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# COSMOPOLITAN



It Had To Be Published In One Issue

"THE GOOD FAMILY" By MacKinlay Kantor

More Than 30,000 Words It Will Take Your Breath Away!

*February, 1949 • 35¢*

*Cosmopolitan*



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# "Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Fashion Model Nancy Thompson shows how it can work for you, too



**Paris bound**—to do a fashion show for the newest French collections! Nancy Thompson flashes her famous Ipana smile as she gets a flying send-off from husband Bud. (*He's* Lieutenant Colonel Alden G. Thompson of the United States Air Force.)

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**YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS\* SAY:**



Product of Bristol-Myers

Ipana dental care promotes

Healthier gums, brighter teeth

*\*In thousands of reports from all over the country.*

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

# Picture of the Month

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

## "THE SUN COMES UP"

starring

**JEANETTE MacDONALD**

**LLOYD NOLAN • CLAUDE JARMAN, Jr.**

and

**LASSIE**

with

**LEWIS STONE • PERCY KILBRIDE**

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

Screen Play by William Ludwig and Margaret Pitts  
Based on a Novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

Directed by **RICHARD THORPE**

Produced by **ROBERT SISK**



Perhaps like us, you regard February as the longest month of the year. There seems to be no vernal hint in the air, no dickie bird's song. So we pass along a suggestion that worked wonders for us. We just hied ourselves off to see M-G-M's aptly titled "The Sun Comes Up", and truly it was as if the sun had broken through the clouds, shining bright and clear and warm. For it's a picture that speaks in the simple, straight-forward language of the heart. You see it. You live it. And you love it.

The distinguished author of "The Yearling", Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, displays once again her great understanding of people. For these are real people—vital, stubborn, proud, searching. A woman who plunges into her career to fill the void where love should have been. A boy who discovers the adventure and happiness of growing up, in the devotion of a dog.

All credit to M-G-M for a well-chosen cast. As the concert singer, Jeanette MacDonald lends lustre to the role. Her famous voice is richer than ever. Lloyd Nolan is the hard-bitten, soft-hearted writer who helps the sun come up on love.

Claude Jarman, Jr. (of "The Yearling" fame) and Lassie are the typical boy and his dog. Lassie's last-minute rescue of her master from the blazing orphanage will be remembered for years as one of the great action thrills of the screen.

Special mention must be made of the tasteful use of Technicolor. In bold, vibrant strokes it brings to the theatre the grandeur of all outdoors.

Director Richard Thorpe continues to hit his stride, following his delightful "A Date with Judy". Producer Robert Sisk, responsible for the memorable "Courage of Lassie" and "Hills of Home", adds another masterpiece to America's gallery of magnificent motion pictures.

"The Sun Comes Up"—and brightens a great entertainment day!

# FEBRUARY, 1949

Hearst's International Combined with

# Cosmopolitan

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*The Cosmo cover girl painted by Coby Whitmore*

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*I never saw  
your hair so Pretty*

**I**F YOU WANT OTHERS to admire your hair . . . if you want to keep it looking its healthy best . . . be on guard against infectious dandruff which can so quickly play hob with it.

Simply make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of regular hair-washing routine as countless fastidious women do (men, too). It's simple, delightful, efficient.

Infectious dandruff is often easy to catch, hard to get rid of. You can pick it up from seat backs in cars and buses, or in trying on a hat, or from a borrowed comb. Its early symptoms—flakes and scales—are a warning not to be ignored. You see, infectious dandruff is usually accompanied by the "bottle bacillus" (*P. ovale*). Many dermatologists look upon it as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Listerine Antiseptic kills the "bottle bacillus" by millions on scalp and hair. That's why it's such a wonderful precaution against infectious dandruff . . . why you should make it a part of your regular hair-washing—no matter what kind of shampoo you use.

Even when infectious dandruff has a head start, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic is wonderfully helpful. Flakes and scales begin to disappear, itching is alleviated, and your scalp feels marvelously clean from that antiseptic action. In clinical tests, twice-a-day use brought marked improvement in dandruff symptoms within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

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**THE TREATMENT**—**Women:** Part hair, all over the scalp and apply Listerine Antiseptic with finger-tips or cotton. Rub in well. Carefully done, it can't hurt your wave. **Men:** Douse full-strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp. Follow with good, vigorous massage. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

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"I told Mommie-



THERE'S  
NOTHING  
QUITE LIKE  
**ALKA-  
SELTZER**

OH, WHY DOES  
MY COLD MAKE  
ME FEEL SO  
MISERABLE ON  
DADDY'S BIRTHDAY?

WHY DON'T YOU  
TAKE SOME  
**ALKA-SELTZER?**  
IT ALWAYS  
MAKES DADDY



FEEL  
BETTER

COME ON, **ALKA-  
SELTZER!** LET'S  
SEE IF YOU MAKE ME  
FEEL ANY BETTER



She drank the  
glass of spark-  
ling Alka-Selt-  
zer.

THANK YOU, HONEY, FOR THIS  
WONDERFUL BIRTHDAY DINNER!

YOU SHOULD THANK  
**ALKA-SELTZER!**

WHEN MOMMIE SAID  
HER COLD MADE HER  
FEEL MISERABLE, I TOLD  
HER TO TRY **ALKA-  
SELTZER**



AT ALL DRUG STORES U.S. AND CANADA



# WHAT GOES ON

*Wherein we're concerned with*

Joe McCarthy sat in with Fred Allen at all the rehearsals described in "The Fred Allen Show" (Page 48). One incident of the final Sunday rehearsal for the show, which had Dale Carnegie as a guest star, is not mentioned in the article. Joe claims that he merely forgot to include it, but we feel that his reason was perhaps deeper than that.

It seems that Peter Donald, one of the regulars on the show, was to play the part of a German psychiatrist in the skit with Carnegie and Allen. No one could think of the German-dialect exit line which would get Donald away from the microphone and bring Carnegie into the act. Joe McCarthy, his pipe working slowly, watched all this with the benign expression of a man who made his living a simpler way. Finally, he said, "How about 'Auf Weinerschnitzel,' Fred?"

Allen's face brightened as much as nature will allow; he grabbed a pencil and added the McCarthy bon mot to the script. Joe went happily back to

and their three small children. That night found the entire McCarthy tribe huddled around the radio, breathlessly awaiting Daddy's line.

"Auf Weinerschnitzel!" roared Peter Donald.

Not a single laugh came from



Peter Donald and Fred Allen

the studio audience. Not even a solitary feeble little snicker.

◆ ◆ ◆  
In August, 1945, COSMOPOLITAN published a short novel by John Klempner, titled "A Letter to Five Wives." Twentieth Century-Fox bought the story and, when it was released recently, we were momentarily shocked to find that Hollywood had called it "A Letter to Three Wives." The shock diminished when we discovered that the three wives were Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain, and Ann Sothern. We assume Hollywood rightfully figures these three are as good as any five you can mention offhand.

◆ ◆ ◆  
Norman Katkov, who wrote the fine short story, "The Last Goodby," (Page 46), was born in Russia but was brought to this country as an infant. His father never struck gold over here, and Norman's boyhood was spent doing odd jobs in order to get more money into the family till. At one point he was a grocery clerk, and



Elise Daniels

Bluepoint, a Long Island village named after an oyster (or vice versa), where he lives in baronial splendor with his wife

# AT COSMOPOLITAN

*Hollywood, diapers, and gag writers*

during this period he fell wholeheartedly in love with America.

The clientele of the store was fairly wealthy, and Norman became conscious of the unlimited opportunities that this country offered. At the same time, he decided that a Cadillac convertible was the final symbol of American success. Years later, after he had sold a couple of stories, Norman priced a Cadillac, noting that the cost was the same as his own price for a novelette. He went home, started, finished, and sold a story of that length. He immediately turned the money over to the car dealer and got on the end of a long waiting list.

Well, he buzzed around in his new convertible the other day, and maybe he's right about success symbols. We noticed one of those gruff parking-lot attendants smiling at him. That's about as successful as you can get in this town.

*We can't imagine anybody being unacquainted with the name of Philip Wylie. But we'll wager nobody has ever heard of the Jones Studio that Mr. Wylie refers to in his lively article on Page 40. And no wonder—the Jones Studio is merely a disguise our author has used for the Arthur Murray Studios. All that Mr. Wylie is, or ever hopes to be, as a dancer, he attributes to the Murrays. Well, they are the best teachers.*

With the possible exceptions of golf and childbirth, there is probably no single topic of conversation which calls forth more painful anecdotes than the housing shortage. One person in every group seems to have a dear friend living in a small cave with nine children and a mother-in-law.

We were particularly impressed with the section in MacKinlay

Kantor's "The Good Family" (Page 157), wherein the cramped meteorologist does his homework while recently washed diapers drip on his head. We called Mac about it, and apparently we sounded a little dubious over the phone.

"It happens," he snapped, "that that particular part of the story is autobiographical. When Irene and I first moved to Chicago with our seven-week-old daughter, we lived in a tiny two-room flat. We wanted to keep the bedroom, where the three of us slept, somewhat dry, so we hung the diapers above my typewriter in the living room. I wrote some good short stories that way. Now, is there anything else bothering you?"

We couldn't think of a thing.

Richard Avedon, the photographer, has a few choice words to say about Elise Daniels, the girl whose beautiful face takes up most of Page 31. "She," says Richard, "is the most important



Linda Darnell and Paul Douglas model working today. Not only does she look like that, but she's a crack photographer and an invaluable aid in picking the right picture out of a group of shots."

Elise also knows something about dogs. Hell, she owns eight of them!

## Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



*Because*

**Veto gives you  
Double Protection!**



*So effective* ... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

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**Veto lasts and lasts**

**from bath to bath!**

*If you are over 25*

# Beware of Dry Skin

FROM ABOUT 25 ON—the natural oil that keeps skin soft and supple gradually decreases. Even before 40—a woman may lose as much as 20% of this oil skin needs.

Little signs warn when dry skin is creeping up on you. Watch for flaky spots—for tiny, dry lines. They say your skin needs more care—more oil.

**Replacement help** is at your fingertips with Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Three features make it *extra* softening. 1. Rich in lanolin—most like your own skin oil. 2. Homogenized to soak in better. 3. A softening emulsifier.

**Arrests Dry Skin Two Ways:**

**Lanolin-Softens by Night**—after your regular cleansing smooth rich-in-lanolin Pond's Dry Skin Cream generously over face and throat. Leave a few minutes, then wipe off lightly so a soft film is left to help your skin all night. Your dry skin seems to "drink up" this rich cream. See how tiny dry lines are smoothed so they don't show.

**Lanolin-Protects by Day**—smooth on a very light touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream before make-up. Protects your skin against dryness all day. Keeps it soft, smooth looking.



Mrs. George Whitney, Jr. says:

*"It's the best help  
I know for dry skin"*

**Get this truly remarkable dry skin corrector—today!** You'll find lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream never leaves your skin sticky. It smooths on with a delicious softening feeling. Use generously every day for a week. See if this isn't the finest help for correcting dry skin you've ever used. Get your jar of Pond's Dry Skin Cream today.

**Dry Skin? This is the Answer**

# Dress Rehearsal

*Looking at Cosmopolitan's Man  
About Town Fashions* **BY TONY FRIEND**

Fashions change with the years, but taste remains the measure of the well-dressed man. Although I am as guilty as anyone of using the terms, actually there is no "good taste" or "bad taste." There is only taste—or the lack of it. And on whether you possess it depends how well or how poorly you put yourself together.

Leaving aside hats and shoes, four elements must be considered in accessorizing a suit. First, the suit itself; second, the shirt; third, the tie; fourth, the hose. These should be put together as though they belong together. No one of them must clash with the others. Whether it is accomplished through harmony or contrast, the general allover effect should be a well-orchestrated blend.

With a solid-color or tiny-pattern suit (a shark-skin, for example) you may safely wear any sort of shirting pattern—stripes, checks, or a solid color. If you choose a solid-color shirt, however, don't wear a solid-color tie with it. The effect is usually dreary and monotonous. If you wear a striped shirt, don't wear a striped tie with it. You will do better to choose neat or bold figures, or a solid shade, depending entirely upon how bold and colorful the shirt stripes themselves are.

Generally speaking, if one of the major elements (suit, shirt, or tie) is bold, the rest of the ensemble should be comparatively quiet. One outspoken accent is usually enough. If you will regard this as a basic principle, you will see how simple it is



**RIGHT    WRONG    WRONG    RIGHT**

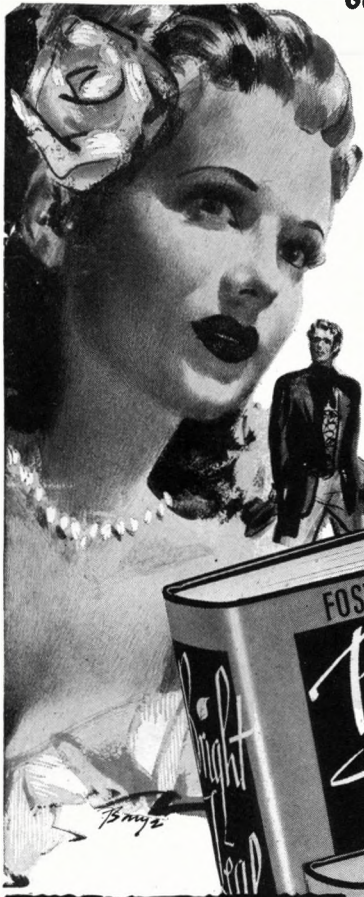
to accessorize your suits properly and attractively.

If your suit pattern is bold—a plaid or a well-defined chalk stripe—your shirt and tie should be soft-spoken. Solid shades (Continued on page 124)



Gentlemen Vied with their Lackeys for this

# Carolina Jezebel!



**THIS FLAMING TALE OF PASSION STARTS WHERE *Gone With The Wind* ENDED...WITH A HEROINE MORE SHOCKING THAN SCARLETT!**

**W**HILE hard-boiled tycoons battled for control over a sprawling tobacco empire, redheaded, slant-eyed Sonie Lipik launched a kingdom all her own—a kingdom paved with the willing offerings of men!

From the back streets of a small Carolina town she climbed to a million dollars—then lost her bearings in the very world she had made for herself. For she fell in love with a handsome outcast who was twin to the devil—a man who destroyed not only those he hated *but even those he worshipped.*

Thrill to this romantic new best-seller, *Bright Leaf*, which includes in its telling the fabulous rise of the tobacco industry, the birth of a new southern aristocracy of finance, the transformation of a Carolina village into a commercial capital of the world!

If you loved Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler, you will quickly take this story of Sonie and Brant to your heart. Although selling from coast to coast at regular bookstore prices, *Bright Leaf* is yours, together with *Yankee Pasha*—another great hit book—for **just a 3-cent stamp**, with this amazing membership offer of the Dollar Book Club!



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**ONLY 3 cents**  
with  
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Membership

and ALSO yours:  
**YANKEE PASHA**  
by Edison Marshall

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- **Light in the Sky** by Agatha Young. In the dramatic setting of Ohio's roaring blast furnaces of 1870 a titan of industry and his beautiful, ruthless daughter fight for power.
- **The Queen's Physician** by Edgar Mass. What did the bewitching queen really want—the Doctor's cure... or the Doctor? Here is true history as lively as *Forever Amber!*
- **Asylum for the Queen** by Mildred Jordan. Love and adventure in the American wilderness of 1796, where, amid silks and satins, snobbery and intrigue, lived the last remnants of Marie Antoinette's pleasure-loving court.

members prefer to have their books shipped and pay for them every other month.

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- Queen's Physician**     **The Golden Hawk**  
 **Asylum for the Queen**     **Light in the Sky**

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## I knew Chic Johnson when • By Ole Olsen

I met Chic Johnson in 1914. That was the year in which the First World War started. There was probably a direct connection.

At the time we met, I was playing violin in a Chicago quartet that went under the name of "The College Four." We performed mainly in restaurants (where we could be sure, at least, of a square meal), but, whenever possible, we'd book ourselves into vaudeville houses. The restaurants liked us because we were, with the exception of the pianist, the kind of quartet that split up and wandered around from table to table, looking deep into the eyes of each customer we serenaded (the deeper, the better the tip). Of course, the poor pianist, sitting all by himself on the dais, went nuts trying to keep us playing in unison.

