. All this admiration (or the opposite) is derived from an awareness of the task the artist set for himself and how well he did his work.

This requires the critic to bring to *his* work a viable philosophy of life. It cannot be a dimly felt thing or a weak hypothesis subject to every current and eddy of thought. The critic must know just as thoroughly what he stands for as what the artist stands for. The absence of either destroys his value as a critic.

There really isn't much of a problem when critic and artist are two of a kind and are headed for the same goals; but what about the situation where the critic stands for one thing and the artist for another? This is a particularly thorny problem for a Christian critic analyzing the work of an anti-Christian.

If this were a perfect society it is unlikely that we would have artists; the ideal and the real would be one, and there would be nothing hidden yet yearned for. But this is not the way things are. We are in a terribly imperfect world, molded largely by sin and subject to the most invidious vices. Out of this imperfection it is only reasonable to anticipate a generous flow of contradiction and debate. Man suffers and cries out; quite often it is the artist's cry that is most forcibly impressed on the universal conscience. We rather appreciate his cry when it happens that we concur; we take a dim view of his caterwauling when he travels another course.

## Voltaire: That Nasty Man

Let us take but one glaring example: Voltaire. He was a nasty man who preached all sorts of immoral ideas and publicly ridiculed the Church. Such an anti-Christian deserved short shrift if not actual excommunication. But is this entirely so? Rather than satisfy ourselves with a horrified glimpse at his work, it might be well for us to place Voltaire in his historical setting, eighteenth-century France, whose so-called Catholicism (to say nothing of Christianity) is one of the great scandals of history. Without question, the Church that existed in France at that time was corrupt and as anti-Christian in spirit as any Church could possibly be. Such being the case, Voltaire was probably far more Christian than the harlots he attacked. Yet Voltaire was a nasty man.

Much the same sort of argument can be raised today. The artists of our time are largely rebelling against their society. This is just as obvious in the abstract painter and the mechanic struggling to formulate electronic music as it is in the great bulk of our present writers. Those of us who are convinced we have the answers should reflect upon—and respect—those who are just slightly less optimistic and assured. Further, we might just possibly set about changing the things that contradict our conceited theories.

The truth is that the artist sees the evils of the world and seeks some tentative reconciliation between what is and what should be. Rather than try to convert the artist, we should begin to think about converting ourselves. It is not the artist who lies; it is we who are the nasty men of our times. We manage to fool everyone—everyone, that is, except the artist.

## Art Must Serve

To many Catholics art exists for only one purpose: to prove that the Church of Rome, and only the Church of Rome, is the one true Church, and that all those obstinately resisting its maternal admonitions are running an almost certain risk of not only temporal loss but eternal as well. There is rather a grain of truth in the Church's assertion, but I prefer the thought that art's ultimate function is to bring men to God. It is one thing to rely on God's grace, but entirely another to rely on the bad taste of some Irishman whose only brush with art was a daily walk in the seminary between rows of commercial likenesses of dead bishops.

The American Church is opposed to genuine art because it is not safe. The creative act can produce all sorts of things that one can't predict with certainty. Far better to set those voluptuaries aside and get that pious house servant who won't cause any trouble. Besides, the act of creation is an act of pride, and everyone knows that only the humble will be saved. The truth is that art cannot exist; it must serve. If there is one quality that the Irish clerics lack, it is subtlety. A more devious sort might make art serve, but he would do so with a bit of delicacy, as if he were leading a sweet bride to the marriage couch. The Irish, who traditionally shun marriage anyway, throw the wench off the couch and into the pantry to serve up some porridge.

What I have said is not intended to impugn the integrity of the American clergy. History has worked against them:

first, because many of them come from a repressive and fearful culture that has constrained and stifled all the human creative instincts; and second, because this country, from farm to factory, is more intent on producing men of grit than men of sensitivity. Everyone knows who such men as the Four Horsemen and the Galloping Ghost are, without even needing to hear their real names. How many have heard of Allen Tate or Albert Camus, or even the Bard of Avon?

The average priest can give a detailed rundown on the Series, but has he so much as visited an art gallery? He follows the national political conventions, but does he know who won the most recent Pulitzer Prizes? He can throw a ball behind the rectory, but does he ever listen to a symphony? He watches *Gunsmoke*, but has he ever read Dostoevski? Or Faulkner? And yet this totally untrained, unsympathetic, unaware man has set the course of Catholic participation in the arts for centuries.

Surprisingly enough, despite the prevailing conditions, there are a few gifted and articulate Catholics. Sister Mary Corita, Father Raymond Roseliep, John Powers and the late Flannery O'Connor, to name a few, are nationally recognized Catholic artists and writers.

But since the Catholic church in America will have nothing to do with art, it has fostered mere artifice in a vain attempt to satisfy the aesthetic needs of its people and also to distract them from the adversary's wares. The sharpest contrast between art and artifice lies in the fact that the former raises questions while the latter provides answers—not tentative answers, but final, irrefutable answers. This is only natural since authoritarians shudder at uncertainties; they breathe easily only in the presence of granite certitude. If for an instant the bishop fumbles an answer, he is convinced that the earth will shatter at his feet and the great red hat will tumble down into the nearest crevice. His people will doubt his divine origins and his infallibility. They will ask further questions.

What has been said about art can be applied to all of the other institutions of the Church. The most glaring example of this principle of separateness and exclusiveness is the extraordinary educational labyrinth that threatens everything else within the Catholic community. Generations upon generations of Catholics have received their complete education "under one roof." And yet the entire complex is on the verge of collapse, not only economically but philosophically as well.

Catholic education is neither "catholic" nor "education." It is restrictive and retrogressive, the antithesis of growth. It is narrowly parochial and militantly antagonistic to all things non-Catholic. Above all, the system is founded on fear. And out of this fear, the Catholic church in America has formed a Frankenstein's monster that threatens to turn its creators out into the street, making them bankrupt financially and philosophically.

From a slightly different standpoint, Catholic education consists in erecting a mental fortress to protect its virginity. Anxious nuns and priests, aided and abetted by equally anxious parents, cloister not only the persons of the children but their minds as well. All things Catholic are good; all non-Catholic things are bad. From the unctuous primers that show John and Judy perched on our Lord's knee to university curricula that enthrone the legalistic syllogism, the Catholic intellect is wrapped in swaddling clothes. Its voice can only be raised in a recitation of Catholic shibboleths or a defensive bluster against those heretical, "others" who threaten Catholic intellectual complacency.

There are some few brave souls attempting to transform the educational system from a pious exercise in segregation into a viable academic endeavor. But these are few.

## The Isolation of the Church

Because the Catholic church, for so long, has lived isolated from many social realities that have their greater part outside of the Catholic ghetto, those within the Church, particularly bishops and clergy, haven't the slightest comprehension of the movements threatening to transform modern society. Consider the racial situation. So alienated are the American bishops from reality that they honestly believe that all they have to do is issue a few bland and amorphous declarations against the sin of racism and everything will be taken care of. The American bishops spoke in 1943, 1958 and 1963 and, much to their surprise, racism did not evaporate.

When members of the general community set up an organization to wrestle with a particularly serious problem, Catholics set up a Catholic counterpart—not primarily to remove whatever is wrong, but primarily to preserve Catholic people from contamination. Years ago the YMCA was established. To preserve the Catholicism of their children, Catholics set up the CYO. The general community sets up organizations to fight racism, and the Catholics set up Catholic Interracial Councils. There are Catholic counterparts to labor organizations, to relief agencies that dispense millions overseas. Historically, we Christians divided into Catholics and Protestants and, unhappily, Catholics still perpetuate this awful fragmentation of mankind; Catholics always seem to respond rather than initiate.

> "Rather than try to convert the artist, we should begin to think about converting ourselves."

But the world, as I said earlier, is in transition; old wineskins will no longer do. Ancient shibboleths and defensive bluster must give way to a new unity of mankind. The Catholic church will always be Catholic, just as I will always be Catholic; but that does not set either of us aside. Indeed, it is the very thing that should place us both in the center of the marketplace of life. The Protestant, the Jew, the atheist, will and should be true to himself and to the will of God that makes each what he is. This may be described as a form of separateness, but lurking behind these identifying marks is that which is common to us all: We are brothers born into this world by the will of God; and how can one of us demean or cut off our brother?

This is the great challenge to us all. For centuries we have lived behind walls of separation, each man and each grouping being a frightened little island fretfully suspecting everything alien and separate. We must knock down the walls; we must bridge the islands; we must end the terrible fragmentation of mankind that has brought us to this present moment, the awful brink that has as its foundation the atom. But just as the atom is its own kind of mustard seed of destruction, so is love that other mustard seed that will give birth to life.

We must not dwell in splendid separation from our fellowman, but in union with all men. The walls must fall so that man might rise up. THE END

# The Wall Street "Money Girls"

**Invading the richest few blocks in the world—traditionally a man's world of big money—there's a new girl who's going places: the downtown Manhattan career girl whose talk is stocks, bonds and banking. Here's how she lives, where she goes, what she wears.**

*Photos by Maxwell Coplan*

"The money girls" is what one gray-haired, Wall Street broker calls them. These are the girls who are giving a new look to the narrow, male-jammed streets where bankers' limousines glide up at three thirty to pick up their owners, where bright young men run municipal bond houses in the shadow of Trinity Church, and where brokers who meet the girls at the Stock Exchange on Wall Street sometimes register shock.

Mostly in their twenties, and sometimes looking even younger, these are the girls who, fascinated by finance, are invading Wall Street. Many of them headed for Wall Street after studying economics. At cocktail parties or out with a date, they are more apt to discuss stocks and bonds than theater. Some of them are already registered stockbrokers; others are studying to pass their brokerage exams; still other money girls deal in market analysis, accounting, even financial reporting. Their look: a crisp, going-places swing to their walk; clothes that young brokers like; a faint flush of excitement about being in a spot where every political tremor or world event shows up on ticker tape and in the flash of numbers on the big board. —HARRIET LA BARRE

At Oscar's Delmonico, famous restaurant opened in 1830 at the corner of Beaver and William Streets, Dina checks ticker tape quotations on way out after lunch. Dina is from Lancaster, Ohio, went to Miss Porter's School for girls; she became interested in the financial world after taking an investment analysis course at the New School for Social Research. She passed her brokerage exams in January, now has her own clients. Above, she wears an A-line skimmer dress of apple-green linen ($110) by Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture.

*Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture: Henri Bendel, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston, Fort Worth; I. Magnin & Co., California, Seattle, Portland, Phoenix.*

Lyn Gillmore, 25, (far left) an officer with Austin Tobin & Co., Inc., a municipal bond house, and Dina Fulton, 24, a registered stockbroker with Herbert E. Stern & Company, hurry along Broad Street, near Wall Street. Lyn wears a navy-and-white-checked wool sloggers coat ($80) by Gerald McCann for Junior-Aire. Dina wears a beige, silk-rayon, double-breasted coat ($65) by Junior-Aire. Scarfs by Echo.

*Gerald McCann for Junior-Aire: Lord & Taylor, New York. Junior-Aire: Lord & Taylor, New York.*

# Wall Street Fashions (continued)

As youngest member of Herbert E. Stern & Company, which is a member of the New York Stock Exchange, Dina listens intently to what veterans in the office have to say. She begins the day by reading The New York Times at breakfast, and The Wall Street Journal on the subway. At 10 A.M. she watches the opening of the Market on the Stern & Company's board. Below, she wears old spice-black-white Irish linen suit ($150), by Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture.

*Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture: Lord & Taylor, New York; Halle Bros. Company, Cleveland; I. Magnin & Co., California, Seattle, Portland, Phoenix.*

*Junior-Aire: B. Altman & Company, New York; The Blum Store, Philadelphia.*

Dina (above) on way to favorite pastime: spending lunchtime in the gallery of the Stock Exchange, watching the buying and selling. Though women are barred from the actual floor of the Exchange, she has visited it five times, escorted by a member. The first time, while the hundreds of men gawked at her, she "learned nothing except that I could blush for one straight hour." Here Dina wears beige-white houndstooth-checked coat with mandarin collar, narrow leather belt ($75), by Junior-Aire.

*Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman: Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Montaldo's, all stores; Joseph Magnin Co., California, Nevada.*

At The Bank of New York on Wall Street, Lyn Gillmore talks business with bank executive John F. MacDonald. Lyn handles the internal operation of the firm and all banking procedures. She attended Foxcroft School; later at Briarcliff College she majored in business administration. Lyn thinks, "The world downtown is a different world. . . . Things are really happening." Last year she attended the Municipal Bond School, now believes she would never work anywhere but in the financial world. Right, she wears navy skimmer dress of Fibranne (Italian rayon) piped with red ($55) by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman.

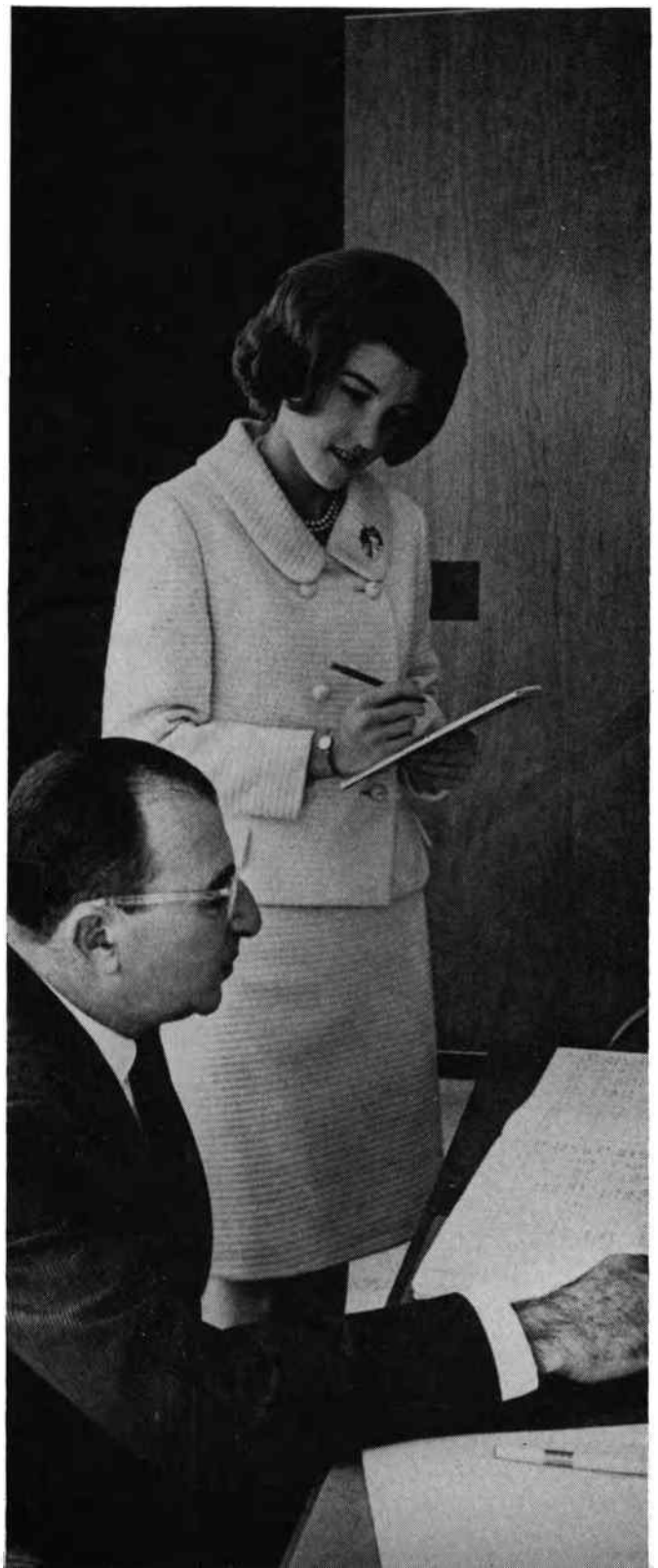
Lyn, on New Street across from her office, on way to lunch at downtown landmark, Eberlin's restaurant. At left is Austin Tobin, who founded his bond house in 1963. At right is firm member, Woodward Millen. Lyn is familiar with all phases of the business. She carries syndicate files to discuss over lunch, wears a three-piece Courreges outfit—black-and-white-tweed coat piped in leather, tweed skirt and pink checked, short-sleeved blouse ($395) by Samuel Robert, whose Courreges clothes range from $65 to $450.

*Samuel Robert: Bergdorf Goodman, New York.*

# Wall Street Fashions (continued)

Lyn Myers, 23, leaves the Chase Manhattan Bank with Bob Rafford, investment officer for Chase. Lyn's job: coordinating the marketing program of the investment advisory department. She researches background of prospective businesses or clients to find out if they are good prospects for the bank and reports to her two immediate superiors. Her department handles portfolios that range from $200,000 to $800,000,000. She hopes soon to be able to answer clients' questions: "Should I sell? Should I buy?" Above, she wears a navy Courreges suit of double-faced French wool, red-white-checked club collar and scarf ($325), by Samuel Robert. Her red leather briefcase ($137.50) is from Mark Cross.

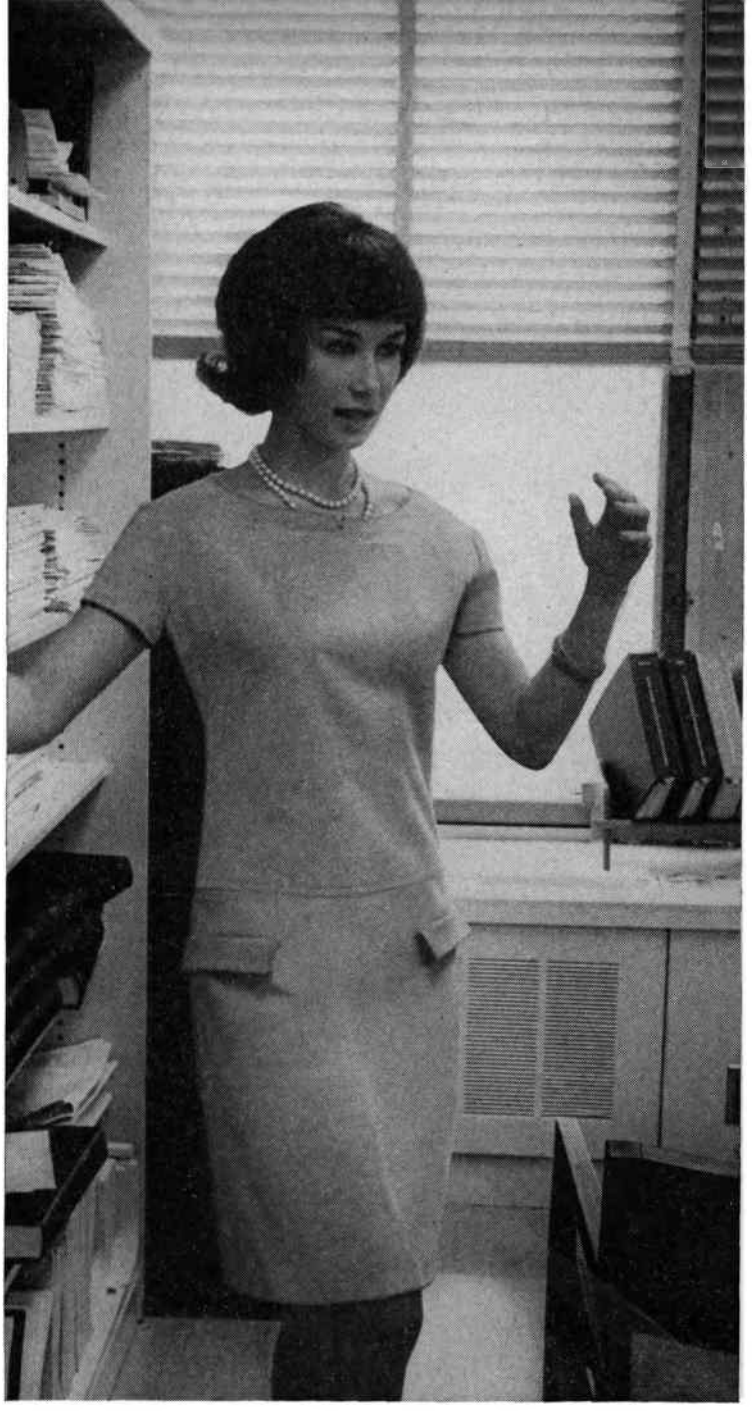
Marguerite Beer, 27, interviews Herbert Barnet (below), chairman of the board of the Pepsi-Cola Company, at his Park Avenue office. As a staff writer for the Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, Inc. publication Investor's Reader, Marguerite interviews chiefs of big companies to get the top executive viewpoint on business. A New Yorker, Marguerite is a Wellesley graduate, majored in economics. She wears a sleeveless white wool ottoman A-line dress topped by a double-breasted jacket ($125) by Junior Sophisticates.



*Junior Sophisticates:* ***Bonwit Teller,*** *New York;* ***Gidding-Jenny,*** *Cincinnati, Dayton;* ***I. Magnin & Co.,*** *West Coast.*

*Davidow:* ***Lord & Taylor,*** *New York;* ***Montaldo's,*** *all stores;* ***I. Magnin & Co.,*** *California, Seattle, Portland, Phoenix.*

At Merrill Lynch stock quotation room on Pine Street (above), Marguerite checks to see how her own stocks are doing, discusses them with account executive Patrick McCarthy, whose father is chairman of the board of Merrill Lynch. She wears a yellow-and-beige plaid, Chanel-styled suit of Irish mohair tweed, with a yellow silk crepe blouse ($250) by Davidow. Jacket pockets are piped in the yellow silk crepe.



"People really rely on you and expect a lot of you. It keeps you on your toes." First thing each morning, Barbie codes the tickets from the trading, so that they can be tabulated by the computer. "This is to keep track of the transactions during the day." At midmorning, Barbie reads The Wall Street Journal over her coffee and hard roll. Later she does research for the sales-service staff and gets information ready on new accounts. "The firm is small enough—a hundred people—so that when I have a problem I can go right in to the officers and get help without fear of being brushed off. It's all informal and friendly." Above, Barbie wears a turquoise suede dress ($110) by Courreges for Samuel Robert.

***Samuel Robert:** Bergdorf Goodman, New York.*

***Junior Sophisticates:** Bonwit Teller, New York; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati, Dayton; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast.*

## Wall Street Fashions (continued)

Barbara Dodd, 23, in the library of brokerage firm Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, Inc. (below). A graduate of Smith, Barbara comes from Northport, Long Island. She joined the firm just eight months ago as an assistant in the sales-service department which handles institutional accounts. "At first I was frightened to death. . . . There's so much money involved." Barbie wears an oatmeal dress of cotton flax tweed with loose hip belt and polka-dot scarf ($60) by Junior Sophisticates.

*Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman: Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Montaldo's, all stores; Joseph Magnin Co., California, Nevada.*

"I like the challenge of the financial world." Barbie recently finished a course at the New York Institute of Finance in preparation for the brokerage exam. Her uptown friends are fascinated by her job and constantly quiz her for hot tips. But mainly they think a girl on Wall Street is pretty unique. Left, Barbie works in a navy-and-beige check skimmer dress of Moygashel linen ($70) by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman. Scarf by Echo.

Stephanie Getz, 24 (below), joins her car pool of four young Wall Street men for the trip downtown. "We're all good friends. . . . I look forward to our breakfast downtown every morning." Stephie is from Moline, Illinois, took two economics courses at Smith, and fell in love with finance. She is an assistant to an investment counselor at The Bank of New York. Her job involves helping to prepare quarterly reports on accounts, giving customers information on the purchases and sales made for them. She feels her job has a future, though "It's tougher for a woman to get ahead. People prefer to have a man handling their money." Stephie wears a sleeveless black wool dress with pleats that start at the hip, and a white Norfolk jacket ($145) by Junior Sophisticates. THE END

*Junior Sophisticates: Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati, Dayton; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast.*

Harold Halma

## BEAUTY

# *The Natural Mouth*

***"One's eyes are what one is, one's mouth what one becomes. . . ."***
—John Galsworthy

Galsworthy's words, though naïve to the cosmetic magic of the sixties, can nevertheless be taken as fair warning in a day when the most envied beauty's mouth is, basically, the one she was born with.

Shying away from the built-up mouth, the partly hidden mouth, the endless clever gimmicks long considered essential to the achievement of "perfect" features, leading beauty thinkers are in agreement that the soft, natural lipline is the *only* one worth discussing. Once-errant variations are now allowed, nay encouraged, as part of the valuable genetic parcel that was delivered to each woman the day of her birth.

What has caused this dramatic reversal in beauty theory? Some trace it to current goddesses—say, a wide-screen vision of Sophia Loren's voluptuous mouth hurling insults, the likes of which can never quite be taken seriously because of the sensual lips they issue from! Others, oriented toward the world of fashion, nod heads in the direction of English model Jean Shrimpton. Usually loathe to giving any single lady *that* much credit, they can't stop raving over her full-blown pout —the almost incandescent glow of lips that have all but done away with those bright, purposeful, conforming mouths

that glazed magazine covers for so many years. Shrimpton's large, not quite amorphous, mouth has made a kind of overgenerousness suddenly a most desirable indication of beauty.

In yet another strata of female beauty, Gloria Vanderbilt (Mrs. Wyatt Cooper) —socialite, painter, writer and individualist-to-the-core—insists: "If a man is already smitten, he'll think your mouth is marvelous, no matter what its shape. . . . To try to minimize a natural fullness seems such a pathetic kind of attempt, and usually just succeeds in drawing attention to what is supposedly being concealed. I, myself, happen to have a large mouth and I believe in making the most of it."

The sparkling Zsa Zsa Gabor, when asked about secret Hungarian beauty potions or tricks for maintaining a young and supple mouth, was quick to retort, "The most alluring kind of mouth is an intelligent one! I think that a lively and animated personality will guarantee the best care of any mouth. . . . It's rather funny and sort of old-fashioned when women believe so seriously that a particular outward feature can make them alluring. The only way that one can keep a man interested is to keep him fascinated by what is coming out of the mouth, not by what is going on the outside of it!"

Meanwhile, at trend-setting beauty houses in New York City, this positive feeling for the value of a girl's natural endowments is confirmed by spring/summer lip products *and* the experts who spend their days creating looks or faces for the growing number of "natural beauties" in circulation.

## Pink from Flowerscapes

At Elizabeth Arden, reigning face-designer Pablo goes one step further in the crusade against melodramatic superimposed mouths in his statement: "Lips should not be a point of attraction, but rather one attractive point in the total balance of the face." Although Pablo's personal taste finds the small, bow-shaped mouth to be ideal (a preference much against the current wave of sympathy toward voluptuousness), he is definitely opposed to makeup that goes against the natural shape of the mouth. "Don't be so concerned with your bad features," he has been heard to maximize, "but make the most of your best feature."

As for lip color, Pablo tends toward delicate pinks for the warmer months ahead—pinks inspired by flowerscapes. His feeling seems to complement the going American beauty impulse. At Helena Rubinstein, for example, a whole range of pale, but *not* nude, lipsticks have been poured into slim, tulip-sprigged tubes—their delicate, rose-to-coral colors underscored with a "silver lining," if you like, for subtle luminescence. They even package the silvery stuff separately for adding light, lush effects to favorite colors you may want to stick with. Desired effect: the lips seen as freshly opened petals, the only high point of color on an otherwise calm face, mysteriously dominated by the eyes. "The artful use of lipstick," explains a Rubinstein spokesman, "has grown way beyond the fad stage. Like all other makeup, lipstick has now become a basic tool . . . learning to apply it skillfully can utterly transform an otherwise bland- or garish-looking face."

No less important to the character of the new, natural mouth is a deliquescent quality that's been tossed back and forth among copywriters—the moist school, neck-in-neck with the glossy/shiny group. What they're talking about is the kind of shimmer that models used to get by licking their lips before each click of the camera. Now it's neither the quick lick nor an inordinate amount of greasy lipstick that achieves the desired freshness, but "secret" ingredients mixed right in with the color and put there purely for retaining moisture-balance and suppleness. "Look, Ma, no more dry lips!"

Performing these same functions, exclusively, are the clear stick moisturizers to be used over or under lipsticks or on their own for beaching and sleeping hours. Gloria Vanderbilt swears by Frances Denney's Lip Moisturizer ($2.50 in gold tube, with refills available), and likes to wear it alone sometimes in the summer without any added lipstick color. "I think the absolutely natural, unmade-up mouth can be a whole look in itself, entirely different from a carefully made-up face . . . but it's only good on someone with clear skin and a full mouth." In that vein, Elizabeth Arden offers the colorless sheen of Lip Pomade and further suggests an application of Eight Hour Cream at bedtime, warning that lips should *never* be bare!

Redheaded model and actress Suzy Parker has similiar feelings about the mouth *au naturel*: "My mouth is what I was given. I always keep to its natural contours and usually wear a very pale pink lipstick which is actually the very same shade as the natural color of my mouth. As for going without lipstick, I like the look, now and then, but when it comes to problems of dehydration on the beach, my friends have noticed that the bottom half of my face never suffers from any kind of wind or sunburn, mainly because my mouth seems to be constantly moving . . . talking can be tremendous exercise!" Touché and again touché.

But for the lady less gifted in gab, Max Factor's Ultralucent Creme Lipstick (with the promise of sleek chic preblended right into it) is packaged to pamper her mouth and to guarantee her "no more flat 'little nothing' lips," at $1.25 a tube, in softened colors with or without iridescence. "Moon Drops," Revlon's lipstick bid for the most kissable mouth in this kissable season, comes in moonstruck colors that look solid in the tube, but oh so opalescent on the mouth!

## The Luscious Glow

At the fashion-oriented house of Coty, the new lip product is so richly endowed with moisture it's not even called a lipstick but Cremestick, and be assured that its colors give off plenty of sensual glow, as in the looking-to-summer shade "Wet Apricot." Not to be one-upped, Dorothy Gray has pulled down a luscious bid in the mouth market called Liquessence—a lipstick that boasts so much moisture per measure the mouth is kept supple for hours on end. . . . This one comes in any of twenty mouth-watering colors. So take your pick, ladies. Seldom has the lipstick line-up been so tempting!

A long-range view of the mouth comes from well-known Manhattan dentist Dr. Stanley Kent whose expert cosmetic rehabilitation—via orthodontic and prosthetic means—has worked rather dramatic changes in a number of patients, including well-known theatrical people whose mouths have made a drastic difference in their careers.

Viewing the mouth more as an architect than as a painter, Dr. Kent says, "It is difficult to speak quickly and in such general terms about this kind of dentistry, except to say that in many cases of well-executed dental correction—through porcelain jackets, realignment of crooked or crowded teeth and invisible bridgework—instant psychiatric help has been rendered. Many times, enormous feelings of inferiority are anchored in personal appearance and seem to be particularly a problem when the mouth is being pushed out of shape by abnormal placement of the teeth. . . . The correction of such deviation can help tremendously!"

When asked about the cost of cosmetic dental work, Dr. Kent explained that it was not an inexpensive process but that, unlike a new color of lipstick, dental correction was a lifelong investment and must be treated as such.

The mouth as an investment is hardly a frivolous idea. With cosmetic geniuses giving it this kind of rare care and feeding, the modern woman's mouth has, seemingly, no problems to contend with . . . only an endless number of beautiful solutions.

—KATHLEEN F. MARSHALL

In a wave of reverse snobbery, VWs have invaded high society as a fashionable nonflashy status symbol—in competition with the luxury limousine.

# VOLKSWAGENMANIA

**A glimpse under the hoods of the million and a quarter Americans who have the "bug" reveals a new breed of auto buff, completely captivated by the antics of the little machine whose peaceful invasion of the United States and the entire world has helped to raise the West German economy to its present boom.**

BY WALTER HENRY NELSON *Drawings by John Huehnergarth*

On November 20, 1961, a raging flood swept Mrs. Mable Stevenson's 1957 Volkswagen sedan down Palmer Canyon, just outside Pomona, California. When the torrential rains stopped, Mrs. Stevenson went to find her car. A wall of water five feet high tumbled it down a stream bed for a quarter of a mile and it now lay in a graveyard of debris. "Both doors opened easily," she recalled later, "and the interior was bone-dry and undamaged. All the windows were in perfect condition. I'm sure I could have ridden down the canyon in it and been perfectly all right. Neighbors who saw it on its journey told me it rode the water like a little ship."

Mrs. Stevenson's story is part of what might be called the "Volkslore" of the car. It is a word which can be applied to comparable feats, real and apocryphal, as well as to VW jokes and stories about some of the uses to which owners have put their cars. In providing its own store of legends, the Volkswagen is a sort of Paul Bunyan of Lilliput.

The fact that Mrs. Stevenson's VW was bone-dry inside after being hurtled about in a flood is technically understandable. There are reasons for the VW's seaworthiness: a flat, smooth, one-piece steel plate completely seals and encloses the car's bottom and, as any owner knows, the car is so airtight that one must roll down a window before one can shut a door with ease. In Homosassa Springs, Florida, where a VW was lowered gingerly onto the water by crane, the car floated for twenty-nine minutes and twelve seconds before settling. As the title of a *Sports Illustrated* article about the VW put it, "The Beetle Does Float."

## It Floats—It Even Flies!

A United Press International story in the *Detroit Free Press*, headlined "Floatswagen, Ahoy," reports that a man accidentally drove his Volkswagen into thirty feet of water in Lake Ouachita near Hot Springs, Arkansas, and then swam back to shore, towing it behind him. "He made a wrong turn and ran off a public loading dock, landing about fifty feet offshore," the paper reported. "His Volkswagen did not sink immediately, so he started to tow it to shore, his wife sitting in the front seat. The car finally sank in about three feet of water near shore. His wife scrambled out unharmed."

"It's bad enough that some people think the VW should float," says *Small World*, VWoA's customer magazine, which reaches over four hundred thousand U.S. owners each quarter. "Worse still, others feel the engine should fly." There are at least nine airplanes aloft which are powered by VW engines. None of these aircraft are produced by Volkswagenwerk or under license by the company. Indeed, the company takes an officially stern attitude toward such activities, although it reports them with apparent delight. *Small World* could not resist commenting that "Certainly the VW is air-cooled and relatively light [and] would seem well-suited to use in a plane [but] we don't recommend the practice." *Safer Motoring*, a magazine for VW owners published in Britain, shows photographs of one such plane, the Turbulent, at the White Waltham RAF station on October 24, 1959. In the cockpit, instructed by an RAF squadron leader, was Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh. He flew the plane for thirty-five minutes and apparently liked the experience.

Such adaptations will come as no surprise to Volkswagen buffs who are readers of the many magazines issued for their entertainment. Several of these magazines are unconnected with the com-

pany or its distributors who publish some twelve of their own, such as *Small World* in the United States, and *De VW* in Holland. In addition to Britain's *Safer Motoring*, other independent publishing ventures include *VW Auborst, Foreign Car Guide* and *Popular Imported Cars* in the U.S. and *Gute Fahrt* in Germany. Their editorial pages are filled with uses to which VWs and their engines have been put, as well as with accomplishments newly recorded for the car.

## Masochist of the Raceways

Racing the Volkswagen is one such accomplishment. While Heinz Nordhoff in 1962 announced that Volkswagenwerk had no intention of going in for racing, his customers labor under no such policy restrictions. The same year, a VW won the East African Safari Rally, which has been called the "world's toughest event for production cars" and which must certainly be the longest for it covers 3,080 miles, or just about the superhighway mileage between New York City and San Francisco, California. The event, however, is not conducted over turnpikes, but along sandy riverbeds and over rocky mountain tops; through rain, hail and sleet, and at altitudes ranging from sea level to ten thousand feet and over; through Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika. A record one hundred four cars were entered in the event but only forty-seven finished; the others fell prey to mechanical failures or were unable to maintain the 45- to 60-mph average speeds. When the Volkswagen which won the race romped across the finish line, the drivers announced, "It's ready to go round again." The car's only malfunction was a sticking headlight-dimmer switch. It is interesting to note that the very same car was entered again in the race in 1964 and won first place in its class.

A car which can float, fly and race engenders a great deal of loyalty, even the sentimental kind. When the Metropolitan VW Club in New York discovered a 1956 Volkswagen corroding in a junkyard, its members rescued it, reconditioned it completely, resprayed it a fire-engine red and then named it "The Orphan." Several Volkswagen dealers assisted "the good work."

On university campuses, students have crammed Volkswagens as they once used to jam telephone booths. A record (unofficial) thirty-one teen-agers have been squeezed into a sunroof sedan. Campus pranksters regularly bury VWs in autumn leaves. The latest collegiate game is called a "Volks tote." The aim is to carry a VW sedan one hundred yards and then drive it back in reverse to the starting point. Any number can play, but the rule is that all those who carry the car forward must ride in (or on) it back to the finish line. The prize is a Volkswagen hubcap. The ultimate in pranks appeared in a Halloween prediction for 2062, as seen by the *Chicago Daily News*. "Sturdley O'Calabash's 2062 Volkswagen was stolen by some joker who substituted a 1962 VW," the article read. "O'Calabash drove it around for ten days before he noticed the difference. (The 2062 model has a smaller fuel tank cap.)" As Peace Corps director Sargent Shriver said when he compared his organization to a Volkswagen, "We improve it all the time inside, but it remains just about the same externally."

The VW benefits from the reverse snobbery which causes the rich and glittering elements of American society to avoid flashy cars such as Cadillacs. Merriman Smith reports in *The Good News Days* that it was "important to keep down with the Joneses" in Washington, D.C., during the Administration of John F. Kennedy. The way to do so was to drive a Volkswagen. This is an attitude the company encourages; a Volkswagen advertisement has even been headlined, "What year car do the Joneses drive?" The "Joneses" include King Baudouin of Belgium, Britain's Princess Margaret, and two cousins of the King of Thailand who operate the Volkswagen agency in Bangkok. Dr. Benjamin Spock arrived at a White House dinner in a rented VW. Society columnist Jane Gregory of the *Chicago Sun-Times* writes that "The snappiest auto we've seen of late was not a Rolls-Royce or a Mercedes-Benz or a Jaguar, but a Volkswagen convertible Mrs. Otis Hubbard drove to lunch the other day in Lake Forest." She reports that "The finishing touch of éclat is a discreet monogram lettered in gold on the door." VWs are not only popular in fashionable Lake Forest, but also in society's watering hole, Newport, Rhode Island. The *Boston Globe* says that "Rolls-Royces, Mercedes-Benzes and the ubiquitous Volkswagens" were omnipresent at Janet Auchincloss's debut there. The *Washington Post* reports the same at Embassy parties. Clearly, the car is "in" and driving one has become something of a sign of good taste.

The kind of people, who drive Volkswagens strike syndicated columnist Sydney J. Harris of the *Chicago Daily News* "as having what traffic officers call 'the right attitude' on the road. . . . They seem sensible people, with decent values, and I would wager a sizable amount that the accident rate is quite low among them." (Harris is right; insurance rates are lower for Volkswagen owners than for owners of big American cars.) Stephen Baker, writing in *Advertising Age*, a trade magazine, says that the man who "prefers Volkswagens to Cadillacs" is "an intellectual snob" who "prefers to display intellectual instead of material wealth."

As a matter of fact, VW owners on the whole "defy classification by any conventional criteria," according to R. L. Polk and Company, statisticians to the U.S. auto industry. They seem to have all kinds of jobs, and they enjoy the most diverse sports and hobbies. Most of them live in urban West and East Coast areas. Asked whether a large number of VWoA's customers are of German extraction, Paul R. Lee, VWoA director of merchandising, answered that the company sells more cars in Atlanta, Georgia, where there are few German-Americans, than in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where there are many. Pro- or anti-German sentiment seems to have little influence on VW sales in the United States.

A recent survey of Volkswagen buyers, conducted by Benson & Benson, Inc., of Princeton, New Jersey, revealed that 40 percent of VW buyers are college graduates and 60 percent attended college. The proportion of VW families in the professions or management is 51 percent, about twice the ratio of these groups versus semiskilled, unskilled and service groups throughout the country.

The attitudes which owners entertain about their cars emerged from another VWoA survey, conducted by *Small World* magazine among five thousand of its readers to determine likes and dislikes about the car. Complaints were minor and few in number. "The beep horn has no authority in freeway driving," a Californian wrote. Another correspondent complained of "s-q-u-e-a-k-y brakes."

## Cozy Sound of Rushing Air

The biggest gripe (12.8 percent) concerned ventilation and heating. (In reply, *Small World* suggested that opening a vent window improves the heat flow, that respondents' heater flaps might need adjustment, and that keeping the car in low gear for short runs provides more heat. "This means you'll hear air rushing, but it's a cozy, warm sound.") Less than 10 percent complained of passenger room, but some pleaded for more storage space —a problem many VW owners have solved imaginatively for themselves. A Navy man in San Francisco urged the company to redesign the engine lid to increase clearance with the rear bumper. *Small World* commented "Maybe you're right," and referred the suggestion to Volkswagenwerk designers. Others complained about the lack of a cigarette lighter and about the location of the battery (under a kickboard beneath the rear seat).

Most owners were less captious. A Wisconsin woman said, "This car belongs to me—I don't belong to it!" And another owner wrote, "It has to take one hell of an automobile when my mother

# Volkswagenmania (continued)

reminds me to change oil!" A New Hampshire man reported that his current VW was his fourth.

One untypical Volkswagen owner, Albert Gillis, a then seventy-eight-year-old Justice of the Peace in Oconto Falls, Wisconsin, bought a bright red 1962 VW sedan after what appears to be three decades of resistance to car salesmen. His first and only other car was a Model A Ford, vintage 1929. He kept it "like a barber keeps his scissors," VWoA reports. "When a part looked like it was wearing out, he replaced it." He even jacked the car up every night to save the tires.

## Car of a Lifetime Comes Twice

When Mr. Gillis bought his Volkswagen, *Weathervane* passed the story on to VWoA's ad agency. "Thirty-three years later, he got the bug," Doyle Dane Bernbach headlined. Mr. Gillis, the ad reported, bought a Volkswagen because he "heard they hold up." Otherwise, he was cautious. "Your inspectors sure do a good job of inspecting," he allowed. Then he mentioned that he and Mrs. Gillis took a trip for their fifty-fourth anniversary. They drove 6,750 miles and spent sixty-two dollars on gas and fifty-five cents on oil. "I didn't think they were supposed to burn oil," he said.

Another VW owner in whom the company takes pride is the man who owns the oldest Volkswagen in the United States. In February, 1960, the company started hunting for him, intending to present him with the five hundred thousandth VW to be imported to the U.S.A. In April, 1960, the man was found. He was a farmer who had bought his VW from a Minnesota U.S. Air Force sergeant who had picked it up in Germany. The factory records showed the car had been built on December 30, 1945. Just as the company prepared to celebrate the event, it learned that the farmer never obtained clear title to the car and that both the veteran and the farmer claimed the reward. Rather than sour the occasion, VWoA presented each man with a brand-new sedan.

Shortly after World War II, before the car became popular, it took courage for men like the Air Force sergeant to drive a Volkswagen in the U.S.A. Owners began to band together for self-protection, to bolster each other's courage, and for good fellowship besides. It became logical for a handful of them to establish the Volkswagen Club of America in 1955. Members kept their eyes peeled for other Volkswagens and, encountering them, honked and waved joyously and, perhaps, with relief. Those days have gone. During one month in 1964, driving in a VW with my wife and children, I tested out the responsiveness of today's Volkswagen drivers. Despite the fact that we honked and waved at well over one hundred VWs, we got just one return salute. It struck me that the drivers I greeted thought I might be somewhat mad. Certainly they did not seem to know the password, or perhaps they considered the gesture antediluvian. In 1955, matters were more fraternal. Alvin Outcalt, a founder of the Club, says, "Of course a lot of foreign-car owners were waving and tooting in those days, but with us it went deeper somehow. You didn't just wave; you stopped and crossed over and shook hands with the guy and asked him how many miles he was getting and did his heater keep him warm like yours didn't. You felt a kinship, you know?"

**Early VW owners resorted to whimsical pranks in self-defense. Favorite gag was adorning car with sticker reading "Made in the Black Forest by gnomes."**

Although it wasn't hard for the Club's founders to enroll members, it was difficult to convince Volkswagen of America of the Club's merits. The company forbade the Club to use the name of the car in its title, but the Club chose to ignore the order, and ultimately VWoA surrendered completely to the enthusiasts. Today, its public relations manager Arthur R. Railton supports the Club in sundry ways and his staff members rarely miss its conventions. Upwards of three thousand VW owners currently belong to the Club and many of them sport Club insignias on their shirts and car bumpers. They even travel together to Wolfsburg where, they say, "We stand around in that factory like pilgrims in a cathedral and think reverent thoughts."

One of the ties that bind is the Club's official publication, the *VW Autoist*, put out in New Jersey. "Dedicated to helping the Volkswagen owner enjoy his car to the fullest," as its masthead claims, it furnishes members with regional news, technical information, and such services as the Emergency Listing Service ("Stuck somewhere? Check the list and call the names [of Club members] nearest to where you've broken down.") The magazine also sponsors a Club Host Plan, whereby VW travelers can spend the nights en route at the homes of other Volkswagen buffs.

One of the earliest and best-known Volkswagen jokes—created before its rear engine became familiar—tells of a stalled owner peering sadly inside the car's front luggage compartment. "My engine's missing," he says to another Volkswagen owner who happens along. "Are you in luck!" the other one answers. "They gave me a spare in my trunk."

And two Texas jokes are also popular. One tells of the Texas millionaire who bought himself a big air-conditioned Cadillac—and took his change in Volkswagens. The other has a Texas oilman showing his beetle to two friends, who sneer that it isn't air-conditioned. "No," he admits. "But I always keep a couple of cold ones in the refrigerator." Finally, columnist Dick Hitt of the *Dallas Times Herald* refers to a local VW owner whose beetle *is* air-conditioned and "who gets forty miles to the ice cube."

## A Pregnant Roller Skate?

The beetle has been called a "hump-backed roller skate" and a "pregnant roller skate" and columnist Jack Guinn of the *Denver Post* amused his readers by asking them to suggest words defining a group of Volkswagens. A "vainglory of Volkswagens" was submitted along with a scurry, an insolence, a peasantry, a churl and a batch of beetles. A reader named Burton Beebe told Guinn he liked

the sound of "a chuffle of Volkswagens," and wrote that a subspecies known as "the double-throated chortler" gets excited in the presence of "the high-crested overbore." Volkswagen owners occasionally festoon their bugs with special signs, such as "Half car, will travel," "Student Porsche driver," and "Transistorized Rolls-Royce;" and at least one VW sports a license plate which spells out MYBUG.