We were performing in Cleveland one week, shuttling from the Hippodrome Inn to the Hippodrome Theatre, when we suffered a casualty—the piano player fell in love with a local girl.

We tried our best to reason with him, but all he could play was "Hearts and Flowers," so we went back to Chicago without him.

I immediately went to see Al Beilen, manager of the Witmark Music Co., a man who knew every piano player in Chicago. "Ole, I'd like to help you," he said, "but, as it happens, there just isn't a piano man around who has a free minute."

Just then Chic happened to walk by the door. "Wait a minute," Al said. "There's a clever kid.

Let's call him in and ask him what he is doing."

Chic and I shook hands. He had on spats, yellow gloves (one of which he carefully removed for the handshake), a horseshoe stickpin—the works. Chic was piano accompanist for a lyric tenor named Frank Sherman, and Chic was tony. No, he didn't think he'd be interested in The College Four, but he condescended to catch our act that night. He liked what he saw and agreed to hold down piano for us. Chic was really good on the ivories—still is, as a matter of fact—and he worked out fine. But there were no signs at this point that he could do much more than pound out the rhythm for current popular numbers like "Hello, Frisco, Hello!"

Chic had been with us several months when, one noon, he and I went to lunch at the North American Restaurant, on the corner of Monroe and State in Chicago. The luncheon crowd was mostly women, and Ben Frank, the comanager, liked to give them plenty of entertainment, especially the kind he could pick up free. Ben came over to our table and asked in a loud voice if we wouldn't do a few numbers for the ladies. The ladies applauded and acted enthusiastic (as only ladies can), and Chic and I, suddenly reduced to a College Two, found ourselves right out in the middle of the floor.

We went through fifteen minutes as if we'd been rehearsing for a month: a little singing, a little clowning, condensed versions of some of the quartet material, and some (Continued on page 20)



## Hot Idea

**T**HE hot toddy on the anvil is the heart-warming idea we're suggesting for a cold, blustery winter's day.

We added the horseshoe to remind you what a lucky thing it is to come across a *perfect* hot toddy—a toddy made, of course, with Four Roses.

But that's something you just shouldn't leave to chance. Whether you ask for this glorious drink

at your favorite bar—or make it yourself at home—be sure you use Four Roses.

For no other whiskey, however fine, endows a hot toddy with quite the same distinctive flavor or soul-satisfying magnificence.

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskeys; 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York.

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ROSES**



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without a mask-y, artificial look!

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There's never been a face make-up like "Fashion Plate"! After just **one** application, this wonder of a cream wafer magically changes your complexion...captures the clear, bright beauty of vibrant, alive skin. No muss with water...no fuss with a sponge. Just finger-stroke it on!  
New purse size 1.00...dressing table size 1.50 (plus tax) **Right as Revlon!**

COSTUME: LILY DACHE JEWELS: MILTON SCHEPPS PHOTO: RAWLINGS MAKE-UP BY DEL RUSSO OF REVLON ©1949 REVLON PRODUCTS CORP.

# The Cosmopolitan Mirror



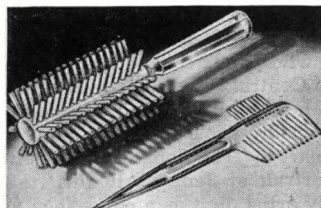
**The Sanka Sleep cap**, a ruffy lace affair, permits a woman to look pretty even with her hair in curlers. It's been made by Sanka, makers of the caffeine-free coffee that lets you sleep.

**Parfums Corday** tells us that *Romantique* and *Femme du Jour*, two beautiful French perfumes that have been

absent since the beginning of the war, are back, all dressed up in beautiful brand-new packages.

**A new note in mascara** is Barbara Gould's new shade—sapphire blue—lovely on lashes that frame blue eyes. . . A new way to use Harriet Hubbard Ayer's *Luxuria* face cream gives pretty results. Apply it twice, as always—first to clean your face, second to soften. But leave the second application on TEN minutes. After this, the face is rosy, fresh, and rested-looking. . . A new ingredient in Woodbury's creams makes them penetrate better. Consequently, they not only cleanse much more thoroughly, but they also soften more efficiently.

**The famous Hughes All-A-Round hair brush** has a handy companion—a cleaner with wide, heavy teeth



to whisk loose hairs from the brush and long nylon bristles to reach down and clean thoroughly between the rows. Both the All - A - Round and the brush - a n d - c o m b

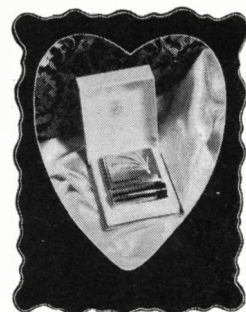
cleaner are yours for a mere five dollars.

**Tawn Travel Kit** is a fine gift idea for the man of your heart. It contains everything he needs for grooming: all the shaving needs including a razor; a toothbrush; comb; hair dressing; and, believe it or not, a headache remedy—twelve items packed efficiently in a light, small waterproof case.

**Peggy Sage** says that our hands look older than our faces because we don't give them the same loving care. For paws that are in truly deplorable condition, she recommends her *Hand Mask Cream*, kept on overnight under light cotton gloves. In the daytime, of course, cream or lotion should be applied

before and after every exposure to hand-coarsening work or hand-chapping weather.

**Yardley** offers tips on how to say "I love you" on St. Valentine's day. For the dream girl, they suggest their triple compact in pink-gold metal decorated with a white-enamel plume, very handsome. For husband or swain, a Yardley men's set is appropriate. It contains a wooden bowl of shaving soap, talc, after-shave lotion, and a new brisk cologne.



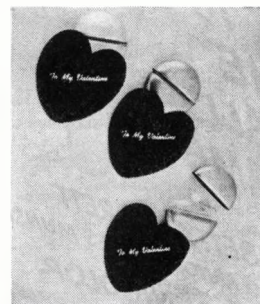
**Gourlielli** has a compact decorated by a lover's knot and, for a hard-to-please beau, offers the *Here's How* book—a real book of simulated leather containing a calendar and pages for names and addresses. Inside are after-shave lotion and cologne in miniature cocktail shakers.

**The House of Lanvin** believes a woman should try perfumes new to her in small sizes before purchasing a large bottle. To encourage her to become acquainted with *Arpege*, *Pretexte*, and *My Sin*, Lanvin, with each purchase of a dram, is giving a "Lanvinette," a small, jewel-like scent container.

**Coty's swanky Purser**, a little perfume container in gold-toned metal about the size of a matchbox, makes a bright, sweet-smelling love token. It is filled with a dram of Coty perfume—*Emeraude*, *Paris*, *L'Aimant*, or *L'Origan*—and costs only \$1.85.

**Armand's Pearls in Wine Combination Cream** sounds like something special, and apparently it is. For this new face cream is said to have been clinically tested by a dermatologist on the staff of a well-known medical school and found to be extra-efficient in removing grime and softening the skin.

**Mary Dunhill's Scentinel**, in gold-toned metal or sterling silver, is a charming purse perfume holder, encased in a red push heart that says "To My Valentine" in gold letters. This treasure will guard the perfume you tote around, and never let a single precious drop escape.



*Hints for milady beautiful gathered by Jennifer A. Reeves*

THEY'RE BACK TOGETHER!



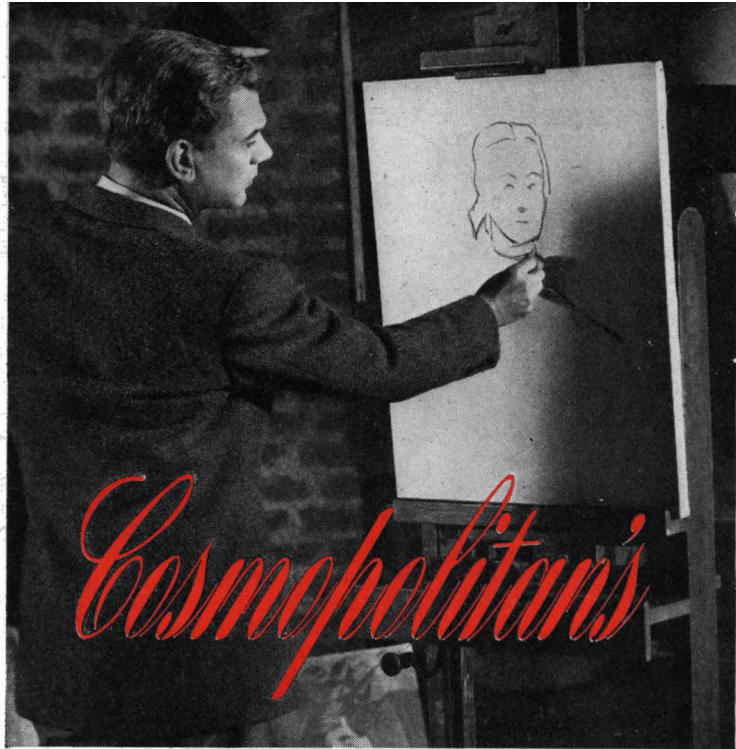
..and LOOK WHO'S WITH 'EM!

FRANK SINATRA  
ESTHER WILLIAMS  
GENE KELLY



TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

with BETTY GARRETT  
EDWARD ARNOLD · JULES MUNSHIN  
COLOR BY TECHNICOLO  
Screen Play by HARRY TUGEND and GEORGE WELLS  
Story by GENE KELLY and STANLEY DONEN  
Directed by BUSBY BERKELEY  
Produced by ARTHUR FREED  
M-G Musical with 9 hit songs!



*Cosmopolitan's*

BEST PRODUCTION—Jennifer Jones's fragile beauty in "Portrait

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

In my reviewing experience, I must say it is a rare month when I find it impossible to choose between the merits of two outstanding pictures. But this month I simply can't pick between "Portrait of Jennie," and "Little Women."

I could only feel, after seeing "Portrait of Jennie," that it is David Selznick's answer to those critics who berated him for the earthy, violent, and sensational "Duel in the Sun." "Portrait of Jennie" is everything that "Duel" was not. It's poetic, spiritual, and delicately beautiful, with brilliant flashes of David's greatness.

Robert Nathan's book was gossamerlike in quality, a thoughtful, aesthetic story of an artist who paints a beautiful girl, who appears to him first as a child in Central Park. She never materializes to anyone but the artist, but to him she is perfectly real.

Jennifer Jones, who loved so madly in "Duel in the Sun" and acted so beautifully spiritual a part in "The Song of Bernadette," is a blend of both roles in "Portrait of Jennie." In this fragile story Jennie comes to the lonely artist, first as a child, then as a young girl, and, finally, as a mature woman. She tells him that in every generation there is a man who (Continued on page 116)

BEST PRODUCTION—Sweets for the sweet—peppermint sticks as Christmas gifts for the immortal sisters of Louisa May Alcott's beloved book—a nostalgic scene from "Little Women."





of Jennie" inspires artist Joseph Cotten to paint a masterpiece.

**BEST MALE PERFORMANCE**—To Robert Young, as the understanding father of the charming young rebel, Shirley Temple, in "Baltimore Escapade"—a role played with quiet amusement.



**BEST MALE PERFORMANCE**—To Alan Ladd—who so successfully transfers his "sock" from modern bad-man roles to the colorful, gun-toting, wild West hero of "Whispering Smith."



LET'S FACE IT !



IT'S TOPS in MUSICALS !



**FRANK SINATRA**  
**ESTHER WILLIAMS**  
**GENE KELLY**

**TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME**

with **BETTY GARRETT**  
**EDWARD ARNOLD · JULES MUNSHIN**  
COLO. BY **TECHNICOLOR**  
Screen Play by **HARRY TUGEND** and **GEORGE WELLS**  
Story by **GENE KELLY** and **STANLEY DONEY**  
Directed by **BUSBY BERKELEY**  
Produced by **ARTHUR FREED**  
M-G Musical with 9 hit songs!

# WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

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"Hmm—I don't like the looks of that eye."

**BRITISH NEWCASTLE DISEASE** (also called avian pneumo-encephalitis): In 1926, a highly infectious and fatal disease of chickens was reported from the Dutch East Indies. Investigators found a virus responsible. Descriptions of similar outbreaks among poultry soon came from other parts of the world, but not from the United States. In 1941 and 1942, investigators discovered the disease in California. The condition has since been found among chickens in all but four states of the United States, and cases have been reported in which the virus has affected human beings. Because it attacks the nervous system, it is sometimes confused with infantile paralysis and meningitis. In 1947, an outbreak occurred in Tennessee, where about 209 children and adults were affected, none fatally. Cases have also occurred in Alabama. Investigators are now convinced that the Newcastle-disease virus of chickens was the agent responsible for many unusual infections of the human central nervous system reported in recent years.

**INFANTILE PARALYSIS:** Recent reports in scientific literature remove the mystery from infantile paralysis. The infection obeys the fundamental laws characteristic of other infectious diseases caused by viruses. The antisubstances appear in the blood, and can be detected by new tests now in the process of development.

**CANCER OF THE ESOPHAGUS,** the tube that passes from the throat to the stomach, was formerly considered invariably fatal. Now, through improvements in methods of anesthesia, and through new surgical techniques, operations can be done to save life, and the prediction is made that at least one fourth of all the cases will survive three years or longer following the operation. Cancer of the esophagus is a painful disease, and many

times persons affected cannot swallow even their own saliva. The operation relieves the painfulness and the incapacity, and is obviously worth while even if not followed by complete recovery.

**TOOTHBRUSHES:** A survey published by the American Dental Association reveals that more than four fifths of the toothbrushes in use in a cross section of American homes are not suitable for toothbrushing and mouth hygiene. Fewer than twenty percent of the brushes were in satisfactory condition; more than eighty percent were in need of replacement because they were no longer effective implements for cleaning the teeth or because their use might injure the gums. Bent or broken bristles were the most frequent causes for rejecting toothbrushes, matted bristles were the second most important cause, and unsanitary condition third.

**PLASTIC SURGERY:** When a person loses an eyebrow through a motor accident, a burn, or in some similar manner, restoration is important principally for aesthetic reasons. Plastic surgeons have developed a technique for transplanting a flap of hair-bearing tissue from the scalp over the temples to the area over the eye. A skin graft, containing from two to three rows of hair, is cut with sufficient fat to keep the hair follicles intact. Many of these operations have been performed with conspicuous success.

**CORNSTARCH ALLERGIES:** Some people are allergic to cornstarch and, therefore, attempts are made to eliminate all forms of corn from their diets. Cornstarch is used freely as a thickening agent in gravies, soups, and sauces; it is employed in baking powders, in confectioner's sugar, and for dusting such foods as doughnuts and chewing gum. It is also used in the manufacture of such products as paper cups, plates, and spoons. Therefore, people with the aforementioned allergy must avoid foods or liquids dispensed in or served from paper containers. Commercially canned fruits and frozen fruits also commonly contain corn sugar. Because of the wide distribution of such products in ordinary life, anyone who reacts unfavorably to corn products would do well to consult an allergist.

**SWEET POTATOES** have been found to contain about the same amount of ascorbic acid, vitamin C, as average tomatoes, but they lose thirty-three percent in the process of storage and handling.

**AUREOMYCIN** is reported to be the most efficient drug yet developed for use in Rocky Mountain spotted fever and also in brucellosis or undulant fever. Comparing the effects of aureomycin with the effects of a combination of sulfadiazine and streptomycin in treating undulant fever, experts found aureomycin to be by far the most efficient.



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She's got what it takes—to get what she wants—but she doesn't know when to stop! What is the secret scandal that starts Glory on her road to fame and fortune—that enables her to snare the prize catch of the season in marriage—debonair Hugo Faulkland? And what is the strange power that sends her upward and onward—all the way to the royal palace? She's more ambitious than Amber—more enchanting than Kitty! She's Mistress Glory!

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Here's the tense drama of two Southern sirens locked in a strange and bitter conflict... and of the "devil's bargain" they make! Why does lovely Raphaëlle d'Arendel sell herself into the most infamous establishment on Rampart Street to protect her lover—only to see him marry her hated rival? And why does the notorious Simone de Tourneau plot her devilish revenge to get handsome young Captain Carrick? Discover the answers in "Rampart Street."