## Hitchhiking VWs

Much of this humor is whimsy. Thus, *Time* magazine, referring to Pasadena, California, said that "For 364 days a year [it is] a gentle cultivated city populated by little old ladies who sit behind lace curtains and, according to legend, knit Volkswagens." Some of the humor purports to be based on fact. Henry Mullen of Cleveland, Ohio, reported in *Gasoline Retailer*, a trade magazine, that an elderly gentleman drove a Cadillac into his service station, followed closely by a Volkswagen. "Jumping out and dashing back to the Volks," Mullen writes, "he began hurling invectives at the small car for 'tailing him.' Then he abruptly fell silent. Surmising that something was amiss, the attendant rushed to the scene—only to find that there was no driver in the Volks. At that moment, the police pulled alongside the Caddy in search of the Volks, whose owner had reported it stolen. . . ." What had happened, says Mullen, was that "The Caddy had backed into the Volks, locked bumpers and had been towing it around." Columnist Herb Caen of the *San Francisco Chronicle* says he saw a municipal bus and a Volkswagen come "nose-to-nose at [an] intersection and the VW refused to blink." Caen writes that "The bus driver reached under his seat, produced a can of Black Flag insect powder, opened the door and sprinkled some on the Volks' hood." The expression on the VW's driver as he backed off, the columnist says, was memorable.

Volkswagen of America does more than smile at such stories; it collects them in the archives of its public relations department and circulates them to newspapers in mimeographed form.

As increasing numbers of VWs are sold to Americans, more and more of them go to sober individuals, and not to that special breed known as car buffs. Yet there are still many owners who tinker with VWs to an extent difficult to imagine among Americans who own Detroit models usually modified only by hot rodders.

A glance at magazines which reach VW owners reveals how many items are offered for sale to those who want to glamorize, update, or soup up their beetles. Among them: car plaques (reading *You have been Volkswagened—passed by 40 hp*), locking handles for motor compartments, plastic grip handles for emergency brake levers, dual carburetor manifolds, Access-o-trays to fit under VW dashboards, chrome trunk handle plates, oil temperature gauges, ammeters, transistorized electric tachometers, VW-size car fans, dual transistor ignition systems, steel expansion stud to increase rear tread, reserve fuel containers which snap into spare wheel rims, hinged rear windows, polyether foam headrests, superchargers, and such "pidgin German" dashboard control labels as *Das Glimmerblinken* for the light switch, *Das Drizzleflippen* for wiper switch, *Die Warmercougher* for choke, *Das Schmokegedunka* for ash trays, and *Der Puttersparken* for ignition.

**Fad-happy students cram Volkswagens now instead of telephone booths. A record (unofficial) of thirty-one have been squeezed into a sunroof sedan.**

This kind of humor (like decals which read *Made in the Black Forest by Gnomes*) appeals perhaps only to the less sophisticated of the usually sophisticated Volkswagen owners and was more prevalent in the 1950s than it is now. More complex is the clowning around of a Broadwater, Nebraska, TV repair man named Bud Hatheway, who installed an electronic system in his VW trunk which allows him to trigger engine and accessory controls from a portable transmitter. He parks in a crowded place, crosses the street and watches passersby stop in amazement as the engine starts, wipers move, head- and taillights blink on and off, and turn signals flash, apparently of their own free will. After the inevitable crowd gathers, he broadcasts his voice through the car's trunk.

The greatest area of modification lies perhaps in providing the car with more luggage and storage room than it naturally offers. In fact, few drivers require more space than the car provides, except once or twice a year when a trip is planned. The unmodified car contains 4.944 cubic feet of space under the front hood and another 4.944 cubic feet behind the back seat. Each area will hold two medium-sized suitcases or a great deal of loosely packed equipment. Many VW owners use the carpeted space behind the back seat as a place to put the baby. In my 1963 sunroof sedan, I found I could comfortably travel with my wife and three children, plus enough carefully selected gear to keep us going for a month in the country. This takes imaginative stowing, but Volkswagen owners soon become experts at packing tightly and cutting out unnecessary items.

## Lots of Room for Obstetrics

Is the car cramped? One auto expert claims that "The front seat leg room is greater than many big cars, as is the headroom." David Felts of the Decatur, Illinois, *Herald* reports a story from a Chicago newspaper. "The news was that a young mother, en route to the hospital, had given birth to a baby in the back seat of a Volkswagen. Now who can possibly doubt that there's all the room anyone can need in the back of that popular car?" While the car may have enough room for obstetrics, it is nevertheless no car for the five or six adults who can get into a full-sized American automobile. It was designed for four and it was, furthermore, not designed for grouches. Driving a beetle is somewhat like driving a VW "bus" or station wagon. As one owner says, "You just have to be young—at heart anyway—to drive a bus." It seems over a million and a half Americans fit that description. THE END

# The "Magnolia Blossom" Drinkers

## The Alcohol Research Clinic of Philadelphia's Lankenau Hospital provides new insights into the "invisible" woman alcoholic who drinks alone, in secret, and is a problem only to herself and her family.

BY GLENN WHITE *Photos by Werner Wolff, Black Star*

Some women have been drunkards, more or less openly, in almost every culture. A drawing on an Egyptian tomb nearly four thousand years old shows servants offering women wine; the inscription reads: "Drink to drunkenness! Drink! Do not spoil the entertainment." One lady needs no urging, but calls to the porter, "Give me eighteen bowls of wine. Behold, I love drunkenness!"

Early Rome had prohibitions against women drinking, with a punishment of death by beating, but in the latter days of ancient Rome even highborn ladies were drinking freely. The early Christian writers deplored it. Pope Clement warned of the "deadly association" of wine and women. He criticized women for "reveling in luxurious riot, gulping down wine and hiccupping ostentatiously like men." Through the ages, such scenes were depicted by many artists and writers, and, with the assistance of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Eighteenth Amendment, the notion that no nice woman should drink was thoroughly established in the United States.

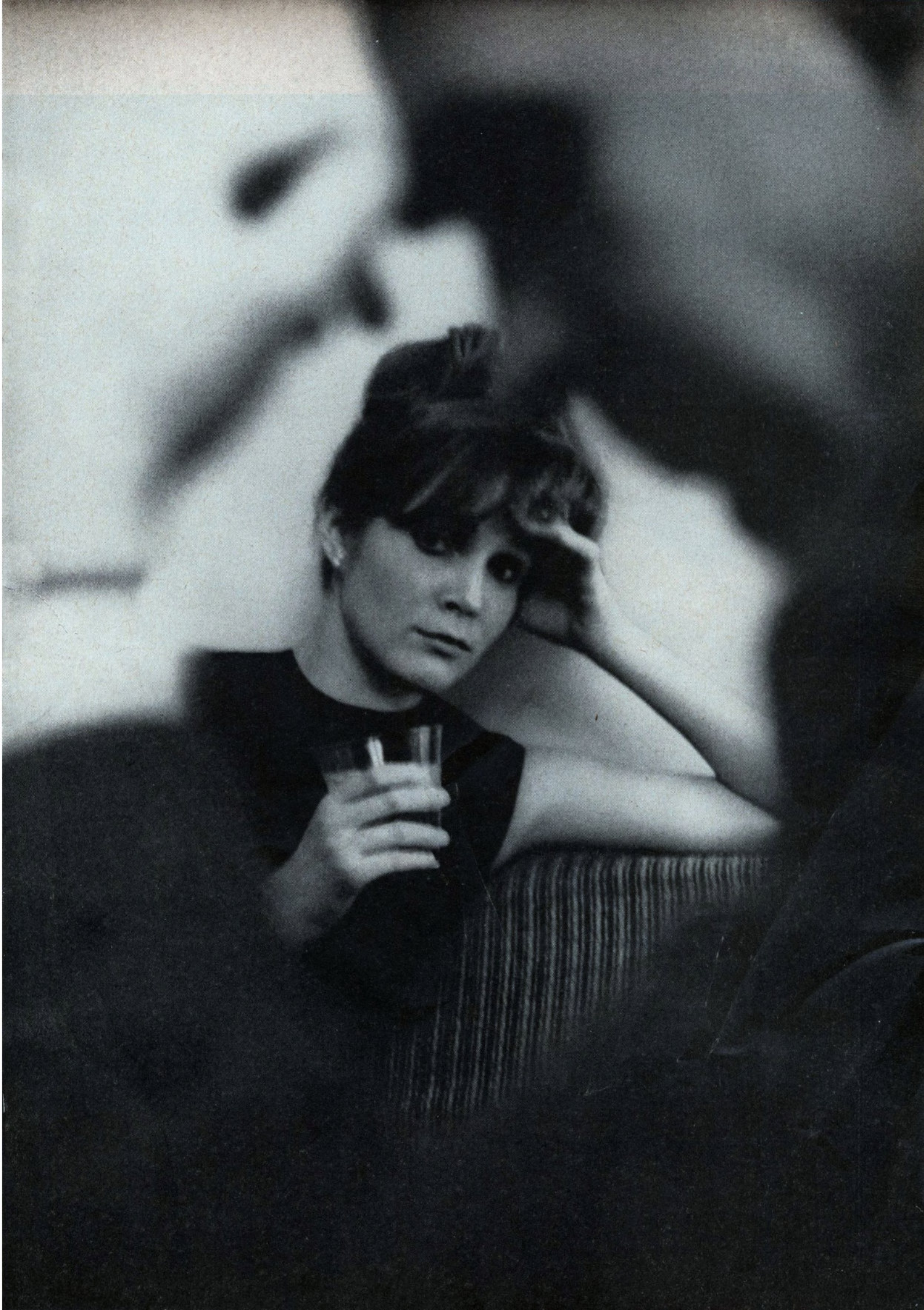
A man can get raucously drunk in public today and attract little attention or censure, but the woman who does so is conspicuous and generally regarded as disgusting. The rule is: A lady may drink, but she must never get drunk—at least not often, and where others can see her. If a woman becomes addicted to alcohol, she feels she must be quiet at cocktail parties and circumspect at all other times. Most often the woman alcoholic drinks in solitude, in the privacy of her home. The female alcoholic differs from the male mainly in her passion to conceal her addiction—from herself, if possible; from other people surely.

At a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous, an elderly woman described how she maintained this illusory secrecy. She had tried to control her drinking, she said, by making sure there was never a bottle in her bedroom. She hoped that the effort of having to get out of bed and go downstairs for a drink in the middle of the night would deter her. Of course it didn't. In the early hours of the morning she always woke up craving a drink. First, without turning on a light, she would search her bedroom for the bottle she knew wasn't there. Then she would stealthily tiptoe downstairs, taking every precaution not to make the slightest sound. "I didn't want to hear myself," she explained, "but most of all I didn't want my neighbors to hear me. They lived only a quarter of a mile away!"

Often neighbors and friends join the woman alcoholic in a conspiracy of silence and pretend that what they see happening isn't really happening. There are many "hidden" cases of alcoholism among women because, even when the abnormality of their drinking becomes obvious, family and friends continue to try to conceal it. The word *alcoholism* still has about it some of the aura of taboo and shame that cancer and tuberculosis once had, but this is being dispelled. More women than ever before are today seeking the help of Alcoholics Anonymous, private clinics and other agencies.

"I just have a few drinks before dinner," one of them told Edward L. Duffy,

**Pretty, vivacious and bright, the "Magnolia Blossom" drinker often had a domineering parent whom she found impossible to please. She tends to marry the same kind of person and, not being able to please him either, she turns to alcohol.**



**Warfare between insensitive and unloving parents deeply affects the growing girl's self-image. If she identifies with the stronger parent, she may forever shun alcohol. But if she models herself on the weaker, submissive partner, either mother or father, heavy drinking may later provide for her a release for rage and self-punishment.**

chief counselor for the Alcohol Research Clinic at Lankenau Hospital in Philadelphia.

"How many?" he asked.

"Oh, three or four."

A few more questions revealed that she made the drinks herself, she didn't count them, each drink contained about four ounces of liquor—and she consumed almost nothing else all day. "Her drinks were nothing like those she was served at her country club," Mr. Duffy observed.

Women who steadily sip alcoholic beverages in their homes comprise a large and apparently increasing proportion of alcoholics. Authorities usually estimate the total number at about five million; Edith Lisansky, in the *Quarterly Journal of Studies on Alcohol*, suggests that at least seven hundred thousand of these are women. One out of five members of Alcoholics Anonymous is a woman; the total membership of that organization is approximately three hundred and fifty thousand. This would mean that seventy thousand women have sought the help of AA and taken the first of the organization's famous Twelve Steps: *We admitted we were powerless over alcohol—that our lives had become unmanageable.*

Richard J. Caron, president of the Chit-Chat Foundation which operates a farm for alcoholics near Reading, Pennsylvania, estimates the total alcoholic population to be 5,250,000. "Contrary to general belief," he said, "the great majority of alcoholics are not the visible skid-row types you can see in the Monday morning lineups, in the jails and in city hospitals. Some 97 percent of all alcoholics in this country are to be found in the homes, factories and offices of ordinary, respectable communities."

Certainly millions of nice women have a taste for alcoholic beverages, and perhaps they always did have. A famous vegetable compound, heralded as a boon to womanly health and vigor, was 20 percent alcohol before the Federal government removed its kick. It had sensational sales, especially in states and counties legally dry, and men did not buy it.

Counseling at a clinic on Philadelphia's renowned Main Line, a high-income, residential area, Edward Duffy has an unusual opportunity to study the relatively "invisible" alcoholic women who drink at home, lead respectable lives, and are a problem only to themselves and their families. Mr. Duffy, who is a counselor on alcoholic problems, has a relaxed and reassuring manner. He speaks with utter concentration on his listener and in almost dulcet tones. He suggests the kindly, sympathetic father symbol, but one who can get stern.

His colleague, psychiatrist Howard P. Wood, is youthful in appearance, quick in empathy and concern for his patients. He grew up in a family of Quaker teetotalers and his personal experience with alcohol has not been great. Usually Dr. Wood sticks to a one-ounce, two-drink limit before dinner. Most psychiatrists admit they are unsuccessful in treating alcoholics, but Dr. Wood is convinced there are many exceptions and that others in his profession can learn to treat alcoholic patients effectively. He concedes the psychiatrist can do little for a patient who is never sober. He deals mainly with those who have attained sobriety through Alcoholics Anonymous and Mr. Duffy's counseling.

In a study they made of sixty-nine well-educated, high-income women alcoholics, Dr. Wood and Mr. Duffy found women who appeared to be almost the direct counterpart to the conventional picture of the woman alcoholic. Though somewhat bruised, most were still attractive, sleek, stylish, and characteristically groomed to a high gloss. Three quarters of them attended college, and six have done graduate work. "If these sixty-nine women were in a crowded ballroom, and a male committee were asked to pick the one hundred most attractive women on the floor," Mr. Duffy said, "on the basis of looks, geniality, intelligence or what have you, these women would make it."

## "Miserable Self-Image"

Still, though most of them are staying off alcohol now (more than half are members of Alcoholics Anonymous), these women haven't made it. Almost all of them are in their thirties or early forties, and all but eight were married at the time of the study. (Forty-six were still living with their original husbands. Twelve were divorced and five of these had remarried. Three were widowed, one of whom had remarried.) All those who married found their marriages both sexually and emotionally unrewarding, and none of these sixty-nine women reported or showed any tendencies to promiscuity or homosexuality. The majority have had two or three children, most of whom are of school age.

None of the sixty-nine felt she had been raised in an atmosphere of warmth and acceptance. "The recurring theme," Dr. Wood and Mr. Duffy reported, "was the inability of the daughter to satisfy the dominant parent. . . . Every patient developed a 'miserable self-image,' which utterly negated her generally superior beauty, talent and intelligence. . . . Sexual instruction was grossly inadequate; the girls generally sensed that sex was a secret—dirty business tolerated grimly by the mother."

Through marriage, these alcoholic women "had generally gained security but not satisfaction." Most complained their husbands were insensitive and unloving. "I've talked to many of the husbands," Mr. Duffy said, "and I have to agree with the patients' appraisals. The word I use to characterize such husbands is *opaque*—intelligent and able men, maybe, but no light coming through, no warmth. Incidentally, many of these 'opaque' husbands happen to be ham radio operators, a hobby of structured, indirect, distant communication—if you can make anything of that. Some of them seem to need a wife who is 'the one with the problem,' a 'hat rack' on which they can hang their own shortcomings. Yet three quarters of the marriages, with almost no real communication between partners, go on. If the wife were sober all the time, maybe they wouldn't. It's as though husband, wife and alcohol form a stable psychopathologic triangle."

Thirty-five of the women have this common family background: "mother dominant, described as cold, perfectionistic, overprotective; father emotionally more responsive, often successful, but subordinate to mother at home and periodically alcoholic; daughter dependent on mother, lacking self-confidence, feeling she is basically like the father and wishing to be close to him." These women tended to marry men who were domineering (like their mothers had been) and they reacted (like their fathers had done) by drinking.

Dr. Wood and Mr. Duffy informally call this recurring family pattern the "Magnolia Blossom Syndrome," although they are quite aware *syndrome* is not the correct word. "We started calling the recurring background factors the Magnolia Blossom Syndrome because the first half-dozen girls we studied happened to have been raised in the traditional Southern manner—to be ornamental, but not useful," Dr. Wood said. "The word *syndrome*, properly used to refer to a grouping of symptoms, is of course not the right label for a cluster of background factors."

As with the Magnolia Blossoms, most of the sixty-nine women tested began to drink in early adult life. In many cases the husband had introduced the wife to alcohol to release her sexual inhibitions. At first, alcohol was the "enabling drug," wiping away anxieties, making the girl feel she was the person she had always wanted to be. Later, it became a refuge and a means of rebellion. "In their agonized efforts to experience love," Mr. Duffy said, "they make themselves wholly unlovable. The problem for them boils down to: What is love? And how can they handle it? They have a feeling they will find the answers after the next drink."

More than half of the women had one alcoholic parent; but few came from broken homes, or had lost a parent. What decides whether the daughter of an alcoholic will become an alcoholic herself?

**"Ninety-seven percent of all alcoholics in the country are to be found in the homes, factories and offices of ordinary respectable communities," says Richard Caron, president of Chit-Chat Foundation for alcoholics.**

Dr. Wood and Mr. Duffy suggest that the crucial factor may be identification. "The daughter may identify with the stronger, nonalcoholic parent, who usually has a disdain for alcohol and a need to demontrate competence." Thus the daughter will value an unimpaired ability to sense, think and act; drinking won't give her that, so she has no use for it. In contrast, alcoholics invariably "look outside themselves for the solution to their problems . . . their judgment is determined more by external than internal perceptions." Most of the patients in the Duffy-Wood study are vivacious, pretty, and anxious to please. Their counselors speculate that these qualities make a girl attractive to her father, submissive to her mother.

"The decision to meet problems by the use of alcohol," they conclude, "may be determined by a combination of factors—constitution, early identifications, a culture which approves heavy social drinking . . . marital discord and the availability of alcohol (including the husband's encouragement of his wife's drinking). Alcohol first is sought for satisfaction, but it soon becomes the instrument for the release of rage and the means of rebellion and self-punishment."

While the causes of alcoholism are complex, the results are clear-cut and devastating. After a few drinks the timid male alcoholic may become Larry the Lover, or Louie the Last of the World's Great Spenders—aggressive in ways he cannot be when sober. What they are really saying, according to Mr. Duffy, is "Look, I'm not such a bad guy—love me a little." The woman alcoholic, after a few drinks, may imagine she is irresistible, then rage because she is not approached, or cannot feel anything. On a course of steady drinking, a lovely woman often becomes an angry and emaciated hag. Alcoholics on a binge are notoriously slovenly; they care nothing for bathing or grooming themselves (though women alcoholics are often extraordinarily fastidious when sober). In the last stages they become literally physically repulsive, bringing into reality the miserable self-image they have of themselves.

An advertising circular mailed by a California wine merchant some years ago listed, in a memorable way, the general relationships between the behavior of individuals and the alcohol concentration in their bodies. If a person has less than 0.05 percent alcohol concentration in the blood, it stated, he is likely to be "dull and dignified." If the concentration of alcohol is between 0.05 and 0.1 percent, a man is "dashing and debonair," a woman, "delightful and desirable." If the concentration rises to a level between 0.1 and 0.2 percent, the person is often "daring and devilish." If it reaches between 0.2 and 0.3 percent, he or she becomes "dangerous and disheveled." If it is around 0.4 percent, the individual is "delirious and disgusting." When the concentration reaches 0.5 percent, the person is clearly "drunk." At 0.6 percent the person is "dead drunk," and at 0.7 percent, the individual is "dead." Scientists have discovered no quick way to dissipate the concentration of alcohol from the body in any stage except the last. All coffee and exercise do is make a wide-awake drunk out of a sleepy one.

Theories of alcoholism are numerous and complicated, covering a vast range of factors and interpersonal relationships that affect all people and make up "the human condition" in contemporary society. While other people find acceptable ways of coping, the alcoholic does not. He apparently seeks oblivion by excessive consumption of a drug—a downward-spiraling, self-defeating process that is halted, for a time, only by his inability to drink more, or to get more to drink.

## Is It a Disease?

Most authorities now speak of acute alcoholism as a disease, and this is the label that Alcoholics Anonymous insists upon. Its literature describes alcoholism as "a disease produced by a combination of factors—physiological, psychological, pharmacological, social, legal, educational and religious." Dr. Lincoln Williams, who has done extensive work with alcoholics in England, says there is "a growing consensus" that lack of self-esteem, whatever its origin, is "the most important common denominator of all emotional conflicts that find expression and relief in addictive drinking."

Among the psychological factors of nonsexual origin he lists insecurity resulting from "unhappy family constellations," inferiority feelings generated by physical handicaps, guilt feelings or shame due to an over-rigid religious or moral education, and "a hundred other kinds of environmental stress, occurring during the formative years, that have inhibited emotional development in individuals whose powers of adaption have been overtaxed."

Other investigators, viewing the vast range of possible causes and combinations of causes for alcoholism, do not choose to call it a disease. At a symposium held at the University of California School of Medicine in 1963, Dr. Jules H. Masserman, professor of neurology and psychiatry at Northwestern, said, "In some thirty years of intensive interest, laboratory experiment and clinical experience, I have yet to observe convincingly controlled evidence for any consistent genetic, constitutional, dietary, infectious or other purely physiological causes of alcoholism, apart from the fact that excessive intake of alcohol or any other drug in poisonous amounts can injure and destroy body and brain tissue, and thereby impair resistance and judgment, thus multiplying and accelerating the adverse effects of alcoholism.

"Addiction to drink," he said, "is, then, a disease only in the sense that excessive smoking, gambling or wandering are also diseases—that is, partly condoned ways in which men try to haze over, compensate for, challenge or escape from states of severe un-ease."

Many people know what alcoholism does to a person, but if it is a disease, no one has found a cure. The flippant remark that "the cause of alcoholism is drinking and the only cure is abstinence" sometimes seems as wise as any. According to the AA point of view alcoholics *recover*, but they are never *cured*. There are at least two certainties: 1) The alcoholic must admit and face his problem before he can make any attempt to solve it, and 2) many alcoholics have recovered and are today living useful and far happier lives. Quite a number are making a career of helping others to recover.

At a farm for alcoholics in the foothills of the Helderberg Mountains near Ravena, New York, guests are told repeatedly that alcoholism is *not* a disease. The farm is operated by the nonprofit Tracy Foundation, under the co-direction

of John McGinley and James Scripps. "Of course, the heavy drinker is sick," they say, "but he doesn't drink because he is sick; he is sick because he drinks. The disease theory of alcoholism is not sufficient, because a man is morally responsible for his deeds. No one can take a drink without his own permission. The real cause of alcoholism lies in a man's —or a woman's—will. . . ."

## The Will *Not* to Drink

Men and women alcoholics are asked to pay two hundred and fifty dollars weekly for a minimum of eight weeks to rest, talk among themselves, and attend sessions where they are told that the will to drink can be converted to a will not to drink. (Many are accepted at lower rates, and some pay nothing at all.) Like most private facilities for alcoholics, the farm has a diverse array of guests—executives, millionaire playboys, priests, Army officers, police officers, judges, call girls, society leaders, suburban housewives without husbands, husbands without wives, childless women, women with families, diplomats, sportsmen—and artists, actors and writers, some of world fame and success.

Many of the women—some of them typical Magnolia Blossoms—are from families of wealth and high social position. Mrs. X—call her Anne—is one. She is fortyish, an attractive platinum blonde, with a small but well-arranged figure and deep-set gray-blue eyes. She is chic, tanned, poised, looking nothing like the person described in her confidential file —a record, in her special case, of repeated "drinking to unconsciousness," promiscuity and attempted suicide. The only daughter of a wealthy Southern couple, and married to a high-ranking Government official, she has always had every material thing she wanted. In her last drunken fury that brought her to this place, she had split her husband's head open with a glass pitcher—a slash requiring fourteen stitches to close. Sober, she insists she loves her husband dearly. She bitterly regrets they have no children. For years it was her obsession to have a baby; she never had one, and now she thinks it is probably too late. She has a large black poodle named Alexander that she often talks about.

Stroll around the farm with Anne. (If you're a man, she'll introduce herself and ask you to—though all she really wants to do, it seems, is talk.) She is lonely and restless, having been here only a week, and she still is able to sleep only a few hours a night.

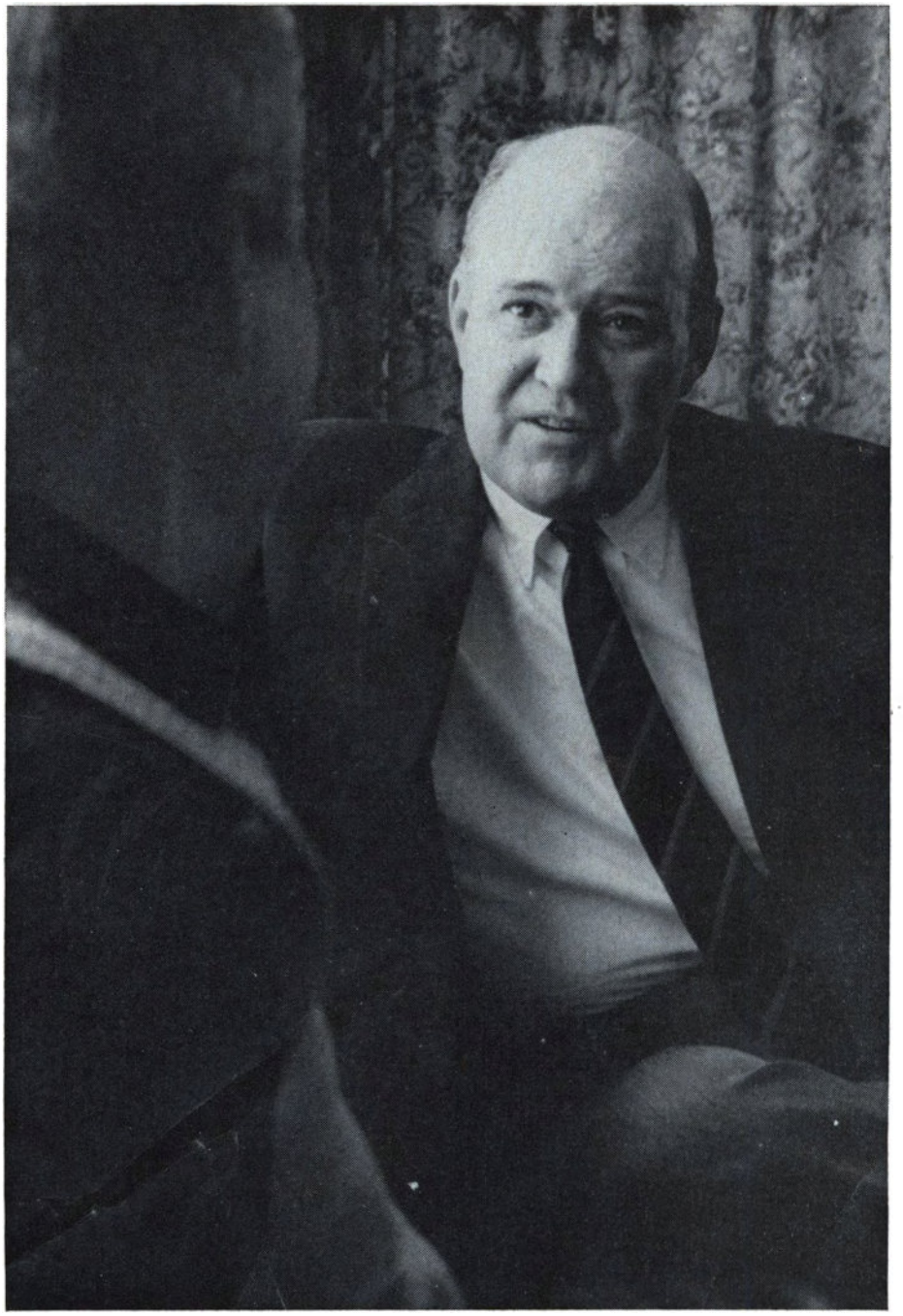
"There's nothing to do around this place but walk and eat," she says. "I could spend the money a lot better at a resort. In the morning, there are the sessions. Then you can play cards, listen to records (if you can stand them—I can't), read, knit. God, I think I'll take up knitting! Some of the men play golf at a country club. There's the pool."

"What goes on at the sessions?"

"Nothing. John McGinley talks or somebody talks."

"What does he say?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't have to listen. Besides, he shouts—John does—and the louder he shouts, the less I hear.



**Unlike many in the field who believe alcoholism is a disease, co-director James Scripps of Tracy Foundation holds that uncontrollable drinking is a failure of will. "The heavy drinker is sick, but he doesn't drink because he is sick; he is sick because he drinks. The disease theory of alcoholism isn't sufficient; a man is morally responsible for his deeds. No one can take a drink without his own permission."**

**Former alcoholic John McGinley, co-director of the Tracy Foundation's retreat at Ravena, New York, reminds guests about the "devil" in the prop whiskey bottle he holds. Although alcoholics at Tracy are asked to pay two hundred fifty dollars weekly for eight weeks of rest, abstinence and lectures, many are accepted at lower rates; some pay nothing. Guests come from all walks of life, share drinking problems.**

He says, 'I want *you* to open that door and go into the record room and read what *you* have written there in longhand.' He's always talking about 'the record room'—he means the subconscious, your hidden self, or something. He points to a blank wall and says, 'Open that door.' One of the men coming out of the session asked me seriously, 'Did you see a door in that wall? I didn't see any door.' I told him it was a flush door, that it blended right into the wall, and he would see it later."

Anne laughs, a laugh meant to be gay. "So far I've got that record room bit, that's all." She was silent for a while. "There's an old graveyard on that hill there—see the tombstones? That's for the farm failures, they tell me. I haven't far to go."

"You seem very gay about it."

"Well, I'm not gay, damn it. I want to go home. I don't *belong* here. My husband bought me a *one*-way ticket." Her voice breaks, but there are still no tears in her eyes. "Oh, I always *act* all right. I go to bed to cry. I go to my room and shut the door and cry—then I'm all right."

## "Enjoy the Lush Growth"

For all her sophistication and experience in society on three continents, she is speaking now with the faltering dignity of a little girl, and she knows it.

"I'll see you at dinner," she says, vaguely offering her hand in parting. "Enjoy the lush growth."

Anne did not complete the required eight weeks at the farm. She bought her own return ticket and left a few days later. The prognosis in her case is that she will continue drinking. She has no desire to "open that door" into her "record room," and she would, of course, deny what others have written in her official file. If you did not know there were tiny scars on her wrists where she once slashed them, you would be unlikely to notice them. They show only when she extends her hand.

Another facility for alcoholics, similar to the Tracy Foundation farm but with quite a different operating structure and philosophy of treatment, is Chit-Chat Farms in Wernersville, Pennsylvania. Chit-Chat has a peaceful setting and a four-week "course" for men and women who want to emerge from their private hells of alcoholic addiction. The premise here, however, is that alcoholism is a disease, and the therapy, consisting of lectures, discussions, counseling and companionship, is closely allied to the program of AA. A sign at the entrance to Chit-Chat Farms reads:

*If you want to drink,*
*That's your business!*
*If you want to stop drinking,*
*That's our business!*

Chit-Chat Farms is in business, but not in business to make money. It is operated by a nonprofit foundation headed by Richard J. Caron, an industrialist who for fifteen years has devoted a great deal of his time, energy and money to helping alcoholics. The official rate for guests, who do most of the work around the place, is three hundred and seventy-five dollars per month, but this is not always maintained.

"Sobriety is the most important thing in your life," Mr. Caron tells everyone.

**The husband of an alcoholic woman rarely provides emotional support for his wife. In many cases, the reason he picked her is because "he needed someone to carry the burden of his own inadequacies, just as she picked him because he resembled the domineering parent who gave her so much heartache as a child."**

"Nothing else costs so little or gives so much. You may think your job, or home life, or one of many other things comes first, but if you don't get sober and stay sober, chances are you won't have a job, a family, sanity or even life."

Mr. Caron learned the hard way. He is a recovered alcoholic. So are the executive director of the Farms Ted Wold and director of therapy Ralph Inwalle. Gerald Shulman is the staff clinical psychologist. All four agree women alcoholics are harder to treat than men. "There is more ostracism for women," Ted Wold noted, "more stigma. The guilt is greater, therefore the compulsion is greater."

"Women find it more difficult to zero in on their problem," Gerald Shulman said. "They say, 'My drinking problem is caused by other problems.' So it may be, but they have to stop drinking before they can solve any of them."

He said he had dealt with a number of Magnolia Blossoms like those depicted in the Duffy-Wood study and that many women wholly respectable and attractive in every way, except for their alcoholism, showed up at Chit-Chat Farms. "Of course, they have marital problems and sex problems. Often their problem, among others, is no sex. A drunken woman is not exactly the most desirable creature in the world. Secretly, she often feels she is the least desirable—and it calls for a drink, and another drink. A gal like that is hard to treat, but I think it's done better in association with men."

"What they get here," Ted Wold said, "is a *beginning* experience in sober living. The alcoholic has to help himself, but association with a mixed group is the best help he or she can get. We think the work assignments also help."

"A while back we had a tough old retired admiral, long war record, battle stars and all," psychologist Shulman said. "He was no Magnolia Blossom. What do you do with an admiral—give him a mop and tell him to swab the deck? That's what we did—and he swabbed!"

Two women patients, in waitress smocks, were setting the tables in the dining room. "When I get home I expect everyone in my family to be completely self-sufficient," one of them said. "I expect everything to be under control. The kids will be accustomed to keeping house."

"Oh, yes," said the other. "Things will have gone so well in our absence, we'll know we're not really needed. Then you know what? We'll start drinking again!"

They stopped setting the table to look at themselves and laugh.

The patients at Chit-Chat Farms meet three or four times a day for discussions, movies and lectures. Many of the sessions are directed toward their understanding of the Twelve Steps of Alcoholics Anonymous. "Alcoholism is a learned, inadequate response to life's problems," Ted Wold tells them. "Alcoholics Anonymous is a fellowship of men and women sharing experiences, strength and hope, and it believes in mutual effort to solve a common problem—staying off alcohol." Mr. Wold pulls no punches. "When you go back, there will be those who snicker and say that you've been to the 'drunk farm.' It won't be easy—don't expect it. You may have changed, but they will not have changed. Give it time. Most of the strength must come from you. . . ."

The husband of an alcoholic woman is seldom able to give her much support. This is because in many cases he chose her as a wife because he needed someone to carry the burden of his own inadequacies, just as she picked him because he resembled the cold, domineering parent who gave her so much heartache as a child. Neurotic personalities often gravitate toward each other, and, even after one or more disastrous divorces, continue to make the same mistakes in choosing another mate.

Patients leaving Chit-Chat Farms are referred to professional counselors in some instances, and invariably to the nearest chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous, and to former patients if any live in their area. Some will go on to sober living, but for many, places like Chit-Chat Farms and the Tracy Foundation farm (and they are few) are only way stations. Some patients will "slip," and return to their drinking. Some will turn to an alcoholic clinic where they can be treated and counseled while living at home.

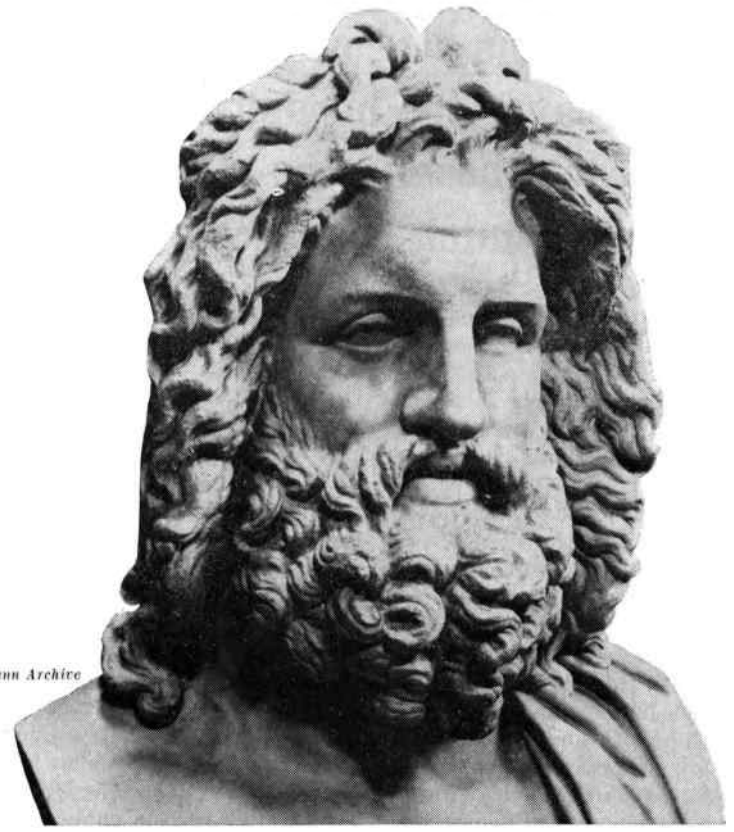
Many try repeatedly to give up drinking before they finally succeed. Others fail, and find themselves periodically in private mental hospitals, if their families can afford them, or in public institutions. Not a few die of illnesses associated with heavy drinking. In the words of the late Dr. Franz Alexander of Mount Sinai Hospital, Los Angeles, "The liver cells do not care whether their owner is a socialite or day laborer. The socialite is likely to land in a private sanatorium, or at Alcoholics Anonymous, or in the office of a psychoanalyst; the man from skid row, at best, in a county hospital, more likely in jail. Unfortunately, reliable statistics to show which of the two has the greater chance for ultimate recovery are lacking."

The poor cannot hide so well or so comfortably as the families which produce alcoholic daughters that fit Edward Duffy's category of Magnolia Blossoms. These rarely become public charges. For that matter, relatively few people are able to combine poverty and alcoholism.

## Calling on the "Herd Instinct"

The increasing number of alcoholics appears to be the social by-product of an affluent society in which many people feel alienated and estranged from one another—and from a meaningful God. Alcoholics Anonymous calls upon two of the greatest reservoirs of power known—religion and the "herd instinct," the compulsion to associate with one's fellows. "The fundamental need of every being," Dr. Lincoln Williams says in his book, *Tomorrow Will Be Sober*, "is to be recognized and accepted by other human beings. . . . The term *self-respect* means what we have when we are able to enjoy this kind of communication with others who depend upon our self-revelation for knowledge of their personal reality, as we depend upon them for ours. Simply because communication of this kind is reciprocal, it cannot occur in the presence of fear between man and man. . . ."

Nearly everyone feels this alienation from time to time. The alcoholic finds it unbearable without the coddling warmth of drink, an inner physical-emotional warmth he knows no other way of achieving. The recovered alcoholic most often comes up with the conviction that he can find himself by losing himself in the service of others—an idea that is at least as old as Christianity and probably older than the pyramids of Egypt. THE END



The Bettmann Archive

*"Zeus's wife Hera was forever snooping around to find out what her husband was up to. And he was usually up to plenty."*

# SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE GODS

## BY CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

Forget your Mythology 1, students, and listen to the lowdown on those gay and naughty, outrageous and glorious, Greek gods—as told by the ranking Yankee goddess of mischief and mirth.

I was standing on the top deck of an Italian ship watching the bow as it cut gaily through Ionian waters when I caught sight of Greece for the first time. We were still several hours from our destination of Patras, as gradually two of the outer islands came into view.

Far ahead the weather was lowering. There had been a thunderstorm (I now assume that Zeus must have learned of my impending visit . . . an assumption I'll explain later). Black clouds loomed in a menacing backdrop behind Cephalonia and Zákinthos, but to the west the fresh-washed sky was clear and blue, and our wake literally sparkled in the afternoon sun.

### Rainbow Arch of Welcome

As we approached the straits, there suddenly appeared, joining the two islands like a luminous suspension bridge, a bright, perfect rainbow. It remained vivid and intact for over half an hour and I realized with a thrill that our ship was going to pass directly beneath it. As it did, I looked up in wonder at the lovely prismatic span. *Why it's an arch of welcome!* I thought. *Iris is greeting us on the threshold of Greece! The gods have sent her down to say hello!*

I don't know what stirring of childhood mythology brought to my mind the recollection that Iris did messenger service for Olympus and that the celestial expressway along which she raced was the rainbow, any more than I know what prompted me to exclaim, as some inquisitive dolphins leaped giddily out to inspect our vessel. "Thank you, Phoebus Apollo!" An exclamation, I might add, which prompted a nearby passenger to walk quickly away.

From the moment in which I recognized Iris and decoded her message, I became joyously aware of the gods, and my mythology returned in leaps and bounds like Apollo's dophins. Why do I call it *my* mythology? It's the mythology of anyone who has a smattering of the subject and. in Greece, it's an essential subject. The smattering can be considerably augmented by carrying along a copy of Edith Hamilton's adult and lively *Mythology* or Lemprières *Classical Dictionary*, which is a sort of "Social Register of the Immortals" or "Who's Who on Olympus." Both books are easy to consult and frankly uncensored, and they would doubtless be frowned upon by the PTA.

For most of us, I imagine, mythology was imported at a tender age and out of little textbooks of the "Legends for Young Folk" variety. pleasantly illustrated and completely bowdlerized. The casual immorality of gods and heroes was discreetly glossed over and even their most

shameless actions were presented in the light of brave deeds comparable in nobility to the *Lives of the Saints*. Accounts of their prurient behavior were carefully deleted and "The Rape of Europa" bore the harmless title of "Europa and the Bull," perhaps to forestall our running to dictionaries and looking up the word *rape*.

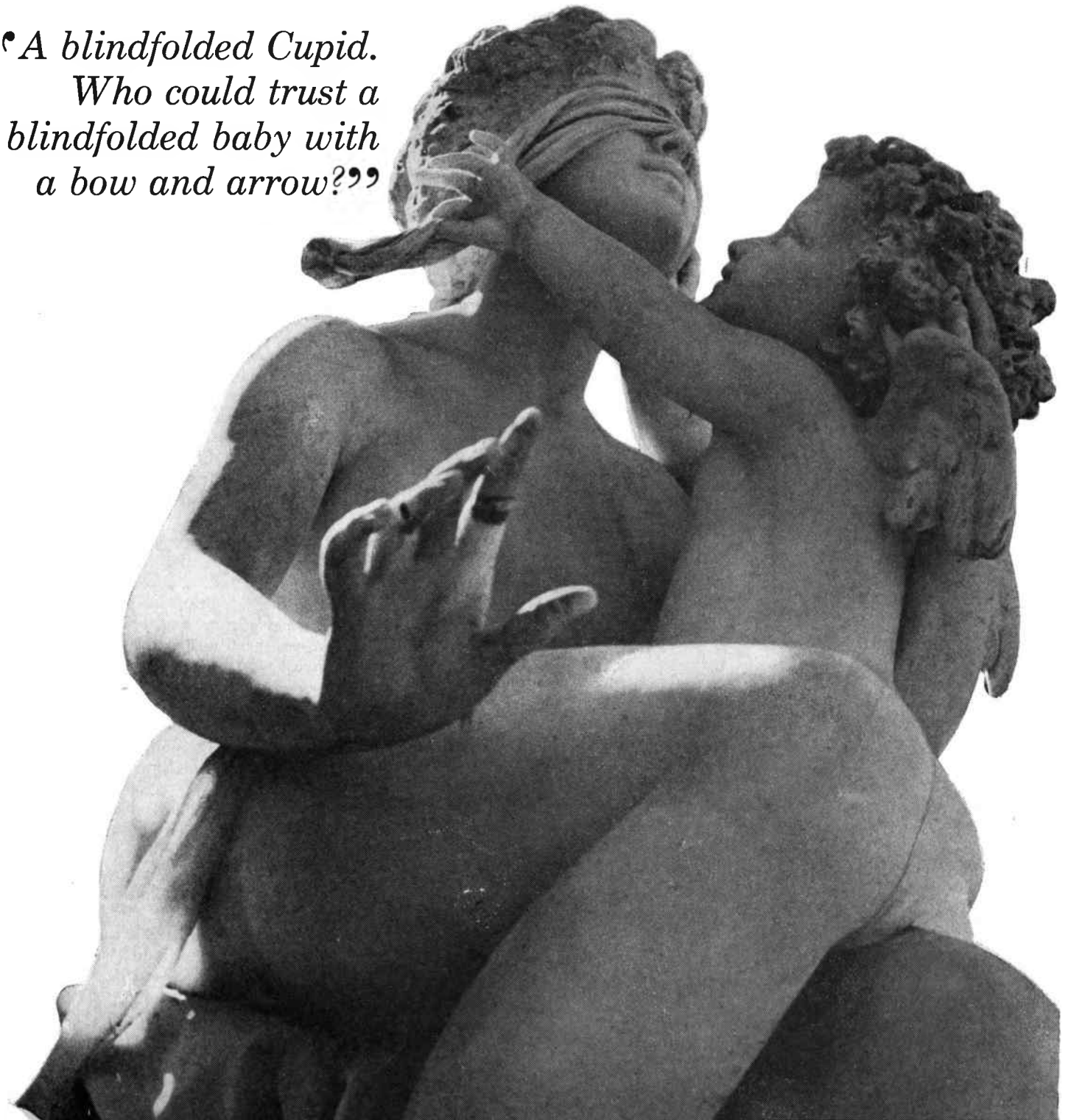
We were told how certain of the gods came into being, but without some of the more fascinating detail. We learned, for example, that Athena sprang fully armed from the head of Zeus; but we never learned that, prior to this unconventional delivery, Zeus, in an impulse of cannibalism possibly inherited from his father Cronus who had an unfatherly way of swallowing his own children, had devoured Athena's mother Metis during her pregnancy—with the result that the goddess, still an embryo but complete with armor, had lodged in his brain . . . which must have made for a whale of a headache for Zeus.

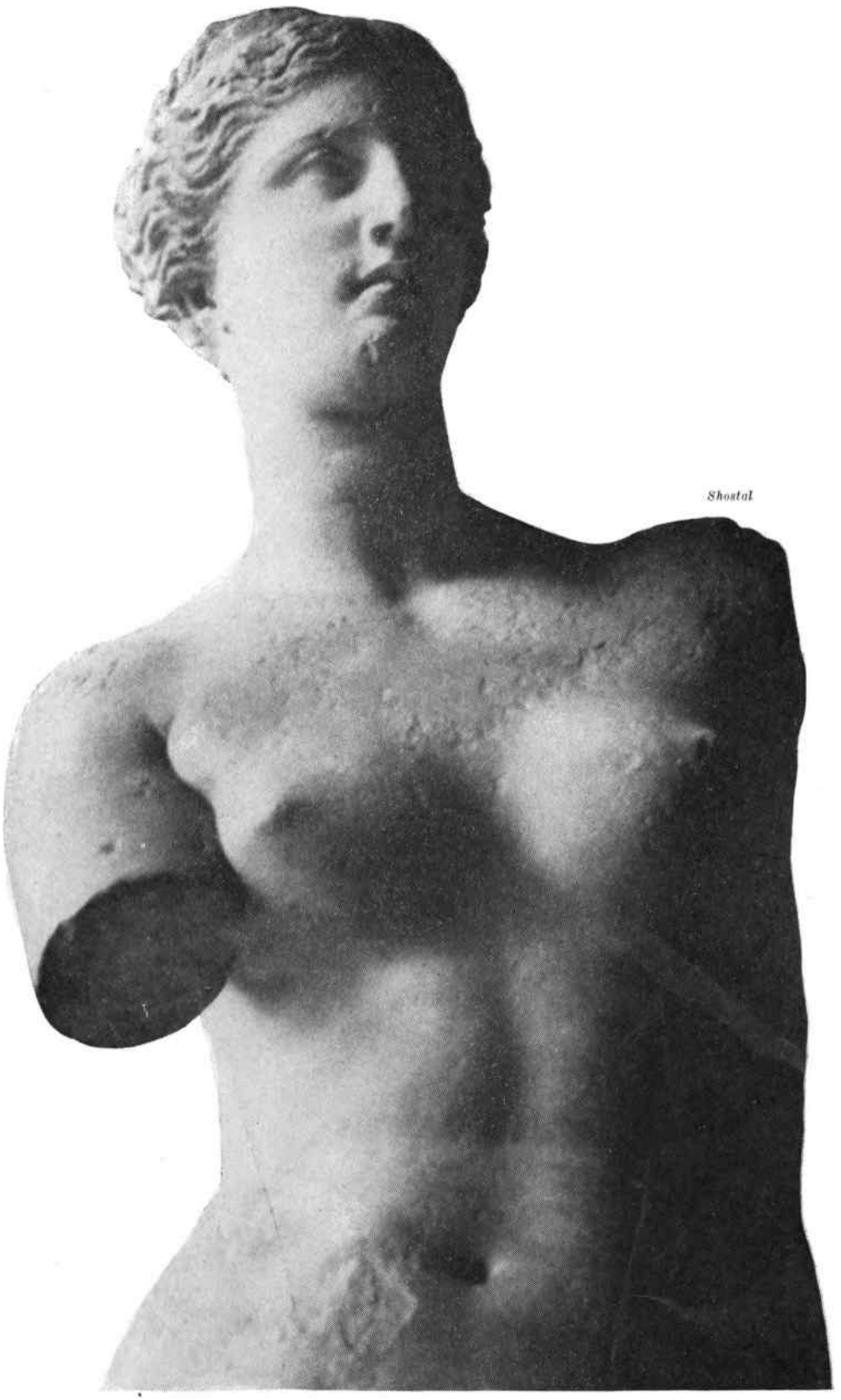
Apollo, we were informed, was the deity of light, truth, poetry, medicine, prophecy and further excellences. But we were not informed that he could, on occasion, be a shameless Lothario who sired a number of illegitimate children by various mortal maidens, or that, in some cases, he was even rejected by the maidens he pursued.

Our proper little books went so far as to let us know that Venus or Aphrodite was the goddess of love and pleasure, but we were not let know how enthusiastically she practiced her chosen arts or how she dallied with some of the gods, subsequently giving birth to a number of little bastard blessings . . . three by Ares or Mars, by Hermes a child who went by the unfortunate name of Hermaphroditus, and by Dionysus another named Priapus.

*Hecht from Shostal*

*"A blindfolded Cupid. Who could trust a blindfolded baby with a bow and arrow?"*






*"Venus . . . the goddess of love and pleasure . . . She was a striptease carnival queen compared with Aphrodite."*

The gods one rediscovers in more adult years have an irresistible fascination and, during my month's stay in Greece, I became a happy pagan. Let the saints remain in Italy. It's where they belong. In Greece, the gods have it. The glorious gods, the gay gods, the outrageous gods. Their weaknesses are human weaknesses, and their best qualities are man's noblest. And besides, they're so very handsome!

## No Nebulous Pearly Gates

In apotheosizing them one remains standing and with lifted head, for they are not to be approached in any kneeling *mea culpa* attitude of the penitent sinner. They were too frequently sinners themselves, and they were completely impenitent ones.

They are, at times, to be feared, but never cringed before. They would laugh at a cringer and might, by way of a lark, turn him into a rabbit or a quaking aspen to serve him right for cringing. In paganism, things are definite. There are no nebulous pearly gates. The gods and goddesses come down from Olympus to walk the Greek earth alongside men and women, and Pegasus returns every night to sleep near the Pirene fountain in his comfortable stable just like a well-behaved racehorse.

The Romans, to be sure, had the same deities and a similar set of legends. But then, those Prussians of antiquity stole everything from the Greeks and vulgarized it. The very names they gave their divinities are slightly common. Take, for example, Minerva as compared with Pallas Athena. Minerva would suit an angular Cape Codder who runs an antique shop while Pallas Athena is really the gray-eyed dispenser of wisdom and valor.

Bacchus to Dionysus is as beer to champagne. For me, Bacchus is a fat lush sleeping it off on a wineskin, whereas Dionysus is a beautiful young man with vine leaves in his hair, occasionally given to somewhat turbulent orgies, but also given to festivals of drama and poetry. I could rather fall for Dionysus, especially after a glass or two of that potent aperitif *ouzo*.

Cupid brings to mind a plump valentine baby with inadequate wings, a bow and arrow and a pink ribbon fluttering modestly in the proper place. Sometimes Cupid is blindfolded, and whoever would trust a blindfolded baby with a bow and arrow? Eros, however, really sounds like the youthful and beguiling god of love.

Venus is a striptease carnival queen compared with Aphrodite. Vulcan might be nothing more than the name for a hot-water boiler while Hephaestus,

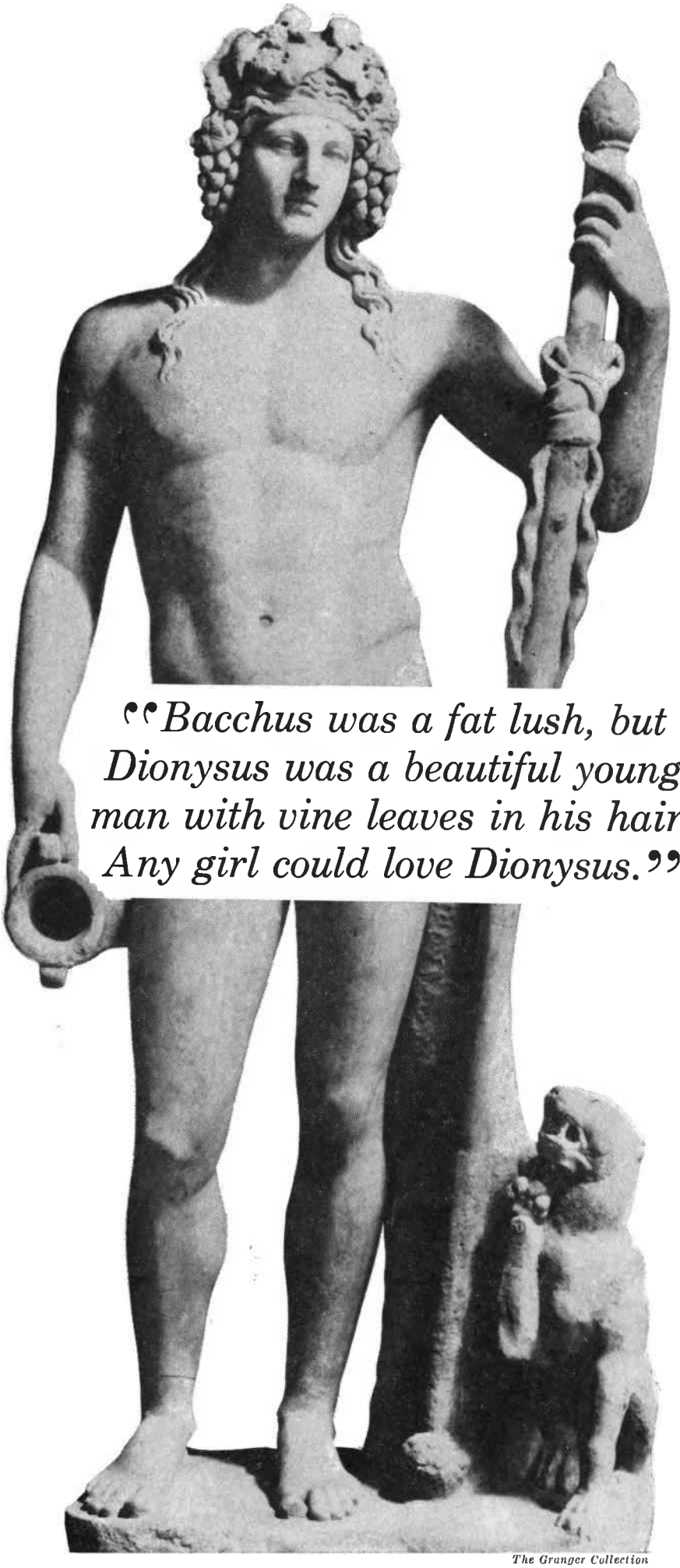
though a bit fancy, is much more appropriate for the goldsmith and armorer of Olympus.

To cut short the list, there is Neptune versus Poseidon. Neptune to me is a shipboard life-of-the-cruise who, with padded paunch and Santa Claus beard, conducts the comic ceremony of shaving and ducking the uninitiated when they cross the equator. Poseidon is every bit the Earthshaker and lord of the seas and rivers. But then I may be prejudiced, for when you become a pagan for a month you find yourself adopting a favorite god—and mine is Poseidon. The moment I set eyes on the great statue of him in the Athens Museum, it was a case of love at first sight. Here is no jovial Father Neptune, but a hero of mature years, superb physique and proud dignity. Super life-size, he stands quite naked—his magnificent arms outstretched as though to hurl his trident. Certain scholars who take delight in spoiling everyone's fun claim this to be a likeness of Zeus about to hurl a thunderbolt, but I refuse to believe them.

Everything about Poseidon appeals to me . . . the element over which he rules; the fact that he lives part-time on Olympus, part-time in a palace on the floor of the sea; that it was he who created the horse; that during the Homeric war he sided with Greece (I myself have always been madly pro-Greek); that he is a glorious lady-killer with a great many conquests to his credit. Furthermore, he has a propensity for mericful gestures like protecting water nymphs from lecherous satyrs. It is true, of course, that Poseidon has a quick and violent temper. He isn't known as the Earthshaker for nothing and, when he's good and mad, he may let off steam by producing an earthquake. But that only adds to his fascination. Finally, I like Poseidon because he seems to like me. Certainly he refrained from any Earthshaking when I was in his latitudes and, when I voyaged on his seas, he kept the water calm and lovely.

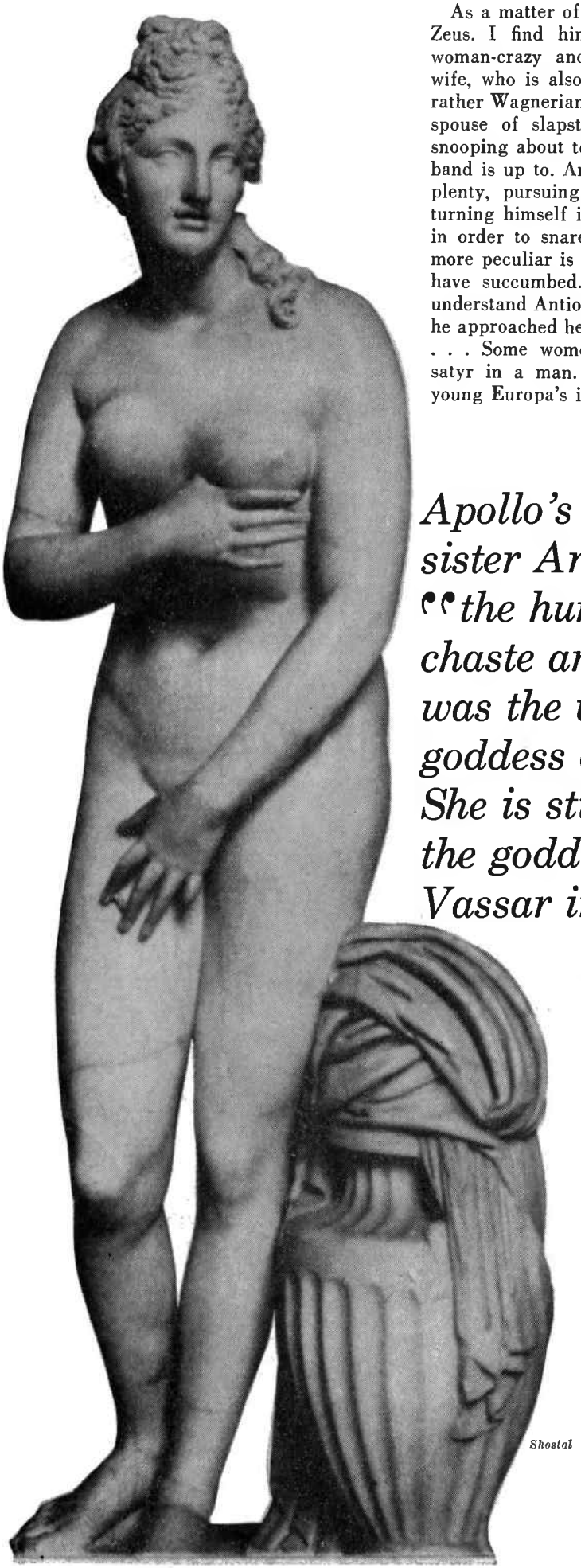
## The Thunderbolt-Happy God

Such beneficence could not be said for his brother Zeus who obviously doesn't like me at all. This may be partly because of my infatuation for Poseidon. Zeus, for all that he is omnipotent ruler of the heavens, is a touchy god. He can resort to all sorts of petty behavior and, with seemingly little provocation, pelt down the rains and start hurtling his thunderbolts in any old direction. During nearly every day of my Grecian visit, and usually when I was exposed on some ruin and far from an umbrella, he'd gather a few clouds and soak me to the skin. He also got a bit thunderbolt-happy



*"Bacchus was a fat lush, but Dionysus was a beautiful young man with vine leaves in his hair. Any girl could love Dionysus."*

The Granger Collection



Shostal

once or twice, but his aim couldn't have been very good at the time because none of his missiles managed to hit anywhere near me.

As a matter of reciprocity, I don't like Zeus. I find him selfish, irresponsible, woman-crazy and henpecked. Hera his wife, who is also his sister which seems rather Wagnerian, is the traditional shrill spouse of slapstick farce . . . forever snooping about to find out what her husband is up to. And he was usually up to plenty, pursuing guileless maidens and turning himself into very peculiar forms in order to snare his prey. What is yet more peculiar is that the maidens should have succumbed. It is not too hard to understand Antiope being intrigued when he approached her in the guise of a satyr. . . . Some women like a touch of the satyr in a man. And one can condone young Europa's impulse to leap onto the back of that friendly white bull. Even Leda's little escapade with the swan might be put down to childish curiosity. Then there was Danaë upon whom he descended in that shower of gold. Gold is always persuasive, but Danaë was immured in a tower at the time and had no way of spending it. He wooed Alcmene in the form of her own husband, Amphitryon, and he made advances to Callisto, a nymph dedicated to Artemis, in the guise of the goddess herself, which proves exactly what I've always thought about Artemis.

*Apollo's twin sister Artemis, "the huntress chaste and fair," was the virgin goddess of maidens. She is still the goddess of Vassar in 1965.*

One must be fair and admit that such transvestite pranks were not the sole whimsy of Zeus. Apollo came to woo Leucothea disguised as her mother! It is to be hoped that the god revealed himself in all his masculine splendor before Leucothea decided her mother had taken leave of her senses.

Having a favorite deity does not preclude appreciation of the others. Locale has everything to do with it. On the plain of Argolis I caught a glimpse of Demeter standing waist-high in wheat and poppies, and on a hillside in Attica Dionysus lolled dreamily under a grape arbor. In Arcadia, I distinctly saw Pan bounding through the woods. It was only logical, as I approached, that he should turn into a goat. After all, his father Hermes had transformed himself into a goat in order to seduce his mother who, it would seem, was partial to goats. In Arcadia, also, you can, if you like, see Artemis the huntress, chaste and fair, and followed by her Girl Scout nymphs. I myself prefer to imagine the lesser woodland deities junketing about in the beautiful olive groves . . . all those fauns and dryads and whatever a hamadryad is.

### An Unsuccessful Flutist

Whenever, with a spine-tingling shock of recognition, I came unexpectedly upon a view of the Acropolis, I gave audible thanks to Athena for having so long and lovingly preserved the city that bears her name. Athena belongs on the Acropolis as the Royal Family belongs in Buckingham . . . Athena the guardian of civilization, the warlike defender of the State, wise, serene and handsome in her very becoming armor with that little pet owl on her shoulder. She could have her moments of feminine vanity, too, and it's endearing to learn that it was probably she who invented the flute but that she threw it away when she saw what terrible faces she made when she tried to play it.

The completely feminine presence felt at Corinth is that lovely, if somewhat brainless, creature of laughter and pleasure, queen of beauty and patroness of

courtesans, Aphrodite. As a pink cloud hung over the Acrocorinthus, I could fairly see her in her dove-drawn chariot pausing to look down and shower rosy blessings onto the faithful priestesses of her temple. The priestesses were all prostitutes, wellborn and frightfully expensive, and they piously turned over 10 percent of their lavish earnings to her shrine.

Apollo springs up everywhere. There came a swift flash of his presence on the island of Kos near the sanctuary of his son Asclepius and, by way of a salute, I went right over and drank the healing waters, balancing on my stomach over the wide edge of the stone basin and imbibing in the suction manner of a horse. There was nothing wrong with me to heal, but then again there might have been and a miraculous cure may have been effected right there without my knowing it.

## Get-Together After the Games

In Olympia this god who looks like an athlete was clearly there in the stadium, keenly following the games of the athletes who look like gods. In Boeotia he was up on the hazy summit of Mount Helicon enjoying a pleasant and highly cultural get-together with his lady friends the Muses, then, with a bound, he was off and onto Parnassus to welcome us into his sacred domain of Delphi.

And if ever there were a region of pure sacredness, it's Delphi. Here not *only* Apollo, but Athena and the rest of the gods exist, not as irresponsible and capricious beings with mortal traits and weaknesses, but as golden Olympians in the all the glory of the clear Hellenic sky and the rich Hellenic earth. Two or three days in this region is very similar to a religious exaltation impossible to describe.

As my ship carried me away from Greece, Apollo made his presence felt a final time. A school of his dolphins, in leaping convoy, escorted us until we were well beyond Corfu. Then, at a given point, as though at a word of command, they wheeled about and started back for home waters. As I watched them go, something majestically emerged from our churning wake. Two passengers standing beside me saw it also. "It must be a branch from a tree," one said. Neither of them had noticed the prongs on the end. It was clearly Poseidon's trident raised in a farewell salute. In a few seconds it submerged.

I went to the bar to offer the gods a libation of a glass of ouzo. I like to think that those who looked favorably on their devoted pagan-for-a-month had responded with a friendly toast of nectar.

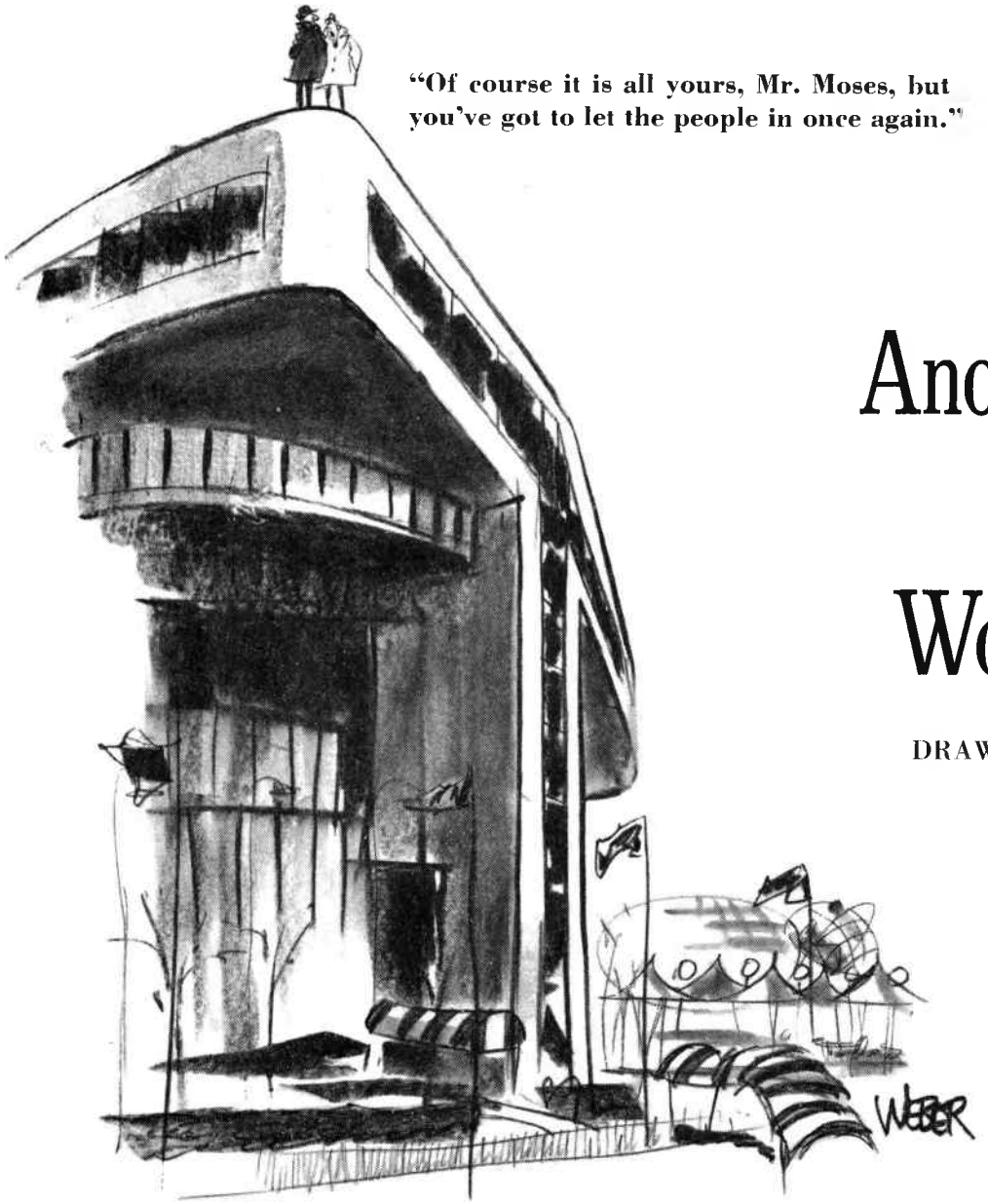
THE END

*The Bettmann Archive*

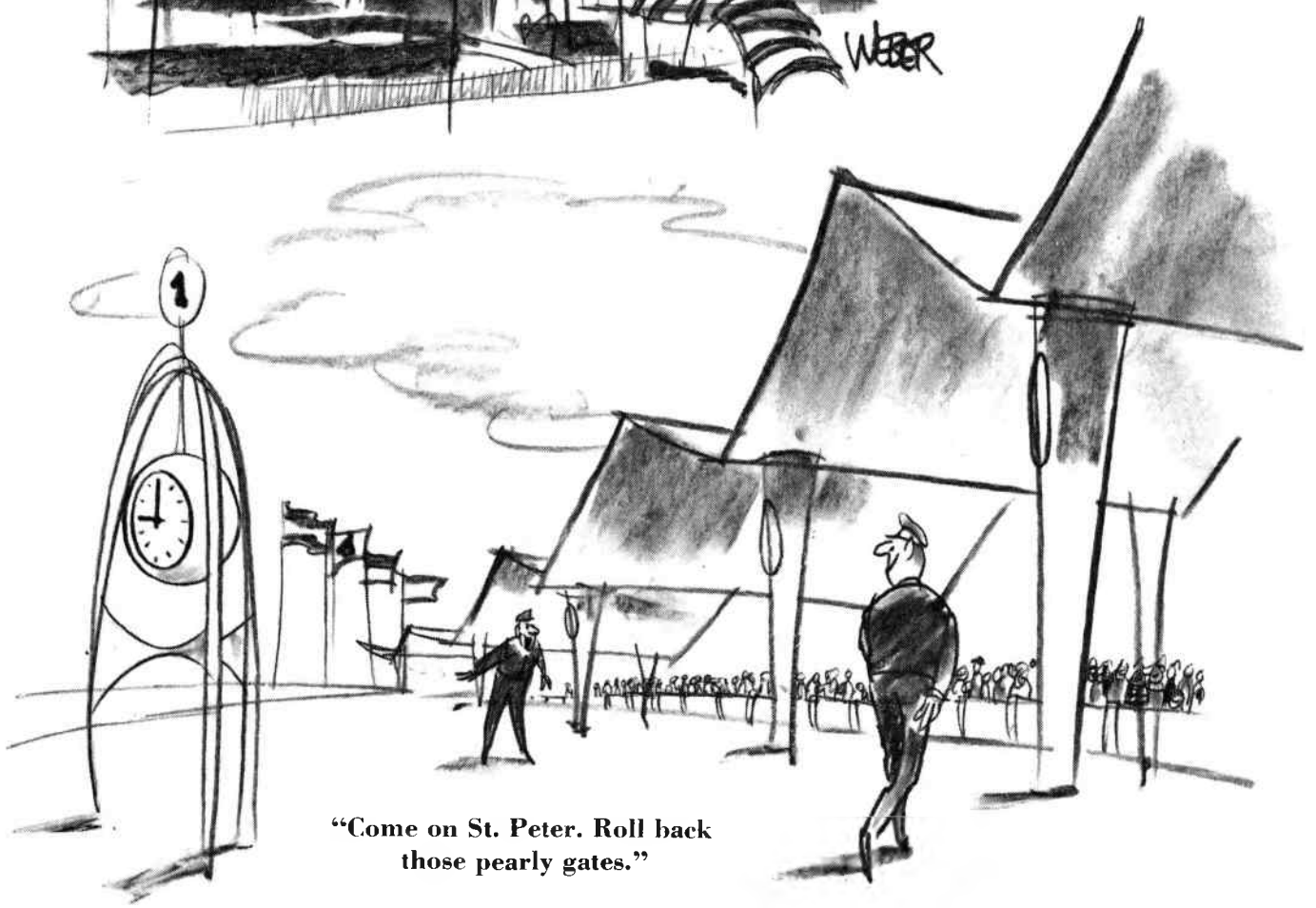
*"Everything about Poseidon is appealing... especially the fact that he lives part-time in a palace on the floor of the sea and that he is a glorious lady-killer."*

# Another Whirl at the World's Fair

DRAWINGS BY BOB WEBER

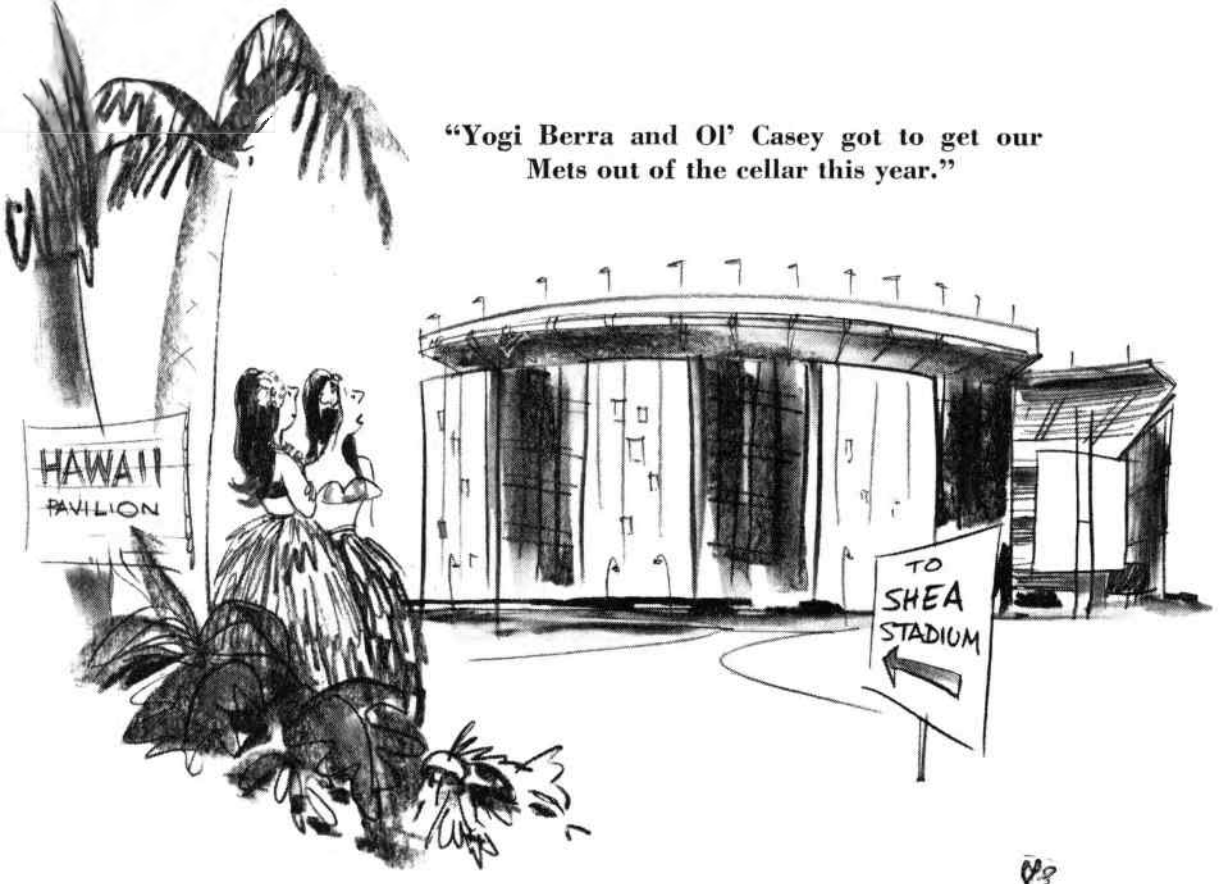



"Of course it is all yours, Mr. Moses, but you've got to let the people in once again."

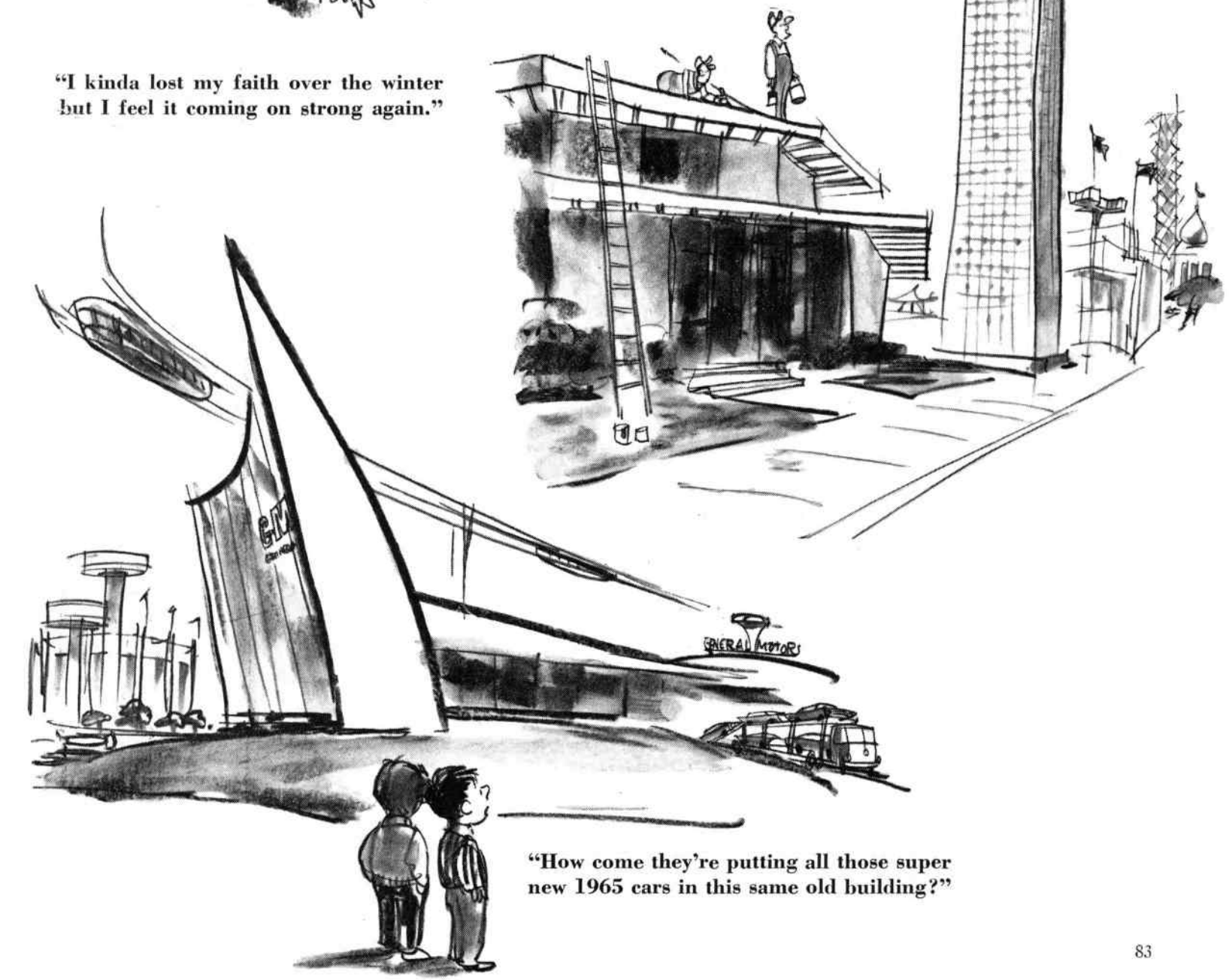


"Come on St. Peter. Roll back those pearly gates."

"Yogi Berra and Ol' Casey got to get our Mets out of the cellar this year."




"I kinda lost my faith over the winter but I feel it coming on strong again."




"How come they're putting all those super new 1965 cars in this same old building?"

*Limited color reproduction* *Courtesy Banfer Gallery, New York City*

"SKATER" PAINTED BY ALEX COLVILLE IN 1964

# GIRL IN THE MOTEL

BY WALTER MEADE

When questioned about a broken dish or a scorched pillowcase or a piece of silver ruined in the opening of a can, Mrs. McNab said, "I didn't mean to. I swear. I'm just trying to make a home."

And whenever she heard the housekeeper say that, Anne Simpson wondered in what nightmare the old woman had got her idea of what a home was or how to take care of one.

In the three years since Anne's mother had died, the deterioration of the house on Laurel Avenue had progressed steadily to the point of crisis. The time was close when she felt she must contrive some way to end McNab's sordid dream. It was having an increasingly bad effect on both Anne and her father. Yet he did not seem to see it.

He would sometimes ask her what was the matter and she would insist that McNab was the matter. She was not, as he suggested, suffering inside at all. The atmosphere was dreary and that was all there was to it as far as Anne was concerned. Her father maintained that it was something else, and that McNab was the best help that could be got in a small town. The plastics factory had, as everyone knew, taken everyone worth his salt to make golf balls with holes in them for people to practice with and had spoiled everyone.

"They're slaves, but they don't know it," he would say. "They've got it all taken care of. Old age, sickness, disease. They go up there and make golf balls with holes in them and little plastic flying saucers and they think they're happy."

Anne would look at her father sorrowfully and, with obvious patience, would say, "Well, what has that got to do with it? I mean it's beside the point, isn't it? The point isn't that there's no one better than McNab; the point is that there is McNab. I mean there she is. Here she is. She gums things up. It's that simple. She makes things ugly and complicated She's old, she's nasty and she breaks things."

"You have to have someone in the house when you come home from school. You're a young girl, barely sixteen."

"Almost seventeen."

"Don't interrupt. And you need a woman around the house."

"McNab is a monster, not a woman."

"You will not say things like that. She is a person, and in my house that is to be respected."

As soon as her father, in this continuing argument, would assume proprietorship of the house, Anne felt defeated.

She would look at him then, her eyes saddened with disappointment. Having been vanquished by his position, by his authority, she would see him with the odd combination of pity and contempt she could fabricate at these moments. And she would think, "The poor man, he keeps missing the point. He's getting old and still. . . ."

In the end, when she had exhausted one of these painful sequences, Anne would say, "Oh, Daddy, you make me so tired!" Then she would run out of whatever room they had been in and either go out-of-doors or walk up the stairs to her room. She never *ran* up- or downstairs when she was angry. That speed, that freedom of movement, she reserved for moments of otherwise inexpressible joy.

During one of the bad times, when she was alone, she would sometimes walk quickly along the streets all the way through town and out to the cemetery trying to avoid seeing anyone she knew on the way.

The alternative to a fast walk was usually to go to her room and stay there until she had managed to talk herself into crying.

She had long private arguments with herself about whether or not her father was as stupid as he seemed, whether or not she was as smart as she thought she was, and what it was that seemed to frighten all three of them when it came to coming to grips with the problem.

At breakfast, shortly before school was to recess for the summer, Anne Simpson looked up at her father who was staring at the ceiling because McNab had managed to spill his buttermilk as she put down a plate of overcooked eggs shining with grease. The glass was nearly empty. McNab put a napkin over the spilled milk with such speed that it seemed she'd intended to spill it and had already thought of what she would do when she did.

Anne said. "Neatly done."

"No harm," her father said, smiling as his jaw muscles worked.

"No rain for a month," Anne said.

"Weeks," her father said.

"It's been over a month. You can check that out, you know. There's no point debating a fact. A fact is a fact. It's dry all around, *dusty* and dry. Weather affects people."

"Wet weather affects me all over," McNab said.

"Well, you have to have it or everything gets very dusty, Mrs. McNab."

"It can stay dry. You got pains like I got and it can stay dry."

"Will you let us have more coffee, Mrs. McNab?" Anne's father said.

"I'll get it, Daddy," Anne said. She was not interested at the moment in either doing him a service or in saving Mrs. McNab steps, although she made it sound as though she were. She wanted to get out of the room.

McNab was standing behind Anne's

father. She wore a familiar, many-colored print dress which always reminded Anne more of linoleum than fabric. It was dizzying against the bright yellow and white rose pattern of the dining room wallpaper. Her gray neck and face poked out of that bright print like a dead flower. Her thin arm was bent at the wrist where her hand, clutching her hip, seemed joined to the bone. She held the other hand, her left, to her lip and licked off the buttermilk that had spilled on her fingers. Some of it clung to the gray down above her lip so that her mouth looked frosted. Anne did not want to have to look at her.

Mr. Simpson said, "Mrs. McNab will do it. Just sit still and eat your breakfast." He gave her a soft look which she guessed was intended to suggest that she needn't worry about him. Since he wouldn't allow her to leave the room under what she thought would have been an acceptable pretense, she felt forced to accomplish it more directly. She knew he would not like that either, but there seemed no other way.

"I want to get to school early," she said.

"You don't have to get to school early for anything do you? Eat your breakfast. You have to eat your breakfast."

"Why do you say things like that? I don't have to eat my breakfast. I won't die if I don't eat my breakfast. The truth is I just want out of *here*."

When she was in the hallway, safe from the tensions of the dining room, she accused herself of more than bad manners. *Why are you always running? What is the matter with you? You spend half your time running. You're out of your head, Anne, girl.*

She picked up her books, started out the front door, heard her father sighing and saying something soothing to Mrs. McNab, realized she had forgotten her pen, retrieved it from the telephone stand and started out the door, again rattled by an acute and incapacitating anxiousness.

It wasn't until halfway through English class that she realized she had forgotten her lunch money. While Miss Birbim read aloud from *Love's Labour's Lost*, Anne wrote a note to Bethany Hughes. It said, *Dough?* At the moment she passed the paper, Bethany Hughes gave her a note in return. Anne hid behind the head of Dorette Littlewood who never did anything wrong and so was not often watched. She unfolded the scrap of yellow paper and read: *Cut lunch line. Back of volleyball court. All Five.* Anne nodded and went over in her mind what might be up that would require a meeting of *The Five* in the middle of the day. Whatever it was, she was grateful for it as a respite from her own problems.

The Five were: she, Bethany, Alyn Herch, Carolyn Alms and Janet Wilder. They had been The Five ever since the beginning of high school. They were drawn together by common attitudes and intent which made whatever they did together seem effortless. With little trouble they used their solidarity to persuade their parents to give in to whatever they wanted to do, and sometimes they took a kind of concerted punishing action against someone who had gotten out of hand, attempted to take over a boyfriend, or betrayed a confidence, or was otherwise socially treacherous.

When they had gathered at the volleyball court during lunch hour, Janet Wilder was missing and it became immediately clear why. According to Bethany, who had called the meeting, the problem was that Janet Wilder's father, Harry Wilder, was having a love affair with Mrs. McNab's daughter, Louise.

Janet had discovered it while she was out on a date with Barry Crosse. She had seen her father close the door of his car after helping Louise McNab get into it. She had seen the car and recognized it as Barry Crosse had stopped for a traffic light on Monroe Road just before the Starlight Motel. And all Janet could think of at the moment, she had told Bethany, was that it was a stupid idea to have a stoplight anywhere near a motel. That was, Bethany explained, because she was in shock.

Bethany took no observable pleasure in telling the story. It seemed difficult for her to relate the details and she was once near tears herself. The girls, Anne thought, seemed to quiver together, trembling like shot-shocked birds. Anne made herself breathe regularly and deeply as she tried to ease the tension in her body. She kept thinking that Louise McNab and she were almost the same age. No more than a few months separated them.

Alyn Herch thought they ought to write mysterious notes to Mr. Wilder. Anne Simpson said that they had to behave in a more direct and responsible way than that. Bethany finally suggested that they ought to go to the diner where Louise waited counter at lunchtime each day and harass Louise until they had made her realize that they knew, had made her accept her guilt, had forced her to relinquish her grip on Janet Wilder's father.

"It will either do that," Bethany said, "or it will send her to wierdsville or straight out of her boxed mind in no time flat."

Anne felt victorious even before they all got into Alyn Herch's red convertible to go down to the Blue Calf Diner. That Louise McNab and Mrs. McNab did not seem to ever have much to do with each other did not lessen the possibilities of the situation. The clear information that McNab's daughter was an adulteress was enough to give Anne the odds she had needed against the old woman.

When they got in the car, Bethany talked Alyn into letting her drive. And once in control of the car she talked all the way to their destination. "I want to tell you Janet is wrecked. She kept saying over and over that her mother is so great. And I told her that was true and that had not changed. She is great, Mrs. Wilder is. Everyone knows that. The probable thing is that Louise McNab just hoodwinked her father into it. You know what the McNabs are like, Anne."

"I do that. Do I ever."

"Little old Louise probably thinks she's got herself hooked into a good thing. And it is not going to happen. I don't know why she's being so dumb about it. Does she think Mr. Wilder is going to divorce his wife to marry some no-account young waitress? He is not. The trouble is that it's so ugly. It's just so ugly."

Bethany lit the wrong end of a filter tip and had to throw it away. She pulled the car into the parking lot. Gravel, darkened here and there by motor oil stains, surrounded the diner. Bethany parked as close as she could get and they all got out of the car. Bethany let her pink cashmere cardigan hang from her shoulders. She always wore sweaters in sets and had a pink cashmere pullover on as well.

The Blue Calf Diner had begun to fill with people who habitually stopped there for lunch. The food was good, and that, in addition to the informality of the place, was the reason for its large following.

Someone had played a Dave Clark Five record on the jukebox just before the girls entered. They gave one another meaningful looks as soon as they heard the music. It was as though they had been announced by their private minstrels.

Anne felt alert, excited both by the conspiracy and by the justness of the cause. She sat down on a red plastic-covered stool and began staring at Louise McNab, trying to force a return of her gaze.

Louise seemed, or pretended to be, very busy. She talked with customers as she worked and gave orders for food in the same light, friendly voice. She was a sturdy-looking girl. She wasn't fat, but she had been womanly since she was thirteen. Her hair, a light blonde, was allowed to hang loose except when she worked. Then she tied it back behind her ears with a bright ribbon. Today the ribbon was pink. She wore a white cotton blouse almost always. It was open at the neck. You could see what you cared to of her breasts if she dipped ice cream, but the blouse looked as if it were worn open that way simply because Louise was comfortable in it, not because it was provocative. Men talked with her easily and freely.

From the other end of the counter where Bethany had stationed herself, Anne heard her call. "Miss!" They had decided to do that, to call Louise that, to make the object lesson pointed. Louise looked up and smiled.

"You see," she said to a trucker, "some of our customers have manners; they don't get familiar right off. I'll be with you in two shakes."

Anne said, "Miss!" trying to correct the impression by using a sharp tone that would not be mistaken for good manners.

Louise said, "You can call me Louise, Annie. How's your dad?"

"Fine," Anne said. When she looked up, their eyes met for a second. Anne thought Louise looked tired, but her eyes were clear and her expression was easy and sure. It was, she thought, a very peculiar way for a guilty woman to look.

Alyn ordered a cheeseburger and, when Louise brought it, Alyn said it was undercooked.

Louise said, "You always have it rare."

"Not today. Well-done. Today I want it well-done."

Louise shrugged and took the cheeseburger away. She seemed to catch on then that something peculiar was happening without knowing just what that was. The girls exchanged glances, their eyes moving in all possible combinations as though they'd made a toast.

During the rest of the lunch hour the girls antagonized Louise, made her cross without forcing her into open anger. They were careful of that line. And when they were all settled again in Alyn's car, they congratulated themselves on the neatness of the job.

Alyn drove. Bethany sat in the middle of the front seat. Carolyn Alms on the outside. Anne stretched out across the back seat, alone. They talked about the good work they were engaged in and made plans to repeat it until they were victorious. Bethany said it would be marvelous if they started spilling things.

Carolyn Alms kept repeating how disgusting it all was, and although she had no ideas of her own about how to improve the harassment of Louise McNab, she got the giggles everytime anyone else thought up something.

Anne joined in from time to time, saying much the same kind of thing her friends said, yet she had begun to feel that either something was missing from her understanding of it all or else that the world was going to turn out to be a far more unpleasant place than she'd imagined.

She could not figure out why Louise had not noticed that Janet Wilder was the only one missing from the group, nor was she able to see why Louise did not look as though she carried a guilty conscience. None of it added up in quite the way she'd thought it was going to.

After that, during the ten days before school recessed, Anne Simpson became increasingly unhappy in her own home in spite of the continued pressure The Five put on Louise at the diner.