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There would be a row of scars along her side—and love in her heart, as long as she lived, for this strange Yankee, Captain Carrick, who rescues her with his pistol and gold. Yes, anything can happen—and everything does—on Rampart Street—the wickedest street of the wickedest city in the world!

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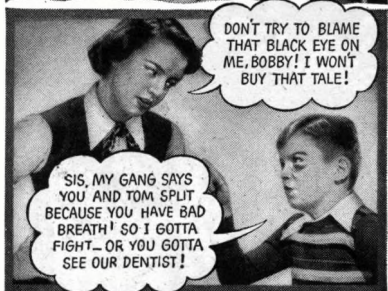


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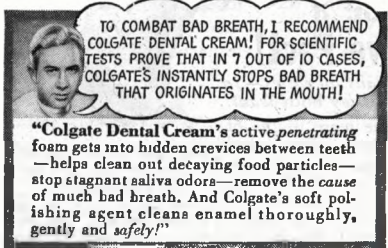
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# I Brood Too Much!

BY KATHARINE BRUSH



Take three-cent stamps, for instance—I brood about those a good deal nowadays. Can nothing be done to stem this fearsome flood of hideous-looking new ones? . . . Will it end when the Post Office Department finally runs out of things to Commemorate, which ought to be any day, at the rate they're going? (After all, the nation is only one hundred and seventy-two and a half years old) . . . Or must we disfigure our letters forever with pictures of bosomy poultry, pseudo celebrities, covering Rough Riders on weak-legged horses, Peter Stuyvesant trapped between fire engines (looking understandably timid), and Fort Kearny, Nebraska, being crushed underfoot by a very large dog and two immense oxen? . . .

Or take royalty, for another example. Here again, I brood and brood . . . Will the British princeling ever be king, do you think? . . . Is his future consort born yet? . . . How old will he be before they tell him about his Great-uncle David and his Great-aunt Wallis? . . . Who is the Princess Margaret Rose going to marry? . . . And what's in the cards for the Princess Margaret Truman? . . .

And what of her father, bluff King Harry—is he already dreaming of a third term, and will he run for it in 'fifty-two . . . Or will good Queen Bess put her foot down this time? . . . Has Madame Magda Lupescu still got red hair, or has she decided it isn't worth while any more? . . . Does the Duke of Windsor still knit, as he used to? . . . Why doesn't the Duchess of Kent ever visit America, so we could all have a look at her? . . . Isn't ex-King Michael smoking too much—or why do we never see a news picture of him when somebody isn't just in the act of lighting his cigarette? . . .

Exactly where, or what, is Bourbon-Parma—as in Anne of? . . . Who makes Eva Perón's clothes, I wonder? . . . Would General MacArthur have gone as far as he has in the world if he hadn't been endowed with that conqueror's profile—if, for instance, his nose had been a soaring snub? . . . What kind of boy is young Arthur MacArthur, who must be, let's see, almost eleven years old? And just how well does he remember that superdramatic escape from Bataan to Australia, by PT boat and Flying Fortress, when he was only four? . . .

Whatever became of durable nylons? . . . What does General Ike really think of Kay Summersby's book? . . . Why is it that newspapers published in towns we don't live in never look newsy to us when we're traveling? Even the world events on the front pages somehow seem local, in the strange type . . . If Earl Wilson had written his column back in the flat-chested 'twenties, what would he have written about? . . .

Why should I, who have never even climbed a little hill if I could help it, read always and with unflinching fascination any story about mountain climbing? (Continued on page 114)

AS A DEMONSTRATION OF THE ADVANTAGES OF BELONGING TO THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

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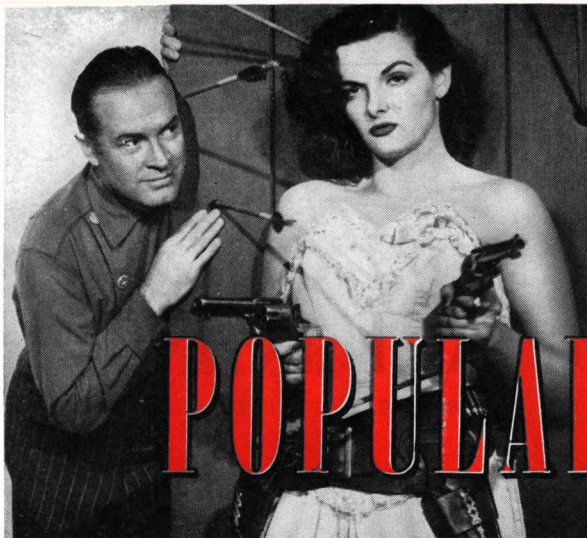
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Top film honors to funnyman Bob Hope and curvaceous Jane Russell in the technicolorful film, "The Paleface."



Broadway's only music comedy hit song, "My Darling, My Darling," from the Ray Bolger show, "Where's Charley?"

## BEST SHEET-MUSIC SELLERS

- 1 **BUTTONS AND BOWS**
- 2 **ON A SLOW BOAT TO CHINA**
- 3 **MY DARLING, MY DARLING**
- 4 **YOU WERE ONLY FOOLING**
- 5 **A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME**
- 6 **LAVENDER BLUE**
- 7 **UNTIL**
- 8 **MAYBE YOU'LL BE THERE**
- 9 **A TREE IN THE MEADOW**
- 10 **WHAT DID I DO?**

## JUKE-BOX TOP HITS

- 1 **BUTTONS AND BOWS** (Dinah Shore) (Columbia)
- 2 **ON A SLOW BOAT TO CHINA** (Kay Kyser) (Columbia)  
(Freddy Martin's Victor diskings also big)
- 3 **A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME** (Evelyn Knight) (Decca)  
(Paula Watson on Supreme also big in coin machines)
- 4 **MY DARLING, MY DARLING** (Jo Stafford-Gordon MacRae)  
(Capitol) (Doris Day-Buddy Clark on Columbia likewise popular)
- 5 **MAYBE YOU'LL BE THERE** (Gordon Jenkins) (Decca)  
(Eddy Howard on Majestic also big)
- 6 **CUANTO LE GUSTA** (Carmen Miranda-Andrew Sisters) (Decca)  
(Xavier Cugat's Columbia diskings also big)
- 7 **LAVENDER BLUE** (Sammy Kaye) (Victor)
- 8 **YOU WERE ONLY FOOLING** (Blue Barron) (M-G-M)  
(Ink Spots on Decca also big)
- 9 **BELLA BELLA MARIE** (Andrew Sisters) (Decca)
- 10 **FAR AWAY PLACES** (Bing Crosby) (Decca)  
(Margaret Whiting on Capitol almost neck and neck)

## BIGGEST BOX-OFFICE MOVIES

- 1 **THE PALEFACE** (Bob Hope-Jane Russell) (Paramount)
- 2 **WORDS AND MUSIC** (Judy Garland-Mickey Rooney-Gene Kelly) (Metro)
- 3 **ENCHANTMENT** (David Niven-Teresa Wright-Evelyn Keyes-Farley Granger) (Samuel Goldwyn-RKO)
- 4 **YELLOW SKY** (Gregory Peck-Anne Baxter) (20th-Fox)

- 5 **SO DEAR TO MY HEART** (Walt Disney-RKO)
- 6 **THAT WONDERFUL URGE** (Tyronne Power-Gene Tierney)  
(20th-Fox)
- 7 **WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME** (Betty Grable-Dan Dailey)  
(20th-Fox)
- 8 **MEXICAN HAYRIDE** (Abbott & Costello) (Universal)
- 9 **MISS TATLOCK'S MILLIONS** (John Lund-Wanda Hendrix-Barry Fitzgerald-Monty Woolley) (Paramount)
- 10 **EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE MARRIED** (Cary Grant-Franchot Tone-Diana Lynn-Betsy Drake) (RKO)

## BEST-SELLING PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

- 1 **BUTTONS AND BOWS** (Dinah Shore) (Columbia)
- 2 **ON A SLOW BOAT TO CHINA** (Kay Kyser) (Columbia)
- 3 **CUANTO LE GUSTA** (Carmen Miranda-Andrew Sisters) (Decca)
- 4 **MY DARLING, MY DARLING** (Jo Stafford-Gordon MacRae)  
(Capitol) (Doris Day-Buddy Clark on Columbia also big)
- 5 **A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME** (Evelyn Knight) (Decca)
- 6 **UNTIL** (Tommy Dorsey) (Victor)
- 7 **LAVENDER BLUE** (Sammy Kaye) (Victor)
- 8 **YOU WERE ONLY FOOLING** (Blue Barron) (M-G-M)  
(Kay Starr on Capitol and Ink Spots on Decca also big sellers)
- 9 **MAYBE YOU'LL BE THERE** (Gordon Jenkins) (Decca)
- 10 **WHAT DID I DO?** (Margaret Whiting) (Capitol)  
(Andrew Sisters' diskings on Decca also big)

## BEST-SELLING BOOKS

- 1 **THE BIG FISHERMAN** — Douglas
- 2 **SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING** — Cerf
- 3 **THE YOUNG LIONS** — Shaw
- 4 **DINNER AT ANTOINE'S** — Keyes
- 5 **HOW TO STOP WORRYING AND START LIVING** — Carnegie
- 6 **THE PLAGUE AND I** — MacDonald
- 7 **ROOSEVELT AND HOPKINS** — Sherwood
- 8 **THE ST. NICHOLAS ANTHOLOGY** — Commager
- 9 **PEACE OF MIND** — Liebman
- 10 **THE NAKED AND THE DEAD** — Mailer

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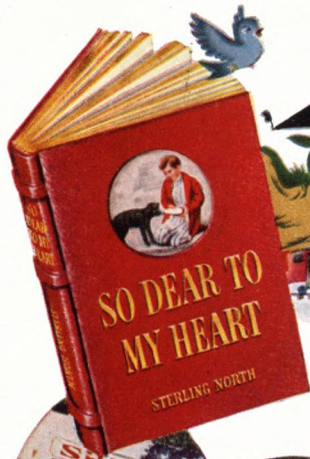
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Walt Disney



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Brand New, Lively, Lovable Disney Cartoon Characters!

So Gay!

A black lamb in the family can be more upsetting than a "black sheep."



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It's Whatcha Do With Whatcha Got  
So Dear To My Heart  
Stick-to-it-ivity  
County Fair



You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll sing,  
you'll lose your heart to . . .



So True-to-Life!

Here's a new kind of picture, so true-to-life that you'll feel it was LIVED . . . not made.

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Watch for "So Dear To My Heart" at your favorite theater

WALT DISNEY'S  
"SO DEAR TO MY HEART"

A combination live-action and cartoon feature starring BURL IVES • BEULAH BONDI • HARRY CAREY • LUANA PATTEN • BOBBY DRISCOLL • Directed by Harold Schuster • Screen play by John Tucker Battle • Adaptation by Maurice Rapf and Ted Sears • RKO Radio Pictures Release

I Knew Chic Johnson When . . .

(Continued from page 8)

improvised stuff. We gave our impression of two women entering a movie. We sang some rube songs. I used my ventriloquist voice. Chic was the straight man; I was the funny boy.

Morris Silvers, who is now manager for Balaban and Katz in Chicago, happened to be in the restaurant. He came over to our table after we had finished and told us we were wasting our time in a quartet.

Six weeks later we were Olsen and Johnson, but nobody seemed to care. We played any engagement we could get, and at first there weren't many. However, the jitneys kept us eating. A jitney was a one-reel movie house, usually located in a deserted lodge hall or a second-story room, and we would come on to distract the customers while the operators rewound the reels.

Our first real break came when we were booked into the Empress Theatre in Chicago, and they put up our names in lights. We've had many big moments in show business, but nothing has ever compared with the way we felt standing on the sidewalk that night, looking up at the electric lights that spelled out our names. We gave up our hotel room and lived under that marquee for four days.

AFTER that, there were plenty of theater engagements. We were on our way up the crazy vaudeville ladder—Small Time to Intermediate to Western to Junior to Big Time—a long but exciting climb. Chic loved it, he thrived on it. The vaudeville grind loosened up his personality; the high, contagious laugh crept into the act, and there sprang up between Chic and the audience a magic something that has held them together all these years. And our roles began to change; I found myself playing straight to Chic's zaniness.

We traveled light. Our baggage consisted of two suitcases, a violin case, and one small prop. We kept changing our act, improvising—anything for a laugh. We found that most of our good material came to us on the spur of the moment. That's how the "stooge" became part of our act. I don't remember where we were playing at the time, but one of our numbers was a medley on married life; it was made up of song titles. At the end we sang, "I'm the happiest man in all the world, my wife left me today; good-by, forever, good-by, forever . . ." Then we'd pantomime taking a couple of fast celebration drinks and go into "Sweet Adeline," putting our feet up on the rail of a little bar that had been pushed on in

(Continued on page 84)

# How to Remember the Cards

IF YOU CAN'T REMEMBER, YOU JUST CAN'T WIN • BY ALBERT H. MOREHEAD

The great actor shook his shaggy locks, known to a generation of theatergoers. Beetling his bushy eyebrows, as he had when portraying the Duke of Wellington or Cardinal Richelieu, he directed the famous Arliss glare at—the dummy! George Arliss was playing three no-trump; he had eight tricks tucked away, and he simply didn't know where the ninth was coming from.

Reposing in dummy, along with the lead, was an innocent-looking three of diamonds. To Mr. Arliss's opponents it was dangerous-looking, too. All the other diamonds were gone; the three was a "thirteener." If led, it would win the game and rubber. But Mr. Arliss obviously didn't know this. He had forgotten. So he led a club and was down one, and his relieved opponents went out on the next deal.

Now, George Arliss could recite sixty-odd dramas, including some two dozen of Shakespeare's, without missing an if, an and, or a but. In his struggling younger years, he sometimes had to learn a new part in the afternoon and go on with it that night. He could recall ten thousand performances — the dates, places, and other players in the cast. But he just couldn't remember how many diamonds had been played!

In contrast, tune in on two bridge addicts who might have trouble with the line, "Madame, the carriage awaits without." Not long ago, at a party where some of the guests were bridge experts and some were not, the conversation turned to Winfield Liggett, a noted but eccentric player of bygone days. One of the experts, naturally enough, got to reminiscing.

"I remember the last time I played with Lig," quoth he. "It was back in 1932. There was a hand where I held five spades to the Ace-King-Jack, three hearts to the Queen, the King and one club . . ." and he rattled them off, complete with bidding and play, while the nonexpert guests stared at him, aghast.

The expert wasn't being a show-off. Like most of his kind, he takes his card memory so for granted that he is vaguely surprised when other people call it phenomenal. There was a case at a national bridge

tournament when Geoffrey Mott-Smith picked up a bridge hand and promptly summoned the tournament director. "I played this hand two weeks ago," he announced. To prove it, he named every other player's hand, card for card, pip for pip. Hands played in tournaments are kept intact in duplicate boards, and someone had forgotten to reshuffle this one. The other players found nothing unusual in Mott-Smith's performance; such occurrences are quite frequent.

At the same tournament, a little amphitheater was built around one of the tables. As a thrill for the spectators, Oswald Jacoby and William E. McKenney staged a stunt there. Each glanced once at his hand, gave it to a spectator, and then called his plays "blind-fold" without a gain looking at his cards.

But these are not difficult feats of memory. They are not based on tricky systems for remembering, nor are they isolated instances of freak mnemonic powers. It may not be possible for everyone to learn to do it, but there's no problem in telling how it's done.

Most bridge players want to know. They consider their faulty memories among their worst bridge-table defects. Ask the average player what he most wants to learn. First, he will answer facetiously, "How to hold Aces and

Kings"; but then he will say, more seriously, "I want to learn how to remember the cards."

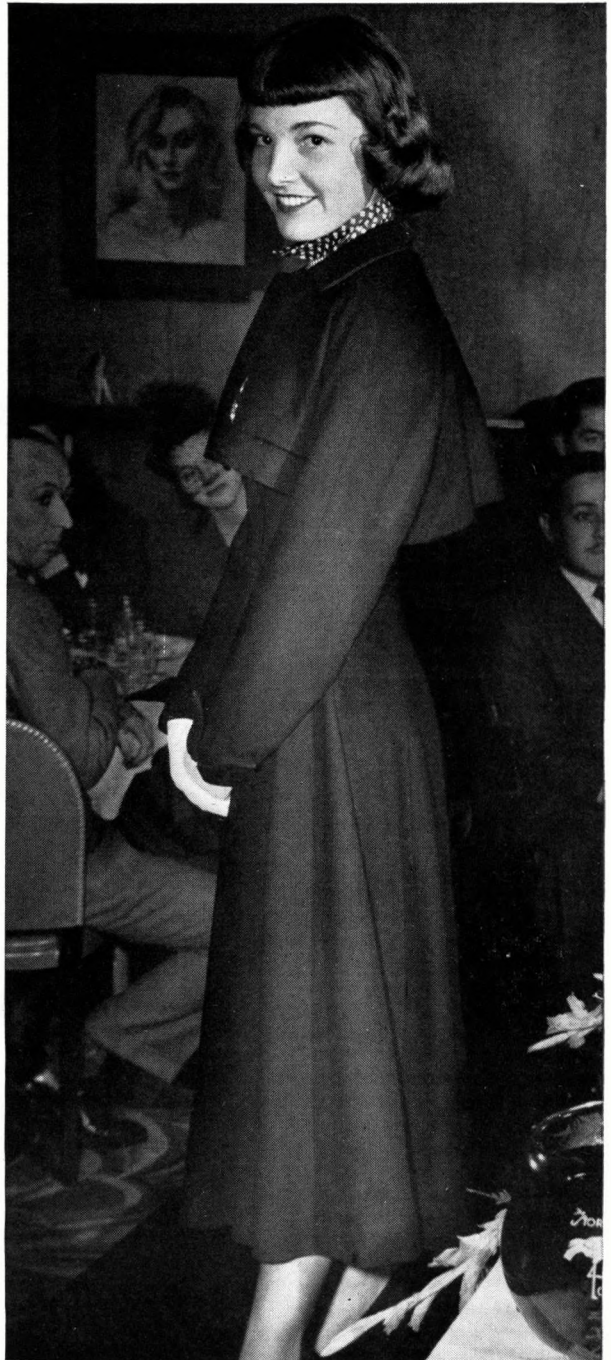
Plenty of people have paid good money to find out how. It began just over two hundred years ago, in 1744, when Hoyle (of "according to Hoyle" fame) published a system of card memory. Though it consisted of only three pages, Mr. Hoyle charged a guinea for it. While you may say that an English guinea was only five dollars, its purchasing power in those days was closer to forty. The Hoyle system comprised a way of arranging your cards: Put any best card to the left of your trumps, any second-best card to the right of your trumps, the suit your partner leads in the middle of your trumps, and so on. A lot of people paid Mr. Hoyle his guinea, but very few used his system—the (Continued on page 132)



# Young Fun at the



*Informal party* dress — In Stafford silk, this gay young dress won the vote for its simplicity. Whose vote? Our own male jury's, natch! They are sitting just off the right side of the photo. H and D fashion; coffee, shrimp, blue, green; about \$35.



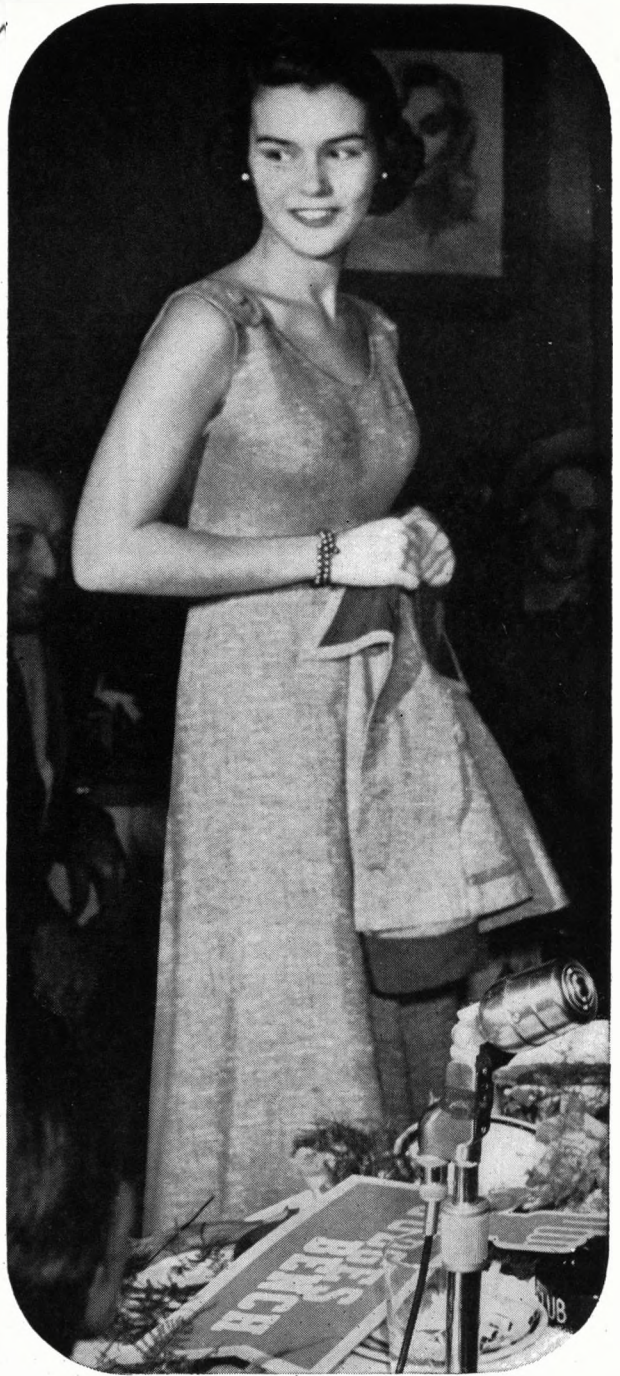
*Mix-match* costume — Botany flannel in a fly-away jacket and high-high skirt. (Companion blouse, page 25.) It was the "back line" that charmed our Stork Club-ing jury. Jacket, about \$20; skirt, about \$18; navy, blue, greige; by Albert Chaiken for Nardis of Dallas.



# Stork Club



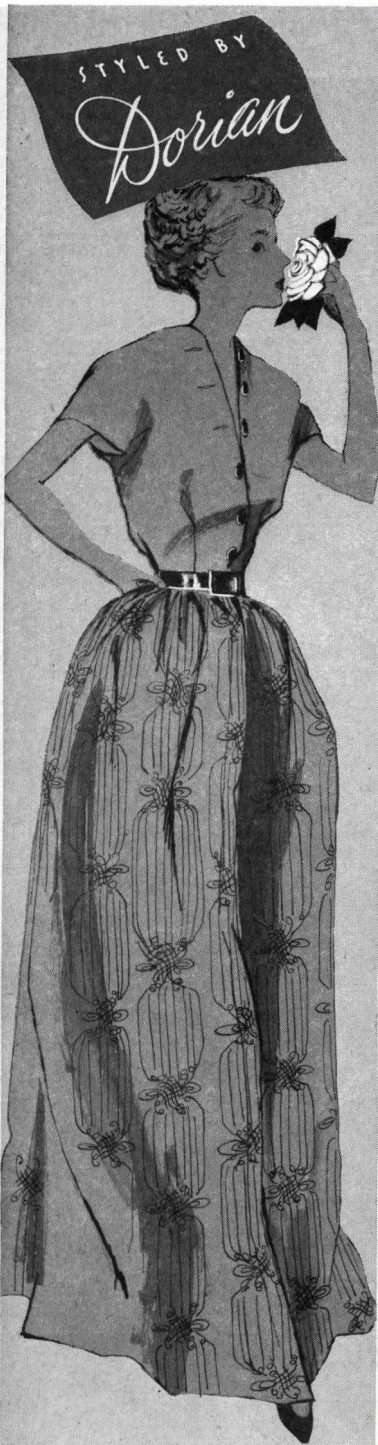
*Town-tailored* suit—Pacific Mills Verdone crepe is frosted with lapels of white piqué. The men like the “expensive look” of its “restrained” silhouette. Who says men don’t understand girls’ fashions? Made in nine colors; about \$65; Tailored by Handmacher.



*Sunny-suit* Wesley Simpson’s tweedy spun rayon surprised the jury with its spring-into-summer quality. Without the jacket, it’s a sun dress; with it, it’s *all* suit! (See page 24.) Pink-brown, blue-brown, mauve-aqua; about \$30; Alan Graham for Joanne Jr.

**MALE-TESTED FASHIONS**

**BY KAY WISTER**



**SOLITA** . . . Dorian's spanking fresh pique leisure coat in alert colors; staccato-d by black geometrics on the skirt, and a black belt. Attention getting in Peacock, Brick, Sunflower or Heliotrope. Sizes 10 to 20 . . . about \$17, at your favorite store, or write  
**DORIAN-MACKSOUD CORP.**  
 1 East 33rd St., New York 16, N.Y.



Jean Sablon, Mickey Rooney, Peter Lind Hayes, Steve Hannagan.

**H**ave you ever wondered about our Male-Tested Fashion parties, and how we present our fashions to the jury of male celebrities? Now, do say "yes," because we are fairly busting to tell.

First we scour New York City for four or five of the most exciting male celebrities in town. (And do they get in and out of the city in a rush!) Then we pounce on them, so to speak, and get them to save the hour on the day.

When the big moment finally arrives, our dream boats swish into the Stork Club (Sherman Billingsley's hide-out), leaving breathless our hundred or more guests, big shots themselves.

The men, now fashion judges, scramble behind a long table where each has a table mike. Then, on with the show!

Our models, beautiful and far from dumb, glide up to the elevated platform before the judges' bench in groups of three. The models eye the judges, and vice versa. This brief pause seems to allow for some inaudible station identification, then all settle down to business.

Turn to page 26 for "Fashion Chatter"



Jean Sablon congratulates a winner on the versatility of her "sunny suit." (Dress without jacket on page 23.) He also took this opportunity to admire her Coro bracelet. Monsieur Sablon enchanted all with his enthusiasm, often expressed in his native French.

# Young Fun at the Stork Club

## MALE-TESTED FASHIONS

Photos by Abbate Studios



Celeb-reaction to prices indicates many of them have had costly experience. They all disbelieve any price under \$100. Here are three competing mix-match costumes. The girl in the center wears the winning style which is shown with jacket on page 22.



Mickey Rooney gets a good grip on the jacket of a suit. It was not a winning style, but the model was super special. She's Jacqueline Billingsley, who promises to become as famous as Father Sherman. Right now she's a dramatic actress for radio.

a

beautiful

you . . .

a

beautiful

shoe

*Velvet step*  
SHOES

*"feminine to the  
tip of your toes"*

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PETERS SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS

look to your right →



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best dressed  
women  
in suits

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# Fashion chatter



**Howard Dietz** helped. You see, some men are so much more than nice. They are enthusiastic and helpful and just unusually good friends.

Such a man is Howard Dietz, vice-president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He's been a judge often, and at our last show he acted as introducer of ceremonies, much to everyone's delight. We loved his judge-ments.

About Peter Lind Hayes he said: "He is a gifted comedian, and I understand he has been Fred Allen's voice on Jack Benny's program about fifteen times. Benny couldn't afford to hire the original."

About Steve Hannagan: "I can always tell what he did the night before by the circles under his eyes. He has the most expressive circles! And by the way, he's a talented promoter."

About Jean Sablon: "He's a French crooner who sings those songs that have no lyrics. They just go—oh, you know! He speaks English fairly well, but he spoke it much better when he arrived here."

About Mickey Rooney: "Mickey has had great experience with women. He may not be a very good judge of clothes, but he'll be an excellent judge of the filling."

KAY WISTER—*Fashion Ed.*



Our judges applauded these Trim Tred shoes — liked their flattering "instep bracelet."

See page 151 for "Where to Buy"  
Male-Tested Fashions

← look to your left



always

the  
best dressed  
women  
in suits

Pure silk shantung suit in Spring bouquet colors. With the typical Handmacher flair for fit and fashion—  
incredibly priced at under \$50. Handmacher Suits at one fine store in your city.

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# STAR BRIGHT

**Q**uickest way to make an artist your passionate admirer is to tell him you have eight scrapbooks bulging with his clippings. Lady above, shown without her scissors, is Amanda Blake, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's newest starlet. Nineteen, freckled, and with a blazing red bonfire where most girls grow their hair, Amanda crept right into my heart. Eight scrapbooks, she says. (I have only seven.) This lovely, discriminating sunset is handily equipped with fog-blue eyes and a husky A-picture voice. Amid considerable fire and smoke, she is being aimed at Heavy Drama by the studio. This will give you at least a rough idea.

I said, "Amanda, can you cry easy?" She burst into tears, dried her eyes, and said, "Um-hm."

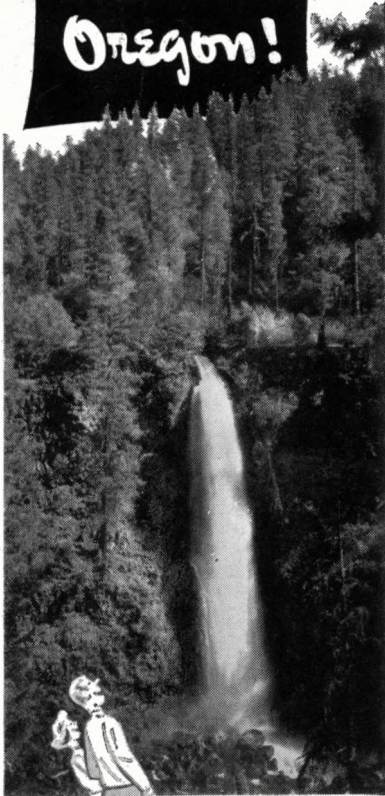


Amanda digs up my past for me.

27

*for whitcomb's Page*

YOU'LL  
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Mill Creek drops into the famed Rogue River, Southwestern Oregon...

**Your whole family** will thrill to Oregon's spectacular variety of all-season playlands. Sparkling waterfalls, streams and lakes are vacation-time gems, set in the Pacific Northwest's deep evergreen forests. Famed scenic routes invite you to fun in mountain snowfields... to 400 miles of the Pacific's ever-changing coastline... "Old West" rangelands... vast, colorful gorges. Plan your happy Oregon holiday now. Come soon... be sure to bring your camera.

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# Whom is who

A Cosmopolitan feature to test your knowledge of the

Consider this statement by Louis Bromfield, noted author of "Malabar Farm": "If I, as a novelist, wrote dialogue for my characters which was meticulously grammatical, the result would be the creation of a speech which rendered the characters pompous and unreal."

And this one by Jacques Barzun, literary critic for Harper's Magazine: "Speech, after all, is in some measure an expression of character, and flexibility in its use is a good way to tell your friends from the robots."

Consider also this puckish remark by the late Clarence Darrow: "Even if you do learn to speak correct English, who are you going to speak it to?"

These are typical reactions of professional people to the old restrictions of formal English grammar. Do the actual teachers of English feel the same way? Again, some typical statements:

"Experts and authorities do not make decisions and rules, by logic or otherwise, about correctness," says E. A. Cross, Professor of English at the Colorado State College of Education in Greeley. "All they can do is observe the customs of cultivated and educated people and report their findings."

"Grammar is only an analysis after the facts, a post mortem on usage," said the late Stephen Leacock in "How to Write." "Usage comes first, and usage must rule."

One way to discover current trends in usage is to poll a cross section of people who use the language professionally, inquiring as to their opinion of the acceptability, in everyday speech, of certain specific and controversial expressions. A questionnaire I prepared especially for this series of COSMOPOLITAN quizzes was answered by eighty-two such people—thirty-one authors, seven book reviewers, thirty-three editors, and eleven professors of English. The results, some of which will be detailed below, may prove startling to you if you have been conditioned to believe, as so many of us have, that correct English is absolutely rigid, unchangeable, and exclusively dependent on strict grammatical rules and formulas.