Her knowledge of Mrs. McNab's daughter's private life seemed to be useless as far as Mrs. McNab was concerned. Every hint Anne dropped on that subject went unremarked by the housekeeper and Anne could not speak out about it directly. She could not say, "See here, Mrs. McNab, stop trying to ruin this house, to run me, to insinuate your ugly self with my father, because your daughter is messing around with a man as old as he is and breaking up a home in the bargain." Even the thought of it seemed ridiculous.

Mrs. McNab, on the other hand, grew steadily more impossible. She broke two pieces of Anne's mother's lead crystal. She began to put both oranges and tomatoes in salads. She served chocolate pudding two or three times in one week and managed to burn it each time. It seemed to Anne that the old woman's gestures became more obviously deliberate, destructive and sickening. Everytime McNab would say, "I'm just trying to make a home," Anne Simpson's stomach would tense and her temples ache. When she thought about the circumstance of her life and gave the pain she felt a name—that is, sometimes she thought the trouble was school, senioritis, glands, McNab or even her father's attitude—a depressing uneasiness that it was really all due to something else settled upon her mind. Nothing would explain it. Nothing would do. To tell herself that McNab was dirty, lazy, careless and ugly, or that her father was persisting in the pretense that he still had a woman around the house, or that he could not see what McNab did to the atmosphere, or even that she missed

her mother in some continuing way she'd not reckoned with, seemed to leave something in Anne's own feeling still unaccounted for.

Her father became increasingly sharp with her and she, in turn, became increasingly sensitive to harsh words. One evening after she had finished her homework, she had come up behind him as he sat in his chair reading a back issue of the *National Geographic* and kissed him warmly on the back of the neck. He turned his head and said good night to her, but she could feel—or thought she felt—in the way he touched her, an impatience, an unresponsiveness that hurt her feelings so badly she could not sleep. She got up several times in the night to get something to eat from the kitchen and woke in the morning feeling listless and angry.

After school that day Anne walked home alone. She picked up the mail from the box and let herself in the front door. She scanned the letters as she walked through the hall. Nothing but junk mail and bills. As she passed the double doorway that opened into the living room she sensed something peculiar about the atmosphere that caused her to stop and look around. McNab had again rearranged everything.

The housekeeper had apparently had one of her lopsided visions of the world and had rearranged the room to fit in with that. The crystal candle holders and the small pewter vase and the Royal Doulton figurine of the balloon seller were grouped on one side of the mantelpiece. The two easy chairs were side by side next to the couch, and the fringe on the small throw rug in front of the fireplace had been turned under so that it did not show.

The house was silent and, as Anne stood in the living room doorway, she wondered where McNab was. She waited to hear a board creak or something fall. No sound came from anywhere. The television set was not on. Sometimes when she came home from school, she'd find Mrs. McNab propped in front of the television watching a show—her legs stretched to the ottoman, skirt hiked up, her knees and the twist of her stockings exposed.

Anne walked through the house toward the kitchen. She felt possessed by anger and was determined to find her enemy and have it out with her at last.

As she drew near the kitchen she felt an increase of tension as though she were being drawn toward the center of some excitement. Then from the middle of the dining room she could see McNab standing squarely in front of the screen door. Her arms were akimbo, her wrist pressed against her hips. Only the fingers moved —slowly clutching and unclutching. Anne stopped.

Mrs. McNab seemed to be confronting something, someone on the other side of the door. She seemed to be waiting for a response, like a hunter who, having killed, waits for some twitch of life which might require a final shot.

Anne heard a low, uneven sound and then a voice, unmistakably Louise McNab's. "Oh, will you come off it."

"Get away. Get away." McNab spoke slowly as though she had rehearsed what she was saying. "You done it. You always were one for it. Outsmarted yourself. Don't come nosing around here. You can't get around me like you could get around your father. If he could see this. Don't come to me."

"You're out of your head. You know that? You sent those kids down there to bother me to death. Now you got the lock changed on the house. What do you think you are doing? You want it the way you think? You want it the way you think so bad you'd change the lock on the door? It's my house too."

"It's not. It's my house. I done it so you couldn't get in. What do you think I done it for?"

"I can and will."

"Well you can't. Breaking and entering if you do. You think I want some little trollop living in my house that your father left to me? Well, you are mistaken; you are sadly mistaken."

"Will you open that door? I am not standing out here talking to you. Open that door. Please."

"You got no sense. You got no rights. Everyone knows it. Everyone knows everything. You go on. Why don't you run up and see your friend? Mr. Wilder would be glad to see you, I think." Mrs. McNab folded her arms lightly across her breasts in a gesture which Anne saw as a treacherous withholding.

For a moment Anne felt she might throw up. She ground her teeth, but the sensation passed quickly though it had not been the point. She walked into the kitchen, slowly mastering her impulses.

"Excuse me!" She unlatched the screen door. "We don't keep that locked."

"Don't you let her in. I don't want her in here."

"It's not your house to say." Anne opened the door. As she did that, Louise took a step backward.

"Come in."

"I . . . ah . . . no . . . I . . ." Louise turned suddenly and, crying loudly, ran down the porch steps across the neighbor's yard and along a walk that led between rows of lilac bushes. Her white blouse was visible between the dark leaves for some seconds. Anne ran after her, but by the time she'd crossed the ground to where Louise had been, Louise was gone.

Anne stood for a time at the end of the double row of lilacs looking vainly for some sign of the direction Louise had taken. She could have run down the hill toward Hibile Avenue or across into the Laurel playground. After a few minutes, when it had become clear that Louise was out of sight, Anne turned and walked slowly back toward her house. She picked a lilac leaf and chewed the stem until her mouth was bitter.

McNab was still in the kitchen when Anne got back. She muttered over the dishes and neither looked up nor said anything. Anne went up the back stairs to her room.

She sat down on the small bench before her glass-topped dressing table. She picked up her mother's silver brush and began to stroke her hair to help her calm down. She put the brush down on the count of thirty-one and picked up a color photograph of The Five taken at the Bel Mar beach a year ago. They'd had fun that day.

She remembered how funny she'd thought the poses were when they had the picture taken. Now they seemed empty and stupid: two glamor girls, one enchantress, a lady of quality and a clown. "We did carry on. We look silly. A lot like our mothers and that's funny." She looked closely at the picture.

A nostalgia for the day, for the joy in the way the five of them had reinforced each other, for the esprit which was their safety came with such clear force that Anne saw, at the moment of feeling, that it was all memory now. She put the picture away in the drawer of her dressing table.

Then she turned and faced the mirror squarely. Her hand opened the top two buttons of her blouse. She watched the pupils of her eyes contract. She looked at the image, liked what she saw, buttoned her blouse and began again to brush her hair.

The movement of the brush relaxed her, and, as the tension of her body eased, she sensed she had somehow passed through a dangerous time, helped perhaps more by the undeniable wretchedness of her enemy than by the trustworthiness of her own mind.

She brushed slowly, gently, no longer counting the strokes. She watched the mirror, smiled at herself, and what she saw in the open, easy face reflected nothing to dislike, nothing that needed punishment, nothing that demanded a victim in its own defense, nothing that required even the uneasy sorority of two glamor girls, an enchantress, a lady of quality and a clown. THE END

# The Third Wife

BY DARRELL BATES

It was very hot in my office that afternoon. Through the window I could see the leaves of the palm trees lying limp and drooping in the windless tepid air, and behind them the sea, flat and shining, like a metal sheet. I undid my tie and let it hang limp and drooping, like the palm leaves, against the dampness of my shirt.

There was a cough behind me. A quiet cough. I hadn't been very long in Africa, but it didn't come, I knew, from any disorder of the throat; it was just designed with a nice balance of diffidence and firmness to attract attention. I turned my head and looked into a pair of liquid, dark brown eyes.

He had come in very silently through the swing door behind my desk. He had come from the office where the clerks wrote and filed and typed and added up. His name was Khalfani and his age, he had told me once, was in the neighborhood of thirty-five.

"Yes," I said, "what is it?"

He licked his lips in a nervous gesture, and his toes curled inward in embarrassment. Ordinarily he wore shoes, but inside the office he took them off, as if it were a mosque or someone else's house to be preserved against the dust and impurities of the streets and the narrow, twisting country paths. His tongue looked very pink and moist and fresh against the smooth, brown-black skin and the whiteness of the teeth.

"Trouble," he said. He spoke in Swahili, and Swahili is a very laconic language. "Trouble in the house."

"Again?" I asked.

"Again," he said. Khalfani was a very good clerk and a very likable man. He had a gentle-looking face and a gentle manner and a very quiet voice. He never complained of being overworked or underpaid. He never quarreled with the other clerks or the messengers or the sanitary inspectors, but he was always having domestic trouble at his home.

"Which one," I asked, "is it this time?"

"The youngest." He smiled, and then looked away.

"The youngest child, or the youngest . . .?" I let the rest of my question slide away.

"It is the youngest wife," he said.

"Oh," I said, "I see."

"Yes," he went on, "it is she again."

Two or three weeks before, Khalfani had asked me to adjudicate in a small family dispute. Although I was as a cadet the newest and the lowest form of the white man's government in this small, decaying town on the East African coast, I had the advantage of being a stranger, as yet untouched and uncorrupted in Khalfani's eyes by the processes and pressures of local domicile.

Khalfani was a Muslim and he had three wives. The first he had married when he was a young man in his own distant up-country home. He had been a clerk in the government even then, and when he was transferred to another place he had left her behind partly, he explained, to look after his fields and his goats and partly because she was very much a local girl and he didn't think she would transplant very well.

In the place he went to he married someone else. But when some years later he was transferred again he took her with him, her and the two children she had borne him.

They had come then to this place, this small, decaying coastal town and, here, Khalfani had married yet again. Although this newest wife was very young she had, it seemed, a temperament. She was a local girl, with relatives and friends in every street and every coconut grove, and in every court.

"It is a very small matter," Khalfani had explained that first time two or three weeks before, "my third wife has called my second wife a whore."

"Oh," I said. "And nothing more?" It was a very common expression locally.

"Well . . ." Khalfani hesitated delicately as a gazelle pauses for a moment before it bends its head to drink at a soiled and muddy pool ". . . she said something also about her mother, and her mother's mother. . . ."

"Ah," I said.

I hadn't in the end done anything about the case myself. I had called in the wife of the sergeant of police. She wasn't a local woman. She came from somewhere else. Her face and her shoulders were creased and dusty with wisdom and experience of many years and many domestic disputes. Somehow or other she settled it, though it was I, because of my office and the color of my skin, who had undeservedly gotten the credit, and who now deservedly had earned the sequel on this hot, windless afternoon.

"What is the trouble," I asked, "this time?"

"It is a very small matter," Khalfani said again, using the same disarming phrase and the same deprecating smile that he had used before. "It is just that she has hit the other one."

"The second wife you mean?"

"Yes," said Khalfani.

"Well," I said, "people are always hitting one another, and forgiving it."

"Yes," said Khalfani, but his heart I could see wasn't truly in the word. "Yes," he said again, "by God's will it is sometimes so, but sometimes it is not."

For some time I sat there looking at Khalfani. His liquid brown eyes and his hands, his toes even, that searched for comfort and assurance in the surfaces of the matting on this floor, they all sought my help. I remembered the advice that everyone had given me not to get involved in domestic disputes, never to concern myself with the private affairs of chiefs or policemen or messengers or clerks.

"Why don't you take the matter to the village court?" I asked.

"I'm a stranger here," he said, "and my second wife is a stranger. . . ." His hands spread out, palms downward, and moved slowly like a fan in quiet, unanswerable doubt.

"Why don't you . . ." I started again. "Why don't you beat her?" I was a bachelor then and full of convictions about the proper regulation of other people's domestic life.

"I am a man of peace," he said. The back of his arms, I had noticed, were scored and scarred as if from a fall from a bicycle, or from an encounter with some angry domestic cat.

"You are my father and my mother," he went on in a flattery as old as time. "Only you can help me."

In the end I agreed. I said I would come to his house at about six o'clock after my evening walk. I knew already where Khalfani lived. I had often seen the coconut thatch of his huts through the wide, rich green leaves of a banana clump, and the thin twists of gray-blue smoke that came at sundown from the cooking of his supper.

Almost every evening when I had finished with the day's business, with the small complaints and the sadnesses of the oppressed and the poor, and with the stratagems and the deviousnesses of the men of property and power, I would go out for a walk along a curving stretch of sand that ran between the coconut palms and the sea. It was very quiet there, and empty and untouched, and I would think about the Cotswold hills, and pubs and girls and London fog and autumn leaves.

Khalfani was waiting for me by the banana clump. In the office he wore a white shirt and khaki shorts and a self-effacing clerkish air, but now I saw he was the master of a Muslim house. He wore a long shift of yellow brownish cloth and a turban of green and red, and in his hands was a string of amber beads. He greeted me in Arabic.

He had set out some chairs outside the doorway of his house of sticks and clay and thatch. He clapped his hands, and from the inside of one of the smaller huts came a feminine response, long, drawn-out and undulating like the call of a shepherd to his sheep. A moment later a woman emerged with a copper coffeepot and a pair of small flat cups.

"It is her affair, her duty and her joy to bring the coffee," Khalfani said. "She is my second wife."

She looked, I thought, like an equable, amiable girl with a plump, smiling face and plump, smooth-skinned arms. She wore a patterned yellow cloth that left both shoulders bare. I wondered where the third wife was.

I sipped my coffee. Nothing had been said about trouble in the house. The second wife had poured the coffee and clapped her hands softly in salutation and then withdrawn. From inside the hut where she had gone there came a muted medley of twittering sounds such as weaverbirds make when they see a snake in their nesting tree.

"How," I asked Khalfani to show that I had not forgotten what the purpose of my visit was, "are things arranged in your household?"

"You mean . . . ?" He seemed curiously hesitant now about his troubles.

"Yes," I said.

"Well, this one here is my house. No one enters it, except to clean and brush, except myself. That hut over there . . ." he pointed to the hut where the woman had gone ". . . is the kitchen."

On the other side of the courtyard were two flimsy structures, the sides and roof made of coconut palms plaited together with twine. One he explained belonged to the second wife, and the other to the third. "I spend a week in each. One must," he concluded touching his forehead in a pious gesture, "be fair."

"Yes," I said, "of course."

"The children," he went on, "when they are small and suckling, live in the huts of their mothers. When they are older the boys will sleep in my house, and the girls will lie by the embers of the kitchen fire."

It seemed a very orderly arrangement, and so I said.

"Yes," Khalfani conceded, "it is good."

"Whence then," I asked, "does the trouble come?"

"The trouble comes," he said after a long pause, "from the nature of women."

"Ah," I said with an understanding which I hoped sounded as if it were based on much wisdom and experience. I wondered what on earth he meant, and waited hopefully for him to explain.

"Yes," he went on, "they quarrel over small, unimportant things. Over the color of a bangle, the cooking of rice, the ownership of a chicken's egg, the degree of respect owed by a neighbor's wife. They quarrel, and so comes abuse and shrill screams and blows. There is no peace in the house."

"Might it not be better," I suggested, "to have just one wife?"

"I have often wondered. I know that it is your custom, and I know that you are people of great wisdom and power."

"Perhaps," I said, "I ought to try and deal now with what I came to do."

"Yes," he said, "I will call them, the second wife and the third that they may speak and lay their quarrel at your feet."

The second wife, the one I had seen before, came first out of the kitchen hut and walked toward us wearing her precedence with ease and pride. Behind her came another figure, slighter and lighter-skinned and more delicately boned. She wore a scarlet cloth that also left the shoulders bare. She was a girl who had a mixture of Arab blood, but like the other wife she wore no veil, nor sandals on her feet. They sank to their knees in movements as smooth and boneless as antelope settling in the grass to sleep and waited with eyes downcast for us to speak.

I looked at Khalfani. When he nodded his consent, I asked the second wife to say what her trouble was.

I waited a little anxiously for the torrent of invective and accusation and complaint to begin. Although I knew by now enough of the language to deal with ordinary, everyday things, I wasn't sure if my fluency would stand up to the details and to the emotional pitch of domestic disputes. So I waited, full of concern and concentration, and waited, and waited. . . . But no words came from the kneeling wife.

"Tell me," I said again, "what your trouble is."

At last the woman raised her head and looked at me, and then looked down again at the dusty, shadowed earth.

"I have nothing to say. There is no trouble. I have no complaint."

*How very odd*, I thought. I turned to the other wife. She shook her head.

"Nor I. I have nothing to say."

*Well*, I thought to myself, *that was easier than I had expected.* I couldn't help but feel the beginnings of a small glow of satisfaction, a sense of power almost, that the mere act of my coming to Khalfani's house had resolved the difficulty and restored the peace. I got up and prepared myself with modesty and restraint to accept Khalfani's praise.

"One small thing . . ." It was the voice of the second wife. The words were very quietly spoken, but they were enough to dull the glow and chill the warmth of my self-satisfaction.

"Yes," the voice went on, "one small thing. We have no quarrel between ourselves. It was a nothing; it is settled. But," the voice went on her voice now rising in note and gaining in strength, "we have a quarrel with him."

I looked at Khalfani. His face and his hands and his pose were impassive, there was nothing I could learn from them.

"Yes," the second wife said, "we have a quarrel with our husband. There is too much work for us, for me and for this poor child." Her brown eyes, through the fringes of their long dark lashes were liquid with compassion. "Caring for the children, preparing and cooking the food, cleaning and brushing the huts and the courtyard. . . . It is too much."

Now the third wife took up the tale. "There are the fields to weed and to hoe, the coconuts to be gathered, and husked and shredded, the goats to be milked. . . . Me, my companion and I, we can no longer bear the burden of it all. . . ."

There was a long silence in the courtyard. The shadows lengthened, and still Khalfani said no word. I looked at him. He shook his head sadly and then looked away through the palm trees at the sea.

"Ah," I said. I felt the beginnings of a small unease spreading like winter damp from the underside of my knees and the small of my back. Already I knew I was out of my depth. I had no idea of what was expected of me now.

"The answer . . ." it was the voice of

*Limited color reproduction* *Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Allen D. Emil, New York City*

"THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER" PAINTED BY BALTHUS IN 1936

**Balthus** (Balthasar Klossowski de Rola) was born in Paris in 1908. His father, descendant of an old Polish family, was a painter and art historian and his mother was also a painter.

Balthus has not changed his style of painting in three decades. Although he is a man of mystery who guards his privacy well, he has painted church frescoes and designed costumes and scenery for two stage productions: *The Cenci* in 1935 and *Cosi Fan Tutte* in 1950.

He has had several major exhibitions in Europe and America and an outstanding retrospective show at New York's Museum of Modern Art in 1957. He lives in Rome where he has been director of the French Academy since 1961.

the second wife but they seemed to speak in unison ". . . the answer is simple. He should, to help us with our tasks, take another wife."

Again I looked at Khalfani. I felt relieved, this was clearly nothing to do with me. But again he shook his head and looked away.

"Our master, our husband agrees." It was the voice now of the third wife. "He wishes to help us with our need, and to take for our sake another wife, but . . ." the voice added in a softer sadder tone ". . . he cannot."

"Why?" I asked. I knew that Muslims were allowed four wives by law.

"Why?" the voices echoed. "Because he cannot pay the bride-price, that is why." They shook their heads at the grief of it.

"It is true," Khalfani said, adding his grief to theirs. "I am poor—I cannot pay." He spread his hands in despair.

Still in my newness and my greenness I didn't see what on earth this had to do with me. I stood up. It was getting dark. It was time I thought for me to go.

"Oh help us," both their voices and hands were stretched toward me. "You are our father and our mother . . ." the eyes were liquid with entreaty ". . . and he will repay you, month by month."

Now at last I understood. I looked quickly at Khalfani, and saw in his eyes, before he looked away, his whole purpose and strategem and complicity.

I sighed. "How much," I asked, "is the bride-price?"

The bride-price was four pounds, eighty shillings, they explained. She was a good girl, and strong, and her father by a strange coincidence was one of my other clerks.

The first month Khalfani repaid me ten shillings as he had promised, and the next month too. The third month was more difficult, he had other debts and new clothes to buy. He paid me five shillings that month, in the end, and then two shillings and then another two. . . . And as far as I remember, and if my arithmetic is right, I still own two thirds of the gentle Khalfani's good and strong fourth wife. THE END

## FICTION

# MARTYR

### BY KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

Rubén, the most illustrious painter in Mexico, was deeply in love with his model Isabel, who was in turn romantically attached to a rival artist whose name is of no importance.

Isabel used to call Rubén her little "*Churro*," which is a sort of sweet cake, and is, besides, a popular pet name among the Mexicans for small dogs. Rubén thought it a very delightful name, and would say before visitors to the studio, "And now she calls me 'Churro!' Ha! Ha!" When he laughed, he shook in the waistcoat, for he was getting fat.

Then Isabel, who was tall and thin, with long, keen fingers, would rip her hands through a bouquet of flowers Rubén had brought her, and scatter the petals, or she would cry, "Yah! Yah!" derisively, and flick the tip of his nose with paint. She had been observed also to pull his hair and ears without mercy.

When earnest-minded people made pilgrimages down the narrow, cobbled street, picked their way carefully over puddles in the patio, and clattered up the uncertain stairs for a glimpse of the great and yet so simple personage, she would cry, "Here come the pretty sheep!" She enjoyed their gaze of wonder at her daring.

Often she was bored, for sometimes she would stand all day long, braiding and unbraiding her hair while Rubén made sketches of her, and they would forget to eat until late; but there was no place for her to go until her lover, Rubén's rival, could sell a painting, for every one declared Rubén would kill on sight the man who even attempted to rob him of Isabel. So Isabel stayed, and Rubén made eighteen different drawings of her for his mural, and she cooked for him occasionally, quarreled with him, and put out her long, red tongue at visitors she did not like. Rubén adored her.

He was just beginning the nineteenth drawing of Isabel when his rival sold a very large painting to a rich man whose decorator told him he must have a panel of green and orange on a certain wall of his new house. By a felicitous chance, this painting was prodigiously green and orange. The rich man paid him a huge price, but was happy to do it, he explained, because it would cost six times as much to cover the space with tapestry. The rival was happy, too, though he neglected to explain why. The next day he and Isabel went to Costa Rica, and that is the end of them so far as we are concerned.

Rubén read her farewell note:

Poor old Churro,

It is a pity your life is so very dull, and I cannot live it any longer. I am going away with someone who will never allow me to cook for him, but will make a mural with fifty figures of me in it, instead of only twenty. I am also to have red slippers, and a gay life to my heart's content.

Your old friend,
Isabel

When Rubén read this, he felt like a man drowning. His breath would not come, and he thrashed his arms about a great deal. Then he drank a large bottle of tequila, without lemon or salt to take the edge off, and lay down on the floor with his head in a palette of freshly mixed paint and wept vehemently.

After this, he was altogether a changed man. He could not talk unless he was telling about Isabel—her angelic ways, her pretty little tricks and ways. "She used to kick my shins black-and-blue," he would say fondly, and the tears would flow into his eyes. He was always eating crisp, sweet cakes from a bag near his easel. "See," he would say, holding one up before taking a mouthful, "she used to call me 'Churro'——like this!"

His friends were all pleased to see Isabel go, and said among themselves he was lucky to lose the lean she-devil. They set themselves to help him forget. But Rubén could not be distracted. "There is no other woman like that woman," he would say, shaking his head stubbornly. "When she went, she took my life with her. I have no spirit even for revenge." Then he would add, "I tell you, my poor little angel Isabel is a murderess, for she has broken my heart."

At times he would roam anxiously about the studio, kicking his felt slippers into the shuffles of drawings piled about, gathering dust, or he would grind colors for a few minutes, saying in a dolorous voice, "She once did all this for me. Imagine her goodness!" But always he came back to the window and ate sweets and fruits and almond cakes from the bag. When his friends took him out for dinner, he would sit quietly and eat huge platefuls of every sort of food, and wash it down with sweet wine. Then he would begin to weep, and talk about Isabel.

His friends agreed it was getting rather stupid. Isabel had been gone for nearly six months, and Rubén refused even to touch the nineteenth figure of her, much less to begin the twentieth, and the mural was getting nowhere.

"Look, my dear friend," said Ramón, who did caricatures and heads of pretty girls for the magazines, "even I who am not a great artist know how women can spoil a man's work for him. Let me tell you, when Trinidad left me I was good for nothing for a week. Nothing tasted proper, I could not tell one color from another, I positively was tone-deaf. That *niña sin vergüenza* almost ruined me. But you, amigo, rouse yourself and finish your great mural for the world, for the future, and remember Isabel only when you give thanks to God that she is gone."

Rubén would shake his head as he sat collapsed upon his couch munching sugared almonds and would cry, "I have a pain in my heart that will kill me. There is no woman like that one."

His collars suddenly refused to meet under his chin. He loosened his belt three notches and explained, "I sit still; I cannot move anymore. My energy has gone to grief." The layers of fat piled insidiously upon him, he bulged until he became strange even to himself. Ramón, showing his new caricature of Rubén to his friends, declared, "I could as well have drawn it with a compass, I swear. The buttons are bursting from his waistcoat. It is positively unsafe."

But still Rubén sat, eating moodily in solitude and weeping over Isabel after his third bottle of sweet wine at night.

His friends talked it over, concluded that the affair was growing desperate; it was high time someone should tell him the true cause of his pain. But everyone wished the other would be the one chosen. And it came out there was not a person in the group, possibly not one in all Mexico, indelicate enough to do such a thing. They decided to shift the responsibility to a physician from the faculty of the university. In the mind of such a one would be refined sentiment combined with the highest degree of technical knowledge. This was the diplomatic, discreet, fastidious thing to do. It was done.

The doctor found Rubén seated before his easel, facing the half-finished nineteenth figure of Isabel. He was weeping, and between sobs he ate spoonfuls of soft Tolucan cheese with spiced mangoes. He hung in all directions over his painting stool, like a mound of kneaded dough. He told the doctor first about Isabel. "I do assure you faithfully, my friend, not even I could capture in paint the line of beauty in her thigh and instep. And, besides, she was an angel for kindness." Later he said the pain in his heart would be the death of him. The doctor was touched. For a great while he sat offering consolation without the courage to prescribe material cures for a man of such delicately adjusted susceptibilities.

"I have only crass and vulgar remedies"—with a graceful gesture he seemed to offer them between thumb and forefinger—"but they are all the world of flesh may contribute toward the healing of the wounded spirit." He named them one at a time. They made a neat, but not impressive, row: a diet, fresh air, long walks, frequent violent exercise, preferably on the crossbar, icy showers, almost no wine.

Rubén seemed not to hear him. His sustained, oblivious murmur flowed through the doctor's solemn periods, "The pains are most unendurable at night when I lie in my lonely bed and gaze at the empty heavens through my narrow window; and I think to myself, *Soon my grave shall be narrower than that window, and darker than that firmament*, and my heart gives a writhe. Ah, Isabelita, my executioner!"

The doctor tiptoed out respectfully and left him sitting there eating cheese and gazing with wet eyes at the nineteenth figure of Isabel.

The friends grew hopelessly bored and left him more and more alone. No one saw him for some weeks except the proprietor of the small café called The Little Monkeys where Rubén was accustomed to dine with Isabel and where he now went alone for food.

Here one night quite suddenly Rubén clasped his heart with violence, rose from his chair and upset the dish of tamales and pepper gravy he had been eating. The proprietor ran to him. Rubén said something in a hurried whisper, made rather an impressive gesture over his head with one arm, and, to say it as gently as possible, died.

His friends hastened the next day to see the proprietor, who gave them a dramatic version of the lamentable episode. Ramón was even then gathering material for an intimate biography of their country's most eminent painter, to be illustrated with his own character portraits. Already the dedication was composed. *To My Friend and Master, Inspired and Incomparable Genius of Art on the American Continent.*

"But what did he say to you," insisted Ramón, "at the final stupendous moment? It is most important. The last words of a great artist, they should be very eloquent. Repeat them precisely, my dear fellow! It will add splendor to the biography, nay, to the very history of art itself, if they are eloquent."

The proprietor nodded his head with the air of a man who understands everything. "I know, I know. Well, maybe you will not believe me when I tell you that his very last words were a truly sublime message to you, his good and faithful friends, and to the world. He said, gentlemen, 'Tell them I am a martyr to love. I perish in a cause worthy of the sacrifice. I die of a broken heart!' and then he said, 'Isabelita, my executioner!' That was all, gentlemen," ended the proprietor, simply and reverently. He bowed his head. They all bowed their heads.

"That was truly magnificent," said Ramón after the correct interval of silent mourning. "I thank you. It is a superb epitaph. I am most gratified."

"He was also supremely fond of my tamales and pepper gravy," added the proprietor in a modest tone. "They were his final indulgence."

"That shall be mentioned in its place, never fear, my good friend," cried Ramón, his voice crumbling with generous emotion. "With the name of your café, even. It shall be a shrine for artists when this story is known. Trust me faithfully to preserve for the future every smallest detail in the life and character of this great genius. Each episode has its own sacred, its precious and peculiar interest. Yes, truly, I shall mention the tamales."

THE END

John Sanford, Birnback

**HONG KONG HARBOR** is "one of the finest in the world, bearing remarkable resemblance to Rio de Janeiro. There is probably more trade and traffic, magnificence and misery than in any comparable place on earth."

# Hong Kong: Tip of the Dragon's Tail

**At the edge of the Bamboo Curtain, this tiny, teeming Crown Colony lives a double life of poverty and riches: a bargain hunter's paradise and a sightseer's dream.**

**BY RICHARD HARRITY**

When Marco Polo, the most famous of all traveling men, first voyaged from Venice to the Far East, fabled Cathay was ruled by the fabulous Kublai Khan and guarded by the Great Wall which marked China as the forbidden land. Now, nearly seven hundred years later, China is again sealed off from the rest of the world, this time by a Bamboo Curtain which has three Chinese cities dangling free on the fringe—Hong Kong, Macao and Singapore. These entrepôts on the razor's edge of the Eastern Red threat provide the only windows through which Americans can now gain a glimpse of the character, customs and culture of the ancient country of China. Each city has it's own distinctive personality and while all three are colonies controlled and influenced by European countries, they still bear the indelible stamp of mystery, the magic and might of China.

Today in the modern hotel lobbies and bars of Hong Kong the babble about bargains in many of the same treasures that intrigued Marco Polo is now provided by travelers, most of whom have journeyed halfway around the world seemingly just to discover Oriental discount houses. Some become so engrossed in bargain hunting that they, alas, fail to see anything of the fragrant harbor that is Hong Kong except the shops and stores, and might as well have stayed at home.

During the Opium Wars in the mid-nineteenth century, England negotiated a treaty with Nanking that enabled the British Empire to create the colony of Hong Kong and, naturally, they named the capital Victoria. Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, evidently consulted a very clouded diplomatic crystal ball which caused him to declare, "It seems obvious that Hong Kong will never be a mart for trade." Fortunately, the bankers and businessmen of London disagreed with his Lordship, and they saw to it that in 1860 another treaty was made with China which added the tip of Kowloon Peninsula and little Stonecutters' Island in the harbor of the colony. Then, in 1898, they added to the area, by leasing for ninety-nine years, area on the mainland called the New Territories and over seven hundred small islands in the waters surrounding Hong Kong. Under the rent-controlled deal which Red China continues to honor and that expires in 1997, the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong now comprises 398 square miles. And into this small space there is probably more trade and traffic, magnificence and misery, splendor and squalor than in any other comparable place on Earth.

The harbor of Hong Kong, one of the finest and fairest in the world, bears a remarkable resemblance to Rio de Janeiro and, as in that beautiful Brazilian port, there is a motley array of buildings, ranging from stately mansions to miser-

Birnbaum

**HOUSING DEVELOPMENT** in Kowloon reflects efforts to accommodate thousands of refugees who pour in from Red China. Only 398 square miles, colony is crammed by almost three and one half million people—99 percent Chinese.

able shanties, spilling down the hillside from Victoria Peak to the waters of the South China Sea. Hong Kong is also in the tropics and the foliage is lush and luxuriant. But where Rio is a land of languor, Hong Kong is a place of hurry and hustle where competitive variety provides the spice of life. It is a free port and the merchants who do business on this margin of Mao Tse-tung's Marxist Empire can provide anything from a rare Ming vase to the latest Mini camera at just about the lowest prices anywhere.

Some of these cut-rate merchants are Oriental Barnums who believe a sucker is borne into Hong Kong every minute and never give him or her an even break, but most of them are reliable. Perhaps the greatest gamblers extant are the Chinese, and this includes their businessmen, who, here in Hong Kong, when they start a shop or factory, figure that they must recoup their original investment as soon as possible since Big Brother on the Chinese border just a few miles away might wave his hammer and sickle some foul midnight and turn all this fairy-tale land of free trade and big bargains right into a Red pumpkin.

This air of anticipation accelerates the tempo of life tremendously, and gave this traveler a feeling of excited expectancy about what was going to happen next.

Kenneth Moss, the manager of the new twenty-six story Hongkong Hilton Hotel where I stayed, flew with the RAF in the Battle of Britain, ran a pub in London after the war, then attended a hotel school in Switzerland. He takes the unexpected right in stride.

Since the hotel opened the year before, Moss has had to cope with a peculiar set of problems. A cocktail bar in the basement was christened The Opium Den, but the name had to be quickly shortened to just The Den when Chinese civic leaders put up a protest against linking their swank new hotel with the once popular poppy smoke.

## Tong War of Pots and Pans

Then there was the extremely delicate question of which type of Chinese food to offer to Occidental and Oriental gourmets. There are five main schools of Chinese cookery: Honan, famous for sweet and sour sauce; Sechezuan, about as hot and fiery as a dragon's breath; Fukien, noted for its lightness and taste; Peking style; and Cantonese cuisine. The latter two were finally selected, but then the Peking and Canton chefs started a private tong war of pots and pans over who was the No. 1 Chinese cook at the Hongkong Hilton.

"I settled that Boxer Rebellion behind the chow line in the kitchen," Mr. Moss explained. "by assigning the Peking chef to the Eagle's Nest Restaurant on the roof and the Canton cook to the Jade Lotus Room and to ensure peace, we put these two highly competitive Eastern Escoffiers under the supervision of a neutral Swiss chef."

But the most unusual menu I saw in Hong Kong is offered by a temple of Terpsichore called the Oriental Ballroom. The dishes listed here are pretty slant-eyed lasses, dressed in varicolored cheongsams with side slits that run practically up to their hips, who will spiritedly dance the Twist with you or sedately share a pot of oolong tea, the only beverage served by this emporium. As I sat down at a table a Mama-san, or as we would call her, the madam, handed me the *carte du jour*, or rather *nuit*, and patiently waited with a provocative smile on her face for me to give my girl order. This wasn't easy since only the names of the charmers were listed (in both Chinese and English for the benefit, I suspect, of bilingual lover boys on the loose) and there was not a single other word of description. After studying the maid menu for a while, I dismissed several of the entrees, perhaps unfairly, since I could only judge them on the basis of nomenclature. For instance, Miss Dan Me sounded confusing; I couldn't see myself waltzing the right way with La Wong Way; or being introduced without suppressing a smile to two other lovelies listed as Wong Wan and So Shun; naturally, I felt that a Miss Har Ping was hardly right for a quiet tête-a-tête. I settled finally on a lass whose name was not only glamorous but a perfect conversational icebreaker—Garbo Yu.

# Hong Kong (continued)

After the customary formalities of "Garbo Yu," "Me Dick," my attractive companion demurely sipped her tea for a moment then displayed a refreshing directness completely free from all Oriental guile by stating: "It will cost you eight Hong Kong dollars or $1.40 U.S. for me to drink tea or dance with you by the hour. If you wish to take me out to dinner until 2 A.M., you will have to pay the Mama-san sixty Hong Kong dollars or $10.50 U.S. and whatever you wish to give me as a bonus."

Before I could even consider this proposal, Garbo Yu signaled another hostess at a nearby table, and when this new siren joined us, and I was introduced and told that she, too, was available for dinner, I quickly paid the Mama-san the full hour's fee for only five minutes of tea time with the bewitching Garbo Yu and hurried out. After meeting Garbo Yu's friend, I felt it would have been flying in the face of fate to have ignored the warning provided by her name which was Lei Wai Man.

In all fairness to Garbo Yu, as I later learned from a Chinese friend, her stipend for having dinner with me was really another Hong Kong bargain.

"There are some girls who charge for an evening on the town," he explained, "as high as three thousand Hong Kong dollars."

"But that's over five hundred dollars in U.S. money," I cried in astonishment.

"Yes," he replied calmly, nodding his head, "but that is for a movie star."

But the truth of the matter is that Hong Kong night life is pretty dull and dreary with one great exception, and that is the water carnival, which takes place every evening as an endless variety of craft steam and sail across the harbor from Hong Kong to Kowloon and the nearby islands of the colony. There are seagoing junks with tattered sails scudding past great luxury liners anchored in the harbor, walla wallas or water taxis darting around in all directions, small sampans hugging the shore and large ferryboats chugging between Hong Kong and Kowloon. This water activity continues around the clock.

## The Water People

I never tired of watching the shifting scene and the best viewing place I found was the upper deck of one of the Star Ferries that runs from Hong Kong to Kowloon. This vantage point provides a good grandstand seat for the water show as well as an opportunity to study the people of Hong Kong. The colony is crammed with almost three and one half million inhabitants who are 99 percent Chinese, and the majority ride back and forth every day and night on these busy ferryboats. The passengers comprise all types of Chinese from the very, very rich to the wretchedly poor; businessmen and office workers; refugees from Red China clutching their paltry belongings; aged White Russian émigrés, who left their homeland when Lenin came to power, and landed in Hong Kong via Manchuria and Shanghai; goggle-eyed tourists out to see the sucker sights; British colonials who once helped build an empire that the sun never set on and the flotsam and jetsam from a score of different countries who have reached the end of the line here.

At one end of the harbor is the Aberdeen district where the water people live, spending their entire lives on junks and sampans and gaining their livelihood from the sea. Many of these water-borne citizens hardly set foot on land, living and dying on their crowded little boats. Shops and stores are located in this teeming boat city. Anchored incongruously and ironically in the midst of all this waterlogged misery are two elegant floating restaurants that cater to the *fins gourmets* of five continents.

While strolling along the bank beside this boat city one afternoon, I saw the coffin of an old Chinese man who had spent his life on a small sampan and who had died the night before. He was being carried to land at last. When the simple wooden coffin reached the shore, a group of grinning mourners fell in line behind it and a Chinese band struck up a strident tune that was far from mournful as the march began to a nearby cemetery. Men, women and children crowded the decks of the massed boats in holiday mood, making a Chinese funeral seem about as merry as a good, old-fashioned Irish wake.

The sometimes grim water world of Hong Kong is frequently relieved by gaiety on happier occasions, such as feasts and holidays when this sampan suburb demonstrates what is really meant by a population explosion as everybody and his brother sets off firecrackers all night long that must frighten away the fish on which these people live. And the great annual regatta at Aberdeen is the Dragon Boat Festival in which gaily decorated craft from forty-five to fifty feet long, each manned by some fifty oarsmen, compete in a twenty-five-hundred-year-old event that is celebrated to help bring rain down on the often parched land of the fragrant harbor.

And while the British Empire has dwindled like a suddenly deflated balloon since the last Great War, the sons and daughters of Albion, who live and work here, religiously maintain many of their cherished traditions. In the summer months Englishmen still persist in going out in the hot midday sun when the proud old firm of Jardine, Matheson & Co., Ltd., fires its trusty cannon at noon, bravely clutching that banner of the Briton, the tightly rolled umbrella. Throughout the year the tea hour at the old Peninsula Hotel on the Kowloon side looks like a London scene circa 1900 complete with retired Colonel Blimps and proper, if dowdy, English dames, animated with affection by the English Department of Madame Tussaud's waxworks; often from my window high up in the Hilton hotel, I looked down on a playing field below, where Englishmen dressed in white uniforms deftly wielded their bats to keep from having a sticky wicket in that noble game of cricket.

## When Britain Ruled the Waves

Naturally, the British, like everyone else here, wonder and worry about what is going to happen next, and there is many a sigh for the good old days when Britain didn't have to waive the rules. This was brought home as I strolled along a road high on the Kowloon hillside with my friend Shann Davies, a young Englishwoman who handles publicity for Pan Am along what's left of the free China coast, and as we stopped at one place, she pointed down at a railroad station and some tracks running toward Red China and wistfully said, "While it is now quick and safe to fly from Hong Kong to London by a Pan American jet, there was a time not so long ago when a Briton could step up to the ticket counter at that little railroad station below and buy a ticket straight from here to Dover."

Bargains, of course, continue to be the chief come-on for tourists in this charming city. Since there are no import duties or state taxes, a great many American products can be obtained here for lower prices than they can be bought anywhere in the United States. It is a scented heaven of low-priced perfumes, and practically every type of electronic equipment and camera from every country can be purchased here at a cost below the wholesale price a retailer must pay back home. Men's suits made from fine English woolens and tweeds can be obtained here, and good ones, too, or so I'm told. I was recommended to an allegedly fine tailor, in my case, an Indian, and I ordered two cashmere suits, a cashmere topcoat, a woolen suit, a dozen shirts. Originally, as I understood it, these items were to cost two hundred fifty dollars and I was promised them two days before my departure so that there would be ample time for several try-ons and any necessary alterations. The suits, topcoat and one shirt were delivered to my room twenty minutes before I was due to take a bus for the airport, and the bill I was given had mounted to 347 dollars. I didn't even have time for a final try-on and, jamming everything into my bags, I gave the

tailor a check and beat it with my bargains. When I arrived at Tokyo, I tried the suits on and everything seemed to be wrong. The trousers of one suit had no pockets while the sleeve on a coat was dangling by a few threads and the shirt was much too tight. I started to steam but I felt happier when I cabled my bank to stop payment on the check.

Up to this point I have spent nearly one hundred fifty dollars having these bargain suits and the topcoat altered. When I feel that I finally have a proper fit, I am going to deduct these costs as well as the cost of the eleven missing shirts from the 347-dollar bill and send the Hong Kong tailor, who seemingly practiced an old Indian rope trick on me, the balance.

But the most baffling bargain in Hong Kong even to Chinese experts is that precious stone called jade. Pure jade comes mainly from Northern Burma. When a jade-bearing rock is found there, a small slit about three inches long and a half inch deep is made in the stone. Chinese jade experts then bid for the rock with only this slight indication that there might be a deposit of the precious stone in its pure state concealed inside. No one, or so I was informed, can tell for certain how much, if any, pure jade a given rock might contain. Yet astronomical prices are paid for jade-bearing rocks by Chinese experts who are part gem merchants and part mad gamblers. When a rock is finally bid in at a Burma auction, it is then transported to Hong Kong where it is again put on sale. At these raw jade auctions in Hong Kong, the bids are made in complete secrecy with the auctioneer placing a towel over his hands and those of a prospective buyer's so that no one else knows how much any man has offered. When a rock is finally bought, it is then taken to be cut, and sometimes the only thing found inside is just a lot of worthless green rock suitable only for souvenir ash trays.

## Gambling in the Jade Market

I talked to one Chinese expert who told me that he had once bought a jade-bearing rock for fifty thousand dollars. On being cut in half, there was no sign of pure jade. When the stone was then quartered, there was still no evidence of the precious stone. Finally, when my informant felt that he had lost his money, a hunk of pure jade a little larger than a man's thumb was found in one small piece of rock which yielded a ten-thousand-dollar profit on the deal.

One night I saw where some of the Hong Kong bargains are made, and it was a frightening and spine-tingling experience. In the Kowloon section of Hong Kong, there is a dread town covering six acres called Kowloon City that is the epitome of everything evil in the Eastern world. Everything goes here, from heroin and opium smoking to high stake fan-tan, smuggling, and the lowest form of prostitution in the Orient or anywhere else that I have ever been.

I went there one night with two former members of the Hong Kong Security Police, William Pan and John Shu, both Chinese, and they told me that I was one of the few Westerners who had ever been inside Kowloon City and for a few moments it looked as though I had reached the point of no return.

We entered this evil city of the East through a passageway with John Shu walking several paces ahead. "When they see John," William Pan explained to me, "he will put them on guard, and they will believe that you are the inspector."

Now I am an ardent fan of James Bond, but I'd rather read about than be one such as he, and I dare say that if the Chinese characters we encountered in Kowloon City thought I was the inspector, they must have been puzzled by the sound of knee knocking that resulted from every step I took. We passed little rooms lighted by a single bare bulb and crammed with a score of emaciated Chinese men and women busily engaged in embroidering exquisite patterns in silk for the bargain hunters waiting outside Kowloon City. Prematurely aged prostitutes detached themselves from darkened doorways offering their sad-looking bodies for one Hong Kong dollar or seventeen and a half cents U.S. We paused briefly by one doorway where a man and a woman with shrunken bodies were smoking heroin.

Wherever we went in this strange and forbidding place. there was a cacophony of sound produced by musical instruments, the cries of babies, the steady hum of sing-song talk with here and there a scream of pain providing what might be called a disgrace note in the symphony of sin and sorrow.

"We will wait here," William Pan whispered to me as he grasped my arm, "while John goes ahead to make sure that the men playing fan-tan in the small tent up ahead know that we mean them no harm." We watched John move slowly forward until he became a murky figure in the distance, then joined him as he gave a signal. When we reached the tented enclosure, I saw a group of Chinese, some of them very well-dressed and obviously well-to-do, seated around a table where this Oriental game was in progress. A few seconds after we arrived, all play suddenly stopped and the gamblers slowly arose from their seats as though on signal.

"We had better move on," said John as we started down the passageway again. We turned to the right at the next opening, and within a few feet came to a wall with a door cut in it. "This wasn't here three months ago," said William Pan as John opened the door and went inside.

In a second he came right out again, followed by a huge Chinese, who angrily screamed something at him. I glanced back over my shoulder at the passageway we had just traveled and saw doors opening and other men coming out of them. I know no Chinese, but there is one language which is truly universal, that is the sound of danger. Both my friends talked rapidly in Chinese as the men in the passageway slowly moved forward. While this talk went on, I had a disturbing vision of myself encased in a Chinese kimono made from the best modern concrete. Suddenly the talk stopped, and the men, including the huge Chinese, disappeared back into their doorways.

## City of the Mist

While we were all now in a hurry to shake the dangerous dust of Kowloon City from our heels, William and John had difficulty in finding the way out again and all of the lurid boyhood horror images of Chinatown came back to haunt me as we tried one passageway and then another.

Finally we found the open sesame street or rather alley that enabled us to rejoin the human race on the outside of Kowloon City. "We will now take you to see another part of Hong Kong," said William Pan as we got into his car.

He drove up to the top of the Kowloon Peak which, unlike Victoria Peak, has no houses, only the darkened barracks of the British regiment that guards the city on this side of the harbor. William stopped the car and we got out to survey the scene. The winking lights down below and the boats steaming across the harbor made Hong Kong look indeed like a fairy-tale town.

"Those lights shining on the Victoria Peak come from the homes of the rich," said William Pan as he pointed toward Hong Kong. "Before the war, no Chinese were allowed to live there. Now many wealthy Chinese men have built their mansions on the Peak."