## 1. Californians boast of the healthy climate of their state.

**RIGHT.** There is a distinction, says formal grammar, between *healthy* and *healthful*. A person can be *healthy* (I am still quoting the rule) if he possesses good health. But climate must be *healthful*, since it is *conducive* to health. This distinction is sometimes observed in writing but rarely in everyday speech, as you have probably noticed. Even the dictionaries have stopped splitting hairs; they permit you to say *healthy* no matter which of the two meanings you intend.

"*Healthy* climate" was accepted as current educated usage by twenty-six of the thirty-three editors who answered the COSMOPOLITAN questionnaire, six of the seven book reviewers,

# talking to?

English language • *BY NORMAN LEWIS*

nine of the eleven professors, and twenty of the thirty-one authors. The distinction, in short, is rapidly becoming obsolete.

## 2. Her new novel is not as good as her first one.

**RIGHT.** If you have studied formal grammar, you will recall that after a negative verb the "proper" word is *so*, not *as*. Is this rule observed by educated speakers? Hardly ever, I should say, unless they are of pedantic inclination, or believe that a grammar censor, armed with a sharp blue pencil, is listening.

In reference to the sentence under discussion, Thomas W. Duncan, author of "Gus the Great," remarked, "I always say—and write—*as*, much to the distress of my publisher's copy-reader. But the fellow is a wretched purist."

The tally on this use of *as* showed seventy-four of those questioned to be for, only eight against the more colloquial form.

## 3. We can't hardly believe it.

**WRONG.** Of the eighty-two professional people who answered my questionnaire, seventy-six rejected this sentence; it is evident that *can't hardly* is far from acceptable in educated speech. The preferred usage is, of course: We can hardly believe it.

## 4. This is her.

**WRONG.** This substitution of *her*, where the rule requires *she*, was rejected by fifty-seven of my eighty-two respondents. Paradoxically enough, although "It's *me*" and "This is *me*" are fully established in educated speech, "This is *her*" still seems to be condemned by the majority of cultivated speakers. Nevertheless, the average person, I imagine, may feel a bit uncomfortable saying "This is *she*." It sounds almost too sophisticated.

This is more than an academic problem. If the voice at the other end of a telephone makes the opening move with "I'd like to speak to Jane Doe" (your name, for argument's sake), you are, unfortunately, on the horns of a very real dilemma. "This is *she*" may sound prissy. "This is *her*" may give the impression that you're uneducated. Other choices are equally doubtful. "Talking!" is suspiciously businesslike if the call comes to your home, and "I am Jane Doe!" may make you feel like an amateur speaking the opening line of a high-school play. The need for a decision arises several times during a busy day and, I am sorry to report, the English language is just deficient enough not to be of much help on such occasions. I wonder how it would be if you just grunted affably?

## 5. Who are you waiting for?

**RIGHT.** Formal grammar not only (Continued on page 94)

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Canada's

*finest*



*Harwood's*  
*Canadian*  
BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

90.4 Proof

A Masterpiece  
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### Can Bring *Lovelier Complexions!*



You, too, may win a lovelier skin by cleansing with Palmolive alone . . . regardless of age . . . type of skin or previous beauty care!

For a lovelier complexion—the kind men admire and women envy—stop improper cleansing. Instead follow the Palmolive Plan using Palmolive Soap alone the way 36 doctors advised 1285 women with all types of skin — young, older, dry, oily and normal. These leading skin specialists proved Palmolive Soap used this way — with nothing

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Get Palmolive Bath Size for tub or shower. It's big! Long-lasting! Economical! Gives you Palmolive's proved complexion care *all over!*






*Cosmopolitan's Golden Gallery*

ELISE DANIELS photographed by RICHARD AVEDON.

Here is another in the series of beautiful women, portrayed

by great photographers, appearing here each month; an  
outstanding example of talent from both sides of a camera.





**SOPHIE KERR** records the cold fear that lies deep in the heart  
of every prospective father—the right of his child to his name

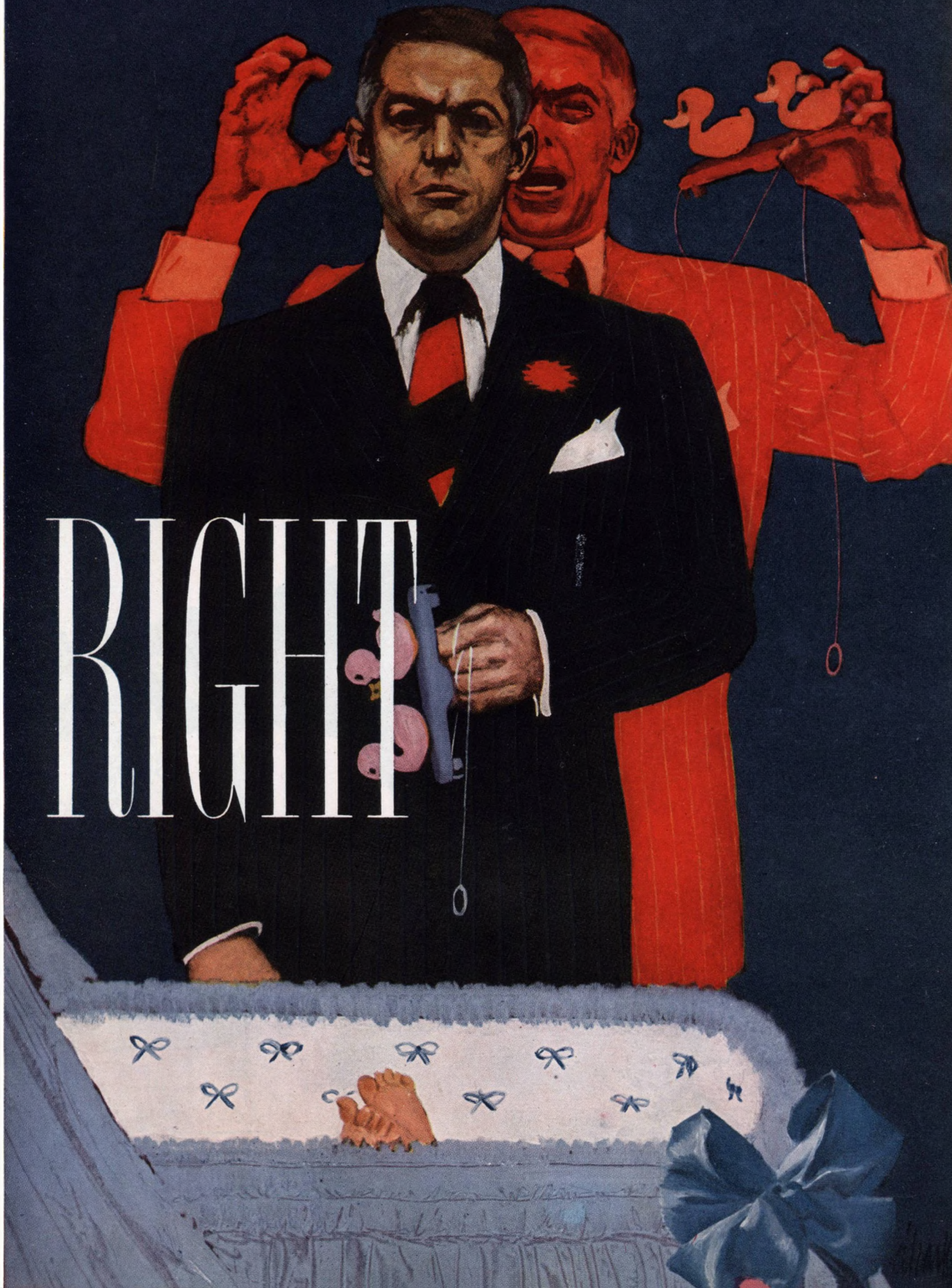
**H**obe Jordan put his key into the apartment door by sheer force of will. He had not had a full night's sleep for weeks, and today he had not eaten because he could not swallow. He was obsessed by thoughts and wishes so alien to his nature that he was strange to himself, strange and obscurely shocking. All the way uptown he had been wondering if his nerve would hold out. The christening party would be the test! He had insisted that Kelly and Linnie Cole should be the godparents. He knew Kelly hadn't very much self-control under great emotional stress. And if Kelly didn't give it away, Emma, Hobe's wife, might. Emma thought she was clever and cool, but there was in her a substratum of hysteria, always alive, always active. Get Kelly and Emma together in a tight corner like this one, and they'd make some sign that, to Hobe, would be a confession. My best friend! My wife! he thought. The conventional, almost fictional, setup.

The apartment was a big one, for Hobe had made money before he went off to war, and since his return he had made more. He was generous. Emma could spend as she liked, and she was inclined to extravagance. Today she had gone all out for decoration. The living room was gala with flowers; there was a screen of foliage, and before it a table covered with a fine lace square. On this sat a silver bowl wreathed with pink roses, the bowl for the christening water. Kelly had sent the bowl as a gift for the baby, and Linnie had sent the lace square. Oh, the Coles were certainly doing up the godparent business in high style! No doubt about it.

The scent of flowers was heavy. It smells like a funeral, thought Hobe, and he unlatched one of the French windows that opened on the balcony. There was a wide view: the East River and its bridges penciled on the haze of the afternoon. *(Continued on page 95)*

Something inside him kept saying, "You can't love him, you can't. He's not your child and you know it. You're not the father."

# RIGHT



Marcia, Marcia,  
wait for me!

You're beautiful, and  
I'm taking you to dinner.

Poor Marcia, it was  
such a tragedy!

I still think you're  
delightful, Marcia.

I'd marry you Marcia, if it  
weren't for my wife.

Marcia gave me her loving smile, "I lost my  
purse", she said, and then I was lost too!

## A story about Marcia by A. A. Milne

I was giving Marcia lunch at the Turandot not so long ago.

She is a delightful girl to take to lunch: very pretty, very decorative; drawing the eyes, admiring or envious, of all the other lunchers, but (and this, I think, is her most charming characteristic) not showing any consciousness of it; devoting herself with all her heart (if any), her soul (probably none), and her eyes (forget-me-not blue) to her companion. With it all, she is amusing; after a couple of cocktails, she makes you feel that either you or she or somebody is being extremely funny; smiles and easy laughter become the pleasant condiments of the meal. In short, she is a delightful person to take out to lunch.

It is one of the advantages of lunch that it rarely leads to an unpremeditated proposal of marriage. I have a suspicion, which has never been confirmed, that I did propose to Marcia once, after dinner.

I am, however, still a bachelor. There is no doubt in my mind that up to that evening (about a year ago now) I had

regarded myself as in love with her and had assumed that, as a consequence, the moment would arrive when I would suddenly hear myself asking her to marry me. I woke up next morning with the conviction that I had so heard myself. I spent the next six hours trying to imagine our married life together, from dawn to dawn and December to December. I concluded that the pleasures of such contiguity, enjoyable as they could not fail to be, would have much to contend against. A little nervously I rang her up at teatime.

I am not at my best in a telephone conversation with Marcia, because, even more than most men, I detest telephone conversations; while she, even more than most women, revels in them. She is never handicapped, as I am, by the fear, or even the knowledge, that other people are within hearing. On this occasion I was handicapped further by uncertainty as to whether or not I was talking to my betrothed. I gathered fairly soon that I was not, and—a little later—that neither was I a rejected suitor. Our table had been near the band, so perhaps she hadn't heard me well. *(Continued on page 133)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC VÁRADY



A TABLE NEAR THE BAND

# Nervous Breakdowns

“Our bridge game with the Thomp-  
sons is off,” your wife tells you.  
“Martha Thompson has a nervous  
breakdown. And no wonder, poor dear thing!  
With Bill having lunch every blessed day with  
that secretary of his.”

It may be perfectly true that your neighbor  
has a nervous breakdown. When she becomes  
convinced that, actually, her husband loves  
her and that no other woman is menacing her  
marriage, she probably will snap back and be  
perfectly normal, happy, and healthy again.

On the other hand, that clever young lawyer,  
who cracked up just before taking his biggest  
case into court, will have a much harder time  
recovering from his nervous breakdown, for  
it is a far more serious one.

All of us, from time to time, speak pretty  
glibly about nervous breakdowns. It is a gen-  
eral term that covers anything from excessive  
fatigue to a major psychosis. You can get so  
tense and tired and overworked that you blow  
up, and your family says you are having a  
nervous breakdown. Or the relatives of a  
woman suffering in a mental hospital from a  
manic-depressive condition are likely to tell  
all her solicitous friends that she is having a  
nervous breakdown.

It is not true that a person with a nervous  
breakdown is a mental case. Nor is the condi-  
tion necessarily a recurring one. Certainly it  
is not true, as so many believe, that the patient  
suffering a nervous breakdown will never be  
himself again. Nor, as a rule, does a nervous  
breakdown come on suddenly. That is pos-  
sible, of course, but most of the time it just  
seems to have broken out of a clear blue  
sky when, as a matter of fact, it has been

building up over a good long period of time.

In these hectic days we hear of nervous  
breakdowns more often than is comfortable.  
So let us understand exactly what the doctor  
means when he uses the term. Then we will  
view such a situation not with impatience or  
alarm but with intelligence and understanding.

When the physician tells you a patient has  
a nervous breakdown, he may mean that she  
is in a depressed state of mind, that she is  
nervous and jittery, that the world has be-  
come too much for her, and that she has  
contracted a temporary psychological illness.  
Or, he may mean, as in the case of that young  
lawyer, that the fears and anxieties with  
which the patient has been consciously or  
unconsciously wrestling for years have worn  
him down until, at a crucial moment, he has  
become emotionally ill. There are, in nervous  
breakdowns, degrees of seriousness usually  
related to the cause. Most breakdowns, intel-  
ligently handled, can be cured.

Take the young woman who fears her mar-  
riage is on the rocks. She does not admit her  
worries to herself or to anyone. Instead, she  
develops other symptoms. She becomes de-  
pressed and irritable. She has a temper  
tantrum when a new dress does not arrive on  
time. She becomes irrationally sensitive and  
says, for instance, that you, her best friend,  
snubbed her that day she phoned just as the  
doorbell was ringing, your child fell down  
the stairs, and you could smell the stew burn-  
ing. She has vague fears, and a sense of some-  
thing ominous about to happen.

She also has very real physical complaints.  
Her heart palpitates unpleasantly. She has  
headaches that are, she says, “not exactly

More common these days than ever, they

# don't Last By Agnes Lynn Marshall

headaches but a tight feeling, like a band around my head." She does not sleep well and is bothered with nightmares. She has so little appetite that she is beginning to look scrawny and haggard. She cannot concentrate on a bridge game or a grocery order, and she begins to worry for fear she is losing her mind.

This last condition drives her to the doctor.

Luckily, her family physician can handle her case. He has known her and her husband too since they were children. He has heard the gossip in their medium-sized town. He has also recently lanced a boil for her husband and knows that the man has been working hard, through lunchtime and often until midnight, on an urgent contract, and that his job, not his secretary, is absorbing his attention. However, the doctor has the distraught patient come to his office several times. He examines her thoroughly, checking on her heart, blood pressure, blood count, and so on. In the course of his examinations he gets from her, piecemeal, her story that her husband is neglecting her and that their marriage is a failure. He finally assures her that she is physically sound but suffering from severe nervous strain. He prescribes a Caribbean cruise for her and her husband as soon as that contract on which he is working is up. She returns glowing and healthy in mind and body, and she never has another nervous breakdown.

This was a very simple case. Few nervous breakdowns are so easy to cure. Many of them are beyond the ability and training of the general practitioner and need the attention of a psychiatrist, a doctor trained to treat emotional disturbances. Don't balk at the suggestion that

you consult a psychiatrist, especially when your own physician suggests it.

That young lawyer who cracked when he faced his big opportunity complained first of physical symptoms. He was not only depressed and tense but he also suffered cramps, diarrhea, and mucous colitis. Then, the morning he was to appear in court, he temporarily lost his voice. When neither his own doctor nor the specialists could find anything wrong, psychiatric treatment was recommended.

The psychiatrist was a friendly fellow. Although he had already studied the medical reports, he asked the lawyer about his symptoms. He also asked tactful, leading questions about his life, his career, his marriage, watching to see which topics the patient discussed with a good deal of emotion. Ultimately he learned that this sensitive young man had been a small, weak child with whom his father had had no patience. He had always been the follower in any group. He had grown up subconsciously doubting his manhood, questioning his ability in his profession and his chances to stay happily married. Lately things had piled up. His wife was expecting a baby; he had been made a junior partner in the firm; this big case had been turned over to him. It all added up to more responsibility than he could take. When the doctor succeeded in making it clear to him that he was, indeed, a competent jurist and a successful husband, that his fears merely followed a childhood pattern and were not related to any inherent defects or to any reality, he got well.

This type of treatment, which psychiatrists often find very successful, is simply directed to giving the patient (*Continued on page 83*)

are frightening, but doctors can cure them



*She slammed the door against the yawning chasm.*





# Jennifer

SO PLAIN, NO ONE WOULD LOOK AT HER TWICE.

BUT YOU WILL. YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO LOOK AWAY

BY VIRGINIA MYERS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. G. HARRIS

My first impression of the sitting room was that it looked dusty and unused, but the starched lace tidies pinned so carefully on the Victorian chairs were very white and stiff.

"I imagine it's a bit dusty," Lorna Gale was saying in a voice which made me think she was nervous. She ran one tanned finger over the surface of an ornate little table.

"Has it been empty long?" I asked, trying not to look too eager.

"Not too long—about four months. My cousin Jenny—Jennifer Brown—lived here. She—doesn't—any more," said Lorna Gale.

This seemed an odd explanation, but I hid my curiosity. "What, exactly, is the situation, Miss Gale?" I asked.

"Well, Miss Grey," she said pleasantly, "you know what the housing situation is, and you must know what the help situation is . . . Cigarette?"

I shook my head, and she lit one for herself. She started to toss the match aside, then stopped, looked around the room, and finally placed the match carefully on a little china dish that was not an ash tray. There were no ash trays to be seen. Later I realized that the first thing I had learned about Jenny Brown was that she did not smoke.

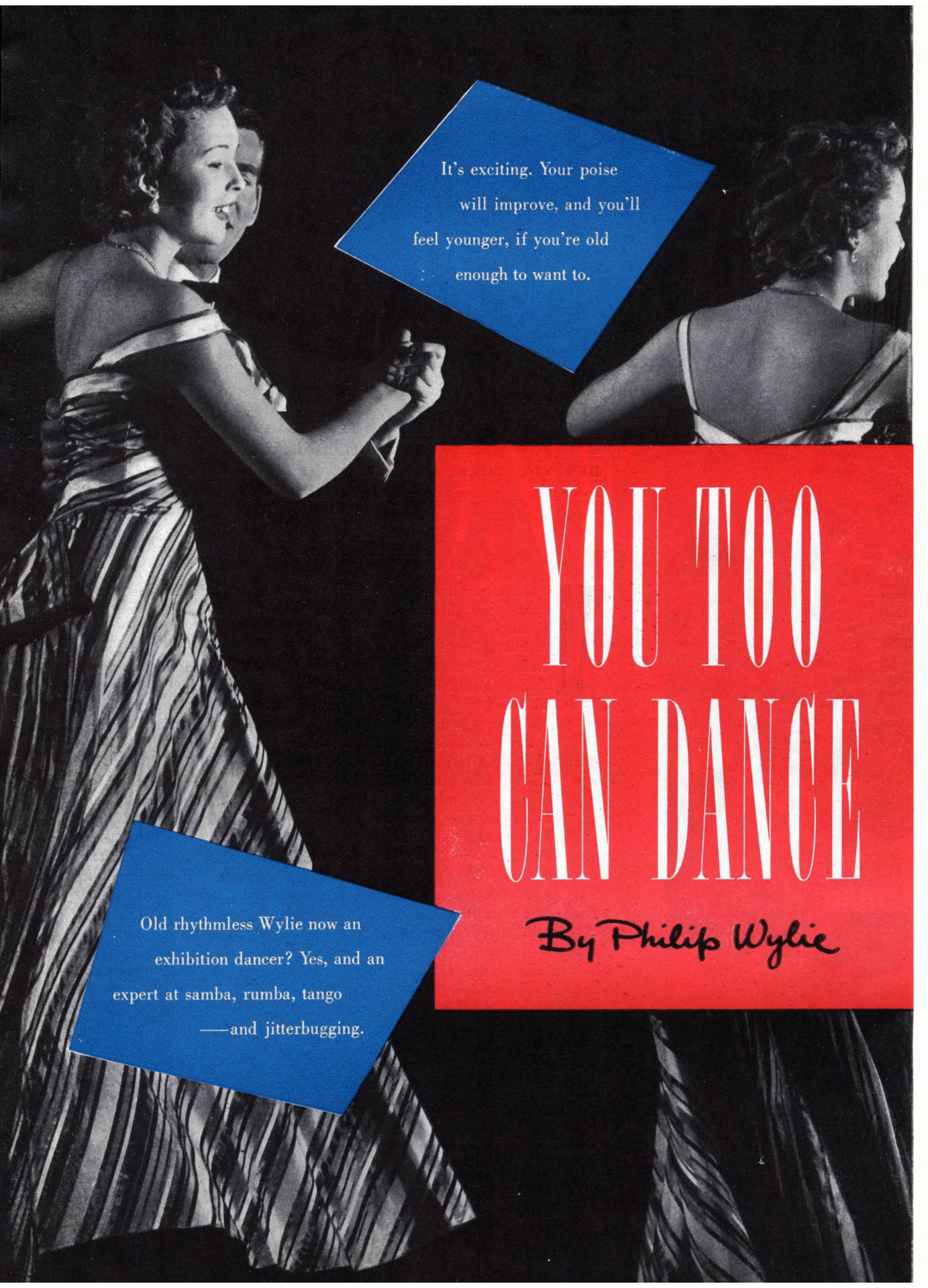
"I must get back to Mexico," Miss Gale said. "I live there, you know. When my cousin left, I had to rush right up here. As soon as I found out, that is. You see, she didn't tell me she was leaving, so the house was empty some time before I knew anything at all about it.

"Caretakers are dreadfully hard to find, but since houses are hard to find also, I thought of letting this one to someone who would take care of the big place for me the way Jenny did."

"Your ad offered a five-room house and a small salary in exchange for caretaker services," I said, almost quoting.

"Yes," she said, going to the window. She was *(Continued on page 72)*

"She's here! Her body's in the corner!"



It's exciting. Your poise  
will improve, and you'll  
feel younger, if you're old  
enough to want to.

Old rhythmless Wylie now an  
exhibition dancer? Yes, and an  
expert at samba, rumba, tango  
—and jitterbugging.

# YOU TOO CAN DANCE

*By Philip Wylie*



George Washington was  
a good dancer and never  
considered a sissy,  
so why not Wylie?

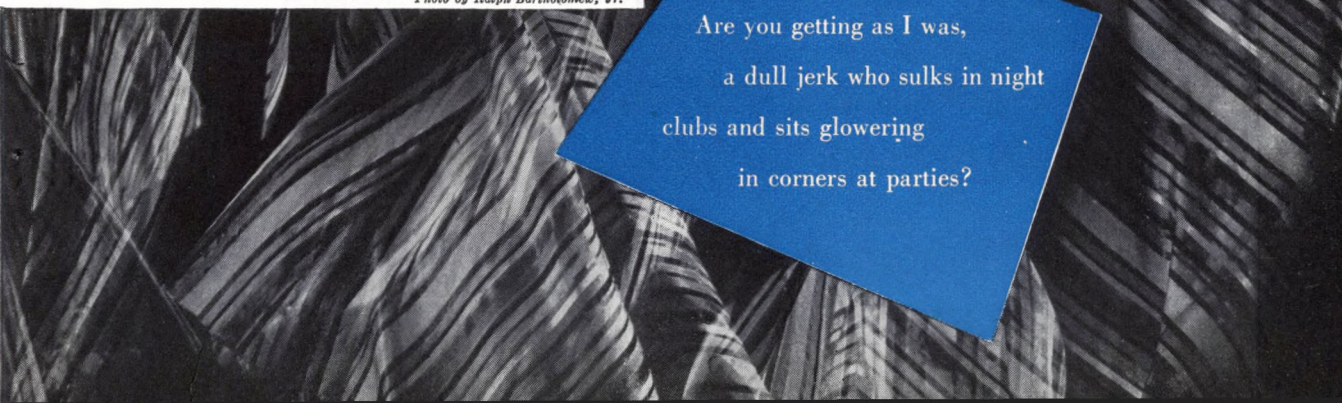
They used to laugh when I got up to dance—but they don't any more; and thereby hangs a tale of possible interest to persons of all ages who, when they hear the music play, yearn to step out on the floor with a slinky, sophisticated fox trot, rumba, samba, tango, or what not. "You, too," the dancing-studio advertisements insist, "can learn. A few hours of gay fun with an enchanting partner—and you will become a social sensation: the courted girl, the sought-after gent." I am one who took those advertisements at their word.

Two years ago I seldom tried to dance at all. When I did try, the ladies usually were stricken with sudden migraine or faintness. I stumbled, couldn't keep time, bumped people—and exhausted my repertoire of steps after about three measures. Today I am able to win prizes. I have been known to give exhibitions at night clubs. I sometimes teach steps to teachers.



How come? . . . Well, how come, at the outset, that a social critic, a presumably grim intellectual, an author who stuck his generation with the name of "vipers," ever got interested in twinkles and pivots? Pure rage is the honest answer.

A time came—as it does in the lives of many men—when I decided I had to give up dancing. It happened in the ballroom of a chichi hotel in Manhattan. The band (*Continued on page 125*)

Are you getting as I was,  
a dull jerk who sulks in night  
clubs and sits glowering  
in corners at parties?



# To Your Romantic May

**THAT WONDERFUL, TINGLING SOUND YOU HEAR IS SPRING.  
THAT SMOOCHY, DELICIOUS SENSATION YOU FEEL IS LOVE.  
THEN PUT THEM TOGETHER AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?  
A HAPPY-MAKING SHORT STORY   BY MEL HEIMER**

**Y**ou can't get away from it; if you meet Greenwich Village halfway, giving a little margin in reality here and overlooking a bit of sham there, it can be the most picturesque place in the world. For our text, we might take the preface to that movie, "The Song of Bernadette," that ran something like: For those who don't believe, no explanation is possible; for those who do, none is necessary.

Clara Fisher was—of course she would be—in a pliant and yielding mood as she thumbed lazily through the Sunday papers, while slouched luxuriously on one of the beaten and weary old benches in Washington Square.

Spring had come to the Village in the sudden way it has of arriving in town for the week end, and it was just as Clara always had known it would be. She herself had blown into town only a couple of months before, when the streets were still slushy and gray and cold, and the clothes she wore still had labels from the department store back in Mount Morris, Illinois. So this was her first Village spring.

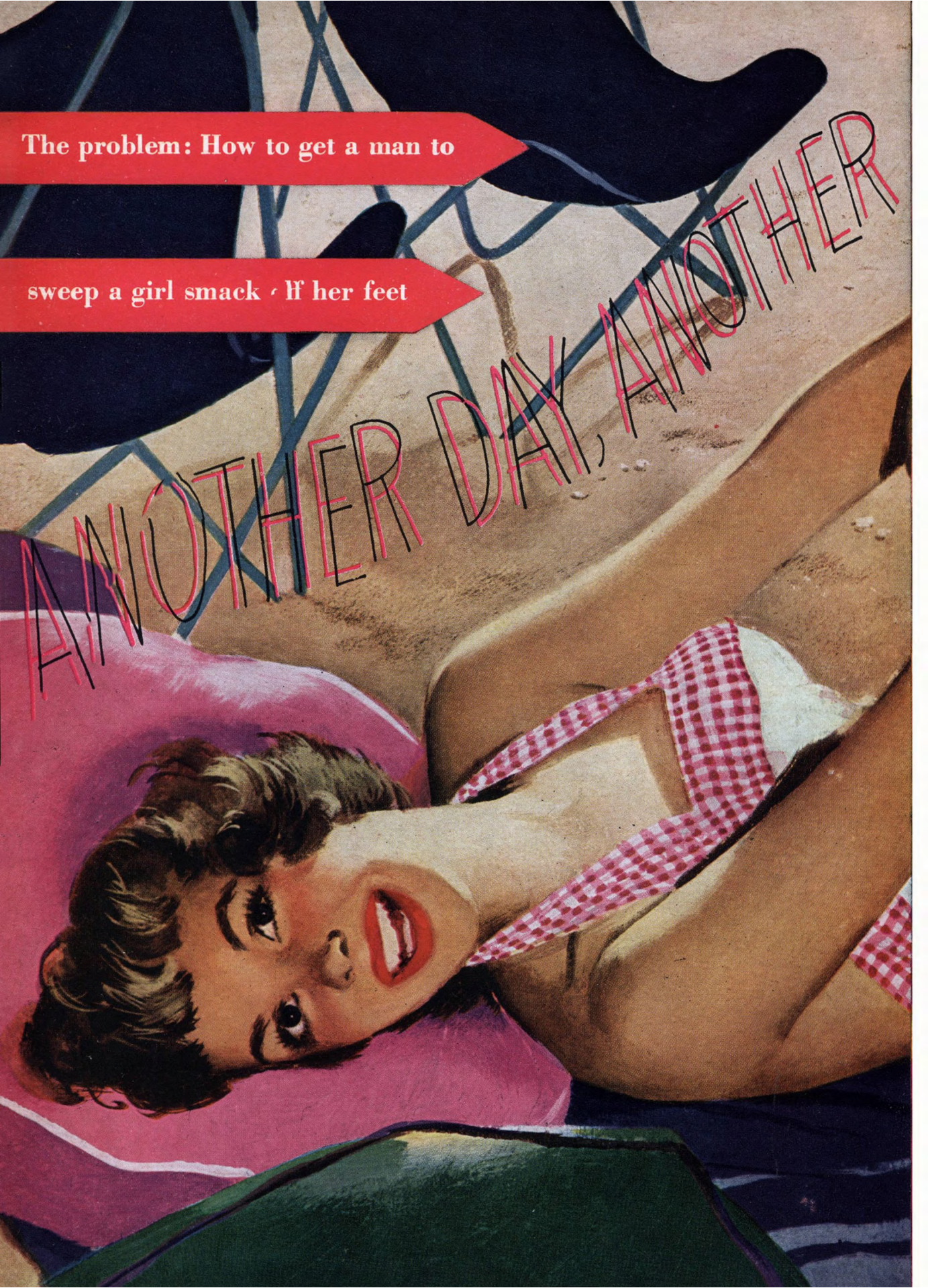
Back in the MacDougal Street what-is-it that she, Fernie Francis, and Belle Coleman called an apartment, the breakfast dishes were piled in the sink; and, as a matter of shameful record, Fernie and Belle still were asleep. The night before there had been some Fordham undergraduates on hand, curious about the mad, mad Village life, and the combination of spaghetti dinner, a number of flagons of beer and several hours of quoting from Kafka, Henry Miller, and Hemingway had proven an effective (Continued on page 106)



The problem: How to get a man to

sweep a girl smack / If her feet

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER



# DOLLAR NINETY-EIGHT

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

"I had expected someone a little older," he said.

Sally made a mouth. "By California standards I'm old," she said. "Twenty-four."

"Oh," he murmured, and then there was silence.

She looked at her prospective employer. Wound, as he was, around a straight chair, Sally thought he must be at least six feet three; and he was thin as a pencil despite his clothes—which looked as if they had been ordered by telephone. The small bony head, with the short black hair, and the tight-pulled skin on the face looked young—and intelligent; but could he be as intelligent as she had been warned?

"I have found," he—John West—said, "that most secretaries do not become efficient until they reach forty."

Sally sat up. "I have," she said. "For the past five years I have been transcribing the handwritten manuscripts of some of the most celebrated authors in America. That is, I believe, the greatest test to which any secretary could be put."

John West frowned. "You—" he began. "But how—"

"I was employed in various movie studios."

"I see. But you lost your job?"

Sally nodded. "Not through want of talent. Rather because of stockholders' avarice. The movies have been losing money. And secretaries always go first." (Continued on page 86)

Well, there were her legs. But was he paying them decent attention?