We were silent for a time, looking at the sparkling scene below, then William Pan continued, "We have just been in hell, down in the Walled City, and now we are having a look at heaven." As he said this, fog suddenly swept in from the sea, obscuring both the harbor below and the glittering Peak across the way.

"Someday Hong Kong itself may disappear like that." he concluded, "but until it does, we think it is the best city ever made by man." THE END

# BRIGHT ORANGE SHROUD

**Wilma had cheated her husband out of a quarter-million dollars, and now she was gone—perhaps murdered. Clearly, it was a case that called for the very special talents of Travis McGee....**

BY JOHN D. MacDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY KEN RILEY

On a mid-May afternoon Arthur Wilkinson came tumbling back into my life. Came out onto the dock. Came aboard my houseboat, *The Busted Flush*, at its permanent anchorage, Slip F-18, Bahia Mar, Fort Lauderdale. Spoke my name, like a scarecrow learning the language. Then I finally recognized him. A year of marriage seldom changes a man that much, unless it is combined with mortal illness. "Trav," he said. "Travis McGee." And dropped with a knobbly thud onto the stern deck, stale, sour and very still in the hot sun of Florida.

I picked him up like a sack of sticks, toted him through the air-conditioned coolness to the guest stateroom. Pulse slow and steady. No fever. No wounds. No needle marks. Just a darkening bruise under the eye where he'd hit the deck. And a stale bready smell of malnutrition.

He came out of it and began making polite sounds about not wanting to be a bother. His nervous smile came and went quickly, with tic.

"What happened to you? Where's Wilma?"

"Wilma?" he said. "Yes, of course. My bride. Good question, Trav. Where was she while that fellow was killing me? And he did, you know. That's another good question."

I opened a tin of broth, heated it, spiked it with some Irish whiskey, got it down him. It gave him enough energy to take a shower. Back in the sack, he ate most of a plate of scrambled eggs before the total exhaustion dragged him under once more. Before I jettisoned his cheap clothing in the dockside trash bin, I checked them over. Labels from Naples, Florida. A match folder from Red's Diner in Homestead. Two pennies and some lint. It wasn't very much to have left from a quarter of a million dollars.

Maybe it depends on whom you marry. And it took a certain kind of faith and innocence to marry Wilma Ferner.

Especially when he could have married Miss Chookie McCall.

There is a group which socializes in my neighborhood within the big marina. It is constantly changing. There are a few regulars. Chook, myself, Meyer, the Alabama Tiger, the Lo twins. The others come and go. Arthur Wilkinson hooked on over a year ago. Big, mild, amiable and very sincere. From upstate New York. Department store family, Arthur the last of the line. His widower father died. A doctor married Arthur's girl. There was pressure from a chain. So Arthur, restless, sold out and came to Florida with a big bundle and the idea of getting into something—a marina operation maybe. Until he made his decision, it was bringing him in nine thousand a year after taxes. He was big, earnest, poorly coordinated, and very willing. He blushed readily, laughed before you got to the punch line, always brought the beer to the beach picnics, collected the firewood, and was tapped for small loans. We all felt protective toward him—but he was more acquaintance than friend.

When Arthur paired off with Chookie McCall, we were all pleased. It seemed good for both of them. Chook is a big, beautifully constructed, eerily healthy brunette dynamo, a professional dancer with a stern and striking face. She had just finished an engagement at the Ba-

**They made a most impressive team. But visualizing Chook there with us, I realized that her honesty gave the others a patina of corrosion and decay.**

## BRIGHT ORANGE SHROUD (continued)

hama Room at the Mile O' Beach, and she was on the rebound from a wretched type named Frankie Durkin who had at last done her the favor of running out on her.

Then Arthur made a tactical error. Chook's agent found her a three-week gig up in Jacksonville. He should have gone up there with her, but probably his sense of propriety got in the way. By the time Chookie returned, Wilma had skinned Arthur, salted and tanned his hide and folded it into her matched luggage.

She was a new arrival, a little darling, a tasty and delicate little hundred and five pounds, a take-over type out of nowhere, dominating conversation with her husky, wide-ranging theatrical voice, strange accents which changed from day to day, dramatic gestures, an excessive mobility of the lovely little face. She was a name dropper, a yacht dropper, a resort, royalty and celebrity dropper. Her fine white-blonde hair was always in the first tantalizing stage of disarray, and her snug little resort clothes kept her on pleasant display, a factor she enhanced by the way she flung herself around while engaging in anecdotes where she played all the parts. She had the unwary ones pawing the ground. But the rest of us had our reservations. Meyer and I estimated that to have done all she claimed to have done, she would have to be a hundred and seven years old. We didn't like the convertible accents. And her eyes, I noted, the color of a medium sherry held in front of the light, were just as expressionless essentially as a still wine. We found few contradictions. But, most of all, Meyer and I noted that other gals froze up in her presence. That is the best clue of all.

So she leafed through our roster, estimating, discarding, and settled for Arthur Wilkinson. She focused the whole bit on him. It was as inevitable and merciless as slaying a goldfish with a ten gauge shotgun. He walked on his heels with an endless grin and unfocused eyes, marveling at his incredible luck, his little Junebug darling at his elbow, adoring him, guiding him so he didn't run into things.

They were married late one afternoon at the courthouse and left in a new white convertible, her matched luggage stacked on the back seat, her smile brilliant as a vermin trap. Destination vague. I had kissed the darling little cheek of the bride, a soft little cheek smelling soapy-clean, and she had called me a dear boy. They drove off, naturally, into the sunset, her scarfed head close to his husbandly shoulder.

Now husband was back from the honeymoon.

As the daylight was ending I made three or four phone calls before locating Chookie McCall. I hadn't seen her in a couple of months. I said nothing about Arthur. She was delighted to accept a steak dinner. Before I left I laid out some clothes which would be too big for Arthur in his scarecrow condition, and left him a note saying about when I'd be back.

I picked her up at her place and took her to The Open Range. She ate with the dedicated enthusiasm of the trained athlete, a very vital and handsome gal just past the middle twenties, hair harsh black and glossy as a racing mare. She's one of the ones who started at five, grew too big for ballet and had to find another route. She chatted of a new routine she was working up, of some lessons she was giving. At the end of June she was going to Daytona for a job that would last until Labor Day.

When I decided that the extra rare, the baked, the tossed, the red wine and the coffee had her totally contented I said, "Small favor?"

"Of course, dear." She smiled. "I knew there was a catch."

"I need some help. A bird with a busted wing came flapping aboard today. He's in bad, bad shape. I just thought . . . maybe you could take over . . . for old time's sake."

"Now wait a minute!"

"Arthur Wilkinson."

I hoped I had seen a micro-moment of softness in her eyes before her face began to look like the ones who spoiled Custer's outing. She leaned that face toward me. "No thanks! I don't pick up any discards from any Wilmas, friend. What do you think I am?"

"What do you think I'm asking for? Put your wheels down, Chook. He isn't just emotionally depressed. He's a dead broke, malnourished bum."

"Oh, come *on!*"

"Come take a look at him."

"No thanks!"

"Wasn't there some friendship there, at least?"

"Sure. After Frankie I thought I wanted . . . you know, a gentle guy. Maybe somebody I could lean on a little. I'd been through the wars. You know that. But it wasn't gentleness at all. It was just weakness. I'm always figuring people wrong. He's *nothing*, Trav. The only feeling I have about him is . . . contempt!"

"Or wounded pride?"

She had that good honesty. And managed a crooked smile. "Sure. Why not? I had the idea something good was going to happen. But Wilma happened. He made his choice."

"And if she hadn't come along. If, instead, Frank Durkin came back and crooked his finger . . . then Arthur would be the one with the hurt pride."

"Maybe. I would have put up a fight."

"Maybe he did too. But he was outclassed."

I saw her trying to be fair. I had the feeling she was wasted, that her life should have taken some turn that would use more of her, more of that spirit and pride and purpose. Then I wondered what right I had to judge her. I hadn't found anything for myself either. I kid myself. Beach bums are seldom hooked on any dedication. I was the big, rangy, lazy McGee, the vagabond with fifty-two feet of luxury houseboat—proceeds of a three-day poker game in Palm Beach—the girl-watching, beach-roaming McGee, with a deep-water tan, sun-parched wire hair, pale gray eyes. An operator, taking his retirement in installments. Salvage expert, in a special sense. In an increasingly complex society, the fat cats have increasing opportunities to plunder the gullible ones, quite legally. McGee is the last resort. If you have no way left to get back what is yours, no way at all, I might take a try at it. And take expenses off the top and split the balance with you, fifty-fifty. If I get back anything at all. Half is considerably more than nothing. And I have enough scar tissue to prove it's active work.

So I had come off a job which had shaken me, and which had gone very sour, and then improved a little. My nerves were bad. I had tucked away enough for a slob summer, maintenance and repairs on both me and my boat, and a long cruise in the islands with comfortable companions when the weather was flat enough to risk taking *The Flush* across the Gulf Stream. I didn't want any Arthur Wilkinson problems. And with a perfectly calculated selfishness, I was trying to turn the wounded bird over to Mother Chookie.

She squared her shoulders, lifted her chin. "Thanks for the dinner, but no thanks, Trav. Not Arthur. Not ever."

When I got back to *The Busted Flush* with Chook, Arthur Wilkinson was as I had left him, the note still there. I put on the overhead light. I heard her gasp. Her fingers clutched my hand. I looked at her profile, saw her tanned forehead knotted into a frown, white teeth indenting her lip. I turned the light off and we went back to the lounge, two closed doors between us and Arthur.

"Trav, he looks so horrible. Like a skull. like he was dying instead of sleeping. How do you know?"

"That he's sleeping? What else? Good pulse. No fever."

"But what could have happened to him?"

"Chook, that's a very nice guy, and I don't think he has the survival drive you and I have. He's the victim type."

"Shouldn't we see if he's really all right?"

"Let him get his sleep. Fix you a drink?"

"I don't know. No. I mean yes. I'm going to take another look at him."

Five minutes later I tiptoed into the companionway beyond the head. The guest stateroom door was closed. I heard the tone of her voice, not the words. Gentleness. He coughed and answered her and coughed again.

Back in the lounge I locked the big tuner into WAEZ-FM, and fed it into the smaller speakers at low volume, too low to drive my big ARA-3s. I stretched out on the curve of my big yellow couch, took small sips of a gin stinger, listened to a string quartet fit together the Chinese puzzle pieces of some ice-cold Bach, and smiled a fatuous egg-sucking smile at my easy solution to the Arthur problem.

In about twenty minutes she joined me, smile shy, walking with less assurance than her custom. She sat on the end of the couch beyond my feet and said, "I fixed him some warm milk and he went right to sleep again."

"That's nice."

"I guess it's just being exhausted and half starved and heartsick, Trav."

"That was my guess."

"The poor dumb spook."

I got her stinger out of the freezer and brought it to her. She sipped it. "There isn't anything else you can do, of course," she said.

"Beg your pardon?"

She looked at me and opened her eyes very wide. "Get it back, of course. They cleaned him. That's why he came to you."

I got up and went over to the tuner and killed Mr. Bach. I stood in front of Chook. "Now just one minute there, woman. Hold it. There's no . . ."

"For God's sake, stop braying like a wounded moose, McGee. We talked about you once. He wondered about you. You know. What you *do*. So I sort of told him."

"You sort of told him."

"How you keep half of what you can recover. McGee, why in the world do you think he came right to you! Could anything be more obvious? Why do you think that poor whipped creature crawled across the state and fell on your doorstep? You can't *possibly* turn him down."

"I can give it a very good try, honey."

Silence. She finished the drink. She clacked the empty glass down. She came up off the couch, moved close, stood tall, fixed me with a poisonous stare, upslanted, fists on hips. "Did I do you a favor coming here?" she said in almost a whisper. "Do you owe me for that, and for one or two other small things I could name? Do you want me to go after them myself? I will, you know. I'm calling you on this one. They smashed him. They gutted him. And there's no other place he can turn." Giving emphasis to each word by rapping my chest with a hard knuckle, she said, "You–are–going–to–help–that–man!"

"Now listen . . ."

"The first thing we have to do is get him on his feet, and pry every living piece of information out of him. Trav, they didn't leave him a *dime*! It was some kind of land development thing. Over near Naples."

"Maybe by October . . ."

"Travis!"

By the following Saturday afternoon *The Busted Flush* was swinging on two hooks in Florida Bay, two miles off Candle Key, all larders stocked, five hundred gallons in the fresh water tanks. With alterations from time to time, I've tried to make the old barge-type houseboat ever more independent of shoreside services. Except when home at Bahia Mar, I like to avoid boat-basin togetherness. I have husky batteries, enough of them so that I can stay at anchor and draw on them for four days before they begin to get a little feeble. When they're down, I have a generator which can bring them back up in six hours. At anchor I switch everything over to 32V. I can't run the air conditioning off the batteries, but I can run it off the gas generator. Then it is a decision as to which will be the most annoying, the heat or the noise.

There was just enough breeze to make a patty-cake sound against the hull. I was stretched out on the sun deck. A line of pelicans creaked by, beating and coasting, heading home to the rookery. What I had learned from Arthur didn't sound promising. But I confronted myself with thinking that while we were getting him in shape, I was doing myself some promised good.

Every muscle felt stretched, bruised and sore. We'd anchored at midmorning. I'd spent a couple of hours in mask and fins, knocking and gouging grass beards and corruption off the hull. After lunch I'd lain on the sun deck with my toes hooked under the rail and done about ten sets of sit-ups. Chook had caught me at it and talked me into some of the exercises she prescribed for her dance students. Then we swam. I could win the sprints. In our distance events, she had a nasty habit of slowly pulling away.

I heard a sound and turned my head and saw her climb the ladderway to the sun deck. She looked concerned. She sat crosslegged beside me. In that old faded pink swimsuit, dark hair in a salty tangle, no makeup, she looked magnificent.

"He feels weak and dizzy," she said. "I think I let him get too much sun. I gave him a salt tablet, and it's making him nauseous."

"Want me to go take a look at him?"

"Not right now. He's trying to doze off. Gee, he's so grateful for every little thing. And it broke my heart, the way he looked in trunks, so scrawny and pathetic."

"If he eats many lunches like today, it won't last long."

She inspected a pink scratch on a smooth brown calf. "Trav? How are you going to go about it? What are you going to try to do?"

"I wouldn't have the slightest idea."

"How long are we going to stay here?"

"Until he has the guts to want to go after the money, Chook."

"But why should *he* have to? I mean if he dreads it so."

"Because, dear girl, he is my reference library. He doesn't know what very small thing might turn out to be important, so he doesn't think of it or mention it. Then when it's about to go off in my face, he can tell me where the fuse is, which is something he can't do from a hundred miles away."

She looked at me speculatively. "He wants to give up the whole idea."

"OK. Sure."

"*Damn* you!"

"I won't go into this without him. You're along to turn him back into a man, Chook. You've got to prop him up. I don't want you in on any of the rest of it."

"Why not?"

"It sounds just a little too ugly so far."

"And I have just walked out the convent gates in my little white pinafore. Come *on*, Trav."

"Miss McCall, the most dangerous animal in the world is not the professional killer. It's the amateur. A dishonest man is capable of truly murderous indignation. In this instance, the woman will be looking on, heightening the performance. looking for blood. I don't think she'd relish losing."

Big brown girl in scanty pink, in Zen pose on my splendid vinyl imitation of teak. There is real teak on the aft deck below, partially justifying such trickery. "Men aren't bright about the Wilma types."

"Arthur wasn't."

Chook's dark eyes became remote. "If the breeze dies it could get buggy here."

"The long-range forecast says we'll

## BRIGHT ORANGE SHROUD (continued)

get more wind instead of less." I rose smartly to my feet. If I'd been alone, I would have crawled moaning to the sun deck rail and hauled myself up. Vanity is a miracle drug. I could count on three or four more days of torment before, I hoped, limberness would come back along with the hardened belly and lost pounds and unjangled nerves.

She marched off, and went down the ladderway like a . . . a dancer going down a ladderway.

When I finally went below, Chook was in the stainless steel galley, banging pots. I went through to the seldom used crew quarters forward where I had assigned myself. Chook had been given my master stateroom when she brought her gear aboard. The master stateroom—close to the guest stateroom—gave her a chance to watch over him.

By midevening, Arthur Wilkinson felt better. It was a soft night. We sat in three deck chairs on the afterdeck, facing the long path of silver moonlight.

I overpowered his reluctance and made him go over some of the stuff he had already told me, interrupting him with questions to see if I could unlock other parts of his memory.

"Like I told you, Trav, I had the idea we were going to go further away, maybe the southwest, but after we stayed overnight in Naples, she said maybe it would be nice to rent a beach house for a while, and because it was April we could probably find something nice. What she found was nice, all right. Isolated, and a big stretch of private beach, and a pool. It was seven hundred a month, plus utilities. That included the man who came twice a week to take care of the grounds, but then there was another two hundred and fifty for the woman who came in about noon every day but Sunday."

"Name?"

"What? Oh. . . . Mildred. Mildred Mooney. Fifty, I'd guess. Heavy. She had a car and did the marketing and cooking and housework. So it came to maybe twelve hundred a month for operating expenses. And about that much again for Wilma. Hairdresser and dressmaker, cosmetics, mail orders to Saks, Bonwit's, places like that. Masseuse, a special wine she likes. And shoes. God, the shoes! So say in round figures twenty-five hundred a month going out, which would be thirty thousand a year, three times what we're coming in. After wedding expenses, and trading for the convertible, I had five thousand cash aside from the securities, but it was melting away so fast it scared me. I estimated it would be gone before the end of June."

"You tried to make her understand?"

"Of course. She'd stare at me as if I was talking Urdu. She couldn't comprehend. It made me feel cheap and small-minded. She said it wasn't any great problem. In a little while I could start looking around and find something where I could make all the money we'd ever need. I was worried—but it was all kind of indistinct. The only thing that really seemed to count was just . . . Wilma."

"Get on with it then. When was the first contact with the land syndicate people?"

"Late May. She'd gone walking down the beach in the late afternoon, and she came back with Calvin Stebber. Some kid had hooked into a shark. A crowd watched him and that's how she got in casual conversation with Stebber, and it turned out they knew a lot of the same people, so she brought him back for a drink. He was short and heavy and very tan. Always smiling. And he seemed . . . important. They talked about people I've read about. Onassis, Niarchos, people like that. He was very vague about what he was doing. He just said that he'd come down to work out a small project, but it was dragging on a lot longer than he'd estimated. He seemed . . . fond of Wilma. He wished us happiness.

"After he left, Wilma got quite excited. She told me that Calvin Stebber was enormously rich, and went around making very successful investments in all kinds of things. She said he might let us in on whatever he was doing, and certainly the very least we could expect would be four times our money back. It seemed to me like a good way out, if she could swing it. With four times the capital I'd have enough income for the way she wanted to live. Stebber was staying aboard a yacht at the Cutlass Yacht Club, and when he left he asked us to stop by for drinks the next day. The yacht was absolutely huge, maybe a hundred feet long, some kind of a converted Naval vessel, I think."

"Name and registry?"

"*The Buccaneer*, out of Tampa, Florida. He said friends had loaned it to him. That's when I met the other three men in the syndicate."

I had to slow him down and make him repeat the guest list so I could get the other syndicate members straightened out, the three who were in the deal with smiling Cal Stebber.

G. Harrison Gisik. The old one. The sick one. Tall, frail, quiet. Bad color. Bad posture. Moving slowly and with apparent effort. From Montreal. With that flavor of importance about him. The other two were locals.

Crane Watts. Local attorney. Dark, friendly, good-looking, unremarkable. A young man who came equipped with a wife of about the same age. Thirty. Vivian. Known as Viv. Dark, sturdy and pretty—an athletic woman, scored by sun and wind during the tennis, sailing, riding, golf. A lady, Arthur said.

Boone Waxwell. The other local. Perhaps from a local swamp. Big, loud, crude and hard. Known as Boo. Cracker accent. Light blue eyes. Curly dark hair. He came equipped with a nonwife, a loud and buxom redhead wearing short shorts and an overdose of bourbon.

Stebber had been the only one living aboard. Except for a crew. A steward made the drinks and served them. When Stebber had a chance, he apologized to Arthur and Wilma for the crude behavior of Boo Waxwell and his girlfriend, saying that Waxwell was a key figure in the business deal he was working on.

"But they didn't let you in, Arthur," I said. "Not then. No. Don't tell me. Let me guess. Wilma kept putting pressure on Mr. Stebber and he kept saying there wasn't a chance, the syndicate was full. How many weeks did they keep you on the hook? Three?"

But it was two weeks after the party that he heard from Stebber.

"Finally one morning he phoned me from the yacht," Arthur said, "and asked me to stop by alone. He was alone too. He said I had a very persistent wife. Persistence alone wouldn't have been enough. But now one of the principals had backed out. He said he felt obligated to offer it to other associates, but as long as I was on the scene and he was fond of Wilma, he had talked Mr. Gisik into agreeing to let me in."

"Is that when he explained the deal to you?"

"Just in broad outline, Trav, not in detail. We were in the main lounge and he spread the maps out on the chart table. What he called the Kippler Tract and marked off and tinted. Sixty-one thousand acres. It was a strange shape, beginning north of Marco and getting wider over east of Everglades City, and going practically to the Dade County line. The syndicate was negotiating the option of it on a two-year basis. He and another group were setting up a development corporation to buy the tract from the syndicate. After taking off syndicate overhead and operating expenses, the members would end up with five thousand dollars for every dollar invested. He said his staff had investigated every aspect of the plan, projected growth, water resources and so on, and if we could just get the option, it couldn't miss.

"Then he told me that he was in for seven hundred thousand, Gisik for four hundred thousand, a New York associate for five hundred thousand. The remaining two hundred and thirty thousand was represented by Crane Watts and Boo Waxwell. He said those small pieces were a nuisance, but it was essential to have a bright young lawyer on the scene, and that Boo Waxwell was the one with the close association with the Kippler heirs and able, if anybody was, to talk them into the deal. He said the New York associate had bowed out and there was five hundred thousand open. He said my five hundred thousand would become three million, a net return of one million nine after taxes, plus my investment back.

"I said I'd like one hundred thousand worth, and he looked at me as if I was a dog on the street and he rolled up the maps saying he hadn't realized he was wasting his time as well as mine, and thanks for stopping by. Wilma was furious. She said I'd ruined the whole thing. She said she'd talk to Calvin Stebber again, and see if there was any chance at all of his taking me in on the basis of two hundred thousand. I said it didn't seem smart to gamble almost all we had, and she said it wasn't a gamble."

"But he let you in."

"Very reluctantly. I sent an airmail special to the brokerage house to sell at current market and airmail me a certified check for two hundred thousand. We met on the yacht and I signed the syndicate agreement, and it was witnessed and notarized. It gave me 9 and 15/100ths shares in the syndicate."

It was such a tired old hustle. Wilma, working hard, had kept Arthur too dazed to even think of having another lawyer look it over. She'd stood clutching his shoulder and glowing like a little furnace as he signed. And of course it had an assessment clause.

Chook couldn't get it through her head. I had to explain it by analogy. "It's like a poker game where you can't cut the pot, and it isn't table stakes. Once you are in, they start to raise. And you have to match it, or you lose any claim on the pot, and the ones left in the game have the right to call the hand off, if they want, and divide what's in the pot between them."

"But that isn't *fair*!" Chook said hotly.

But it was reasonably legal. Stebber left town, with Gisik. Boo Waxwell kept dropping in. He seemed to have an unwholesome interest in Wilma. But Wilma said that Mr. Stebber had asked them to be nice to Boo. On August 1st Arthur had gotten the inevitable letter from Crane Watts, asking for over thirty-three thousand dollars as his share of an assessment caused by the Kippler heirs upping their option price per acre. Shocked, Arthur had gone trotting to Crane Watts' little cubicle of an office in a little cinder-block building on the highway north of town. The young lawyer acted impatient and indifferent. He explained the clause. Pay up or lose your participation. Read the clause. It's plain enough. It had been signed, notarized and recorded. When he explained it to Wilma, she went into hysterics. She phoned Stebber long distance, but he wouldn't or couldn't help, so she said. He recommended putting the money up. It was still a great opportunity. By then Arthur had fifty-eight thousand left in securities, and three thousand in unpaid bills. He left twenty thousand in stocks, paid the assessment and the back bills and put the rest in the checking account.

And, inevitably, on September 1st, they put the clip on him again, for another thirty-three thousand. And predictably, Wilma suddenly turned into the earnest little helpmeet. She sat down with him and they added up everything. She kept saying they had no choice. Raise it or all the rest was gone. So everything went into the pot. Arthur's twenty thousand. Car, cameras, furs, jewels. They made it, with four hundred dollars to spare. She went to Miami and sold her stuff. They moved to a cheap motel room, six or seven blocks north of the intersection of Fifth Avenue and the Tamiami Trail, the Naples Citrus Blossom, with hotplate. Wilma was fiercely courageous about it. She even washed her own hair. Then she began to fret about what might happen were they assessed again. And put every kind of pressure on him until he made a list of thirty-two friends and wrote every one of them, asking for money. Promising a fat return. He had to rewrite the basic letter three times before she approved it.

Half replied. Eight said they were sorry. Eight sent money. Four sent one thousand each. Two sent five hundred. One sent a hundred. One sent fifty. Fifty-one hundred and fifty went into the joint account. He sent back the promissory notes.

And then, of course, he was ready for the kiss-off. Stebber sent word he wanted to see them both up in Sarasota, at the Landmark Hotel. They had no car. Wilma had a brutal headache. Arthur went up alone on the bus, excited at the hope of hearing good news. Got there at five. Stebber had checked out. Left a message at the desk. A jolly note. The deal looked good. Probably go through in about six months. Meanwhile a small assessment. For operating expenses. Arthur's share wouldn't be over nine or ten thousand.

And, of course, when he got back to Naples a little after midnight, Wilma was long gone. The lock on the motel unit had been changed. Arthur's clothes were impounded. The man said he hadn't been paid in two weeks. And the man had seen Wilma leave, had seen her and some man carrying all that matched luggage out to a pale sedan with Florida plates. She left no message. Except perhaps the indirect message at the bank when he went there the next morning after walking around all night. The account was cleaned out.

Toward the end of it his voice had become listless. Chook stirred and sighed. A gust of the freshening breeze swung the boat, and some predatory night bird went by, honking with anguish.

"But you found her again, later on," I said, to get him started.

"I'm pretty tired."

Chook reached and patted him. "You go to bed, honey. Want me to fix you anything?"

"No thanks," he murmured. He got up with an effort and went below, saying good night to us as the screened door hissed shut.

"Poor wounded bird," Chook said in a half whisper.

"They got everything except the clothes he had on. They even milked old friendships."

"Try to take it a little easier on him, Trav, huh?"

"She took off in late September. It's late May, Chook. The trail is eight months cold. Where are they, and how much do they have left? And just how smart are they? One thing is obvious. Wilma was the bird dog. Rope a live one and bring him to Naples. She took a look at what we had around the marina. And picked Arthur. Marriage can lull suspicion. When she had him tamed, and worried about money, she contacted Stebber to tell him the pigeon was ready. It was a professional job. They made him ache to get in on it. They made him so eager he'd have signed his own death warrant without reading it."

"Was it all legal?"

"I don't know. At least legal enough so that you'd probably have a three-year court fight to prove it wasn't, and then it could be only a civil action to recover the funds. He can't finance that. He couldn't finance two cups of coffee."

"Can you do anything?"

"I can try. If you can prop him up a little, I can try."

She stood up and came over and gave me a quick hug, a kiss beside the eye, and told me I was a treasure. Long after she left, the treasure lifted a few score aches and soreness and went to bed.

Late Sunday afternoon, up on the sun deck, I got the rest of the account from Arthur Wilkinson.

## BRIGHT ORANGE SHROUD (continued)

Arthur had gotten absolutely no satisfaction from the young lawyer. He had offered to sell Watts his syndicate shares for twenty-five thousand. Crane Watts wasn't interested. Next he tried to find Boone Waxwell, learned that Waxwell had a place at Goodland on Marco Island. With the last of the small amount of money he had taken on the Sarasota trip, he took a bus to the turnoff to Marco, hitched a ride to the island bridge, and walked to Goodland. At a gas station they told him how to find Waxwell's cottage. He got there at sunset. It was an isolated place at the end of a dirt road, more shack than cottage. A pale gray sedan was parked in the yard. Country music was so loud over the radio they didn't hear him on the porch, and when he looked through the screen he saw Wilma in a rumpled green housecoat sprawled asleep on a couch, and with a special vividness he remembered her pale blonde head resting on a souvenir pillow from Rock City. Boo Waxwell, wearing ragged khaki pants, sat slumped by the little radio, bottle on the floor between his bare feet, trying to play guitar chords along with the radio music. He saw Arthur and grinned at him, and came grinning to the screen door, opened it and pushed Arthur back, asking him what the hell he wanted. Arthur said he wanted to speak to Wilma. Waxwell said there wasn't much point in that on account of Wilma had got herself a temporary divorce, country-style.

Wilma appeared in the doorway beside Waxwell, light of the sunset against her face, a small and delicate face puffy with sleep, eyes emptied by indifference, nestling in soiled housecoat into the hard curve of Boo Waxwell's arm, looking out at Arthur in a placid and almost bovine way, outlined in that end-of-day glow against the room darkening behind her.

He said it was strange how vivid the little things were, the precise design in faded blue of an eagle clutching a bomb, wavering as the muscles of Waxwell's upper arm shifted under the tattooed hide. The irregular pattern of a scratch on the side of Wilma's delicate throat. Tiny rainbow glintings from the diamonds of the watch on her wrist—the watch he thought she had sold in Miami.

Like an anguished, oversized child, he rushed at Waxwell to destroy him, landed no blow, had been pummeled back, wedged into a corner of porch post and railing, felt the grinding blows into gut and groin and, over Waxwell's diligent shoulder, had seen the woman, small in the doorway, hugging herself and watching, underlip sagging away from the small even teeth. The railing gave way and he fell backward into the yard. He got up at once and walked slowly back the way he had come, hunched, both forearms clamped across his belly. His legs felt feathery, floating him along without effort. Somewhere along the dirt road to the cottage he fell and could not get up. He felt as if something was shifting and flowing inside him, the life moving out of him. He would have slept, except for mosquitoes so thick he breathed them in, snuffing them from his nose, blowing them from his lips. He squirmed to a tree, climbed himself upright and went on, trying all the time to straighten himself up a little more. By the time he reached the bridge, he was almost erect. There was a pink glow left in the west. He began the long walk back to Tamiami Trail and for a time he was all right, and then began falling. He would find himself way out by the center line, and when he stumbled over to the shoulder, a dark bush would leap up at him and he would land heavily, gasping.

An old pickup truck stopped and someone put a flashlight beam on him. From far away he heard a man and woman discussing in casual nasal tones how drunk he was.

Summoning the last of energy, he said very distinctly, "I'm not drunk. I've been beaten."

"Whar you want we should take you, mister?" the man asked.

"I've got no place to go."

They took him home. East on the Trail to the turnoff to Everglades City, through Everglades and across the causeway to Chokoloskee Island, and over to the far shore, where these people named Sam and Leafy Dunning lived with their five kids in a trailer and attached cottage and prefab garage.

Sam Dunning, in season, operated a charter boat out of the Rod and Gun Club over at Everglades City. It was out of season, and he was netting mullet with a partner, even shares, using an old bay skiff.

For three days Arthur hobbled about like an old man. She fixed soups for him. He slept by day in a string hammock in the side yard, and by night on a mattress in the garage, waking often to find the children staring solemnly at him.

Leafy borrowed old clothes from a neighbor, big enough to fit him. She washed and cleaned and mended what he'd been wearing.

With an instinctive courtesy and kindliness they waited until he felt better before asking questions. His wallet with license and cards was gone, probably lost while he was falling. He said Boone Waxwell had beaten him, but did not say why. They said most of the Waxwells were mean as snakes. He felt a strange emotional lethargy, told them he had no people and no place to go and said he wanted to find work. When they were convinced he was not wanted by the law, they said he could stay on and start paying board and room when he started drawing pay. Sam Dunning found him a job on the maintenance crew readying the Rod and Gun Club for the season opening. He reacquired the paper proofs of identity from the proper bureaus. When the job ended he found another as common laborer at a waterfront housing project near the Everglades City airport. Sam Dunning had partitioned off a corner of the garage, and Leafy had improvised furniture for him. Twelve dollars a week for room and board. It included the lunch she packed for him each morning. It was weeks before he acquired a few basic skills and could be certain of keeping his job. And he took a simple satisfaction in those skills, rough carpentry, wheeling a loaded barrow up a springy plank, mixing cement and mortar to the right consistency. He felt as if he had turned half of himself off forever, and was becoming someone else. He spent almost nothing. He accumulated money and squirreled it away without counting it. He learned to keep his mind empty and his mouth shut. On days off he helped Sam, doing maintenance work on the boat and sometimes crewing for him.

He wanted to hide there for the rest of his life. But there was a pressure inside his skull, and at last he identified it. Eight friends had believed in him, trusted him with money. He could hide from everything else but not from them. He fought that pressure until April 1st, then told his foreman and the Dunnings he had business to attend to, and he would try to come back. He took a bus to Naples with a little over $700 in savings in his ninety-eight-cent wallet. He had never been in better physical shape.

He took a cheap room in Naples and bought the cheap clothes I'd consigned to the Bahia Mar trash container. He went to Crane Watts' office and waited stolidly for a day and a half until Watts saw him. Watts showed him the file, and the assessment letter which had wiped out Arthur's participation, had swept away the two hundred and sixty-seven thousand. Arthur demanded the address of Stebber and of Gisik. Watts said to send letters to him and he would forward them. Watts seemed rattled enough and nervous enough to justify a bluff. With beard stubble, bourbon

breath and sport shirt with dirty collar, Watts at noon was not an impressive attorney. So Arthur said he had engaged an attorney who was preparing a detailed complaint to be filed with the attorney general of the state of Florida. with copies to the Bar Association and the Real Estate Commission. But for ten thousand, he would sign an unconditional release and they would hear no more of the matter. When Watts began shouting at him, Arthur said somebody had better bring money—and soon. He gave his temporary address and left.

At five that evening a brisk female voice informed him over the phone that Mr. Stebber would like to have Mr. Wilkinson join him at the Picadilly Pub on Fifth Avenue in an hour, have a drink and discuss Mr. Wilkinson's problem. The luxurious taproom was dark as any cave. He sat at the padded bar. Stebber had not arrived. A trim, brisk and tailored girl, severe, expressionless and quite pretty, appeared at his elbow, verified his identity, introduced herself as Miss Brown, sent by Mr. Stebber to explain he would be a little late. Would he come over to the table and wait? He carried his drink over. Miss Brown took neat little sips of her dry sherry, parried all questions with secretarial skill. A.M. Wilkinson was paged. Arthur took the phone call. But it was for Mr. Wilkerson, sales representative for Vega Boats. After he was back at the table for a few minutes, the room suddenly tilted and sent him sprawling into the astringent perfume of Miss Brown—who giggled down at him, her face distorted to a hugeness above him. Then Miss Brown and a red-coated bartender were helping him into an automobile. He awakened in another county—Palm County—the following dawn, sick, weak, dirty, broke . . . and with a punishing headache. He'd been picked up on a public beach, staggering and incoherent. They had a film strip of him. They gave him thirty days in the county jail, and volunteered him for the road gang while he was still woozy from whatever Miss Brown had dropped into his drink. Weakness made him sweat so profusely he dropped from heat exhaustion the first day and spent the rest of his term in the stockade, unable to keep down the beans and grits. He had very little memory of how he had managed to cross the state after they let him go. But the memory of boarding *The Busted Flush* was vivid enough, then the sudden blackness.

"They run a smooth operation." I said. "They have an effective complaints department."

"Just enough to pay back my friends." Arthur said. "All the rest of that money . . . It just doesn't seem real now. I can't believe that I ever really had it."

Chook gave his sun-oiled shoulder a comforting pat. "Some very smart people get snookered when they're far from home, dear."

"It makes me feel sick to think of having to . . . see any of those crooks again." he said. "I don't think I can go back there."

Chook turned my wrist over to look at my watch. "Time to choke down another eggnog, Arthur. Spiked to give you an appetite for dinner."

"I guess the biggest part of the expense is feeding me," he said.

It was a little joke. His first. So we laughed more than it was worth. There were other signs of improvement. The sun was curing the pasty look. Chook had him on mild exercise to restore muscle tone.

Along with his eggnog she brought a shopping list for me, so I saddled up the dink, got the little limey outboard whining, and went over to Candle Key to the Handy Dandy Always Open. When I returned I sensed that a new alignment was shaping up. Up until then, Chook and I had been a team taking care of the patient. But I could sense that they were now establishing a new order which made me the outsider. It was exactly what I had hoped for. She had to pump some spirit into him, or my chances of any salvage at all were frail indeed. This might be a start.

On Monday we pulled the hooks and droned in stately fashion down to a new anchorage off Long Key, charging the batteries and getting beyond the range of mosquitoes which were restricting us to the below deck areas. During the swimming that followed, I was heartened by a small triumph. The race was around a distant marker and back to the boarding ladder. Halfway back Chook pulled even and moved a half length ahead. I knew that in another hundred yards I would begin to wallow and roll and lose the stroke. Suddenly the reserves were there—missing so long it was like welcoming an old friend. It was as if a third lung had suddenly opened up. I settled into it until I was certain, then upped the tempo and went on by her in a long sprint finish, was clinging to the ladder when she arrived, and feeling less like a beached blowfish than on other days.

In the night I was awakened by the creak of the lines as *The Flush* tried to go around on the tide change, swinging further each time until pushed back by the breeze. I always rig two bow hooks in such a way that she shifts her weight from hook to hook when she changes end for end. As this was the first night at the new anchorage, I wanted to check and see that she wasn't working loose with all the swinging. and that she would swing the way I had guessed. As a rule of thumb they will always swing with the bow toward the nearest shallows. But the wind can make a difference, and there can be a tide current you didn't read.

So, as the easiest way out. I went forward and up through the hatch. I pulled the line she was still on and found it firm. I have a reflector plate under my riding light. and it keeps the decks in relative shadow, but just enough gets past the plate so you can check lines when your eyes are used to the darkness. From the relation of the way she was swinging to the lights along the keys, I could tell she was going to go around the right way. I decided to wait until she was around and then check the other anchor line. I had a lot of scope, big Danforths and a good bottom. so it was a thousand to one I was fine. But there are a lot of dead sailors who took things for granted. On a boat things go bad in sets of threes. When you pull a hook and then go hustle to get the wheels turning. something will short out on you so that you go drifting, dead in the water. And that is the time when, without lights, you drift right out into the ship channel, see running lights a city block apart coming down at you. run to get your big flashlight, fumble it and drop it over the side. A boat is something that never has just one thing wrong with it.

## BRIGHT ORANGE SHROUD (continued)

When she was safe and firm, I took a night prowl around the topsides, and on the starboard side deck came upon Chook in something ankle length and flimsy, standing wistful at the rail, night-watching. After she got over being startled she said, "I was just thinking, Trav. You know, what am I doing here? Was this trip necessary?"

"Necessary for our mutual friend."

"Sure. But am I the type to be a permanent den mother?"

"It's just one operation. And you wanted a piece of the action."

She sighed audibly. "I know. But what do I want to happen to me? He doesn't . . . really fit into my life anymore."

She was a very vital and healthy gal, and it was a lush and wistful night. She turned to me, brushed her fingertips along the line of my jaw. I felt the warmth of another sigh against my throat, saw her face upturned, dark eyes very wide.

I may have shuddered visibly before I said, "And wouldn't *this* do wonders for his morale, honey?"

"Has he got the only morale in town, McGee?"

"The only collapsible one, McCall."

So she pulled away a little, turned the fingertips into a fist, gave me a sold little rap on the point of the chin and said, "It's *still* a nice night. And you are entirely right, darn ya. Good night, McGee, you righteous spook." And off she went, a paleness suddenly gone.

On the next day I knew that I had at last fought my way back to the condition I wanted. I felt resilient and vital. The loyal body deserves better than I had been giving it. But it forgives, and comes back if you give it a chance. In my part-time line of work, neglect was particularly foolish. One half-step can mean the difference, one twentieth of a second lag in reaction time. Violent necessity is the result of something having gone wrong. And one thing is certain. Something will always go wrong. Now, with but minor versions of the torture of the past days, I could hold the physical edge I had sought.

I was up before either of them, and celebrated by going off in the dinghy and coming back with a very fine pompano for our breakfast.

On the following morning I put the question to Arthur. He was beginning to look more fit. Scrawny but fit.

"What about it?" I asked him.

"What about what?"

"Are you ready to go after the loot?"

He didn't answer quickly. That was good. "I . . . I think I'm ready."

"OK. So we go after it. But let's get the attitude nailed down. It's not vengeance, Arthur. It's not indignation or hate or punishment. We go in very cold and very savvy. You are my intelligence officer. I find pieces of it and we figure out what it means. And you do what I say when I say it. And you don't let anything shake you up."

"I can promise to try."

"How do you feel about it?"

"Squeamish, Trav. Very squeamish."

"So let's get the hooks up, and it starts right now."

"Where are we going?"

"Marco Island is a good place to start."

I took *The Flush* up to Flamingo, through Whitewater Bay, and out the mouth of the Shark River into the Gulf of Mexico. The Gulf was flat calm, so I took her about six miles out, figured the course to take me just outside Cape Romano, and set the reliable old Metal Marine. It began turning the wheel back and forth in fussy little movements of a few inches at a time. I checked it to see that it was holding. Sun came hot through the slight overcast, and in the greasy calm the only breeze was from our stodgy cruising speed. At noon I got the marine forecast from the Miami Marine Operator. Fair for the next twenty-four hours, winds slight and variable. A tropical disturbance centered below the Yucatan Straits, moving north northeast at five to six knots.

Chookie brought lunch topside. They both seemed subdued. I realized uncertainty was bothering them. You have to have an instinct about how much briefing the troops should have. Too little is as unsettling as too much.

"What we're up against," I said, "is the big con."

"What does that mean?" Chook asked.

"Wilma was the roper. She picked a fat mark, Arthur here, and lulled his suspicions and brought him into contact with the operators, and kept him softened up for the con. They're pros. On a pure con they would have long since faded out of sight. But this was quasi-legal, so we have two contact points—Crane Watts and Boone Waxwell. The trick is to feed some stimulus into the machinery that will bring Stebber and Gisik and Wilma back for another try. We have to put some bait out."

They stared blankly at me. "Bait?" Arthur asked.

"I can be working alone and I can have somebody roped, and need help to really pick him clean."

"Who?"

"If we get to the point of actually needing someone, I can bring a very ripe prospect in. One that will look ripe. A fine actor. I've used him before. That's the working plan. Their greed will bring them out of the woodwork. I hope."

So we cruised up the flank of the Everglades, past the misted shoreline of the ten thousand mangrove islands. It is dark strange country, one of the few places left which man has not been able to mess up. The great river of grass starts up near Okeechobee, the widest shallowest river on the continent, and flows south. The hammocks of oak, cabbage palm, fifty other varieties of trees, are the quaking islands in the thirty-mile width of the saw-grass river. On the broad moist banks are the silent stands of cypress. Where the tides seep up into the river, at the northernmost limits of brackishness, the dwarf mangrove starts. The Ten Thousand Islands comprise the vast steamy tidal basin where the river enters the Gulf of Florida Bay.

Man, forever stubborn, has made but a few small dents in this eternal silence. Perimeter outposts—Everglades, Marco, Flamingo, Chokoloskee. But he has never thrived. Hurricanes thrash through, pushing salt tides that take years to leach out of the poisoned soil. The fevers, the bugs, the storms, the isolation—these things have always broken the spirits of all but the toughest, the kind who can describe the peak of the mosquito season as the time when you can swing a one-pint jar and catch a quart of them.

Years from now foolish men will still be able to kill themselves off within miles of help, hopelessly lost among islands which all look exactly alike. It is a black land, and like every wilderness in the world, it punishes quickly when a mistake is made, quickly and with a casual, savage indifference.

I nearly made one of those mistakes. I took it off pilot and moved in close to give them a closer look at one of the mangrove islands. The water looked good enough. It was good. But just in time I saw a vague shadow in the water off the starboard bow and swung hard to port, felt a faint thudding touch on the hull. Wave and tide action can undercut the banks of those islands, and when the tough trees topple in, the roots still hold them solidly. The branches get worn away until there is nothing left but a long curved stub of the trunk, flexible but hard as iron. The top, worn to a blunt point, is often just a foot or so under water. It will give a little if you hit one directly, and then it will punch through even a mahogany hull.

I ran back out to the comfort of open water, and there I studied the chart and picked an anchorage near Marco.

I went beyond Marco Pass to a wide pass named Hurricane Pass. The channel was easy to read from the topside controls. *The Flush* draws four feet and is heavily skegged to protect the shafts and wheels. Roy Cannon Island, deserted, lies just inside the pass. It was a low tide as we came in just before sunset. At dead slow I ran the bow into the beach sand. With Chook and Arthur helping, we put out all four anchors, the two bow ones well up on the beach, wedged into the skeletal whiteness of mangrove killed by the sand which had built up after Hurricane Donna had widened the pass. I carried the stern hooks out into water neck deep, wedged them in, stomped them firm. She would rest well there, lifting free with the incoming tide, settling back at low.

We swam as the sun went down, until clouds of mosquitoes, shrill with hunger, drove us below deck to break out the bombs and drop the ones who had come in with us. It was such a hot and airless night, I started the generator and put the air conditioning on. After dinner, over coffee, I took Arthur through the best physical descriptions of the four men he could manage, particularly Stebber and Gisik. I wanted to be certain to know them if the names were changed.

Saturday morning early I saddled up the dinghy and, taking Chook with me, droned south down the inside channel to Marco village. We achieved invisibility. There is an easy way to do it along that coast. I wore khaki pants, a white T-shirt, a baseball hat with a long bill, dark glasses. She wore white denim stretch pants, a blue halter, dark glasses, and a little pot-shaped straw hat some female had left aboard. We brought along a tackle box, two rods and a red beer-cooler.

Marco village saddened me. The bulldozers and draglines had gotten to it since my last visit. But even the scurry of multimillion-dollar development slows to a sleepy pace in the island heat of late May. Loafers identified us instantly by type as we tied up and clambered out of the dinghy, and from then on their total bemused attention was on the white stretch denim, with Chook comfortably aware of their admiration. I asked my question, and we got one bad lead and then a better one, and finally found a sallow, thoughtful young man who took us to where his boat sat strapped to a trailer. Sixteen-foot, heavy-duty fiberglass hull, with a forty horse Evinrude bolted to the reinforced transom. Twin tanks. All required gear. After some financial negotiating he put it in the water for us. Boldly lettered on the white fiber glass, in pink, and for some obscure reason in Old English calligraphy was the name *Ratfink*. We took off sedately towing the dinghy astern, dock loafers watching us out of sight. Arthur was waiting on the Roy Cannon Island beach when we returned. Without the burdens of Chook and the dinghy, I took *Ratfink* out into open water and found it fast and stable, and, when I came smashing back

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**COMING IN MAY, ON THE NEWSSTANDS APRIL 22nd**

## Conception and Misconception

Is male sperm necessary to birth? There is increasing medical interest in the miracle of "immaculate conception." A renowned geneticist provides some startling new insights and answers to age-old questions about heredity and birth. Modern embryologists tell important steps the expectant mother can take to protect her unborn child.

## Why Good Dentists Are Often Hard to Find

In almost half of the U. S. even a bad dentist is hard to find. New Mexico has one dentist to every 3,500 people. Nevada patients may wait three months for an appointment, pay ten dollars a filling. Here's how dental licensing boards create shortages of dentists and the states in which a toothache is something only the rich can afford.

## The Obliging Virgins

A fruity rum punch, a steel band, balmy beaches, quaint shops duty-free bargains, unspoiled tropic jungles—all this and more is standard fare at St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John, better known as the Virgin Islands. Where to go and what to see in these exotic island havens which are barely four flight hours from New York City.

## Barbra Streisand

Here's an up-to-the-minute profile on the people-need-people girl, Barbra Streisand—her latest crazes, her newest acquisitions, her feelings about success and where she's heading after her tremendous triumph as that Funny Girl.

## BRIGHT ORANGE SHROUD (continued)

through my own wake, a dry boat.

Another can of gas aboard would give it all the high speed range I'd need. I taped a piece of white cloth over the too-memorable name, and with some black electric tape I made an alteration in the registration number, turning a six into an eight and a one into a seven. It would stand inspection from ten feet away.

I changed to slacks and a sport shirt, stowed a light jacket and tie in the locker under the forward deck, told them to be good kids, and took off up the inside route to Naples, an estimated twelve miles away, less than a half hour in my jazzy craft.

I rented dock space at an adequate little marina just short of the highway bridge on the southeast side of Naples. I paid a week in advance, and with the jacket over my arm, I went up to Route 41 to find lunch and a pay phone.

I didn't bother phoning Crane Watts' office. His residence was on Clematis Drive. A maid told me they were playing tennis at the Royal Palm Bath Club.

I looked up car rentals, phoned one and was told they couldn't deliver. I had a cab take me there. I signed up for a dark green Chev, four door, with air conditioning. The man told me to go about another mile north and then look for the Bath Club sign on a road to the left, turn and go about a half mile. I couldn't miss it. I didn't.

I found a parking place in the lot. The huge pool, behind woven fencing, was a gabbling, shrieking, belly-whomping mass of kids. There was a crescent of private Gulf beach dotted with bright umbrellas and oiled brown flesh, prone and supine. Despite the early afternoon heat, the dozen asphalt courts beyond the pool area were all full. It was very proper tennis. Everyone raced about in spotless white, sweating and banging hell out of the ball, calling out *Love, Ad, Out* and *Nice shot.*

The clubhouse was a flaking Moorish pastry onto which had been pasted a big wing in supermarket modern. I found a bulletin board in a corridor. The bulletin board was folksier than the tennis. There was a mimeographed copy of the last club bulletin tacked to it. Seems that on May 10th there had been a big bash for Frank and Mandy Hopson, a big farewell before they left on their dream trip, three whole months in Spain. Crane and Viv Watts were listed among the guests. I found a phone booth and book, but it gave me no clue as to good old Frank's occupation, if any. I roamed until I found a door labeled office. I knocked and pushed it open. A thin girl was alone in there, typing. She had a pert look, a large toothy smile.

"May I help you, sir?"

"Sorry to bother you. I just got to town today. I called Mr. Frank Hopson at his home but I couldn't get an answer. I remember him speaking of this place, and I thought maybe Frank and Mandy might be out here."

She made a sad mouth. "Oh, dear! They went away on a long trip."

"Don't tell me they finally made it to Spain? Son of a gun."

"They were as excited about it as a pair of children, believe me, Mr. . . ."

"McGee. Travis McGee. They've been after me for years to come over and see them. Well . . . that's the way it goes. At least I got a look at the club."

She hesitated for some additional inspection. I am conspicuously large, and I have a permanent deep-water tan, and I would not look out of place on a construction crew. But the slacks and shirt and jacket were top grade and she knew it. And I smiled at her like Stoney Burke admiring a speckled calf.

"Well, I think we can do better than that for any friend of the Hopsons," she said, making her decision. "How long will you be in town?"

"Maybe a week. On business."

"Mr. and Mrs. Hopson would certainly want you to use the club." She winked. "In fact, I *distinctly* remember Mr. Hopson saying that you should have a guest card if you ever appeared while they were gone." She pulled the sheets out of her typewriter, ran a card in and filled it out. I gave her the Bahia Mar box number. She signed the club manager's name, put her initials under it, and handed it to me with a little flourish. "This is good for two weeks, Mr. McGee. You can sign and be billed directly. You'll find all the members friendly. And please put the card number on the chits you sign. Tonight we're having an outdoor steak roast, buffet style. If you want to stay for it—it's really very good. . . ."

I thanked her and found a dark, cool, quiet bar in the Moorish part. The sedentary types were there and, in the adjoining card room, several grim tables of male bridge.

I infiltrated a quiet group, met mellowed and important gentlemen, heard fond words about good old Frank Hopson, and discovered that Frank was a realtor.

I steered the conversation, not obviously, onto real estate and the tax situation, and when I got my chance I said, "I remember a year or so ago Frank mentioning some young lawyer who was trying to work out some kind of a capital gains thing for him. Some name like Watts. Lane Watts?"

"Crane Watts!" one of them said in a hushed, incredulous tone.

"That's it."

They began chuckling. I asked what the joke was. They told me I had missed the main event by about fifteen minutes. Fifteen minutes before I walked in, Crane Watts, after losing heavily and drinking heavily at the bridge table, had suddenly passed out, and the help had carted him off to a small lounge around the corner from the card room.

A florid old fellow summed it up for me. "Watts can't drink, and he can't afford to play bridge at three cents a point and lose, and I don't know as he has any practice left at all. Frank wouldn't hire that chap to wash his car. Too bad. Fine wife. Fine girl. Splendid backhand. I'm off, gentlemen. Time for my nap."

I detached myself and went wandering to the courts, looking for that fine wife Vivian Watts. She was in a singles match against an agile blond boy of about nineteen, almost ten years her junior I would guess. She was of the same physical type as Chook, not as tall. She was dark and tanned, sturdily built but lithe. And, like Chook, she had that hawk-look of strong features, prominent nose, heavy brows. She had that economy of motion which creates its own grace. She wore a little pleated white tennis skirt, white sleeveless blouse, white band on her dark hair. Her brown and solid legs had good spring, bringing her back into a balanced readiness after each stroke, the way a boxer moves.

It was easy to see the shape of the match. The boy was a scrambler, going after everything, returning shots it didn't seem plausible he could reach, lobbing them high enough to give him time to get back for the smash, and preventing her from coming up to the net to put them away. She tried a cross-court volley and put it just outside.

"Broke her service again," a brown little man beside me said.

She played steadily, but the boy had the edge. A small gallery groaned when she drove the set point into the tape.

When they moved off the court to let other players on, I ambled along behind them. They went to a table in the shade and when the boy went off to bring back Cokes, I went to her and called her Mrs. Watts and said it was an interesting match to watch. She looked up at me with a question in her eyes—eyes of a deep, clear blue rather than the brown I had somehow expected.

"McGee," I said. "Travis McGee.

From Lauderdale. Frank and Mandy Hopson fixed up a guest card for me. And left for Spain."

Her smile was a fine smile. "They were so excited. Are you going to be in town long?"

"Just a few days, I guess. Business trip. Nice club. Tennis is pretty big around here."

She wiped residual perspiration from her cheeks and throat with a corner of her towel. Her breathing was almost back to normal. "Some of us fight it out all summer. It's a form of masochism, I guess."

The boy arrived with the drinks. She introduced us. "Your husband plays too?" I asked.

A little cloud passed behind the blue of her eyes. "Crane used to play quite often." The boy excused himself and went off to watch one of the other matches. I sat with Vivian Watts at her invitation. "Are you staying for the steak roast?" she asked. "Are you joining anyone? Maybe you'd like to join us?" I said that would be just fine. She said, "My husband is playing bridge. While I go shower and change, why don't you go in and find him and introduce yourself and tell him I asked you to join us. Anyone there will point him out."

I saw how best to handle it, and agreed to do as she asked. I did go and take a look at him. He was on a leather couch in a small lounge, breathing heavily. Drink was beginning to make its familiar marks upon him, that strange softness which begins to blur the bone structure of the face, the pastiness, the bruised look under the eyes, the puffy lips, the dirty knuckles. I checked him and saw it would be possible to shake him awake, but did not. I went back out and by the time Vivian Watts reappeared, this time in pretty yellow cotton with a new mouth and high white heels, they had the outdoor cocktail bar almost in operation, and one of the employees was carrying a portable fogger from bush to bush. The pool was emptying, the tennis almost over, just a few still on the beach.

"Don't tell me," she said. "There's probably one more rubber to finish."

"This . . . is very awkward for me, Mrs. Watts." She showed a sudden wariness rather than alarm. "He's resting."

"You mean he passed out, don't you? How much did they take him for while he could still hold his cards?" Her voice was brittle.

"I wouldn't know anything about that."

"Forgive me. I shouldn't take it out on you. So we'll skip the invitation and I'll take him home. So sorry."

"I have to eat. You have to eat. And I don't think you can wake him up yet. I don't want to ask you to stay if you want to leave . . . but why don't you let me go get you a drink and then decide?"

She looked around at the members beginning to gather, and lifted her chin in a small defiance. A husband going sour puts an attractive wife in a bad tactical position. What remains of her security is within the marriage and it has the weight of all the remembered warmths and affections. But she is ever more aware of her own vulnerability—and so are the woman-hunters. Friends watch with fascination the approaching disaster. Out of pride she becomes more circumspect than when the husband was a whole man. But I was a presentable stranger, and being with me would keep them from saying poor Viv. Anger, hurt, pride, shame. And the awareness of looking pretty good in yellow cotton, on a Saturday night.

She turned a brilliant and quite empty smile upon me and said, "Please. A Gibson on the rocks. . . . Is it Travis?"

"Trav, Vivian."

The day went. They put on the outdoor lights, lighted the Polynesian flames on their tall stanchions. She introduced me to dozens of people. She glowed bright as the flames, seeming to play for the audience of one McGee, but actually performing for the others. I knew that any personal response, inference, sidelong pass on my part would snuff the flame immediately. The steak was fine. She imitated hunger, but ate little of it.

Bellowing then, and wobbling, came the blurred husband out of his cave of sleep, through the shifting patterns of light, through the music from the outdoor speakers, ugly and indignant, to his woman in the yellow dress, primed, as only a drunk can be, for the big public scene, and she looked ready to die. I put amiable arms around their shoulders, moved them aside, away from the others. He swung, as expected. I caught his fist, broke it open, regrasped it in a come-along hold which grinds the nerves against the knuckle bones, and gave him a quick message sufficiently excruciating to bypass the residual alcohol. He froze, face suddenly wet with sweat, mouth open, knees giving slightly. Pain like that is not scream-making. It creates an almost inaudible squeak. And a little more pressure will cause a dead faint.

"What are you doing to him?" Vivian demanded.

"He's going to be very nice and quiet. Aren't you, Crane?"

"Yes. . . ."

"And you're going to apologize for being so noisy."

"Sorry. . . ."

"Now smile and laugh so the people will stop watching us."

## BRIGHT ORANGE SHROUD (continued)

He managed it. But it was slightly ghastly. I stood so close to him the hold was not conspicuous. Keeping to shadowed areas, we walked him to the parking lot. I put him in the rental car and followed her in their battered little white Mercedes. He sat hunched, nursing his hand, a victim of traumatic sobriety.

"Who *are* you?" he asked in a whipped voice. "You broke my hand."

"In ten minutes it'll feel normal. I'm just a fellow named McGee. With a guest card."

He was quiet the rest of the way home, to Clematis Drive.

It was one of those long low Florida block houses with a tile roof, a double carport and, beyond any doubt, a big screened cage off the rear, with or without pool. Awning windows, glass doors on aluminum tracks. a heat pump system—you could guess it all before you saw it, even to a couple of citrus trees and coconut palms out back. Terrazzo floors, planting areas in the screened cage and a computerized kitchen. But even at night I saw a front lawn scruffy and sunbrowned, a dead tree at the corner of the house, a driveway sign saying *The Watts* which was turned, bent and leaning from someone clipping it on the way in.

I parked in the drive, behind her car. He got out at once, advancing to meet her as she walked back toward my car.

"Congratulations, sweetie baby," he said. "Now you got proof I spoiled your evening. See how early it is? Now you can suffer."

She planted her feet, squared her shoulders. "There might be one club member left who would trust you to write up a simple will or even search a title dearest. So let's protect all that charming innocent faith as long as we can, shall we? Come on in the house before you fall down." She turned toward me. "I'd offer you a drink, but I guess you've had about all anyone would want of this, Trav."

"I might come in for a few minutes, if it's all right. I would like to ask Crane about something. Something maybe he could help me with."

"Him?" She said, loading the word with enough contempt for a month.

"Loyalty, loyalty," Crane mumbled.

We went into the house. She turned lights on. She kept turning lights on, even to the outside floods in and beyond the screened cage, and, with a gaiety close to hysteria, said, "And this is our happy mortgaged nest, Mr. McGee. You may note a few scars and stains. Little domestic spats, Mr. McGee. And did you see that the pool is empty? Poor little pool. It's a heavy upkeep item to operate a pool, more than you'd think. And we don't care to run the air conditioning this summer. You wouldn't believe the bills. But you know, I do have my little indulgences. My tennis, and my once a week cleaning woman for some Saturday scrubbing, in case we entertain on a Saturday night, but there aren't many people left we could invite, really. But, you see, I pay for the tennis and the cleaning woman. I have this lovely little trust fund, a whole hundred and twenty-one dollars a month. Don't you think wives should have an income of their own, Mr. McGee?"

She gave me a brilliant smile, sobbed suddenly, whirled and ran, her hands over her face. She went out of sight down a corridor.

He dropped wearily into a big chair. I sat on the arm of a couch and said, "Let's let her think she's the attraction, lawyer."

"What do you mean?"

"She could be. I give you that. And you aren't taking very good care. I'm wondering about you. I hate to have to trust a drunk. Maybe I ought to settle for some fun and games with the tennis player and be on my way."

It brought him up out of the chair, but the memory of the pain in his hand kept him out of reach. "Get out of my house!"

I took one stride and hit him in the forehead with the heel of my hand. He sat back into his chair, suddenly. I said mildly, "But I need a crooked lawyer. A hungry one."

"What do you think I am?"

"Hungry and crooked, according to the gossip. I need a title clouded. I want some shyster to come across a nice old document. At least it will look old. We'll supply it. You give it a nice plausible background, and record it at the courthouse."

"But how can you . . . what makes you think I . . . just who are you?"

"We both know who you are. You are a thief, lawyer."

It opened him up. He protested. He protested in great length and detail. There was a whispering campaign against him. Nothing was his fault. It had all been legal. Mr. Stebber had been the syndicate trustee. He'd had letter agreements with the others to accept their notes in lieu of cash for the assessments. Arthur Wilkinson didn't have such a letter of agreement. The file was in perfect shape. There was a lot of correspondence with the executor of the Kippler estate. Negotiations about option prices. Mr. Waxwell could verify the negotiations in detail. Nobody had done anything illegal. Mr. Wilkinson had just gotten in over his head. That was all. And, as a matter of fact, the poor innocent little legal chap had been promised ten thousand for services and gotten only five.

"Plus your share of the take, lawyer."

"But I didn't *have* any share. I mean I had one, but it was signed over to Mr. Stebber right in the beginning."

"So you are crooked and stupid too. I can't mess with you, lawyer. Not with the amount riding on this operation we're lining up."

I did not see Vivian when I left. And I could well imagine how Crane Watts would feel the next morning when he remembered the conversation. The man suddenly and artificially sobered has a period of fraudulent lucidity. He thinks he is under control, but the cerebral cortex is still partially stunned, all caution compromised. Attempts at slyness are childlike and obvious.

In the sober morning it would have a dreadful flavor to him and he would be aghast at all he had told me.

He was hungry. His seams were splitting and the sawdust was leaking. I wondered if he was bright enough to realize that under the seedy look of failure was an old-time conscience, prodding him into self-punishment. Such as playing losing bridge for high stakes.

Now I had things to go on, pieces to pry loose. Group operations are weak as the weakest thief on the team. The weakest is usually the one who got the smallest end of the take. And knows the least. But because of the quasi-legality of this operation, Crane Watts had useful information. I could guess how Arthur's money had probably been split. A hundred thousand to Stebber, fifty to Wilma, fifty to G. Harrison Gisik, the balance to Watts, Waxwell, the Kippler executor and operating expenses. The role of Boone Waxwell puzzled me. Beating Arthur so severely had been stupid. Maybe they felt they needed an enforcer. For whom? Watts wouldn't get out of line. Perhaps there's been a germ of truth in their story to Arthur that Waxwell was essential to negotiations on the Kippler tract. That could mean control of the executor. And where was the coldly efficient Miss Brown? And would Boo's cheap redhead with the improbable name of Dilly Starr know anything useful if she could be found?

I drove slowly toward the center of the very rich and pleasant little city of Naples, wondering how good old Frank was enjoying Spain.

It was still early enough to take a

chance on contacting the housekeeper who had worked for Arthur and Wilma at the beach house. Mrs. Mildred Mooney. She was listed, and was at home in her small apartment, and happy to talk to anybody anytime. Come right on over.

It was a long talk for a very few bits of information. She willingly accepted my story that I was investigating a fraud perpetrated on Arthur Wilkinson. She liked him, hated her. And knew he'd lost all his money in a land gamble. And she jumped happily at my hint that Wilma was a party to the conspiracy. But she was outraged at any suggestion that nice Mr. Calvin Stebber was any part of it. No sir, he was a gentleman. And very kind and polite. And loved her cooking, just loved it, the times he'd been a guest of the Wilkinsons. He was a very successful man. Somebody else must have cheated Mr. Wilkinson. Maybe that low-class Boone Waxwell. She knew low class when she saw it, and you can bet on that. The things she could tell, if she had a mind to . . .

And told them all, of course. The only urging she needed was an audience. She said she wouldn't be surprised if that young Crane Watts had been cheated at the same time, a pity the way he was going downhill so fast, so hard on his pretty wife, and a blessing there's no children.

She got back to Boo Waxwell in time. She wouldn't tell me exactly what she saw. Just that it was Waxwell and Mrs. Wilkinson, behind a wind screen by the pool, when the Mister was downtown, and them not knowing they could be seen from the utility room window. She wouldn't put up with such goings on, and she had decided right then and there to give notice.

She worked her way back to Stebber and said, proudly, that he had offered her a job working for him, up there in Tampa.

And that brought me to total quivering attention. "Tampa?"

"But I told him I just couldn't bring myself to leave the place where Mister Mooney had been buried all these years, right there with the three little ones that lived just long enough, each one, to get baptized, Mary Alice and Mary Catherine and Michael Francis. There isn't a Sunday of my life, no matter what the weather . . ."

"Do you have his address?"

"Oh, no. When he came into the kitchen, what he gave me was a piece of paper with his telephone on it. He said it wasn't in the book and a lot of people would bother him if it was. He said it was a beautiful apartment and I'd have my own room and bath and color TV. He said all I had to do was call him up collect, and he winked and said I should ask for Mr. Coolidge because that was kind of a code so he'd know a real friend was calling him. I could remember it by his name being Calvin."

I finally got her to go look for the number. She looked for a long time, grumbling, muttering, and then gave a cry of triumph and brought it to me. She said she had no earthly use for it, no need copying it down. Just take it along.

She knew no Miss Brown, no Dilly Starr, and had no urge to ever lay eyes on Wilma Wilkinson again.

At ten thirty I stopped at a gas station and picked up a road map to refresh my memory about distances in that sparsely settled area. I was wondering about taking the thirty- or forty-minute drive to Marco Island and seeing if I could locate Waxwell, but I didn't have any sound ideas about the approach. The radio news, announcing thunderstorms moving in from the Gulf, estimated to hit the area about midnight, made up my mind for me. I went to the marina, parked and locked the green Chev, and took a cautious fifty minutes driving the *Ratfink* home through unfamiliar waters.

The boat guests had the lights out and *The Flush* buttoned up. I unlocked the after door to the lounge and went in and put some lights on. In a few minutes Chook came aft into the lounge, black hair a-tangle, belting her terry beach robe, squinting through the light at me.

"The thunder woke me up," she said. "Then I heard you."

"And didn't know it was me, and came blundering out. Without the pistol."

She sprawled into a chair, yawned, combed her hair back with her fingers. "So those things spook me, Trav. And it isn't going to get that rough anyway."

"I'm so glad to hear the reassurances of a qualified expert."

"Are you serious?"

"If somebody put neat little holes in our three heads, took *The Flush* out into that pass, headed her west, set the pilot, opened the sea cocks, dived overboard and swam back, then he could stop being nervous about a quarter of a million dollars. Some people just as alive as you, dear girl, implausible though that may seem, were killed today for the price of a bowl of rice. If I come aboard at night again, and there's no gun in your pretty paw, I'm going to welt you good enough to keep you on your feet a few days."

She made a face. "OK. I'm sorry." She jumped at the next white flash of lightning, and the rain came with the thunder, roaring against the deck overhead, hissing into the bay waters around us.

"McGee, if you've earned one of those beautiful Mexican beers for yourself, I'll open one for each of us. And you can tell me your adventures. Believe me, we *did* worry about you."

"I know, every minute. Get the beers."

As she came back with them, the rain moved on away from us as quickly as it had come, leaving the night silence. She listened intently as I recounted events, facts and the resultant guesses.

She shook her head. "That club part. You've got a lot of gall, McGee, you know that?"

"People take you at the value of yourself. It's easier for them. All you do is blend in. Accept the customs of the tribe. And try not to say too much because then you sound as if you were selling something. And you might contradict yourself. Sweetie, everybody in this wide world is so constantly, continuously concerned with the impact he's making, he just doesn't have the time to wonder too much about the next guy."

She frowned. "You want to move fast and find out as much as you can in a hurry. Right?"

"Then I think this Boone Waxwell might be my little chore."

"But you've got no approach to Waxwell, have you?"

"Crane Watts mentioned him. Watts said Waxwell negotiated with the Kippler estate executor. I'll try to stay loose. And go in any direction that looks good."

"Tomorrow?"

"I'll run over to Goodland in the reliable *Ratfink*. Alone."

In the milky early mist of Sunday morning, the Gulf was placid, so I went out the pass to run to Marco outside. I looked back as *The Busted Flush* dwindled, smaller and smaller against the beach, blurring into mist. Her lines are not lovely. She is a burly lady, and she waddles. But she looks as if she can make it from here to there—and back again.

I turned south, running a half mile offshore, watching the day brighten as the mist began to burn off. I took along fishing gear and almost became the bait when I saw an acre of water being slashed white ahead of me with birds working over it.

I convinced myself it was a school of

*(cont. on p. 115)*

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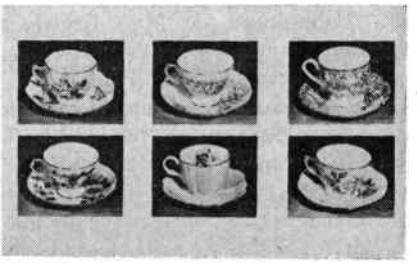
BY JOAN GAROW



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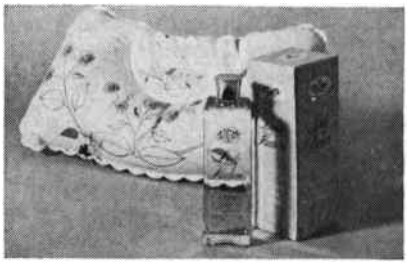

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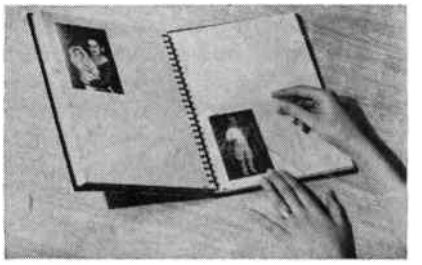

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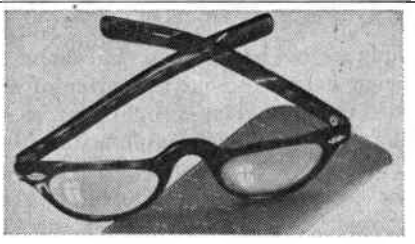

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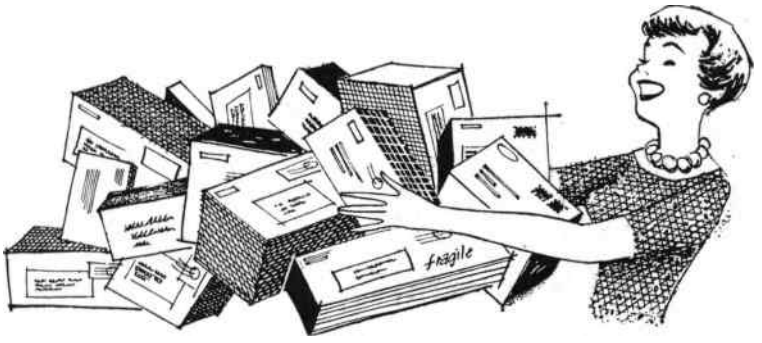


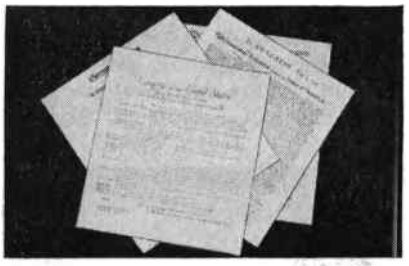

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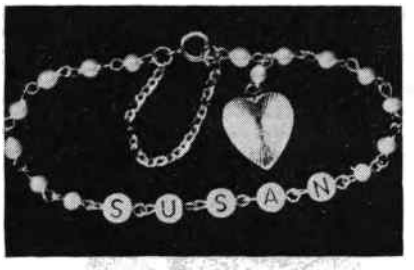


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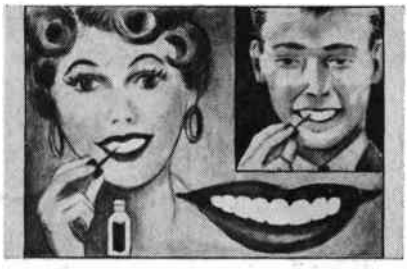

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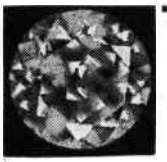

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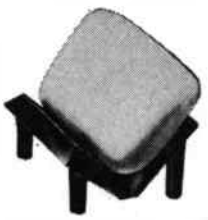

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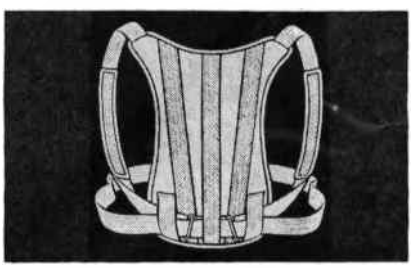

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## BRIGHT ORANGE SHROUD

(cont. from p. 111)

jacks and continued south, past Big Marco Pass, and put on the dark glasses against the increasing glare. I have ample pigment in my hide, but a short supply in the iris. Pale eyes are a handicap on the waters. I passed what was Collier City once upon a time, then cut inside around Caxambas. The dozers were working even on a Sunday morning, orange beetles making expensive homesites upon the dizzy heights of the tallest land south of Immokalee—bluffs all of fifty and sixty feet above sea level. I checked my chart and soon came in view of the mild and quiet clutter of Goodland, houses, trailers, cottages, shacks, spread without plan along the protected inner shore, beyond a narrow beach of dark sand and rock and shell.

I idled in toward a rickety gas dock. Beyond it was a boatyard with so many pieces of elderly hull scattered round it looked as if they had spent years trying to build a boat by trial and error and hadn't made it yet.

I tied up. The pumps were padlocked. A gnarled old party sat mending a gill net with fingers like mangrove roots. "Do any good?" he asked.

"All I saw were jackfish outside."

He looked at the sky, spat. "Won't be much now till near sundown. Big snook come in right under this here dock last night, popping loud as a man slapping his hands. Joe Bradley, he got one upward of eighteen pound."

"That's a good snook."

"You want gas? Stecker don't unlock till ten on Sundays."

"There's a man here I was told to look up. Will my gear be OK if I leave it right here?"

"Sure. Who you looking for?"

"A man named Boone Waxwell."

"He could be to his place, which isn't too likely of a Sunday morning, and if he is there they's a good chance he got a ladyfriend visiting, and if he's there and he don't, it's a time of day he get mean about anybody coming to visit."

"I won't let him hurt my feelings."

He hesitated. "Unless you know him good, be careful on one thing, or all that size won't do you no good at all. What he does, he comes smiling up, gets close and kicks a man's kneecap off, then stomps him good. A few times he's had to hide way back in the Glades till things quieted down. Most it ever turned out was ninety days the county give him. He prowls four counties in that new fancy car, but around here he keeps to hisself."

"I'm grateful to you. How do I find his place?"

"Go out to the hardtop and go down that way to the end where it curves around to come back on itself. On the curve two shell roads slant off, and his is the furthest from the shoreline, and he's maybe a mile back in there, little more than a mile and half all told. Only place on that road."

I saw the cottage when I came around the last bend in the shell road, visible between the trees. It had once been yellow with white trim, but now most of it was weathered gray, boards warped and pulling loose. The shingled roof was swaybacked, the yard overgrown. But a shiny television antenna glinted high above it, outlined against blue sky. A big Land Rover, new, caked with dried mud, was parked by a shed at the side. A large, handsome lapstrake inboard launch sat strapped on a heavy-duty boat trailer. Parked at an angle, close to the sagging porch, was a white Lincoln Continental four-door convertible, top up, the current model, dusty, with a rear fender bashed, taillights broken on that side. The collection of toys was as if a large child had been giving himself a happy Christmas. I looked into the skiff. It was loaded with extras, including one of the better brands of transistorized ship-to-shore radio units. But birds had dappled the blue plastic seats, and dirty rainwater filled the bilge and was visible above the decking.

I could estimate at least twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of toys in his yard. Kids with lots of toys neglect them.

Mockingbirds yelled and insects shrilled underlining the morning silence. I broke it up by facing the front door from thirty feet away, and yelling, "Waxwell! Yo! Boone Waxwell!"

In a few moments I saw a vague face through a dingy window. Then the door opened and a man came out onto the porch. He wore dirty khaki pants. He was barefoot, bare to the waist. Glossy black curly hair, dense black mat of hair on his chest. Blue eyes. Sallow face. Tattoo as Arthur had described it. But Arthur's description hadn't caught the essence of the man. He had good wads of muscle on his shoulders, and he had softened up around the middle. In posture, expression, impact, he was a parody of Gable, Bogart and Garfield in a thousand old movies. A battered face combined brutality and irony. He would be cruel in a very merry and roostery and confident way. He had a handsomeness gone to seed, an actor's mobile face, a distilled impact of brute masculinity.

He carried a shotgun as one might carry a pistol, barrel pointing at the porch boards a few feet ahead of his bare toes.

"Who you, buster boy?"

"Somebody said I should come talk to you, Waxwell."

"Now isn't that right fine? Git off my land or I'll blow a foot off you and tote you off."

"Crane Watts mentioned you, Boo."

He looked at me with a mild faked astonishment. "Now isn't he some lawyer man over to Naples?"

"Oh, come off it. I'm trying to line something up, and maybe there's room for you too in the deal. This time maybe nobody has to take any of it back to Tampa. And maybe we can use the woman again."

He shook his head sadly. "Could be one a my kin you lookin' for. You makin' no sense to me, buster boy. You stay right where you are. I'll come back out and we talk on it some."

He went into the house. I heard him talking to someone, then heard muted female response. He came back smiling, buttoning his shirt, shoes on, and a straw hat of rodeo shape stuck on the back of his curly head. He wore a merry smile, and he stuck his hand out when he was six feet from me. As I took it, I saw the first flicker of motion and jumped to the side. The unexpected miss swung his heavy right shoe almost as high as a chorus girl's kick, and at its apex, I chopped down across his throat with my left forearm, driving him down to the ground on his back with a mighty bone rattling thud.

He stared up at me in purest atonishment, and began to laugh. An infectious laugh, full of delight. "Man, man," he gasped, "you as rough and quick as the business end of an alligator gar. Taught ol' Boo a Sunday school lesson." He started to get up, and his face twisted. He groaned. "Think you bust somethin'. He'p me up." He put his hand up. I took it. He swung his heels up into my belly and kicked me back over his head, and I had enough sense, at least, not to hang on and let the leverage slam me into the ground. I hit rolling, and kept rolling, and even so his heel stomped the ground an inch from my ear as I rolled under his trailered boat. I straightened up on the far side as he came running at me around the stern of the boat. He was a cat-quick and deadly fellow. He bulled me back against the lapstrake hull, screwed his heels into the ground, and threw big hooks with each fist as fast as he could swing. When they do that, try to ride it out. It is better than being bold and catching one. My defensive attitude gave him confidence. At best, I do not impress. I am a rawboned gangler, all elbows and look of awkward-

## BRIGHT ORANGE SHROUD (continued)

ness. But the left shoulder shields the jaw, and the right forearm stays high enough. The way to catch the rhythm is to keep an unfocused stare on the other man's belly, then roll and ride with it, and be ready to turn away from the optimistic knee. He hammered at my arms, elbows, shoulders. My swaying crouch kept me within easy range. He placed a dandy under the short ribs, and another over the left ear which rang woodland bells. As they began to come in with less snap and at a slower pace, he realized he was doing very little damage. He changed his style from alley to club fighter, moving back, trying the unfamiliar jab, hoping to cross with the right. But I took him down a little alley of my own. Queensberry, even when it is by way of Graziano, is bad on the knuckles. That is what makes the TV brawls so hilarious. Just one of those wild smacks in the jawbones would have our hero nestling his splintered paw between his thighs, and making little damp cries of anguish. Half-turning, crouching, I slumped a little to make him think he'd worn me down. He charged in. I stomped hard on his instep and, with my hands locked together brought my right elbow up under his chops. In a continuation of the same motion, unclasping my hands, I turned back, whipping him across the eyes with an open backhand. Unexpected agonies in unexpected places in very rapid sequence give a man the demoralizing feeling he has stumbled into a milling machine. I thumbed his throat socket, gave him a homemade thunderclap with an open slap on the ear, hooked him deeply just under the belt buckle—the only traditional blow in my special routine, and as he bent, I grabbed his wrist, turned it up between his shoulder blades, and ran him two steps into the side of his boat. His head boomed it like a jungle drum and he dropped loosely, made a vague effort to rise, went loose again and stayed down, sleepy cheek on the damp earth by a trailer wheel.

As I fingered tender areas, appraising damage and feeling pleasantly loose and limber and fit, I heard high heels on the porch. I turned and saw a girl tilting along the dooryard on soiled white shoes. She wore a pale yellow blouse and a tight green skirt in a very vivid and unpleasant shade. She looked like a recruit from that drugstore group. Eighteen I guessed. She was too heavy, and had a round dumpling face, child-pretty, and a puffy little mouth, freshly reddened. She stared at Waxwell as she approached. She stopped close to me, looking down at him. Her child-skin was so incredibly fine that even at that range in the morning light I could see no texture or grain.

"Done me a favor if'n you kilt him," she said in a childish voice.

She crossed the yard, opened a shed door, went in and wheeled out a red and white Vespa scooter. She rested it on the brace, opened the package box, put her big purse and sweater inside, took out a white scarf and carefully turbanned her hair. She did not look toward me. She took her white shoes off and put them in the compartment. She kicked down on the starter, shoved off and slid aboard, shifting into gear. She wobbled, then straightened and went off out of sight through the sunshine down the shell road, the drone hanging in the air after she was gone. then fading out.

Boo stirred, grunted, sighed, sat up slowly, rested his face and arms on his flexed knees. In a casual tone he said, "That was Cindy takin' off? I was fixing to have her clean the house today."

He lifted his head just enough so he could roll his eyes up and look at me. It was the speculative look of the man you can't whip. If they learn, the hard way, they can't take you from the front, they'll take you from the back with club, knife, rifle. You're safe when they're dead.

He slowly pulled himself up, leaned against the boat. "Should have tooken a closer look at you. Look at those dang wrists. You'll go twenty pound more than I figured. I never been whipped faster, and I ain't been whipped but twice since I was growed, and drunk both times at that."

"Whatever you're thinking, Boo, don't try it. It could cost us both money. I'd have to cripple you up."

"Not tryin' a thing," he said. "What give you that idea?" He hitched his khaki pants up, and with a sudden flashing deadly speed, he pulled his fake brass belt buckle loose, freeing the narrow limber blade which had been scabbarded within the belt leather. The heavy buckle formed the balance for throwing, and he gave it that expert flick, all wrist and forearm. I had no chance. I was ice from throat to groin. He did not release it until the very end of the throwing motion, and so it winked in the sunlight, chunked buckle-deep into the moist earth an inch from my right instep. He whooped, bent, hammered his thigh and then finally said, "Coulda seen your face! Coulda just seen your face!"

I bent, pulled it free, wiped the blade between thumb and finger, handed it to him buckle first. He fed it into the scabbard, snapped the false buckle into place over the smaller functional one, still gasping.

"Lordy, Lordy," he said. He grabbed my arm and tugged me along toward the house. "Man wants to talk money, ol' Boo wants to listen. Whupped me good, and give that fat little swamp pussy a chance to run out without doing no chores. talked tough an' mean to me, but now you're going to remember a long time you could a wore this here brass buckle right snug up against your goozle with the pointy end out your neck nape. You come on in the house and we'll have us some cold morning beer. What's your name, buster boy?"

"McGee."

In the house he had a rack of new sporting arms flecked with rust, color television, camping gear piled in the corners. In the dark little kitchen was a hotel-size refrigerator dappled with dark fingerprints, the innards stacked with premium beers. The whole place had a faint pungent odor of carnivore, like being a little too close to the lion cage.

We sat at the kitchen table with the two bottles of beer. After brooding a few moments he said, "You come here and bring up the name of a pure damn fool like Watts. He's a right jumpy man. Jumpy man messes up all kind of things. He could talk too much to the law, which could be you, McGee."

"He talked too much. He was drunk. I know exactly how Stebber, Gisik, Watts, Wilma and you took Arthur Wilkinson for over a quarter of a million dollars. I'm not the law. I was looking for a lawyer willing to cut a few corners. He's not it. He doesn't know a thing about what I've got in mind. And you're not going to know a thing either. Not until I get the whole outfit recruited. I've got to find the right lawyer, and some smart muscle like you, Boo, to keep certain people in line. And I need a good hustling girl who won't ask too many questions and won't want too big a cut. With the right three, I can swing it. And it could cut up good."

"How might ol' Boo make out?"

"Twenty thousand."

"Out of how much?"

"You'll never know. Does it matter? When it's over, the law won't be after any of us. Unless it goes real bad. That's always a risk. I like the sound of that Wilma."

"She'd ask questions, McGee. And want a big piece."

"I'd like to talk to her. Watts gave me the impression you could tell me how to get in touch with her."

His stare was totally wide and in-

nocent. "Me? Now why in the worl' . . ?"

I was playing it by ear and getting into risky areas. Waxwell might check back with Watts. But maybe Watts wouldn't be certain what he *had* told me. "Watts said that after you all had cleaned Wilkinson, Wilma stayed here with you for a while."

He was astonished. "Woman like that with a little ol' country boy like me?" Suddenly he snapped his fingers. "Now I know why he'd say that. Tell you, after that Arthur got hisself picked clean he come by here one evening, sick or drunk. Little Miami waitress visiting here with me. Come to think of it, she was a little bit of a thing like that Wilma, real pale blonde hair too. Arthur, he was certain it was Wilma, and I had to thump on him some, and run him off. Swear he must have gone to Watts and said he seen Wilma here. Now I'm not saying she wouldn't a been welcome. In fact you might say she got an invitation. She just wasn't interested in much but money, and the way I see it, about one little hour after Arthur got on that Sarasota bus, she was gone and gone for good, maybe to Miami to find another pigeon."

To help hide anything that might show on my face, I took long swallows from the beer bottle. A whole series of things had suddenly clicked into place. He had become entirely too plausible and agreeable, and he had registered too much astonishment. He had a house and a yard full of new toys. Mildred Mooney had not invented whatever she had seen by the pool from the utility room window. Arthur could not have invented the telling little detail of seeing on Wilma's wrist the diamond watch he thought she had sold in Miami. Boone Waxwell couldn't have been worth more than five thousand for his share in the Wilkinson swindle. Ten at the most. But Wilma's share had been big. It would buy lots of toys. And Boo Waxwell knew the Everglades and he had that boat. I had a sudden vivid image of that small, delicate, arrogant face, wavery under a black flow of water, of fine silver hair strung into the current, of the shadows where there had once been sherry-colored eyes.

He leaned toward me. "Now I can get us a little gal do just as good and work cheaper. Up in Clewiston now, doing waitress work. Had her teaching papers but she lost 'em for all time. You want a lawyer man, there's Sam Jimper down to Homestead, twisty as a ball a baby snakes. I yell frog and Sam keeps jumping till his heart gives out."

"I'd like to check that Wilma out first."

Boo leaned back. "Suit yourself. That Watts, sure got plenty a mouth on him." He sighed. "That woman he's got, that Viv. Now there's a bountiful thing going purely to waste, having next to no man at all. Looks at ol' Boo like he's a dirty place in the path. Like I give her the squeams." He chuckled. "That's how they get when they really got other ideas they don't want to think on. A good sign. One day, now, I'm going to get me that. She knows it and I know it. Just a question of when."

I stood up. "I'll be checking back with you. Maybe we can work something out."

"Leave your car down the road a ways?"

"I came over to Goodland by boat."

"Where from?"

"Boo, let's just let things sit. I'll be in touch."

He flipped the empty bottle, caught it by the neck. Threw it and caught it again. "What you sound like, friend McGee, you sound like a careful type man."

"Could be."

He chuckled and got up. "Come back or don't come back. Suit yourself. I'm getting along fine. I'll drive you in."

"Don't trouble yourself. I'd as soon walk."

"Got an errand anyways. Come on."

He used the Lincoln. He took the narrow road in a series of linked, controlled skids, squealed tires when he hit the hardtop, screeched them to a smoking stop at Stecker's Boat Yard. Talking amiable nothings, he walked me out onto the dock. The old man was gone. The pumps were unlocked, but I did not want to spend more time within range of Boo's blue-eyed stare. After a long white-water curve I looked back and waved. He stood on the end of the dock, thumbs hooked in that lethal belt.

It had been all right for a time, but at the end it had gone subtly wrong in a way I couldn't define. I had the feeling it might have been a near thing getting away from him at all. Something had changed, some factor of doubt, of alertness. A twig snapping, maybe, in the backwoods of his mind, bringing the head up, ears cocked. I was certain of one thing. He was going to move quickly. I had pried a little, poked a little, and the big rock slide had grumbled and let go, and I had to outrun it.

After exposure to Boone Waxwell, the look of Chook and Arthur on the early afternoon beach had the flavor of a great innocence.

"Conference," I said, "critical variety. Everybody into the main lounge."

When they were seated and expectant, I said, "I learned that it wasn't Wilma you saw with Boone Waxwell, Arthur. It was a girl who looked a little like her."

Arthur's jaw dropped. "Oh, come *on!* I *know* it was Wilma. And I saw her watch. It was a custom design. I couldn't mistake it. That was *Wilma*, even to the way she was asleep in there, her posture."

"Agreed. It was Wilma. And ol' Boo went to great lengths to prove it wasn't. It is very important to him to establish that Wilma was never there."

"But why?"

"Because that's where he killed her. And took her share of your money. And used it to buy himself lots of pretty toys."

"Killed Wilma?" Arthur said in a sick voice. He swallowed. "Such a . . . such a tiny woman."

"And it's a good guess she was your legal spouse, Arthur. Legal marriage makes it neater, and divorce is no problem. You could have been husband number eleven."

"Trav," Chook demanded, "how did you figure this out?"

"I didn't. It just seems like the way it must have happened." And I gave them a condensed report. His little knife trick made Chook look ill. I gave the most weight, detail and careful choice of words to the feeling I had right at the end.

"So here it is. This is his country. He knows every boat for fifty miles around. He's not going to take me at face value. He's going to feel uneasy until he finds where I'm holed up. By now there are people at Marco who know where we're anchored, know there're two men and a woman aboard. The more he learns, the less he's going to like the smell of it. And he's the type to make his moves and do his thinking later. We've left a clear trail."

"So we rub it out and pick a new base?" Chook said.

"And we think up some good safe ways to decoy ol' Boo so I can have enough time to take that rat's nest of his apart."

"What do you mean?" Chook asked.

**Shirley makes friends with a gopher at a Wisconsin camp for crippled children. Recreational therapy is an important part of the Easter Seal rehabilitation program.**

## BRIGHT ORANGE SHROUD (continued)

"This is a recovery operation, isn't it? I can't believe he's spent it all. He wouldn't bank it. It's in some hidey-hole. He's devious, not in any reasoned way, but by instinct. He has a ton of ironic charm in that grin. The essence of him is feline, and not house-kitty. A bigger predator. I wonder how many people he's conned with that swampy folk-talk. It's a good cover. His way of life is a predatory way of life, a cat-habit. He has his home range, most of four counties to roam, whipping the other males so savagely nobody challenges him, bringing prey back to the den, protecting the den instinctively, and ready at any time to fade back into the Glades. I'm saying all this because I don't want us to think he'll respond predictably. Something that might send another man hustling to a far away place might make Boo Waxwell run a little way and circle back. When he came close to stomping me, I realized it's been a long time since I saw anyone move that fast."

"Maybe I'm being dumb," Arthur said, "but if this man is all that dangerous, and you're pretty sure he killed Wilma, then I'd think there would be things the police could find out. I mean, maybe an identification of the light-colored sedan he had when he took her from the motel. Maybe he went with her to the bank when she cleaned out our joint account. I could testify I saw her at Waxwell's cottage. Maybe somebody else saw her there, or when he drove her in through Goodland. I mean wouldn't we be better off if he were in jail?"

"Arthur, by and large, all the counties of Florida have pretty good law officers. Some are excellent. But the law isn't growing half as fast as the population. So it's selective. From a cop's point of view, how excited could they get over the possibility of a transient woman of dubious character getting herself killed well over six months ago, a woman never reported missing. Collier County has deputies who know the score in the Marco Island area. Though they might itch to put Boo away for keeps, there's not a chance of finding a body if he took it into the islands and rivers and swamps and hid it. Now after Boo beat you so badly, you must have had some idea of getting the law after Boone Waxwell. Did the Dunnings give you any advice?"