Jon Whitcomb





# THE LAST GOOD-BY

*At 28 and 32 they were too old and cautious, and knew all the answers about love—except one . . .* **BY NORMAN KATKOV**

Elizabeth Ingersoll locked her fingers. She turned her hands, looked carefully at her palms. "When will you leave?" she asked. "As soon as I can get squared away. They want me to fly."

"Tonight?" she asked.

"Liz!" I murmured protestingly.

"When, Tom?" she demanded.

"Baby, I don't know. A week, maybe less. Maybe Sunday."

This was Thursday night, in the library of Elizabeth's home on Crocus Hill, where I didn't belong, really, not even to cover a wedding or a funeral for my paper. I didn't have the clothes. She smiled. "All right, baby."

"Liz!" I cried again.

"Foreign correspondent. You'll be

famous, Tommy, old boy. There'll be pictures of you." She looked directly at me. "I'll keep a scrapbook for you."

"For Pete's sake!"

"And knit socks. You may find yourself in a Greek mountain cave this winter, Thomas, old boy. Wouldn't want you to freeze your toesies."

"Liz, what are you doing?"

She looked across at me. I sat in the straight-backed, quilted chair that her grandmother or great-grandmother had brought out from New England. "Why, I'm wishing you well, Tom, old boy. Bon voyage and happy landings, old boy. But why you?"

"Why me, what?"

"Why are they sending you? What do you know (*Continued on page 128*)

**I TOOK HER HAND FROM MY HAIR AND KISSED THE PALM.**

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL DORMONT



# The Fred

**F**red Allen appeared before the closed curtain and stood there waiting for the studio audience to become quiet.

"We have six minutes before we go on the air," he announced. "If there are any folks in the house who left their homes in Nutley, New Jersey, tonight with the intention of studying the ballet at the Radio City Music Hall next door and got pushed in here by mistake, now is the time for them to get the heck out."

When the laughter subsided, Allen continued, "Heck is a word invented by the National Broadcasting Company. The National Broadcasting Company denies the existence of hell and of the Columbia Broadcasting System, although not necessarily in that order. This appearance of mine before a broadcast, ladies and gentlemen, is known as a warmup. Radio executives, those little fellows who rush upcarpet to spawn every spring, seem to think a warmup is necessary—why, I don't know. One of the radio comedians in California—Red Skelton, I think it was—once overdid a warmup and cremated the audience."

The lights in the studio blinked and dimmed momentarily. Allen glanced at them and frowned. "Those lights," he said. "Mr. Trammell, the president of NBC, has been away this week, and I guess nobody else around here has a quarter to put in the meter."

A buzzer sounded, warning of the approach of the program's starting time, and Allen brought his remarks to a close. The house lights went out, and the curtain parted, revealing a stage full of musicians,

**From the start, here's what goes into it, how it's put**



# Allen Show

vocalists, technicians, and actors. Allen walked off to the left of the stage, poured some water into a paper cup, and drank it, inserted a stick of chewing gum into his mouth, put on horn-rimmed glasses, and picked up a copy of the script. Kenny Delmar, the announcer, went to the microphone in the center of the stage and Al Goodman, the orchestra leader, stood up and raised his baton. Delmar and Goodman kept their eyes on Howard Reilly, the producer of the program, who sat in a glass-enclosed control booth at the left of the stage with his eyes on his watch. Reilly lifted his finger. A hush fell upon the studio. Reilly pointed his finger at Goodman. The orchestra burst into a fanfare of music. Reilly then pointed at Delmar, who immediately began to speak into the microphone. He said:

"The Fred Allen Show, with Fred's guest, Mr. Dale Carnegie, Portland Hoffa, Minerva Pious, Peter Donald, Parker Fennelly, the De Marco Sisters, and Al Goodman and His Orchestra."

The program that followed during the next half hour was a typical Allen production. It began with the usual banter between Allen and Portland Hoffa—his wife in private life—as they strolled down Main Street. ("Jack Benny is tighter than the skin on a boil. He won't even buy a television set. He turns on his radio and has Rochester run in and make faces.") They commented on items in the current news. The Federal Communications Commission was then holding hearings on a proposal to ban give-away shows from *(Continued on page 99)*

together, what makes it click • By **JOE McCARTHY**



# GIRL ALONE



THE SINGLE LIFE HAS ITS

**Things that can happen to you, out alone, are endless,  
if you let yourself think about them — unintelligently!**

**BY JEAN VAN EVERA**

**Y**ou read a great deal, and hear more, about lone women being molested when they go out at night. If you live home with your family, it may well be one of the chief causes of bickering among otherwise peaceful people. Louise goes to a movie with Barbara, who lives three blocks away, and returns home at ten forty-five at night instead of the ten thirty she had rashly guessed. The house is lit up like a hospital surgery, and the family is stewing. They were sure that something terrible must have happened to Louise.

When you live alone in a distant city, your family may stew, but, since they can't keep it up seven nights out of seven over a distance of several hundred miles, the chances are they decide that if anything happens to you they'll probably hear about it somehow, sooner or later.

But what about you? Do you worry about going out alone at night? Are you afraid of evildoers? Do you draw your curtains and bolt the door when the sun goes down unless you have a man at hand to protect you?

If so, you'll do a lot of drawing and bolting before you are through. The single life has many advantages, but constant escort service is not one of them.

If you have a "date" every night in the week, these words are not for you. But if you enjoy your female friends, or like to wander off to a movie by yourself, yet begrudge money you'd have to spend if you taxied home every time, then the following ideas may be helpful.

It may seem odd that there are women who are fearful of being out on city streets at night, but such there are in abundance. The "scaredy-cat" girl usually grows into the timid older woman, who looks under beds and in closets every night. She won't even buy a dog, because she might have to walk him after dark, and that she's afraid to do.

In the first place, you must use common sense: avoid the unsavory parts of town and never walk alone through parks or in bad neighborhoods after dusk has fallen. There's a girl named Janice in Los Angeles who says she will never, never again venture out alone at night. Why? Because when she was taking a short cut through a park one night about eleven o'clock, a man jumped at her. A girl with no more sense than Janice really deserves to be jumped at.

If you expect to be out very long after midnight, skimp on something else and take a taxicab home. If no cab is available, and you live even a half block from your transportation, keep to the outside of the walk. Malicious or seedy characters usually hang out in dark doorways or hide behind bushes. In New York, some (*Continued on page 112*)

# And maybe we were

Acme Photo



For her support of the Community Chest Drive, Bess is corsaged by Ingrid Bergman, the first lady of movieland.

Wide World



At the convention in 1944, Bess Truman was merely concerned with the problems of being a vice-president's wife.

## *A new view of Bess Truman, who is more important behind*

**W**hen Bess Wallace Truman, on the sudden accession of her husband to the presidency in 1945, was tapped for "Who's Who," she struggled briefly against this intimation of immortality.

With some vehemence, the new First Lady insisted she was a private person. She pointed out that her husband, perforce in "Who's Who," could scarcely fail to mention her in passing. She felt this to be sufficient acknowledgment of her official position.

However, when she lost the argument, she sent to "Who's Who" one of the tersest autobiographies on record. Mrs. Truman truthfully felt that the world could not possibly be interested in knowing any more about her. The entry reads:

"Truman, Bess Wallace (Mrs. Harry S. Truman); born Independence, Mo., graduate Independence High School; student The Barstow School for Girls, Kansas City, Mo.; married Harry S. Truman, June 28, 1919; one daughter, Mary Margaret. Democrat. Episcopalian. Charter member the Missouri chapter P.E.O. Sisterhood in Washington. Home: Independence, Mo. Address, The White House, Washington, D. C."

For more than three years, the nation at large knew little more about its First Lady than the bleak statistics listed above. To the United States, and much of the city of Washington, itself, she was "The Woman Nobody Knows."

Her passion for privacy and her talent for anonymity made Mrs. Truman less familiar to the public than any First Lady in generations. And it completely confused a press and a people accustomed to her dynamic predecessor, Eleanor Roosevelt.

As of late summer, 1948, it seemed highly probable that Mrs. Truman—thanks to rumor and newspaper photography, neither one of which was kind to her—would go down in history as the most negative, colorless First Lady in our extrovert time. Widespread rumor had long since written her off as a provincial *Hausfrau*, uncomfortable amid the splendors of the White House, unhappy with the VIP's forever camping on the White House stoop, and unaccustomed to the duties of official life, despite her long training as a senatorial and vice-presidential wife.

The legend outran the fact that Bess Wallace Truman, like Eleanor Roosevelt, was wellborn, well bred, well educated and well able to take care of herself in any circumstances.

Rumor completely ignored the fact that Mrs. Truman's family had long been affluent and prominent in her part of Missouri, and that she had attended The Barstow School for Girls in Kansas City, still one of the most exclusive finishing schools for young ladies in the Midwest. Its students are not apt to be thrown off stride by finger bowls or foreign delegations.

# wrong about her too!

Acme Photo



Confident Truman family leaving Washington en route to the President's renomination at Philadelphia in July, 1948.

Acme Photo



Senator Truman made his mark as head of a Senate investigating committee; Bess was a hard-working assistant.

*the scenes than anybody guessed* ● BY INEZ ROBB

But the rumors were as good as dead that day, late last summer, when Harry Truman took a firm grip on the arm of the woman who is his wife, confidante, and chief advisor, and firmly boosted her aboard the presidential campaign train. With that gesture, the President conferred a tremendous favor on himself, on his country, and on his wife.

For until she took to the hustings with her husband in his strenuous rip-snorting campaign, the nation had never had a good look at its First Lady. One glance at her intelligent face, so full of humor, warmth, and friendliness, was enough to convince millions that they had in the White House a mighty fine First Lady and one worth hanging on to. It is redundant now to say that the country looked at Mrs. Truman and liked what it saw. She looked kind. She looked competent, and, above all, she looked genuine.

In the post mortems that followed November second, newsmen of every political persuasion, who had accompanied the President on his campaign tours, were certain of one thing: a more appealing political trio than Harry S. Truman, his wife, and their daughter had never stumped the country. As they appeared on rostrums in big and little communities, and on the rear platforms of the campaign train at crossroads and villages, they made a profound impression for a simple and touching reason: they presented the appearance

of a completely happy and most devoted family.

At a time when the American home is under critical attack from so many quarters, this glimpse of a radiant, close-knit family, with which so many millions of Americans could associate themselves, had a stirring effect on audiences all over the land.

Reporters on the train never got over the fact that, whenever the President spoke, Mrs. Truman and Margaret not only watched him with love and tenderness but hung on every word with unfeigned interest, as if neither had ever heard him speak before.

"And don't think voters weren't affected by that sight," columnist Doris Fleenor said.

Throughout the campaign trips the President always introduced Mrs. Truman as "The Boss" and his daughter as "The Boss's Boss." It sounds like pure ham in the retelling. But on the spot, it seemed homely and affectionate, and the crowds loved it.

Everyone on the presidential train—press, crew, and politicians—ended the tour devoted to the First Lady. Throughout the long, exhausting trips, she looked out for their comfort and health as unobtrusively as she does for her husband's. If, during the tours, she felt that the President needed more rest, she saw to it that General Wallace Graham, his physician, enforced it. If she heard that a reporter was ailing, she moved with kindly efficiency to see (Continued on page 92)

# You

---

*are better than you know*

BY DALE CARNEGIE

**W**hen I was a boy in Missouri, I thought happiness was largely determined by income. We were farmers, struggling fiercely with debts, mortgages, floods, droughts, gumbo, hog cholera, and falling farm prices. Cash was almost nonexistent in our family. A dime looked as big as a wagon wheel. “If we were rich,” I used to meditate, as I wearily followed the plough, “all our troubles would be over.”

Well, life has taught me that it isn't that simple. I have some relatives who have holes in the bottoms of their shoes; I have some friends who are millionaires; and I am thoroughly convinced that money and worldly acclaim are woefully inadequate factors in determining a person's net worth in the balance of life. Yes, and they are woefully inadequate, too, in producing happiness—at least, that was what Dr. Charles W. Eliot said. He should have known, for he was president of Harvard for forty years, and he knew rich and powerful men. Yet he declared that “. . . money, power, and fame do not, as a rule, contribute to happiness.”

Yet most of us underrate ourselves because we don't have soaring IQ's or big bank rolls. The truth is that, judged by the only standards that count—happiness standards—*most of us are better than we think we are!*

Ask yourself these questions, for instance:

Have you a wife or husband whom you love? (Continued on page 115)








# Marry me a Million

BY WILMA SHORE

**Y**ou want to know the kind of a girl I am? "Like a train on the tracks," my father used to say. "You got to stop, look, and listen when Alice makes up her mind," he used to say. If you'll only take my word for the kind of a girl I am, you'll never believe me when I tell you what I went and did. I wouldn't believe it myself, except here I am, in the middle of the day, sitting on a bench in the park; so I know I didn't make the whole thing up.

I always knew exactly where I was going, is all. For instance, when I was twelve. My sister Rita, she couldn't understand why I was the one got the job minding the Kruger kids for ten days while Mrs. Kruger went to the hospital with the next one. Rita forgot all the time I put in with those kids, making Jacob's ladders, cat's cradles . . . It was obvious there was (Continued on page 69)

**Dreams are stuff that penthouses and emeralds  
and yachts are made of—nightmares likewise**

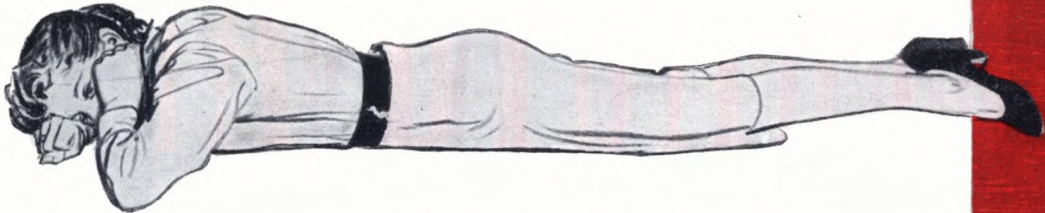
A vintage illustration featuring a woman in the foreground, shown in profile from the chest up. She has dark, wavy hair styled in a bun, adorned with a large, light pink ribbon. She is holding a round, dark chocolate between her fingers, about to take a bite. Her expression is one of contentment. In the background, two bridesmaids are depicted in a stylized, almost ethereal manner. One is in a purple dress with a white lace train, holding a bouquet of flowers. The other is in a pink dress, also holding a bouquet. The background is a solid blue color, suggesting a night sky or a studio backdrop. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century magazine illustrations.

I'll stick to this for one  
year and, if I'm not  
Mrs. Corporation Lawyer  
by then, no one will be  
more surprised than I.



"I'll

# be right home, Ma"



If he didn't love her, he needed her. For Lucy, that was enough.

THE SECOND OF THREE PARTS) • BY HENRY DENKER

The cab driver's words rang in Danny's ears. "Murder—Danny Calahan was murder." What a joke it was! Couldn't they tell that he was yellow, afraid all the time?

He took Lucy's arm as they started up the stairs to her apartment, and the confused thoughts kept rumbling through his head. He had knocked out Izzy Taylor, so that meant more money. Packy'd said that the money would change Danny's mother, make her decent. Packy had lied. She was as bad as ever. And his father! What would he have thought of people saying that his son was murder? "Pop, why did you die?" he murmured. "Why?"

"Did you say something, Danny?" Lucy asked, glancing at him.

"No," he said sharply. "I didn't."

When they were inside Lucy's room Danny said, "You don't mind?"

"Don't mind what?" she asked.

"Coming here. It's the only place I know where I feel good."

"It's all right, Danny. Sit down. You must be tired, aren't you?"

He sat down, but he didn't answer.

"I could make some coffee," she said.

"No." He looked at his hands for a

long time. And then he asked, "Well?"

"It was awful. And wonderful. All at the same time. The way they hit each other. I saw the fights before yours. I almost left before you came out. I didn't want to see that happen to you. And then when you hit him. The way he stood there. And you hit him again, and he fell." She stopped speaking. She sat down beside him and took his right hand in hers. She turned the palm up and looked at it. "With this hand," was all she said. He drew his hand away.

"You were so sure, so brave," she said.

"Don't say that." He got up.

"What's the matter, Danny? Every time I say something I hurt you."

"Brave! I'm scared. Every time I'm scared. They keep telling me I'll win, but I never know. Never. I just do what Packy says. But I'm always scared."