"They said forget it. They said nothing would happen, and it would make trouble for them. They said there were Waxwells all over, and a lot of them were decent people, but there were wild ones like Boone, and if they wanted to take it out on Sam Dunning, his nets could get cut up and his charter boat could catch fire and nobody would know who did it. They said to keep my head down. Trav, I ought to see those people. I went off and said I'd come back soon. And they haven't heard a word. . . . It isn't right."

"Another thing, Arthur," I said. "If you made the complaint about Boo, remember it would be coming from a man who's been chopping brush on a Palm County work gang. When there isn't enough law to go around, it works on a status system. And suppose you *did* get them to take Boone Waxwell in. They'd seal his cave, and maybe they'd come across whatever he has left, if anything. Then it would be out of reach for keeps." I looked at Chookie. She sat with chin in fist, scowling. "You're getting good grades so far," I said to her. "What else should we do?"

"I think if Wilma were alive, she would have been in touch with Calvin Stebber, and if she's dead, he'll be wondering about her. It would be a way to make sure. After all, this Boo Waxwell could maybe have gotten money somewhere else. And maybe Wilma *told* him to lie about her being there."

"And," I said, "Stebber might be the one to decoy Boo away from his cave."

"But how about the money of mine that Mr. Stebber had?" Arthur asked.

"I'd like a chance at it. So let's unhook this beast and get out of here."

When we were clear and headed north up the Gulf, towing the *Ratfink*, I went aft and adjusted the length of the tow line until the outboard rode at the right point of our wake. The bright afternoon was turning greasy, sky hazing, big swells building from the southwest, a following sea that began to give the old lady a nasty motion, and made it impossible to use the automatic pilot. The little solenoids are stupid about a following sea. They can't anticipate. So you have to use the old-time procedure of swinging the wheel just as they begin to lift your back corner, then swinging it back hard the other way when the bow comes up. You labor for long seconds apparently dead in the water. and then you tilt and go like a big train. Chook brought sandwiches to the topside controls, and I sent Arthur to dig out the bible on coastal accommodations.

The Palm City marina, thirty miles north of Naples, had the sound of what I wanted. And from the way the weather was building, it was far enough. We'd begun to get enough wind to pull the tops off the long swells and the sun was gone in haze, the water changing from cobalt to gray-green. *The Flush* heaved and waddled along, settling up a lot of below-deck creaking, clinking, clanking and thumping, and about every tenth swell the port wheel would lift out and cavitate, giving us a shuddering vibration. At least I never had to slow her down. Her cruising speed was what other boats slow down to when the seas build. We waddled and rocked through hours of wind and rain until the Palm City buoy appeared out of the murk, giving me a course on the chart for the channel between the keys. Inside, we were in flat water, and it was no trick finding the private markers for the marina channel.

It was, as I had hoped, loaded with big cruisers. Two air-horn blasts brought a kid out of the dock house wearing a plastic raincoat with hood. He directed us with hand signals and ran around to the slip. I worked it around and backed it in, went forward in a hurry and got a loop on a piling and around a cleat and snubbed us down. In fifteen minutes we were all set, lines, fenders and spring lines in place, gangplank onto the dock, all identified and signed in. And the rain was slacking off.

Chook said, "OK. I bite. Why here?"

"If you want to hide a particular apple, the best thing you can do is wire it onto an apple tree. Lots of these big lunkers around us are in wet storage for the summer. We're one face in the crowd. We're not far from Ft. Myers, where they have air service to Tampa. We're a half hour by car from Naples, a little better than an hour from Marco. If he finds out we anchored off by our lonesome once, he'd expect us to do it again. If he finds us, and if he has any violent ideas, it's a poor place for it. And it'll reassure Stebber if it turns out I can fix up a meet here."

Arthur said, "I think it was across that causeway over there, over on the beach on that key that they found me stumbling around. Should . . . should I sort of stay out of sight?"

"See no reason why you should," I said.

Chook leaned toward Arthur and said, "You have a dear face, but darling, forgive me, you aren't terribly memorable."

"I guess one of us is enough," he said, making another of his rare little jokes, waiting with no confidence anyone would laugh.

I got the evening weather news. As I had expected, the wind was swinging around into the north, and by dawn they expected it to be out of the east at three to five knots, clear weather, occasional afternoon thunderstorms. It meant that by early morning, with the *Ratfink* bailed and fueled, I could make a good fast run close inshore down to the little marina in

Naples, tie it up there at that handy and useful location, bring my rental car back up to Palm City. The evening was laundered bright, the air fresh, and Chook declined a chance for a dinner ashore, saying she had a serious attack of the domestics, a rabid urge to cook.

After dinner we went up on the sun deck. We sat up there in the warm night, marina lights sparkling on the water, traffic moving across the distant causeway. They sat together, about ten feet from me, off to my right. And whispered. Several times she made a furry and almost inaudible chuckle, as sensuous as a slow, light stroke of fingernails. I think it was becoming something she had not anticipated. But any kind of future for Chook and Arthur would depend on my making a pretty solid recovery for him. If she had to share the job of supporting the two of them, it would make him restive. And this was her time to have kids. And that wouldn't mix well with her strenuous career. She had the heart for kids, the need for them, and love enough for a baker's dozen.

So if you don't recover enough, do you need to clip a full 50 percent of it, McGee?

Next there will be a choir of a thousand violins playing "I Love You Truly." Or, perhaps, "Paddlin' Maudlin Home."

It was a little after nine in the morning when I moved the *Ratfink* at the little marina. I went over into town in the green sedan, ordered drugstore coffee, and, as it was cooling, shut myself in the phone booth and called Crane Watts' office number.

He answered directly, sounding remarkably crisp and impressive and reliable. "Crane Watts speaking."

My idea in calling him was to warn him that Waxwell might be coming around in an ugly and inquisitive mood, and I wanted to suggest a plausible way he could stall Boo off.

But as soon as I said who it was, his voice cracked in anguish as he said, "My God, McGee, what are you trying to *do* to me? Why did you tell Boo I told you about the way . . . the syndicate was set up? He came to my home last night. He acted like a madman. After all, the whole thing *was* perfectly legal. But the way he talked, Viv got . . . the wrong impression. She's terribly upset. He wanted to know everything I know about you. And you know how little that is."

"So you told him you met me at the club."

"Certainly. And you know the Hopsons. And you . . . have some sort of scheme I know nothing about. And *want* to know nothing about. My God, it was like having an animal in the house. We didn't know *what* he'd do next. He made me promise to get your address from the club."

"So you did."

"Of course. I have it here. I'm waiting to hear from Boo. It's just a box number in Fort Lauderdale, at Bahia Mar. Last night I walked out with him and I told him never to come to my home again. And he started laughing. He had the top down. I could hear him laughing, I swear, when he was a whole block away. I was sorry he was in it right from the beginning. Now I think he's some kind of a maniac. McGee, are you *trying* to make trouble for me?"

"You've got all you need," I said, and hung up, and went back to my coffee.

The missing factor was Stebber. I knew he had used Waxwell and had been able to control him. I wanted to get those two forces, Stebber and Waxwell, into some kind of balance—into opposition, or into cooperation in some unproductive direction. And at the same time estimate my chances of salvaging any of Arthur's money from Stebber and Gisik. But with the way Boo was moving, I had to accelerate my own pattern. Kinetic violence has a discernible rhythm. And if you back away to give yourself a breathing space, you give the wolf pack a chance to regroup for mutual protection. Better to get them chewing on each other, and take your own bite while they're confused and busy.

Boone Waxwell had wasted very little time getting to the only man who might know anything about me. And had charged that man with digging up information. My Bahia Mar box number could be a lot of help if he dug quickly enough. And Waxwell did not seem like a patient man. Perhaps no later than this afternoon he would be phoning Watts to find out what he'd learned.

I aimed that Chev north up 41 through light traffic. I pulled into a marina parking space at Palm City at ten o'clock. *The Flush* was locked. A note on the rug inside the aft door to the lounge said they'd gone grocery shopping. I found them in a Food Fair two blocks away, Arthur trundling the basket, Chook mousing along, picking out things, wearing that glazed look of supermarket autohypnosis. Eleven minutes after I located them, I had a protesting Arthur locked aboard with instructions to stay put and out of sight, and I was backing out of the parking space with Chook beside me, hitching at her city-girl skirt and buttoning the top buttons of her blouse.

If the feeder flight out of Ft. Myers hadn't been ten minutes late coming in from Palm Beach, we would have just missed it. And I had been too busy driving to do more than fragmentary briefing. I bought two round-trip tickets to Tampa. With stops at Sarasota and St. Pete, the ETA was twenty past noon.

Once aboard, I gave it to her in more detail. "But with just a phone number?" she asked.

"And a little jump. And a prayer for luck."

"Golly, suppose you worked all this hard at something legitimate, McGee. No telling how big you might be."

"A state senator, even."

She looked in her mirror and fixed her mouth. "What good am I going to be to you?"

"I'll figure that out as we go along."

At Tampa International, with Chook standing outside the booth looking serious, I tried the number. As I was just about to give up and try again, a neutral, careful, female voice said, "Yes?"

"I would like to speak to Mr. Calvin Stebber."

"What number were you calling, sir?"

"Six one three—one eight seven eight."

"I am sorry. There is no Calvin Stebber here, sir."

"Oh, excuse me, Miss. I *do* have the wrong name. My notes aren't too legible. It's Mr. Coolidge I want to speak to."

I sensed her hesitation. I was a little off cue. She passed the buck. "Sir, someone will be back here in an hour who might know something about a Mr. Coolidge. Could you try again at one thirty?"

So I took Chook to the upper level for lunch. I told her she looked like a happy woman. And so, in the interests of consistency, she tried earnestly to justify her increasing emotional involvement with Arthur. She said she was trying to improve his morale by pretending they were getting back on the old status, the pre-Wilma status. I told her she was a truly great actress, and she blushed and tried to get angry, and I suddenly had to interrupt the flow of rationalizations when a small inspiration struck me. I went back to the phones, checked the marina listings in the yellow pages, made some calls, and readily acquired the scoop on the *Buccaneer*. Boats that big are celebrities. It was a converted Coast Guard cutter one hundred and eighteen feet long, owned by Foam-Flex Industries, and moored at the Gibson Yards where a Mr. Robinelli arranged charters for her when she was not on executive duty for FoamFlex.

I called Gibson and got Robinelli on the line and said, "This is Mr. Calvin Stebber. I chartered the *Buccaneer* last summer."

"Let me get the ledger card on that, Mr. Stebber." He came back on the line and said. "Yes sir. I see that it was just a dockside charter at Naples during a layover there." *(cont. on p. 123)*

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### Carlisle Military School

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### Missouri Military Academy

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**Col. C. R. Stribling, 245 Main, Mexico, Mo.**

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**Col. Ralph B. Jackson, Supt., Box C-4, Alton, Illinois.**

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### St. John's MILITARY ACADEMY

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### Howe Military School

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**Burrett B. Bouton, M.A., 445 Academy Pl., Howe, Indiana.**

## BOYS' CAMPS

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**Wentworth Military Academy, 245-C Main St., Lexington, Mo.**

### Camp Whooppee

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### Camp Cadet—Maxton, N.C.

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**Russell C. Cotton, Director, Maxton, North Carolina.**

### Skycrest

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### Len-a-pe

Boys 5-16. On lake in Pa. Poconos near New York City and Philadelphia. Riding and canoe trips. All water sports. Tennis, riflery. All crafts, go-karting. Excellent food and care. C.I.T. program. Nurse. 45th year. Booklet **Denis C. Kiely, 74 Dalton St., Long Beach, N.Y., Phone: 516 GE 1-1473. Camp Blue Sky, associated sister camp.**

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**24 South Lake Shore Drive, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.**

Additional listing of camps and summer schools appears on page 122.

## GIRLS' SCHOOLS

### Radford School for Girls

Accredited college preparation in ideal year round climate. Open air classes. Music, art, dramatics, secretaryship. Character, personality developed in friendly home life. Sports, riding. Endowed. Limited enrollment. Est. 1910. Catalog. **Lucinda de L. Templin, Ph.D., Prin., 4202 Austin Terrace, El Paso, Texas 79903.**

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## FOREIGN SCHOOLS—GIRLS

### La Chatelainie

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## COED SCHOOLS

### Windsor Mountain School

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### Fryeburg Academy

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### Fenster Ranch School—Tucson

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### Washington College Academy

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Fully accredited. Coed. Grades 9-12. College preparatory. Home economics, music, business education program. Industrial arts, agriculture. Self-help program. Scholarships. Christian emphasis. Catalog. **T. Henry Jablonski, Pres., Box 21, Washington College, Tenn.**

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### Ray-Vogue Schools

Commercial Art. Photography. Interior Design. Fashion Merchandising with Modeling. Dress Design. Fashion Illustration. Dormitory for out-of-town girls walking distance. Living accommodations for men. For entrance dates and literature write **Registrar, Room 506.** Specify course. **Ray-Vogue Schools, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11.**

### American Academy of Art

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### New York-Phoenix School of Design

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### Johnson and Wales

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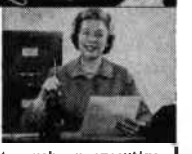

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## GIRLS' CAMPS

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On Grand Traverse Bay, Northport, Michigan. A character building camp for fun-loving girls 7-18. Riding daily, water skiing, sailing, canoeing, riflery, tennis, journalism, crafts & trips. Excellent staff, ratio: 1-4. 4 weeks, $325; 8 weeks, $595. *Brochure.*
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44th Season

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**For girls 7-16**

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## BOYS' & GIRLS' CAMPS

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## COED CAMP

### Operation Woodcraft

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In Canada's Northland

Program will develop appreciation for outdoors, woodcraft skills, self-reliance. Includes wilderness survival, swimming, water safety, canoe trips, map and compass, first aid, outdoor cooking, hunting and fishing techniques. **Quetico Centre, Atikokan, Ontario, Canada. Request pamphlet H.**

## MUSIC

### Amherst Music Center

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**BOYS 5-16**

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College preparatory courses for makeup, strengthening or acceleration. Remedial Reading. Regular faculty. Very small classes. Supervised program of sailing, swimming, tennis. Boys, grades 7-12. Session starts July 5. Also winter school. **Raymond D. Kallstrom, Hdm., Milford 12, Conn.**

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*Photo Trends*

If selection of a school or camp presents a problem, Cosmopolitan will be glad to make recommendations. Please fill in the form below and mail to:

**Cosmopolitan Education Dept.**
**959 Eighth Avenue**
**New York, New York 10019**

Age_____ Sex_____ Fee Range_____ Camp_____ School_____

Type_____ Location_____

Name_____

Address_____

## BRIGHT ORANGE SHROUD

(cont. from p. 119)

"I'd like to know if she's going to be open for the month of October, Mr. Robinelli. Could you check it out and drop me a line?"

"For the month? Yes sir."

"Do you have the right address on that card of yours?"

"What I've got here is West Harbor, Nineteen hundred West Shore Boulevard, Apartment 48A."

"That's right. Thanks."

And sometimes it is just that easy. And sometimes it is impossible. All I know is that the harder I work, the luckier I get.

I gathered up Chook, a city map and a pale gray rental Galaxy. I found the place at quarter of two. It was spelled *Harbour*. It was big, walled, protected, overserviced, with a lot of Tampa Bay frontage—big, sand-colored buildings and towers on landscaped grounds, and with a gate house, push-button barricade and uniformed attendant to guarantee the privacy the residents were paying for. Perfect nest for the con artist. Operating expense. I went right on by and found a gas station a mile away. I phoned Stebber's number from an outdoor booth, got the same girl, said I was sorry to call back a little late. She said she was sorry too, but she had been wrong about Mr. Coolidge. No one there knew anyone by that name.

"Then let me talk to Mr. Stebber. I'm just a little way down the road from you. I can be there in two minutes. Apartment 48A, isn't it? Just put in a word for me with that gate guard."

I was giving her an awkward day. She went away and came back to ask me my name and what it was about. I hesitated over the name. But always assume the worst. Assume Watts or Waxwell or both of them knew a way to get through to Stebber, and someone had gotten through to alert him about one Travis McGee.

"Tell him the name is McGee. And the message is from Wilma."

I was cleared. I took down the pay phone number. I had Chook drop me near the gate and go on back to the gas station in the rental car.

The gate attendant had the affability of a man doing a small service for one of the better tippers in the house. He showed me the plot map of West Harbour. The number four stood for the building, eight for the floor, A for the apartment. Tower Four was the part of the complex nearest the bay. The eighth floor was the top floor. It all seemed very spacious, quiet, luxurious.

You can equate expense with the space they are willing to waste. Two self-service elevators. At eight the door hissed open and I walked into a small foyer, indirectly lighted. B on the right; A on the left. I pressed a stainless steel button. There was a three-inch circle of mirror set into the door. I winked at it.

The girl behind the voice opened the door and said, "Do come in, sir."

I did not get a good look at her until she had led me through a short entrance hallway and down two carpeted steps into a large living room where she turned and smiled her greeting again. She was medium height, and very slender. She wore pants carefully tailored to her slenderness, of a white fabric worked with gold thread in ornate and delicate design. With it she wore a sort of red coolie coat of the same fabric, with three quarter sleeves and a wide stiffened collar, high in back making a theatrical frame for a slender, pale, classic, lovely face. Her hair, almost platinum blonde, was smooth and straight, falling to frame her face, soft parentheses, to chin level. The eyes were the best of her. Crystal mint, that clear perfect green of childhood Christmas, the green you see after the first few licks have melted the sugar frost. In walk and smile and gesture she had all the mannered elegance of a high fashion model. In most women who have that trick, it is an irritating artifice. Look, look, look at gorgeous incomparable me! But she managed, somehow, to mock herself at the same time, so the effect was of elegance shared. It said: Having it, I might as well use it.

"I'll tell him you're here."

"It's Travis McGee. You have a name too."

"Debra."

"And never, never Debbie."

"Never indeed. Excuse me." She swayed off, closed a heavy door softly behind her. And for the first time the room came into focus. Probably thirty by fifty. Twelve-foot ceiling. Window wall with a spectacular view of the bay, terrace beyond it with a low wall, heavy redwood furniture. An almost transparent drapery had been pulled across to reduce the afternoon glare. Giant fireplace faced with coquina rock. Deep red carpeting. Low furniture, in leather and pale wood. Bookcases. Wall shelves, built in, with a collection of Danish glassware, and another, glassed in, with a collection of the little clay figures of pre-Columbian Latin America. The cooled air was in slight movement, scented very faintly with pine.

It was a very still room, a place where you could listen to the beating of your heart. It seemed to lack identity, as though it might be a room where executives waited to be called into the board meeting.

After long minutes the door opened and Calvin Stebber came smiling into the room, Debra two paces behind him and, in her flat, perfectly plain orange slippers, maybe an inch taller. He stared up at me, smiling, and I could feel the warmth, interest, kindliness, importance. You could be this man's lifelong friend after ten minutes, and marvel that he found you interesting enough to spend a piece of his busy life with you. It is the basic working tool of the top grade confidence man.

"Well now, Mr. McGee, I respect Debra's instinct, and I must say that she was correct. You have no faintest odor of the law. You do not look irrational, and you do not look a fool. So do sit down, young man, and we will have our little chat."

He wore a dark green blazer, gray flannel trousers, a yellow ascot. He looked ruddy and fit, chubby and wholesome as he smiled across at me.

"And," he said, "our little electronic gadget in the foyer says you are not carrying some lethal hunk of metal. Cigar, Mr. McGee?"

"No thank you, Mr. Stebber."

"Please, Debra," he said. She went to a table, took a fat foil-wrapped cigar from a humidor, peeled it, and, frowning in pretty concentration, clipped the ends carefully with a little gold gadget. She lighted a kitchen match, waited until the flame was right, then lighted the cigar, revolving it slowly, getting a perfect light. She took it to him, her every move theatrical.

There was an elegance about the girl, the room, the manner of the little man. They made a most impressive team. But I wondered how flawless their performance would be if Chook were there with me. Visualizing her there, I realized there was a quality of honesty in Chook which, by contrast, would give all the elegance a patina of corrosion, a perceptible fox fire of decay.

He stroked Debra and said, "I'll call you if we need you, dear."

As the heavy door closed behind her with a barely audible click, he said, "Spectacular, isn't she? And absolutely fearless. When I found her, the poor child was plummeting down suicidal ski slopes, leaping from little aircraft, scuba diving to fantastic depths, racing deadly little cars, all in a forlorn pursuit of the stimulation of danger, of accepting risk. Now Debra is eased at last. Our little ventures provide the outlet. We just finished a very profitable one. She made it riskier than it had to be. That's the way I'll probably lose her one day."

## BRIGHT ORANGE SHROUD (continued)

"With no makeup, with her hair pulled back, wearing a business suit, I imagine she was your Miss Brown."

He beamed upon me with enormous approval. "*Very* good!" The smile dwindled. "Poor Arthur. Really. He was such a gullible puppy he took half the joy out of it. The skeptics are more pleasure to fleece. You do notice I am doing you the courtesy of being frank with you."

"And I'm trying to guess why. A phone call from Watts, probably."

"You *are* a pleasure to talk to, Mr. McGee. Yes, you match the description he gave me. The rest wasn't difficult, of course. Wilma picked Arthur up in Fort Lauderdale. You are from there. I phoned friends. The general impression is that Mr. Travis McGee has no known source of income, that he lives well, that he goes away quite often, sometimes for extended periods, that various types of officials have taken an interest in him from time to time, but have never charged him with any specific thing. It struck me that the same observations fit me also. I am assuming you are trying to help poor Arthur. And even though I think your chances wretched, Mr. McGee, I am not going to underrate you. The fact of your getting this far represents a considerable feat. Crane Watts is self-destructive. He was a mistake. Perhaps I was careless because it *was*, after all, a quasi-legal venture. Would that I could work only with people of the reliability of Debra. And Harry Gisik, God rest his soul."

"Dead?"

"It was his last take. He went into a hospital in New Orleans directly after the job was done. An old, old friend. When we were young fellows working the carnies, we used to take turns shilling for each other. He didn't survive heart surgery. Depressing."

"You seem to be losing a lot of troops."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Good old Harry. Good old Wilma."

All charm left his face. It was a mask of red-brown stone. "How?"

"Boone Waxwell. It's only a guess. But a good guess, I think. Everything fits."

He rose swiftly and went to stand at the window wall, staring out. At last he turned and came slowly back. "I must be getting old, Mr. McGee. I am employing flawed instruments. Waxwell is a crude animal. But he had a hold over the people involved with that Kippler tract. They were terrified of him. They cooperated totally. And cheaply." He sat on the couch, dumpy and disheartened. "She thought she could control that type."

"What was Waxwell's cut?"

"Five thousand. Two was front money, two when we got the big one, one after the first assessment."

"And he has maybe twenty or thirty thousand dollars worth of cars, boat, play pretties off there in the woods. Arthur saw Wilma there after she had left him. Boo swears it was just a girl who looked a little like her. How much did she leave with?"

Stebber's smile was a grimace. "One hundred and thirty thousand dollars. There was a hundred and thirty-five thousand left in that syndicate trustee account in the Naples bank. I had given them advance warning I wanted cash, a request more customary in Florida than elsewhere. I picked it up, and on the day Arthur took his bus ride to Sarasota, I went to that grisly hotel. I planned to keep five thousand of it, and bring her back here to Tampa with me and put her on a flight that same day to Nassau. I had her ticket, and I had a deposit slip on my account at a Nassau bank. They are very good over there about never releasing a shred of information except on the basis of a personal appearance plus written request of the depositor. Eighty thousand was to go into my account. Fifty was hers. Harry got fifty. I had previously drawn sixty something. The rest went to expenses. She was almost packed when I arrived. She said she had made other arrangements, would be driven to Miami and fly over from there. Taking cash into the islands is never a problem."

"Very trusting of you, Mr. Stebber."

"My dear boy, Wilma had been with me fifteen years. She had made other substantial deposits. I did not even check with my bank over there. I assumed the deposit had been made. After all, Wilma was no fool. She could do far better with me than attempting to operate on her own. I'd begun to wonder about her. She'd never been out of touch quite this long before."

"Fifteen years?"

"She was twenty-three when we met. You look startled. We worked the resorts. Full makeup. High fashion. A good instinct for exactly the right kind of mark. She'd let us know when to move in. We'd bring her along when we made the hit. Face scrubbed clean. Braids. Ankle socks, a little-girl jumper. She would look not a day over twelve. And we had a birth certificate to prove it. She wept fountains. I was an investigator for the welfare department, juvenile court. We had a partner, an enormous fellow of about thirty posing as her outraged father. The father was usually younger than the mark. Their horror was pitiful when they examined the birth certificate. Rather than let it get to court, they were delighted to finance a year or two of a private institution, with very good and very expensive psychiatric help for the poor runaway child. You see, Mr. McGee, buried deep in the subconscious of the female are the ancient memories of the time when prehistoric woman joined her man in the hunt. In very rare ones—Debra, Wilma—the instinct is strong, and only the hunt will satisfy them. They are as a rule most attractive, very vital, very quick and shrewd and nervy. Of late years she has been marrying the marks, divorcing them after the score. A partner rather than an employee, of course. But with two flaws. A pathological liar, romanticizing her image with tall tales. And, after each score, an untidy habit of taking up with animals like Waxwell. The first flaw warned off several good prospects over the years. Now the second one seems to have gotten her killed."

I watched him slowly pump himself back to full radiance, total projection of charm. "And so, Mister Travis McGee, where does that leave us? You strike me as having a knack for violence. Just in passing—I do hate dramatics—a most reliable young man has had a useful weapon aimed at you from the moment you came into the room. One of those things which shoot little hypo darts loaded with strong sedative into animals. Then you could be driven quite a distance from here."

"If, by three fifteen I don't call a certain number, Mr. Stebber, your life could be full of cops from here on. Are you going to try to recover your money from Waxwell?"

"Under other circumstances, it might have seemed attractive. But Debra did so beautifully, we're quite well off at the moment. I do believe it would be foolish to try something which might easily go wrong. Boone Waxwell would be more difficult than . . . a more predictable type. And I wouldn't want to become implicated in a murder charge. Go right ahead, sir. Good luck to you. And if you get it back, and if you are . . . reasonably generous with Arthur, I would feel better about him."

"You don't want to strike a blow for Wilma?"

"If it had been an occupational hazard, perhaps. But the fatality occurred on her own time. Debra will be delighted."

"Delighted enough to be a decoy to get Waxwell out of his cave for a while?"

"Perhaps. But I wouldn't risk her on that. She's too useful." He beamed again. "But your instincts are certainly excellent. A woman is the best bait for the chap."

"How bulky would the money be?"

"Not very. New hundreds still in Federal Reserve wrappers. Thirteen packets of a hundred bills each. Not enough to fill a shoebox."

"And he'll have what's left where he can make sure it's still there. Every hour on the hour if he feels like it."

Stebber went and opened a door and called Debra back. He murmured something to her as she swayed by him. And they were both turning all that charm on me. Stebber said, "Debra, once Mr. McGee is free of current obligations, he very possibly might phone the number again. He'll ask for Mr. Travis. And the three of us might discuss future plans. I do like this fellow, my dear. And I can tell that you do."

"Oh yes," she breathed, moving closer.

Ignoring her, I said to Stebber, "If I let Waxwell know you sent me to check on Wilma, he might make some interesting problems for you."

The charm solidified for a few moments. "Interesting leverage. It won't work. We'd merely go away."

I moved toward the door, turned and studied Debra. "Your leverage is interesting too, Cal. But it won't work either. The accessibility takes the gloss off it."

Debra, with uglied mouth, said a very ugly phrase. As I reached the little foyer, I heard a slight thud and scuffle behind me, turned and saw the lovely Debra standing hunched, her face wet-white with pain, green eyes glazed with the sudden shock of it. Stebber, the jolly little charmer, hastened to let me out, patting my arm, saying one has to keep reminding them of their manners. And we will hear from you, my boy. I know it. Best of luck.

It was after nine that night when I parked at the marina and we went aboard *The Busted Flush.* No light showed. I guessed something had gone wrong. I had been exposed to too much deviousness for one day. But when the lounge lights went on, there was Arthur slouched on the big yellow couch. He had a tall glass in his hand, dark enough for iced coffee. He gave us a big glassy grin, hoisted the glass in such enthusiastic salute of welcome, a dollop of it leapt out and splashed onto his shirt.

"Warra sharra numun!" he said.

Chook stood over him, fists on her hips. "Oh boy! You've done it real good."

She took the glass out of his hand, turned to me. "The poor silly. It was such a strain to be shut up here all this time." She took his wrist, braced herself. "Upsy-daisy, darling."

She got him up, but with a wide loving grin, he enfolded her in his big arms and bore her over and down with a mighty thud of their combined weights. Chook worked free and stood up, rubbing a bruised haunch. Arthur, still smiling, cheek resting on his forearm, emitted a low buzzing snore.

We stood him up, draped him over my shoulder. I dumped him into the guest bed. "I'll manage from here," she said, and began to unbutton his shirt, looking up from the task to give me a slightly rueful smile. "Memories of Frankie Durkin," she said.

Later she came climbing up into the night warmth of the sun deck in her robe, bringing two beers.

"Rockaby baby," she said. "Tomorrow he'll be a disaster area."

She sat beside me. "Just go get the money? What do you think he has left?"

"No idea. Eighty or ninety thousand."

"But how, Trav?"

"Several parts to the problem. Part one. Making the time to find it. Getting him away long enough to give me a chance to find it. He's impulsive, but not a fool. Part two is getting out of the area with it after we find it. Part three is what to do about him when he comes to Lauderdale after it. Which he certainly will do."

"But if the police could keep him busy. I mean, if they had a good reason to pick him up on account of Wilma."

"She'd be harder to find than the money."

"Maybe I could keep him busy long enough, Trav."

There was a certain validity in the idea. From the right distance in the right clothes, she might look just enough like Vivian Watts. And that was a vulnerable area in Waxwell's mind. He'd forget caution.

"Trav?"

"Yes, honey."

"No matter what you decide to do, please try to have Arthur help. In some little way. He's beginning to feel useless. It would be good for him."

A vague plan was beginning to shape itself in my mind. "OK. Tomorrow I take him to Naples with me. By car. And you stay put."

Tuesday morning we drove into Naples, on the alert for Land Rovers and white Lincoln convertibles. I phoned Crane Watts' office number, and hung up when he said hello. Next I phoned his home number. It did not answer. I tried the club and asked if Mrs. Watts was on the courts. In a few moments they said she was, and should they call her to the phone. I said never mind. The parking lot was nearly empty. There were a few people down on the beach, one couple in the pool. I asked Arthur to stay in the car.

As I walked toward the courts I saw only two were in use, one where two scrawny elderly gentlemen were playing vicious pat-ball, and, several courts away, the brown, lithe, sturdy Mrs. Watts in a practice session. The man was apparently the club pro, brown, balding, thickening. He moved well, but she had him well lathered up. There were a couple dozen balls on the court. He was feeding her backhand, ignoring the returns, bouncing each ball, then stroking it to her left with good speed and overspin. She moved, gauged, planted herself, pivoted, the ball ponging solidly off the gut, moved to await the next one. The waistband of her tennis skirt was visibly damp with sweat.

It seemed an intense ritual, a sublimation of tension and combat. Her face was stern and expressionless. She glanced at me and ignored me. No greeting.

Finally as he turned to pick up three more balls she said, "That'll do it for now, Timmy."

He took a handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his face. "Righto, Miz Watts. I make it three hours. OK?"

"Anything you say."

She stared at me with cold speculation as I approached.

"Pretty warm for it, Vivian."

"Mr. McGee, you made an excellent first impression on me the other night. But the second was more lasting."

"And things might not have been what they seemed."

She took her time unsnapping the golf glove on her right hand, peeling it off. She prodded and examined the pads at the base of her fingers. "I do not think I want to hear you justify any tricky projects you want to involve my husband in." As she spoke, she was slipping her rackets into their braces, tightening the wing nuts. "He is not . . . the kind of man for that kind of thing. I don't know why he's trying to be something he isn't. It's tearing him apart. Why don't you just leave us alone?"

As she gathered up her gear, I picked the words that would, I hoped, pry open a closed mind. "Vivian, I wouldn't ask your husband's advice on a parking ticket, believe me."

She straightened up, dark blue eyes round with surprise and indignation. "Crane is a *very* good attorney!"

"Was, maybe. Not now."

"Who *are* you? What do you *want*?"

"I want to form a little mutual aid society with you, Vivian. You need help and I need help."

"Of course. I get him to do some nasty work for you, and it will make us gloriously rich and happy."

"No. He did his nasty work last year, and it didn't do either of you any good."

She began to walk slowly, thoughtfully, toward the entrance to the women's locker room, and I walked beside her.

## BRIGHT ORANGE SHROUD (continued)

She had been laboring in the sun for three hours. Under the faded cosmetic and deodorant scents of a fastidious woman was the pungency of workout, a sharpness not unpleasant, the effluvium of ballet schools and practice halls.

"What I can offer is a chance and a suggestion. I think he's whipped. If you have some cash, right now, you should settle up what you owe around here and try it again in a new place. What is he? Thirty-one? There's time. But maybe he's lost you along the way, and you're not interested."

She stopped and turned to face me. Her mouth was softer and younger. "He hasn't lost me. But don't play cruel games, Travis. He explained about Mr. Wilkinson. He says he didn't know it was fraud until too late."

Sometimes you have to aim right between the eyes. "He knew from the start. He knew it was fraud. They paid him well, and he helped them take Wilkinson for a quarter of a million dollars. It got around, Vivian. Who'd trust him now? He consorted with con artists and trash like Boone Waxwell, went into it with his eyes open for some quick money. The other thieves short-changed him, knowing he didn't have the nerve to complain. And if he keeps dithering around, talking too much to strangers like me, maybe they'll get very tired of him and send somebody around to put a gun in his hand when he's passed out, and stick the muzzle in his ear."

She wobbled on those good legs, and her color went sick under the tan. She moved off the path and sat on a cement and cypress bench, staring blindly through the shade toward the bright sea. Her mouth trembled. I sat beside her, watching that unhappy profile.

"I . . . I guess I knew that he knew. Sunday night, after Waxwell left, he swore on his word of honor Waxwell had been lying, trying to needle me with those hints that Crane had been crooked."

She turned and looked at me in a pleading way, her color getting better, and said, "What makes him so *weak*? I think if he could get straightened out again, then it would be time to decide about me."

"I want you and Crane to get packed to leave any moment. You can arrange the big things later, like getting rid of the house. How much would it take to clean up your bills here and give the two of you a month or six weeks a good long way from here, in some hideout? Don't look so skeptical. You won't be hiding from the law. You could get him dried out. He might begin to make sense to himself, and you."

"My father left me a cabin on a couple of acres of ridge land near Brevard, North Carolina. On Slick Rock Mountain." Her mouth twisted. "We honeymooned there, lifetimes ago. How much to settle up here? I don't know. He's been secretive. Maybe we owe more than I know. I'd think three or four thousand dollars. But there might be other debts."

"And getting started somewhere else afterward. Call it ten."

"Ten thousand dollars! What could I do that would be worth ten thousand dollars to anyone? Who do I have to kill?"

"You have to be bait, Vivian. To lure Boone Waxwell out of his cave and keep him out for as long as you can, a full day at least, more if we can manage it."

She locked her hands, closed her eyes and shuddered. "That man. He makes my flesh crawl. The few times I've ever seen him, he's never taken his eyes off me. And he acts as if he and I have some special secret. Little smirks and chuckles and winks. And he puts double meanings in everything he says to me. He makes me feel naked and sick. That mat of hair sticking out of the tops of those ghastly shirts, and that . . . oily intimacy in his voice, he makes my stomach turn over. Travis, if it involves his . . . even touching me in any way, no! Not for ten thousand dollars, not for ten thousand dollars a minute."

A dime of sunlight came through the pine branches overhead, glowed against the firm and graceful forearm, showing the pattern of fine golden hair against the dark skin. She shook her head. "It's like nightmares when you're a kid. I think that if Boone Waxwell ever . . . got me, I might walk around afterward looking just the same, but my heart would be dead as a stone forever. I guess I'd make good bait all right. He gets bolder all the time."

"I want to make him think you have gone to a place where he can get at you. A place that'll take him a long time to get to. And a long time to get back from when he finds you aren't there. When he gets back, you'll both be gone. But you can't let Crane in on it. In his present condition, Waxwell can spread him open like a road map. You have to make Crane believe you *have* gone to a specific place, and somehow give Waxwell the idea of prying it out of him."

"Then you find some money, while he's gone off after me. The money . . . Crane helped steal?"

"A good piece of it."

"But it's still stolen money, isn't it?"

"Arthur is out there in the car. He can tell you in person he approves the arrangement." She said that wasn't necessary. She said she needed time to think of a place for the rendezvous.

"Maybe Arthur and I can meet you tonight," I said.

"I could have something figured out by then, Travis. You could come to the house at eleven."

"What about Crane?"

"By eleven, any evening, you could march fife and drum corps through the living room without him missing a snore. When he passes out, I'll put the light on over the front door." She took a very deep breath, let it out in a sigh. "Maybe it *can* work. Maybe people do get a second chance . . . sometimes."

It was nearly eleven that evening when I turned the dark green sedan into Clematis Drive. The other houses were dark. There were more vacant lots than houses. As I approached the Watts home I saw that the light over the front door was not on. And so I drove on by saying to Arthur, "I guess lawyer boy is still semiconscious."

Lights were on in the house. And just beyond it, I saw, in the darkness of the side lawn beyond the carport, something that made me say one of the more unpleasant words.

"What's the matter?" Arthur said in a strained voice.

"Boo's white Lincoln at the side there. Top down. See it?"

"Yes, I see it. My God. We better leave, don't you think?"

I turned left onto the next street, and after the first few houses, there was nothing but the emptiness of development land, where asphalt turned into damp dirt with deep ruts. I turned around, and turned the lights off, proceeded slowly by faint, watery moonlight. I bumped up over curbing and tucked the car into the shadows of a clump of cabbage palm. In the silence a wind rattled the fronds, making a rain sound.

"What are you going to do?" he asked. There was uneasiness in his voice.

"Take a look. I'll cut across and come out behind the house. That's it, over there. The lighted one. You wait for me here."

"And what if you get into trouble?"

"I'll either come back on the double, or I won't. Then, if I don't, if you think you can handle it, get as close as you can and see what you can see. Don't take any chances. Use your judgment. Here." I took the pistol out of my jacket pocket and shoved it into his hands. Morale builder. I had to turn my frail reed into something more solid, just in case.

"If it turns very, very sour, get Chook and get out of the area fast. Drive all night, right to Tallahassee. In the morn-

ing get hold of a man in the state attorney general's office. Remember this name. Vokeler. Truman Vokeler." He repeated it after me. "Don't talk to anyone else. Level with him. Everything. He'll take it from there. Trust him."

"Why don't we just . . ."

I got out of the car and closed the door. I walked fifty feet into the field, stopped and waited until I had enough night vision to pick up the contour of the ground, and keep from falling over palmetto and small bushes. I kept night vision by not looking at the house lights. At their line I came upon a woven cedar fence, low enough to step over. In the back yard, I stopped in the shadows, examining the house, refreshing my memory of the layout. Kitchen windows were lighted. Light from the living room shone out into the cage, on plantings and shadowy terrace furniture. I could hear no sound. There was an odd flickering light which puzzled me. After moving to the side, I could see through the cage and into the living room. Crane Watts was slumped in a big green leather wing chair, legs sprawled on a hassock, head toppled to the side. I could detect no sound or movement in any part of the house, nor see anyone else.

I moved around to the carport side, crouched and ran to the side of the convertible, waited there, resting on one knee, listening. I looked into the empty car. I felt cautiously. The keys weren't in it. I crouched and felt the tail pipe. Just a slight residual heat. Recalling how he drove it, I guessed it had been there some time. I moved around the corner of the house and along the front, ready to flatten myself among the unkempt plantings should a car come down the street. The awning windows across the front of the living room were almost wide open. I saw Crane Watts from another angle. I saw the sprawl of legs on the hassock, saw one hand dangling. The chair faced the television set. The sound was completely off. A girl was singing. It was a closeup: white teeth, tremolo of tongue, effortful throat, vast enunciations of the lips. All in a total silence, except for the buzzing snore from the man in the green chair.

I crouched and continued across the front of the house to the far corner. As I went around the corner I saw the long shadow I cast, knew that I was outlined against the single streetlight on the other side of Clematis Drive, knew it would be a very good thing to get back where I had been. Out of darkness ahead came a sound. *Thop*. And with it a whisper of air movement touching the right side of my throat, and immediately thereafter a workmanlike chud of lead into a palm trunk a hundred yards behind me.

I was off balance. I yearned for the safety I had left. Either it was a cheap silencer he was using, or a homemade one, or a good one used too many times. Good ones go *thuff*. Not *thop*. I did not review all my past life in a micro-second. I was too busy changing balance and direction, and thinking *How stupid, how idiotic, how . . . Arthur-like*. I did not hear the next *thop*. I heard only the monstrous blast as the slug tore the whole top left side of my head off with such a finality, the world ended in whiteness with no residual sense of falling.

My head was in a fish bag, in a fetid closure of stink, laced with engine oil. My hand was far off, around a corner, down another street, indifferent to the master's demands. *So if you won't come*, I told it, *wiggle a finger*. It wiggled a finger. Try the other hand. The right hand. The good one. But that is *im*possible, *en*tirely. Cleaved I am, from crown to crotch, the right half discarded, wound fitted with Plexiglas so they can see all the moving parts in there, all the little visceral pumps and pulses.

The rebel hand floated up and came drifting, unseen, all the way back, caught upon something, pushed, and the fish bag was gone. I lay in a black fresh wash of air, looked at two moons riding, two half moons absolutely identical. Well now. That *is* unusual. Each star had a twin, in the same relationship as were the twin moons. I struggled with a concept of duality, something which, could I but grasp it and put it into coherency, would alter the whole future of mankind. But some nagging little worry kept intruding. A graveyard slab was over me, tilting. Two of them, one merging into the other. The slab became two white leathery backs of a front seat, merged in the same way, and by deduction I established that I was on the rear floor of a car. Suddenly it was Boone Waxwell's car, and I was dead. I put my hand up to find out how I died. It felt very bad up there, and very tall. All cakes and torn meat. Stickiness and miscellany which could not be me. I tried to find the other half of myself. The hand, more docile and obedient, went a-searching. It found dull dead meat, and I thought someone was tucked in there with me. But when I prodded it and squeezed it, there was a deep and muffled sensitivity announcing itself as my right arm. The edge of the stinking tarp came flapping down over my face, and I pushed it down and away. Dead was one thing. Becoming crab food was a further unpleasantness. The fellow was certainly casual about it. Kill me, dump me in his car, throw a tarp over me, take care of the body when he found the time. But if the body happened to be gone . . .

I found the release on the rear door. I shoved with my good leg. I slid over the sill, forcing the door open. I pushed until my shoulders were over the sill, but my head hung down. I got the good hand under the back of my head, lifted, shoved again, and slid out until my shoulders were on the turf, hips still up on the sill. Two more shoves and my hips fell onto the ground. Then I could push against the outside of the car with the good leg. The dead leg followed me out. Rolling over required careful planning, proper shifting of dead parts into positions where leverage would work. Twice I got up to the balance point and the third time I flopped over.

I rested, and with the help of my hand, got my head up to take a look. Two of everything. Far things doubled. Close things were two things merged into each other. Blinking did no good. I was between his convertible and the side of the carport. I began to wonder if I might not be entirely dead. The scrubby land out back would be over there. Worry about the fence when I got to it. If I got to it. *Get to back corner of carport, turn left. Go along back wall of carport and house. Come to cage. Turn right. Go along edge of cage, then straight out across yard.*

In a little while I found a method of locomotion. Roll onto the dead side, stay propped up by pressure of left hand against ground. Bring left knee up as far as I could get it. Use leg as brace and reach as far ahead as possible with left hand. Dig fingers into soil. Then pull with hand, and push with edge of left shoe, and slide on the dead side. Not quite dead. It began to tingle in a very unpleasant way. Pins and needles. But it wouldn't respond. Five or six good efforts took my own length. I awarded myself a rest at the end of each McGee-

## BRIGHT ORANGE SHROUD (continued)

length. Four rests brought me to the carport corner. Four more rests and I was halfway to the cage. A long time had passed since he had shot me in the head. There was but one light in the house. I was rustling the half-dead leaves of the plantings too loudly. At least I was in moon-shade on the back side of the house.

I stopped for a rest, face down in moist grass. Very close by, too close. Boo Waxwell spoke to me. It was half whisper, half articulated—in a dreadful, intimate, teasing jocularity.

I couldn't understand what he said. I waited for a footstep, for the end of the silencer against the nape of my neck.

He spoke again, half questioning. But the words were still blurred. Wheedling words, making a mockery of supplication. And then a voice answered him. A drained voice, thin and weary and hopeless. Unmistakably the voice of Vivian Watts.

With great caution I turned my head and looked at the side of the house. I was not eighteen inches from sliding glass doors. They were open. There was darkness of a room behind the screening. The voices came from there. My impulse was to go thrashing off like a wounded bug. Instead I calmed myself and moved with an intricate caution. I heard the voice tones behind me, the male jokings, the female whines, from the darkness. Little by little the insect sounds of the night, the small sounds of birds, of wind in the fronds, screened and obliterated the sound of their voices. My dead side had turned to agony—pins and needles changing to an ache which increased with every pressure. Somehow I wormed my way over the fence, that impassable fence about two feet high, and just when I had decided it would be nice to settle down and go to sleep in the palmettos, Arthur came thrashing and stumbling along and nearly stepped on me. I was vastly irritated with him. I tried to tell him so. But something was loose, sloppy and wrong about one side of my mouth.

He felt his way to me. "I . . . I thought you were dead."

"You . . . could be right."

He couldn't carry me. It was not the kind of terrain to drag people across. We got me up, with fumbling clumsiness, dead arm across his shoulders, his left arm around my waist, my dead leg dangling and thumping along between us. It seemed high up there. Like the edge of a roof. And he'd almost lose me when we'd get off balance. He braced and heaved and I managed little hops on the good leg. Several weeks later, we came to the car. During the final fifty feet I was able to swing the dead leg forward, sense the ground under it, lock the knee and lurch forward. He fumbled me into the passenger side of the front seat. I slumped. He went around and opened the door and got halfway in and stopped. The courtesy light shone down on me. I rolled my head and looked at him. The double image merged into one and separated again. Double or single, he wore a look of horror.

"My God!" he said in a thin high voice.

"Get in and close the door. He shot me in the head." I spoke slowly to make the right half of my mouth behave. "It isn't supposed to make it pretty."

Anxiety made him breathe hard. "I got to get you to a doctor. . . ."

"Hold it! How much time's gone by?"

"Since you . . . It's quarter of two."

"Took you long enough."

"Trav, please try to understand. I . . . I went after you a long time ago, when you didn't come back, I sneaked over there. I couldn't hear anything. I didn't know what to do. And all of a sudden he came around the side of the house, in sort of a springy little trot, grunting with effort and he . . . he had you over his shoulder. He went through a patch of light. Your . . . arms and head were dangling and bouncing all loose and dead. And . . . he trotted to his car and stopped short and gave a heave and you fell into the car, in back. He didn't open a door or anything. You made such a thud, such a dead thud. He stood there humming to himself. He opened the trunk and got something out and leaned into the car, apparently covering you up. Then he went back into the house. Lights started going out. I heard a woman sobbing like her heart was breaking. I . . . couldn't make myself go to you. Please understand. I ran to the car and started up to Palm City to get Chookie like you said. I went very fast, and then I went slower and slower. I pulled off the road. I tried to come back. I couldn't. I went all the way to the marina, but I stopped outside the gates. I'd have to tell her what happened. I'd say it was the only thing I could do. But it wasn't. She'd know that. I couldn't face her. So I turned around and came back looking for you. Trav . . . is he gone?"

"He's still there."

"How did you . . . get to where I found you?"

"I crawled. Arthur, you came back. Hang onto that. It can be worth something to you. You came back."

"Aren't we waiting too long?" he said. "I should put you in the hospital and call the police."

"You have a very conventional approach. Shut up."

When I had it worked out, I had him drive beyond the last house. I emptied the pistol into the ground. On the way back to the hospital, I coached him.

It was a slow night. I got all kinds of attention. Everybody wanted a look at my head. Everybody wanted to ask questions about how I felt. It was a trim, cheery little hospital. I told them I felt mentally alert, not in great pain, and with the numbness symptom steadily decreasing, and double vision gone entirely. They took pictures. A young redheaded doctor came and told me how lucky I was. The slug had hit right at the hairline at just the right angle to graze the skull, travel under the scalp a way, then rip on out and keep going. The impact had stunned and deadened the synapses on that side—the nerve functions. No evidence of bleeding in there, but they wanted to keep me a day or so to be certain. They had prepped the wound and stitched it up and put a dressing on it. They have to report gunshot wounds. The deputy came, a bored man with tired feet, and talked to both of us. Arthur did well. He lied very earnestly. Yes sir, the car had overheated and we had stopped maybe ten miles east of Naples to let it cool. He went to see if he could find a phone and make a call. No luck. When he got back I was on the ground with the gun beside me. I took over then and explained how I had gotten bored, fired it a few times. The clip ejector jammed. I'd held it carelessly to try to work it loose. Thought the clip was empty. Pretty stupid, officer.

He checked the gun, found that the clip ejector *did* stick. It always had. He wrote in his notebook, agreed it was pretty stupid and said I was pretty lucky.

Ten minutes later, I had a horrified, protesting Arthur helping me escape from the hospital. At least they had cleaned me up. And he acted as if he was going to cry when I made him drive us back to the Watts' house.

"But how can you . . . ?"

"Arthur, you will be orderly and agreeable and stop twitching. I want you near me. I want you to stay near me. Because I am highly nervous. And if I stop making sense, or my speech goes bad, or my leg and arm go bad again, hurry me back there so they can saw a little round hole in my head. Otherwise, try to imagine I might know what I'm doing, because I'm too pooped to argue. And pray my hunch is wrong. What time is it?"

"Five something. Chook will be . . ."

"Hush!"

As we turned onto Clematis, I looked over the first paleness in the east. The dark trees and houses had begun to acquire third dimensions as the first candlepower of Wednesday touched them.

The Watts house was lighted up again, almost completely. The big white convertible was gone.

"Turn into the drive."

He parked it. We went around the side of the house. Waxwell had taken off with typical flair, wheels digging deep gouges in the lawn.

I tried the outside screen door of the cage. It was latched on the inside. As I wondered whether it was worth trying to call her I smelled, adrift in the predawn stillness, a faint cordite odor. I said, "When we're in the house, don't touch a thing unless I tell you. Stay away from the front windows of the house. Squat low if you hear a car."

I put a knee through the screen, ripping it. I reached through, unlatched it, and, when we were inside, smeared the metal handle where I had touched it with the palm of my hand. The odor was stronger in the living room. The television set emitted a constant light, the random snow pattern after broadcasting is over. The odor was stronger. Crane Watts had slid down between chair and hassock, half sitting, head canted back on the chair seat. His face was unnaturally fat, his eyes wide, pushed out by pressure behind them. It was a moment or two before I found the point of entry, the charred ear hole. I wondered if she remembered who had given her that idea. It was a typical result, all the bulge of hydrostatic pressure, plus that one great reflex which had spasmed him off the chair.

I heard gagging behind me and saw Arthur with his back to the body, hunched over, hands to his mouth. I bumped him, saying, "Not in here, you damn fool!"

He controlled himself. I had him wait out in the screened cage. I hobbled into the kitchen and, with my thumbnail, turned the lights off. It's what they so often do in the night. Maybe a forlorn desire to keep the darkness back. But if they could turn on all the lights in the world, it wouldn't help them. I knew where I'd probably find her. She was in the empty tub, and had slid almost flat, head over on her shoulder. She wore a floor-length orange housecoat, with white collar and cuffs, buttoned neatly and completely from throat to hem. It had been a good vibrant color for her. She had fixed her hair, made up her mouth. The dark stain between her breasts and slightly to the left was teacup size, irregular, with one small area of wetness remaining. I put the back of my hand against her calm forehead, but felt no warmth. The weapon, a .22 caliber Colt Woodsman with a target barrel, lay against her body, the butt under her right wrist. She was barefoot. Though she had fixed herself up for dying, there were marks she could not conceal, swollen lips, blue bruise on the cheek and a long scratch on the throat.

I sat on the edge of the tub. Dishonor before death. And more effective with that popgun than she would ever know. Two shots, even with the barrel against the target, seldom kill two people. Her death was not as messy as her husband's. Heart wounds give a tidier result. To prove a guess, I went to the shower stall. The soap was moist. There were water droplets on the shower walls. A big damp yellow towel was folded neatly on a rack. So, after she heard Boone Waxwell drive off, she had dragged herself in and taken a shower. Dry off. Go take the pretty housecoat from the closet and put it on. Sit at your dressing table and fix your hair and your bruised mouth. The mind is numb. Get up and walk through the house, room to room, turning on the lights. Stop and look at the snoring husband. Breadwinner, mate, protector. Reach deep for the rationalizations. Let the police handle it. Turn him in.

"Now let me get this straight, Mrs. Watts. Waxwell was there from ten something last night until two or three this morning? And you claim that during that time, during the whole time, your husband was sound asleep in front of the television set? And Waxwell was a business associate of your husband's? And you had met him before? And he left his car parked here, a very conspicuous car, all that time?"

So she paces and tries to think clearly, and she knows that if she does nothing, Waxwell will be back. Next week or next month, he will be back, as he promised he would.

So she paces and stops to look at the sleeping husband. . . .

I found the note on her dressing table. Her personal stationery, monogrammed. A downhill scrawl with an eyeshadow pencil. "God forgive me. There is no other choice left. My husband was asleep and felt nothing. Sincerely, Vivian Harney Watts."

On the other side of the room, beyond the plundered bed, the lowest drawer of his chest of drawers was open. Cartridges a-spill from a red and green cardboard box. Extra clip. Little kit with gun oil and collapsible cleaning rod. The shells were medium longs, hollow-point. So, with luck, the one she used on herself might not have gone through her to chip or stain the tub. I went back in and cupped the nape of her neck and pulled her up far enough to see. The back of the orange housecoat was unmarked. I made my gimpy, hitching way out to the screened cage.

"She's dead too. I have some things to do. I'll try to make it fast."

"D-do you need help?"

I told him *no*. I went back and looked for Waxwell signs. He would not go without leaving some trace. Like a dog, he would mark the boundaries of the new area he had claimed. But I found nothing, decided I needed nothing. First, on a table by the bedroom door, I made a little pile of things to take away. The note, the gun, the other things from the drawer that belonged with the gun. By the time I had gotten her half out of the tub, I wished I could depend on Arthur to help me with this sort of grisly problem. She was a very solid woman. She had not begun to stiffen. Death gave her a ponderous weight. Finally I was on my feet with her in my arms. Her dead forehead lolled over to rest against the side of my chin. Carefully bracing the bad leg, and willing the bad arm to carry its share, I hobbled into the bedroom with her. I put her on the bed. Out across the back yard the morning was new and gray. I closed the draperies. She was on her back on the bed. I grasped the hem of the housecoat and with one hard wrench tore it open to the waist. Fabric ripped, and the small white buttons rattled off the walls and ceiling. She lay in a dead abandon, her body visibly bruised. Begging silent forgiveness, I tousled the black hair and, with my thumb, smeared the fresh lipstick on her dead mouth. She had gotten all prettied up to die. In the bedroom lights I could see little segments of dark blue iris where the lids were not quite closed. *Sorry I ruined the housecoat. Sorry they'll see you like this, Vivian. But you'll like the way it works out. I promise you, honey. They'll pretty you up again for burying. But not in orange. That's a color to be alive in. To be in love in. To smile in. They won't bury you in it.*

I tipped the dressing table bench over. Using a tissue, I picked up a jar of face cream and cracked the dressing table mirror. I turned the other lights out, left just one of the twin lamps on the dressing table on, and shoved the shade crooked so that it shone toward her, making highlights and deep shadows on the tumble of dead woman.

The stuff from the table I crammed into my pockets. I left one light on in the living room, a corner lamp with an opaque shade. Day was beginning to weaken the lights. With my thumbnail I turned the sound control on the television until the hiss of non-broadcast was loud. We left.

"What did you do?" he asked.

"She didn't live long enough to have her chance to decoy him off his place. I've given her a chance to do it dead."

I had him stop just north of the city, in a red sunrise. at a night-lighted gas station with public curbside phone booth. For the night deskman at the police sta-

tion I became a conscience-stricken dog-walker, a tourist who had driven to a sparse residential section to walk his dog, and, hours ago, had heard a woman screaming, had heard it stop abruptly with what had sounded almost like a shot, had then made a mental note of the street name, the makes of the cars parked there, the license numbers. Thought later it was a television program turned too loud. But it kept bothering me. So I was phoning it in. Didn't want to get mixed up in anything. Maybe they could check. I hung up as he was asking more questions. But he had written the information down. The world began to tilt. It could be the wound, or the physical exhaustion, or the emotional exhaustion. But this was no time or place for the girlish vapors. I grabbed the world by its convenient handles and set it squarely back on its legs and walked back to the car. Arthur made a tentative suggestion about the hospital. I bared my fangs and he headed north. I gave him a few necessary instructions about important details.

Chook woke me at twenty minutes before noon, as I had asked. They had me in the master stateroom.

"How's your hand?" Arthur asked.

"Better. Just weak. The leg too."

"Chookie's been coming in every half hour to see if you looked all right," Arthur said.

"And you don't look so great," she said. "Head ache?"

I touched the dressing, lightly. "It's not an ache. It's a one-inch drill bit. It makes a quarter turn every time my heart beats. How about that target pistol?"

"It was too rough to go outside the pass in the dinghy," Arthur said earnestly. "I got as far as the middle of the pass and dropped it there. OK?"

"That's just fine, Arthur."

Chook said, "I guess . . . you didn't know you were going to walk into anything so rough." I interpreted the appeal in her eyes.

"Damned glad I took you with me, Arthur. Chook, between us we managed."

"I was nearly out of my mind! Trav, I'm still scared. I mean, it could go wrong, couldn't it? If they can catch him and he can prove he didn't? And maybe somebody saw you and you didn't see him. Now there's no way to prove she killed him and herself, is there?"

"Waxwell killed them both. He didn't pull the trigger. He killed them. And if his slug had hit me a sixteenth of an inch lower . . . Wish I could have seen his face when he looked into the back end of that car. They'll find enough to prove he was in the house."

I shooed them out, got into a robe and joined them in the lounge. I found I could manage an inconspicuous gait, if I kept it slow and stately. I turned on the radio and got the local news.

"This morning state, county and other law enforcement officials are cooperating in a massive manhunt for Boone Waxwell of Goodland, wanted for questioning in connection with the assault murder of housewife Vivian Watts of Naples and the murder of her husband, Crane Watts, a Naples attorney. Based on an anonymous tip from a passerby who heard screams and what could have been a shot emanating from the thirty-thousand-dollar home on a quiet residential street in Naples in the small hours of the morning, city police investigated at dawn and found Mr. Watts dead in the living room of a small caliber bullet wound in the head, and Mrs. Watts in the bedroom, the scene of a violent struggle, shot through the heart. The anonymous tipster gave police the tag number and description of a car he saw parked in the side yard at the time of the shot he heard, and the car has been identified as belonging to Boone Waxwell, Everglades fishing guide, who for some years has been living alone in a cottage a mile west of the village of Goodland.

"When county police arrived at the Waxwell cottage this morning, they found the car reported as having been at the scene of the crime. Waxwell has another vehicle, a Land Rover, and a fast inboard launch on a trailer. The truck and boat trailer are missing, and a search of all waterfront areas is now under way. Goodland residents say Waxwell kept to himself and did not welcome visitors. They said he has ample funds, but could not say how he had acquired them. Waxwell is thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old, 5 foot 11, a hundred and ninety pounds, blue eyes, black curly hair, very powerful, and believed to be armed and dangerous. On forcing entrance to his cottage, police found quantities of arms and ammunition.

"The preliminary medical opinion is that Mrs. Watts, an attractive twenty-eight-year-old brunette, was criminally assaulted prior to her death. Waxwell apparently forced a screened door which opened onto the patio in the rear of the house. Time of death is estimated for both husband and wife as occurring between 2 and 4 A.M. this morning. Mrs. Watts will be remembered as one of the better amateur tennis players on the lower west coast. A friend of the family, not identified by the police, hearing of the double murder reported that on Monday Mrs. Watts had complained about her husband being annoyed by Boone Waxwell over some business matter. Crane Watts was the attorney for a land syndicate operation last year in which Waxwell had a minor interest.

"Authorities, believing Waxwell may have gone back into the wilderness areas of the Ten Thousand Islands, are organizing an air search using the facilities of the Coast Guard, the National Park Service and the Civil Air Patrol. It is believed that . . . Here is a flash which has just come in. The English truck and the boat trailer have just been found in deep brush near Caxambas, adjacent to a shelving beach often used by local fishermen for launching trailered boats. The effort to hide the vehicle and trailer indicates that Waxwell sought to conceal his avenue of escape. This station will issue further bulletins as received."

I snapped it off.

"I wish they'd get him," Chook said.

"They will," I told her. "What we have to sweat out is whether he dug up the money and took it along. I doubt it. Figure it this way. By the time Arthur got me back to the car, it was quarter of two. So, considering the estimated time of death, let's assume that he must have left soon after that. He thought he had a body in the car to get rid of before daylight. He had scared her or tricked her into admitting I was coming to see her at eleven. So he ambushed me. I must have fallen like a dead man and looked like a dead man. He thought I'd be safe in the car while he was with the woman. So, not long after we drove away, he walked out past the snoring husband, and found the body gone. He wouldn't believe I'd gotten up and walked away. It shook him. So his response would be to clear out until he could find out what had happened. We'll put him back at the cottage at three. Pack grub and gear, lock up, trailer the boat to Caxambas, launch it, and by four he'd be scooting southeast. By first light he could be way up in Big Lostman's Bend country, setting up camp on some hammock back there. Why should he take the cash along? I saw the radio rig in that boat. It's a good one. He'd listen to Naples to see if my missing body had appeared anywhere. What does he get? News of a big manhunt for Boone Waxwell, wanted for double murder. *Now* he wishes he had all the money, knowing it's his only chance to go far enough and fast enough. So we get to it first."

It was four o'clock that afternoon before we drove through Goodland and turned into the shell road leading to Boone Waxwell's shoddy castle. The delay was probably fortunate. The news media had a full day to come locusting around and exhaust all possibilities of

an empty house where, after all, nothing had happened. In Naples the spooks would be standing and staring at the death house.

We'd had to make certain purchases: I had coached my team on how to react to all probabilities we might encounter.

We encountered one dusty official sedan parked there, and one huge bored young deputy, who said there was nobody allowed. I said we were the people from *Newswork* and he'd gotten clearance on us. He said he hadn't, but he'd check. Chook beamed such humid approval at him, he had trouble finding his way to his car radio. And it didn't work, of course. I had brought along some little hastily made gadgets—lengths of inconspicuous hookup wire with each end soldered to small permanent magnets. With only one car there we needed only one. You ground the aerial, near the base, to the car body, and it's so easy you can flip it on as you brush by the car. He said he'd have to drive into town and check by phone. As he was about to order us to follow him in, Chook purred at him, saying she would love to make a call too, could she ride in with him? He swallowed, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, ordered us not to touch anything, and made off with her.

We opened the trunk, got our gear and set to work. I was making the assumption that if Boo let his fat girlfriend do his housecleaning, the money was buried near the house. I didn't know how much time we had. We used two sharpened lengths of reinforcing rod. Behind the shed, between the shed and the trees, it was Arthur who noticed small areas where the grass seemed greener. Kneeling by one, I saw that it was ryegrass, a quick cover for raw earth. A rod pushed into the center of the first patch hit something solid about eighteen inches deep.

When we heard the drone of the car returning through the airless heat, we hustled the gear into the trunk. The pieces of sod had been replaced. Arthur looked at his earth-stained hands, then put them in his pockets. We were lounging in the shade when the car arrived. Chook hopped out, complaining loudly and bitterly. "The office didn't even *phone* them! We can't get *permission* even."

I snagged my little gadget off the aerial as I walked to our car. A hundred yards down the road Chook said, "I tried. Believe me, I tried. Darn it all! He's one of those reliable types. He wouldn't even stop for a beer. *Now* what do we do?"

"Get the hell out of here with my sixty thousand dollars," Arthur answered.

"Six packets," I said. "Three happy holes in the ground. Screwtop jars, two packets in each. And three empty holes, where bank withdrawals had been made." Suddenly we were all wheezing and roaring with laughter which came to a sudden end when Chook's turned to unexpected tears. Celebrations which relate to murder are too frail to last long.

We agreed unanimously to make a night run south. The Gulf was calm. I could take it way out, put it on pilot at slow cruise, fold my frailties into the sack while they shared wheel watches. Chook wanted to make it nonstop all the way back to Bahia Mar. I realized that in the morning I could get in touch with the Marco kid through the marine operator and tell him where to pick up his *Ratfink* and promise to send him money to cover the expense of going to get it. But Arthur asked, humbly, if we could make just one stop. At Everglades City. He wanted to go see the Dunnings—Sam and Leafy and the kids—thank them, give them some of the money and . . . pick up his carpenter tools. After all . . . he'd bought them out of his pay . . . used them . . .

Chook grabbed him, gave him a hearty kiss and said it was one stop we certainly would make. So off we went. The money was in the safe forward. A good man could open it in an hour with the right tools. But it would take three better men to find it in the first place.

And so, in the middle of a bright Thursday, the last and most beautiful day of May, we chugged through the marked channel between the islands north of Pavilion Key, crossed Chokoloskee Bay, went a little way up the Barron River and moored at the big dock at the Rod and Gun Club. Arthur stood at the bow, handling the lines. Though still too lean, he was beginning to look fit. And furtiveness was gone. He could look right at you, as in the pre-Wilma days.

He located friends, cadged a ride to

## BRIGHT ORANGE SHROUD (continued)

Chokoloskee, went eagerly off while we had lunch at the Rod and Gun, gigantic stone crab claws. We waited aboard for him. On radio news we heard that a Coast Guard chopper had made a tentative identification of Waxwell's boat about thirty miles south of us, a little way up the Clark River from Ponce de Leon Bay. It ducked under the trees. A fast launch was heading into the area.

I napped. They let me sleep until seven. Arthur had come back long before, the forty dollars worth of tools stowed as if they were all by Cellini.

We headed back on out toward the Gulf, toward a burnt orange line of sunset. Chook, in holiday mood, brought the helmsman a drink. She found big music on the FM system and turned it loud. She and Arthur were below. She was fixing what she promised would be a gourmet adventure.

In deceptive dusk light, in the winding, often narrow channel between the mangrove islands, I suddenly heard Chook scream, the music almost smothering it.

I saw something out of the corner of my eye, turned, saw the empty white boat moving astern of us—turning slowly as we passed it. The boat I had seen on the trailer in Boone Waxwell's yard.

I yanked the twin lever into reverse, gave the engines one hard burst to lay *The Flush* dead in the water, shifted into neutral. I grabbed the fish killer, the billy club near the wheel. I forgot the unreliable leg. When I hit the lower deck it crumpled and spilled me. I scrabbled up and went in the after door to the lounge, into the full blast of the music and lounge lights. Arthur was staring at Chookie McCall standing in the other doorway with Boone grinning over her white silk shoulder. She looked scared and angry. Boone's arm went up, metal picking up a gleam from the galley brightness beyond him. It smashed down on the crown of her dark head, and her face went blank as she fell forward face down landing half in and half out of the lounge.

Arthur, with a groan audible over the music, charged at the muzzle of the revolver Boone had clubbed her with. Boone squatted and put the muzzle against the back of Chook's head and grinned at him. Arthur skidded to a clumsy halt and backed away. Waxwell shifted the revolver to his left hand, put his right hand to his belt, unsheathed the hidden limber blade. He slid the blade under her throat. Arthur backed further. Waxwell aimed the gun at me and made a gesture of command. I tossed the fish club onto the yellow couch.

"Cut the music off!" Waxwell yelled.

I turned it off. The only sound was the idling rumble of the diesels.

"McGee, you want your bilges to pump pink for the next three months, nobody gets cute. You go topside and keep this barge off'n the stubs. Ease on back to my boat, very gentle. If you can transmit from topside, I'll hear your power generator whine, and I'll slice her gullet wide open. Arthur, boy, you get you a boat hook and fish up my bow line and make it fast when we come up on it, hear? Now *move*!"

He'd been tucked back into some little bayou under overhanging mangrove, had come out in a fast curve from abeam to the starboard side, amidships, cut his engine, grabbed the rail, come in through the doorway onto the side deck to take Chook unawares in the galley.

I eased away from an island, turned the houseboat slowly, within its own length, picked up the white boat with my spotlight.

When we reached it, I looked back and saw Arthur get the line and bend it around a transom cleat.

"Now you go on just like before," Waxwell bawled to me below. Keep it in your mind buster boy, I can run this bucket myself, so be real nice. Arthur get back in here!"

Arthur went below. I kept to the channel. I thought of fifty splendid ideas. Each one of them would leave Chook shrunken, bleached and dead. I had left Boo with nothing to lose.

When we were out of the channel and into the Gulf, Boo took Chookie out to the stern deck. He had lashed her hands behind her. She stood slumped and listless, head bowed, dark hair a-spill. He kept a companionable hand on her shoulder, the slender knife in that same hand. At Waxwell's instruction, Arthur hoisted all of Boo's gear out of the small boat, up onto my stern deck. He opened the sea cock. As it filled, the weight affected my steering. When the gunnels were awash, Boo leaned and sliced the tow line. Astern it showed a final white gleam and went down. At his orders I gave it a southwest heading at high cruise, put it on pilot and joined them below. He lounged on the yellow couch beside Chook. "Does beat all, don't it now?" he said mildly. "Figured to hole up where I could get me an outboard cabin cruiser with a good range and full tanks, plant them yacht club types on the Gulf bottom, sooner or later, depending on how ugly the womenfolk were. And here you come, McGee, in this thing I heard was anchored for a time there at Roy Cannon Island. Small world, McGee. Coulda swore you were dripping brains when I toted you to the car. Look at ol' Arthur there. Give you the ice-cold sweats, don't I, boy?" He put a rough hand under Chook's chin, lifting and turning her face. "Honey, you're the *nice* surprise. Reminds me a little of a very dear friend. She died right recent." Chook endured him. She seemed half conscious. He let go of her, smiled at me. "Hell, I figured it out, McGee."

"Congratulations."

"You teamed up with Cal Stebber to find out what happened to Wilma and the money she had with her. Now that Cal is a smart man. He got you carted off to get patched up, come back, shot them two dead and phoned in my car license to lay it onto me so's I'd get run off and he could come hunt the money at my place. But as you can plainly see, he didn't figure on the Boo Waxwell luck. It holds up right good, even to bringing me a nice new pussycat. Awful quiet one though." He patted her shoulder.

"Did you kill Wilma?" Arthur asked with a dreadful intensity.

Boo looked pained. "Now boy, I didn't mean to do nothing like that, but if I'd knowed aforehand how much money she had with her, I can't say it wouldn't have entered my mind. That little woman just got too feisty one day, calling names and carrying on, so I give her pretty little throat just a little bit of a tweak with my thumb and finger. To shut her up. Her eyes bugged and her little chest started pumping hard and her face got dark red and she thrashed around some, then she was still, with her tongue all swole and sticking out. She's up the Chatham River, boy, in a deep hole in Chevelier Bay, her and her pretties wired real good to an old busted anchor. Speaking of that, boy, I'm going to have need of more wire. And pliers. And some heavy things. No need keeping you two around to tell you how smart I am. We'll get it over with right soon. Kindest thing I can do. Then me and this big sleepy pussycat are going outside around Key West, and a dark night I'll turn for Cuba. I'll make it there and maybe pussycat here will too, if by then she's turned real smart."

Suddenly, Arthur rushed him. Arthur gave me no chance to help. I saw the dip and flex of Boo's powerful shoulder as he came up off the couch. I heard the meat-smack and saw Arthur go reeling back, rebound off the bulkhead and land on hands and knees with ruined mouth.

"Be quieter after you two go swimming," Boo said. He turned to Chook, deftly sliced the scrap of line with which he had lashed her wrists. He pulled the revolver out of his belt. "Sleepytime, you go see if you can find wire, toolbox, that kind of stuff. See if you can stay awake

long enough. You don't get back here quick, I'll shoot your two little heroes right where it'll sting real bad."

She stood up, slowly rubbing her wrists. He gave her a little push to get her started. She looked bad. I guessed it was a concussion, traumatic amnesia, and she had only the vaguest idea of what was going on around her. And the way it looked, perhaps that was the most charitable thing which could have happened to her. She drifted slowly out of the lounge. I heard a gentle rain begin.

"You could set us adrift in the dinghy, Waxwell," I said.

He yawned. "Sure. And I could fly like a water turkey if'n I had feathers instead a hair. Get you two lashed up then I check this thing over good before I dunk you. Case I got any questions."

Arthur slumped on a chair. His mouth was bleeding. I was trying to visualize the coastal configurations on the chart. I had taken the only bit of leeway he had given me. We'd been perhaps four miles out when he'd had me put it on automatic pilot, on a southwest heading. I had turned it just as much as I dared, praying he wouldn't notice, locked it onto a heading a few points east of south. I didn't know if it was enough. The coast drops away. If he stayed away from the instrument panel long enough, maybe we would get to shallow water. ram hard aground at high cruise. With all her weight, *The Flush* would hit hard. I was thankful for the rain. I silently begged Chook to take her time.

But she came too soon, trudging slowly and heavily, her face dull and blank. She carried a coil of line cord in one hand and my biggest pair of wire cutters in the other.

"Hustle a little, pussycat," he complained, holding his hand out. She took two more scuffling strides, then hurled the cutters at his face. Quick and violent as she was, Boo was quicker. They whirred past his ear, but she caught him across the face with a full swing of the coil of wire, and, roaring, he rolled off the couch, gun in one hand, knife in the other, poised and balanced, backing and turning to get us all in view and keep us in view. By then I was in midair, my shoulder driving at his knees, but he spun like a very good halfback and, as he did so, took a slash at Chook with the knife. Only her dancer's reflexes saved her as she sprang back, curving her body, pulling her stomach away from the lethal glint. I rolled up into a squat. Arthur was lifting a heavy pottery ash tray.

I was closest to him. He turned the gun toward me, and I read the end of McGee in his eyes. There were going to be no more chances. Ever.

There was a hollow thump, and then a horrible smashing, thudding, grinding, ripping. noise, with the bow going up, canting, slowing so abruptly we were all staggered. Thirty-eight tons of momentum. And Arthur, still staggering, hurled the ash tray at Waxwell. Sensing movement, Boone whirled to fire. The broad dimension of the ash tray hit the hand and the pistol as Boone was swinging it around. The heavy pottery broke into a dozen fragments and the pistol went spinning toward Chook's feet. She pounced on it and came up with it, aimed it in both hands, eyes squinched, head turned away from the expected explosion. It made one deafening bam in the enclosed space. Boone tried to run behind Arthur, but ran right into the chair I threw at him. Another wild bam from the pistol in the hands of the very earnest girl sent him running out onto the afterdeck. The diesels were still laboring, trying to shove *The Flush* all the way up a mangrove island. He ran and swarmed up the ladderway to the sun deck. I started after him. Chook braced herself on the tilt of deck and fired up at him. The forward twenty feet of *The Flush* was wedged up into the mangrove tangle. When he ran across the sun deck, I ran across the afterdeck, nearly knocking Arthur overboard.

I got around the corner in time to see him make his leap into the black water, a dozen feet short of the shoreline. He jumped high and wide to clear just where the bright galley lights shone out the port, silvering the water. Instead of a great splash, he stopped with a horrid abruptness, the waterline still a few inches below his belt. He remained right there, strangely erect, silent, head thrown back, cords bulging his neck. I thought he had wedged himself into shallow mud. But he was moving back and forth, a strange sway like a man in a treetop. He made a ghastly sound, like someone trying to yell in a whisper. He held his hands out toward us, opened his mouth wide and made the same eerie sound once more. Then he bowed slowly to us and lay face down in the water. As he floated free, slowly there reappeared, still affixed, the dead root system far below—an inch or so of the dark rotted end of the stub upon which he had burst himself.

An hour later, unbelievably, we were on our way. Instead of holes the size of Volkswagens, the hull was relatively undamaged. The tough mangrove trunks had been parted by the bow, had rubbed along the flair. Screws and shafts had stayed in water deep enough for them. With alternate bursts of the diesel I had worked it off, swinging the stern from side to side. I charted our position with the RDF and figured a course.

Chook wanted Arthur close to her every moment. "What if they don't find him?" she kept asking.

"I pulled him beyond the high tide line. I spread-eagled him face down. There're no branches above him. They'll find him, believe me."

And they did. We heard it on the Coast Guard frequency not long after sunrise, right after Arthur and I had finished going through the dead man's gear and jettisoning all of it except the ninety-one brand-new hundred dollar bills in serial sequence—folded in plastic and tucked under the clothing in his duffle bag. After that she was able to stop worrying and concentrate on staring at Arthur with a total devotion. I decided that if my guess were right, my half of the unexpected nine thousand would make a very gaudy wedding present.

The guess came true on the Fourth of July, and the beach picnic reception—hamburgers and champagne—had all the promise of becoming legend in those parts. In fact, I didn't get back to *The Flush* until ten on the morning of the fifth, some fifteen hours after the bride and groom had taken off in a blizzard of rice and confetti. I came floating back in a condition of unreality and bemusement.

Debra sat in the afterdeck shade, and came smiling to her feet as I blundered aboard. Miss Debra Brown with green mint eyes aglow with mischief and promise. She stood graceful and slender in high fashion gray, and said, "Calvin sends greetings, dear Travis. No, this isn't recruitment, darling. You see, I have a little time off due me and there was this contest, three words or less, who would you most like to visit during your vacation. You *won*, dear!"

There are all kinds of temptation. This was a compelling elegance. Even the luggage was first-class. As Wilma's had been. Headwaiters would bow low and unhook the velvet rope for this one.

"I could take quite a lot of time off," she said.

"You won another contest. You picked the right word. Off. Off the boat, lady."

She smiled and shook her head. "You *can't* mean it."

In the later afternoon, after I had gotten up, I went down into the bilge to do some more work in preparation for the islands. In a little while the wrench slipped and I barked the hide off three knuckles. I sat down there in the greasy heat like a big petulant baby, sucking my knuckles, remembering the indignation she had expressed with the rigidity of her back as she had walked away down the dock, carrying her two pieces of beautiful luggage. Sometimes you can live up to your own image. Usually it's out of reach. But you keep trying. And taking off bits of hide along the way. THE END

# Who Takes Care of the Children?

*Rialto, California*: Tell me and many other mothers and homemakers: Who—but who—takes care of these career women's children ("Working Women 1965," January)? Where in our American economy can career women find an educated housekeeper to substitute for them as a mother? As an interested reader I have yet to find an article which includes how and where these career women find qualified and trustworthy persons to care for such precious little people. My personal experience with child and household help has left me with the opinion that they are of the lowest intellect and training for management of a home. Finally, a college graduate trained in child psychology has no desire to seek a job running another woman's home.

—YOLANDA VOUGHT

*Akron, Ohio*: I have just finished reading the article "Working Women 1965" and agree heartily with Betty Friedan. To give you background on my feelings is the enclosed personal story written as therapy several years ago.

I have since found that it is the *quality* of the amount of time in relationship spent with a child, in my case with my daughter Samuella, rather than the quantity of the time. I found I spent more time with my daughter, even though I was teaching, than some mothers who stayed home all day, and I stopped feeling guilty about it. It was necessity that brought me into the field of education when my husband Samuel died of cancer of the liver. Within six months' time I was a bride, a prospective mother and a widow. So death closed one door and opened the door to education. I have completed both my B.S. and M.A. in Elementary Education, am presently working on my doctorate. I studied the English schools in London last year; this summer, the New Delhi schools in India. I am writing my thesis on both experiences under the title. "English Changes in Education" (since India received her independence from England). Also, I received a letter from the White House staff in response to the President's call for outstanding women for high-level positions in the Federal government. "Talent search for womanpower" by President Johnson is an answer to the future of women in America.

—MRS. MARY J. BECKER
PRESIDENT AKRON BRANCH
ASSOCIATION FOR CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

*Great Neck, New York*: Betty Friedan's article created the usual dual feeling in an intelligent, educated woman who for many years didn't use her creative ability due to absorption in raising children.

I had been a successful advertising career woman until my marriage at twenty-seven—fifteen years ago. I gave up my career because I felt my place was raising a family. However, my own inner worth evaporated and my opinion of myself shrunk smaller and smaller, resulting in marital conflict and divorce.

Per se—a woman who has drive, education and training should continue after marriage lest she lose her identity. *It is not easy to get back into a challenging field fifteen years later.* It takes guts, and results in frustration when you find yourself doing secretarial work—mundane and routine—to support two children, and no one will give you a chance to prove yourself on the grounds that you are *rusty*.

Ironically and paradoxically, when I stayed home I had help; now when I have to work it is no longer available. I have run the gamut of unreliable maids. The result is that I am up at 6:30 preparing the children for school, doing housework, lunches, etc., and arrive at work worn out. I come home completely unable to face, at 7:30 P.M., the ordeal of cooking,

**Betty Friedan: cause of feminine furor.**

cleaning, homework. Before we push women into fulfillment, let's face the crisis. *Who is going to do the cleaning, housework, and care for children, with help getting scarce? Must children suffer for mothers' working?*

—RUTH RAE ROME

*Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*: If anyone thinks I'll take my storehouse of knowledge and interest in the arts, and study in general, back to the classroom and leave my three preschool children with some housekeeper who just finished the eighth grade and lost her interest in learning long before that, he's crazy. However, I might add that when the last child leaves for first grade, I'll be out the door before it slams shut.

—MRS. JAMES P. BROWN

## What America Really Is

*A.P.O., New York, New York*: I have been a faithful reader of COSMOPOLITAN for many years. In my opinion it is the best American magazine on the market. I must admit though, that the November and December issues contained articles that I disagreed with. And now, I feel that someone must speak out in defense of America in general and American women in particular.

I live in Germany at the present time as a U.S. Army dependent. It is my second tour in Europe and I am very grateful for it. I came here, some years ago, as a young naïve girl, and now I have returned with a little more insight, I hope, into people and life.

The article in the November issue concerning the European authors ("Europe's Outspoken Young Women") quite frankly irritated me. It was all too apparent that these ladies had some rather half-baked concepts of what life in America really is. It ran the gamut of stating that American men must drink a lot to even talk to American women, through a comparison of the racial problems in America to Nazi Germany, to some of the most patent nonsense about the sex life and the morals of American men and women I have ever heard.

The woman who advanced the charges about the drinking certainly does not impress me with her enlightened views of marriage. She complains that American men have "grave misconceptions" about French girls. Why does she not apply that formula to her own distorted views?

The young *Fräulein* who was so con-

cerned about the treatment of America's Negroes should perhaps study her own country's history a bit more. When we start practicing genocide, then I would welcome her comments.

As far as sex and morals are concerned, I can only express this view. Morals depend a great deal on the manner in which a person was raised. I have seen at first hand the morals of many European women. If that is morality, they are welcome to it.

Pertaining to your December issue, the article, "The Useless Sex," caught my interest. It amazes me that anyone could so cruelly label her own sex. I have met some, I thought, worthless people but they were not confined to one gender. How can one be useless if one fills some function in life—be it housewife and mother, career woman, public servant, or any field open to women? Surely some of them deserve some credit.

In the section referring to Japan, Miss Fallaci was somewhat in error. The American Government did not permit these mixed marriages to take place for some time after the Occupation began. True, many of the GIs and the Japanese girls set up housekeeping and many took part in Buddhist ceremonies, but these arrangements did not furnish a passport to the States for the girls. As far as the marriageable American women's "grumblings" being the reason for the U. S. Government's caution, that is ridiculous. If that were the case, the marriages would never have been permitted.

I am quite sure that there were not a few American parents whose hearts were broken when their sons brought home that little gal who looked so good to them sitting in a bar in Tokyo. I think there were also a few cases of the girls taking up their previous profession after coming to the States, to the dismay of their husbands and in-laws. The lack of the aforementioned husbands' understanding of this completely surprised the girls as that had been what they were doing when they met and they just wanted to bring in a little extra money. Let me hasten to add that I have no intention of stating that this was the case with all Japanese girls. I have met many who were quite charming and certainly worthy of anyone's respect and affection.

As far as our tax money goes, the United States sends out a great deal of aid that I don't personally agree with. However, I do think that our aid is a matter of concern to us alone. I can't help wondering if Miss Fallaci would approve of the Italian Government paying to teach another country's women to cook pasta.

The one thing that struck me most in all the articles was this. All of the women who commented on American women were more than harsh in their statements. Some of them appear to be very viciously hostile toward us. Miss Fallaci seems to be of the opinion that New York City is the entire story of America. I can't agree to that. It is no more so than any important city in any country.

Why are we attacked all over the world as unfit women, ineffectual men, and citizens of an ignorant country? My considered opinion is that these attackers are totally jealous of us and our civilization. Since they accuse American women of being the complete authority, let's put it to use. I strongly suggest that we boycott their books and let them depend on the market on their own continent. Why pay to be sniped at?

And last, but not least, how about a little pride in being American and having the convictions to stand up for ourselves? Believe me, we have a country and a system worthy of our devotion and appreciation. —MRS. EDMOND G. MENARD

## Status Symbol Wives

*St. Paul, Minnesota*: Even if Oriana Fallaci's statements merely reflect one woman's opinion, her essay concerning "The Useless Sex" in your December issue excellently satisfies my curiosity about the attitude of the socially ascending woman toward her changing role. But I felt that her basically well-constructed and excellently researched article neglected certain significant factors.

The basic problem of our era, which Oriana neglected, is psychical castration: As Erich Fromm points out in his *The Sane Society*, modern Americans—and conceivably "Americanized" persons in other lands—are "economic puppets" who dare have "no convictions, either in politics, religion, philosophy or love." In fact, in my own area, a placement officer at the University of Minnesota specifically and emphatically states that the magnates of industry seldom grant a convincing semblance of opportunity to an independent thinker who "displays no potential for conversion to the magnates' brand of conservatism."

The unfortunate facts suggest that philosophically oriented males may ultimately become the fully feminized, glamorized, intellectually entertaining wives of career girls; the evidence suggests that every prosperous career girl may desire a wife as a status symbol!

—WILLIAM L. KNAUS

## Picture Worth a Frame

*Cambridge, Massachusetts*: Some months ago there appeared in COSMOPOLITAN a lovely picture by Maurice Utrillo, "The Church of the Ferté-Milon" I have misplaced this picture and would like to have another one.

Could you please tell me where I could purchase a print or get another picture. I have tried locally but am unable to find one.

The pictures in your magazine are delightful but this one interested me to the point of having it framed.

—(MRS.) ETHEL G. ELLS

***This picture (see above) was reproduced in the December, 1963, issue of* COSMOPOLITAN. *A 24-inch by 18-inch print may be ordered from the H. S. Crocker Co., 1000 San Mateo Avenue, San Bruno, California or Oestreicher's Prints, Inc., 43 West 46th Street, New York, New York, at an approximate cost of eight dollars.*** —THE EDITORS

## The Rhythm of Vatican Roulette

*Cambridge, Massachusetts*: Just having at this late hour read, in your September issue of COSMOPOLITAN magazine, Thomas Fleming's fine article, "Catholics and Birth Control," I wish to congratulate you for bringing to the attention of Catholics and others the attitude of many of the Catholic clergy toward the use of the pill and other contraceptive means other than rhythm. The division of opinion is so well presented that the statistics comparing the effect of the rhythm method with other methods of birth prevention make the expression *Vatican Roulette* most understandable.

I hope you will continue your policy of open discussion in your interesting magazine. —ELIZABETH B. PIPER

*Monterey, California*: In regard to your recent article, "Catholics and Birth Control," I would like to make a point which

I have not seen made by your other correspondents.

The Catholic church is widely known as a firm opponent of Communism. The overcrowded countries of the world are hotbeds for the growth and spread of Communism. If Communists should come to power in Asia or South America their population policies will not be guided by any question of morality or even of personal choice. If they decide that a program of mass sterilization and/or wholesale abortion will best serve their interests, such a policy will be enforced. Opposition, Catholic or otherwise, will be silenced by imprisonment or death.

It is time for all responsible and far-seeing Catholics to ask themselves if the Church's opposition to birth control is consistent with its record as a fighter against Communism, or even with its own self-interest. —MRS. JAMES EADDY

## Love Letter

*Seattle, Washington*: This is not necessarily a letter for publication. It is simply an affirmation that your magazine is tremendous and I wouldn't think of missing an issue. The articles in depth are interesting and provocative and the news about what is happening on cultural fronts is timely.

I should like to see an analysis of IQ; i.e., the relative differences between the sexes: their education and orientation to problems; their approach (Are men more rational and women more emotional?); the eccentrics (What makes an absentminded professor?). What constitutes a truly intellectual approach to life? Do students and graduates tend to live in an ivory tower divorced from real life? How many people do think? How is MENSA doing now ("The Superior Person," November)?

Thank you for continuing to improve our minds (and dispositions!).

—MRS. M. D. BOHALL

## Adult Beatlemania

*Delhi, New York*: I'd like to thank you for the fab article about John Lennon and The Beatles (December). It is about time people stopped knocking them and realized they are four wonderful, talented guys.

It is true, I think, that John is a little more intelligent than the others, but none of them are stupid, by any means. They are kind, considerate and sweet, and it is sheer heaven to watch them and listen to them.

I'm not a teen-ager. I'm married and have two daughters, and they and my husband are simply wild about The Beatles. Thanks again for the article.

—MRS. HERNI BUGGE

## Prejudice Interpreted

*Ann Arbor, Michigan*: I read with interest the article in the December issue by Howard and Arlene Eisenberg entitled "Our Built-in Prejudice." "Some distort history," write the authors. And continue, "Here are some examples. . . ." Among the examples of "distortion" which they quote stands at least one simple statement of fact: "The Roman Catholic Church has officially pronounced a curse upon everyone who says that a man is justified only by faith without good works." The writer of this quotation is obviously referring to Canon 9 of the Sixth Session of the Council of Trent. I quote from *Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent* (Herder, 1941), edited by the Reverend H. J. Schroeder, O.P., and published under the imprimatur of Archbishop Glennon.

Canon 9 reads as follows: "If anyone says that the sinner is justified by faith alone, meaning that nothing else is required to cooperate in order to obtain the grace of justification, and that it is in no way necessary to be prepared and disposed by the action of his own will, let him be anathema" (p. 43; see also Canons 12, 19, 20 and 24).

There are all too many unfortunate examples of true prejudice in our world (and I would define prejudice as hatred of people because of their beliefs) without crying "Prejudice!" at someone who simply makes a statement of historical fact. The doctrine in question (justification by faith alone), I feel, was the cornerstone of the Reformation, and to deny the existence of this honest difference between the Reformers and the Roman Catholic church is to make meaningless the teaching of both.

—DAVID PARK WILLIAMS

*Redwood City, California*: I have just read with disgust Howard and Arlene Eisenberg's article on prejudice and couldn't help wondering how such people, who believe in man's ability to live a "life of godliness on earth" could have such a shallow conception of love.

They profess that a person is unable to keep God's commandment to "love thy neighbor" if he feels that anything his neighbor does is sinful, and on this basis they attack the so-called prejudice being taught in the orthodox church schools. Christ's lesson is to love the unlovable, not only those whose sins have been whitewashed by man (for it's easy to love those). The Eisenbergs would have man assume this position of sovereignty in the saving of mankind from itself, ignoring the infallible word of God, and ignoring man's salvation through Jesus Christ.

To achieve this end the Eisenbergs would have a blending of ideas so that there is no absolute, which is a big step back into the Enlightenment notion of radical humanitarianism; hence the idea that man cannot exist outside of collectivism, a situation about as ungodly as it is possible to become.

Will people such as the Eisenbergs never tire of attempting to pattern Scripture to suit the social problems of the day? —WINIFRED LUDVIGSON

## The Lady Vet

*Chagrin Falls, Ohio*: Re "More Women Doctors" in "Looking Into People," January. When I received my D.V.M. degree twenty years ago, my father, who had been a veterinary surgeon for thirty years, gave me this advice: "All you will need to go into active practice is a fine mind that is used; lots of courage, which at times may seem to fail you; a sense of humor to enjoy your work; the habit of always doing your very best and then putting your faith in God. Don't worry about mere brawn—you can always hire it."

I still follow his advice—new drugs and new methods have changed veterinary medicine—but they have not changed the basic needs of the veterinarian.

—ROBERTTA LAUGHLIN FITTS, B.A., D.V.M.

## Children of Circumstance

*Sarasota, Florida*: The poignant documentary on "Unadoptable Children" by Shirley Goodstone and Samuel Goodstone, M.D. (December), will not easily be forgotten. It should command response and bring about a new evaluation in this often forgotten area of human relations.

We admire the work of Pearl Buck, and this article seems to bring the subject within our very lives.

—(MRS.) GERTRUDE CORDUA

## Out West Where Men Are Men . . .

*Laramie, Wyoming*: Re your very interesting item in the January issue: "Women Smell Better" ("Looking Into People").

In my position I come in contact with many women every day. For example—here come three or four of them to line up on the end stools and *Brother*! Some of the stinkin' stuff they have smeared on contaminates the entire establishment.

When it gets to where it burns your nose and your eyes it becomes a little rough. My comment is: "If they are striking for a man, that is the quickest way to spook him off!" —C. K. COLTRANE

***Due to limited space it is necessary to edit some of the letters.***



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