He wanted to turn and see her face. See what changes his words had made in it. In the soft brown eyes. But he couldn't turn around. He stood by the window and looked out.

After a long silence she said, "I'm glad you didn't get hurt. That was the important thing. I didn't care about your winning. When (Continued on page 137)

Packy worked on the cut eye. "Kid," he pleaded, "throw that right!"

# DO YOU NEED A PRIVATE EYE?

By Murray Teigh Bloom

**R**ecently, in a large Eastern city, a Mr. Argost, a successful businessman in his late forties, decided that he wanted a divorce. Mrs. Argost was not averse to the idea, provided she received a fair settlement. Her husband, however, wanted his freedom and his money. Faced with the problem of getting a divorce on his own terms, Mr. Argost did what thousands of other husbands have done: he called in a private detective.

For a week (at the rate of twenty-five dollars a day), the detective trailed Mrs. Argost. He charged fifty dollars a day when he had to use a car to shadow her. At the end of that time there wasn't an iota of evidence that she was playing around, and Mr. Argost suggested to the detective that if the lady were to meet—quite accidentally, of course—a tall, handsome chap, she would surely succumb. Perhaps the detective knew some likely fellow who wasn't above having a little adventure for a handsome fee . . .

That kind of proposition had been made to this private detective many times before. He calmly explained that entrapment of a marriage partner was a serious offense, and any private detective in that state who had anything to do with such business would most certainly lose his license.

Unabashed, Mr. Argost went to a neighboring state which, like many others, had no regulations governing private detectives. There he found a detective who was quite willing to make the necessary arrangements. In fact, he had done such things frequently. He called in a woman operative, gave her a picture and description of Mrs. Argost, and told her what was wanted.

A few days later, the woman operative, posing as a divorcee, met Mrs. Argost at the latter's favorite beauty parlor. The woman detective, sympathetic and understanding, saw to it that the casual meeting led to a swift-ripening friendship. At a propitious moment she introduced her "boy friend," also an agency operative. He, in turn, introduced Mrs. Argost to a good-looking friend of his—a tall, gay, handsome chap (Continued on page 118)

If you stay calm and think for a little

while, you may realize you don't need

a private detective after all — but,

if you do — Take care, for in no other

profession is it more important to

know the man who is working for

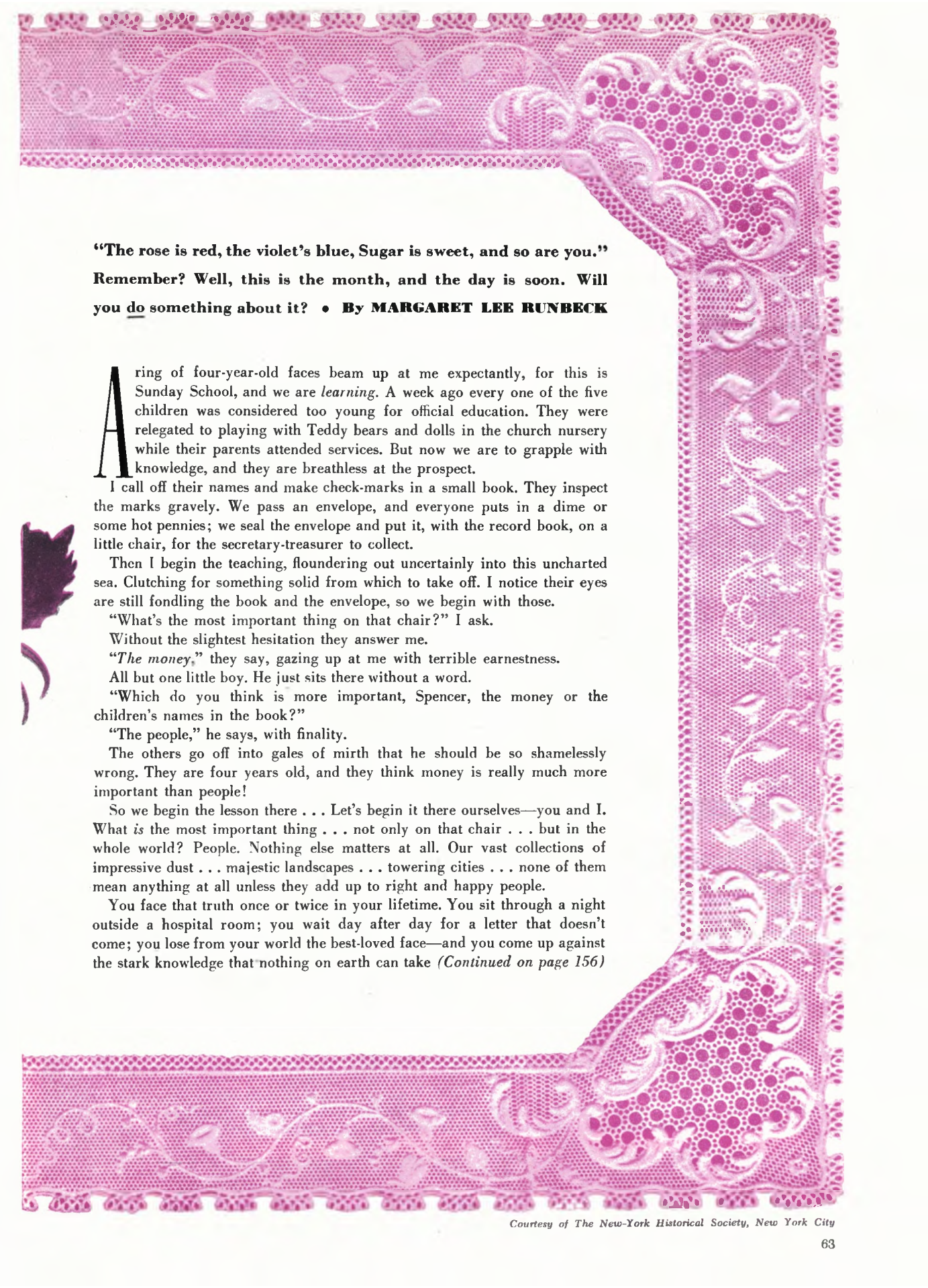
you. There's how to find him!







“  
Home



**“The rose is red, the violet’s blue, Sugar is sweet, and so are you.”**  
**Remember? Well, this is the month, and the day is soon. Will you do something about it? • By MARGARET LEE RUNBECK**

A ring of four-year-old faces beam up at me expectantly, for this is Sunday School, and we are *learning*. A week ago every one of the five children was considered too young for official education. They were relegated to playing with Teddy bears and dolls in the church nursery while their parents attended services. But now we are to grapple with knowledge, and they are breathless at the prospect.

I call off their names and make check-marks in a small book. They inspect the marks gravely. We pass an envelope, and everyone puts in a dime or some hot pennies; we seal the envelope and put it, with the record book, on a little chair, for the secretary-treasurer to collect.

Then I begin the teaching, floundering out uncertainly into this uncharted sea. Clutching for something solid from which to take off. I notice their eyes are still fondling the book and the envelope, so we begin with those.

“What’s the most important thing on that chair?” I ask.

Without the slightest hesitation they answer me.

“*The money*,” they say, gazing up at me with terrible earnestness.

All but one little boy. He just sits there without a word.

“Which do you think is more important, Spencer, the money or the children’s names in the book?”

“The people,” he says, with finality.

The others go off into gales of mirth that he should be so shamelessly wrong. They are four years old, and they think money is really much more important than people!

So we begin the lesson there . . . Let’s begin it there ourselves—you and I. What is the most important thing . . . not only on that chair . . . but in the whole world? People. Nothing else matters at all. Our vast collections of impressive dust . . . majestic landscapes . . . towering cities . . . none of them mean anything at all unless they add up to right and happy people.

You face that truth once or twice in your lifetime. You sit through a night outside a hospital room; you wait day after day for a letter that doesn’t come; you lose from your world the best-loved face—and you come up against the stark knowledge that nothing on earth can take (*Continued on page 156*)



# THE GREATEST

## THE "UNSINKABLE" SHIP THAT WENT TO THE BOTTOM, MARKING THE

"She was a 'floating palace.'" That was only one phrase that was used regarding her. Competition for transatlantic passenger business was intense, yet fares had for a long time been fixed by agreement among the companies concerned. As fares could not be reduced, rivalry showed itself in several other ways.


Some lines tried for speed, for the "blue ribbon of the Atlantic." Since a passenger could not be lured on board by a cheaper rate (and many would not stop to think twice about saving a few paltry dollars), he might wish to boast of having traveled across the ocean on the fastest ship in the world.

Some lines made much of their punctuality: a

passenger sailing from New York could safely make business appointments in London for immediately after the scheduled time of arrival.

All lines boasted of luxury and comfort: marble halls and gilt pillars, stewards at every turn to save the pampered passenger from doing anything for himself, menus of inconceivable length and complexity. In the middle of the Atlantic people could—and did—eat dinners which were more sumptuous than those being served at the same moment to the Czar in St. Petersburg.

Standards were a little different in those days. If dinners were far heavier and more elaborate, the private bathroom was still a rarity. Very few suites



# SEA DISASTER

## END OF ALL THE SECURITY WE EVER KNEW By C. S. FORESTER

had one. It did not occur to the traveling millionaire to grumble at having to turn out of his cabin and walk in his dressing gown down a long alley for his morning bath. It was even possible for him to be philosophical about having to wait if all the bathrooms happened to be occupied at the moment.

When his turn came, a bath attendant heard his request for "cold" or "warm" or "hot," let a flood of salt water into the tub, and proceeded to heat it to the desired temperature by steam bubbled into it from a specially constructed jointed pipe.

It was the usual thing to share a bathroom; it was perfectly natural to have a salt-water bath at sea; and even the men who designed the Titanic,

and sought to make her outstanding in luxury, did not think of giving every cabin the bathroom and fresh running water which the first-class passenger nowadays expects as a matter of course.

Yet there were many ways in which the Titanic was outstanding, all the same. She was not the fastest ship in the world—the White Star Line did not deign to compete in the matter of speed—but she was the largest. She was about forty-five thousand tons, twice the size of the largest battleship then afloat, and that helped the publicity people when they made their claim that she was also the safest. She had a double bottom, and she had fifteen watertight, transverse bulkheads, which divided her

into sixteen individual and separate compartments. She could spring a leak in one compartment—that compartment could flood, for that matter—and she would continue to float with her stability unimpaired. If some inconceivable accident or pair of accidents should flood two compartments, all would still be well with her. No one could believe that anything worse could happen to her, especially under the careful handling of the cream of the White Star officers.

The publicity people, seeking for talking points, seized on this argument and carried it to its logical conclusion. The Titanic was the “unsinkable ship.” Smugly, they pointed to her as the first example of man’s final freedom from the tyranny of the elements. Paragraphs to that effect might easily lure some of the more nervous passengers from rival lines and induce them to travel on the Titanic instead. So, in the publicity campaign before her first sailing, only minor stress was laid on her luxury and comfort; only minor stress on the White Star’s reputation for punctuality. Weight was given to the fact that the Titanic was the largest ship in the world, but the most important point was that she was the unsinkable ship. And if—if—anything should go wrong, there was always the “wireless,” the marvelous new invention by which aid could be summoned from far across the sea. Of course, it would not be necessary, but it was the one final, complete safeguard.

Nobody knows now which of these arguments had induced the various wealthy and fashionable personages to travel in the Titanic when she set sail on April 10, 1912. It may, in some instances, have been mere routine necessity. The seven hundred immigrants in the steerage probably had never even heard of the claims put forward for her. Their names are forgotten now, but on the list of first-class passengers appeared names which proved that it was smart and fashionable to travel on the maiden voyage of the world’s largest ship. John Jacob Astor, Charles M. Hays, Benjamin Guggenheim, John B. Thayer, Isidor Straus, Duff-Gordon, and Rothes: millionaires and peers, journalists and novelists, actors and theatrical managers—a representative selection of those lucky, successful people who have the opportunity or the desire for first-class ocean travel.

The ship had left Southampton on a Wednesday and was due to reach New York on the following Wednesday. On the morning of Sunday, April 14, she was nearing the Grand Banks. All through the day, warnings came by wireless, telling of the presence of ice in the neighborhood of the Banks; those warnings were posted in the charthouse for the information of the officers, who discussed them among themselves. The lookouts were warned, and the very time of

arrival among the ice was calculated. But, when night fell, there was no sign of the fog that might be expected in that area; although the weather was bitterly cold, it was clear, and the sea was smooth. The Titanic maintained her speed of twenty-two knots; only express orders from the captain himself could reduce it, and he was mindful of the line’s reputation for punctuality. On a night as clear as this, there seemed no danger, even with ice known to lie ahead. The captain even went to bed, although there are few nights when the master of a transatlantic liner can be so much at ease in his mind as to leave the responsibility to his watch-keeping officers. Perhaps Captain Smith, too, had allowed himself to be influenced by all the talk about the unsinkable ship and had lapsed into complacency. Perhaps he was merely being logical; he knew that his officers were efficient and diligent—no officer in the White Star Line could last

long otherwise—and felt that his presence on the bridge would make no difference. A perfectly sound argument, this; anxious captains use it to themselves and still wear themselves out quite unnecessarily keeping a supervisory night watch on the bridge.

If the captain was at ease in his mind, the passengers were even more relaxed. The policy of every passenger-carrying company, by land or sea or air throughout history, has always been to keep the passengers from knowing anything about any dangers they might be subjected to. Even those few on board who might have been familiar with the ways of the sea, who might have made deductions from their observations, must have been reassured. A clear night and a calm sea—no howling siren to keep them awake and remind them of the dangers of fog; the vibration of the

ship to tell them that she was maintaining full speed. Obviously, there was nothing to worry about even if they were not on an unsinkable ship. After the usual quiet Sunday at sea, most of them went to bed before midnight; of the few who remained up, the majority were the gamblers in the smoking room.

Twenty-two knots was too great a speed to maintain with ice ahead, even on a clear night. We have all read about icebergs—how they float with only one eighth of their volume above water and seven eighths below. A glance at the ice cube in our highball glass will remind us, if we have forgotten. But an iceberg is not cubical; it is not of any regular shape at all. The mass of ice below the surface not only extends far, far down, but it also extends out at all sides, as if reaching toward the rash ship that approaches—reaching out below the surface where the ship is most vulnerable. The vast iceberg that the lookout of the Titanic sighted above the surface was much farther away than its (Continued on page 122)

● In the back section of this magazine is a complete novel by MacKinlay Kantor that seems to the editors to be a superb job of writing. If you have any comments, would you mind dropping us a line?



Turn to page 157



I'm Yankee bold, and Yankee brave,  
A Yankee Doodle dandy;  
Take my advice—for soup that's nice  
Keep Chicken Noodle handy!

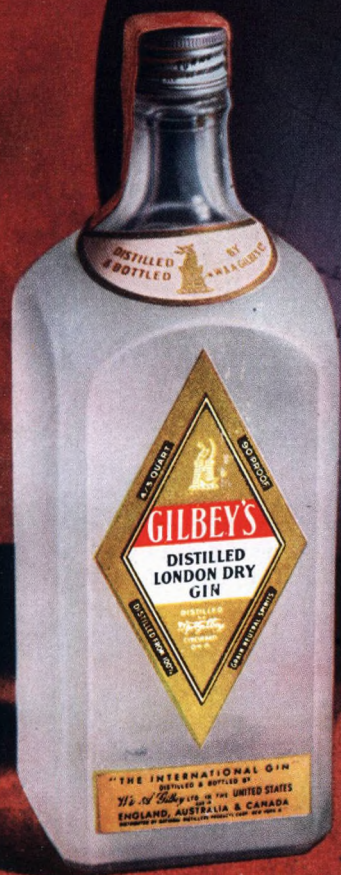
*Let this soup that helped make history*  
...HELP YOU GET SUPPER TONIGHT!

There's both good eating and good value in this soup. You see, Chicken Noodle Soup was a favorite of Colonial days, and Campbell's make it today in the old tradition: plump chickens simmered slowly till the broth comes rich and golden . . . then good egg noodles added, and plenty of tender pieces of chicken. It's a hearty, he-man soup—a main dish to please both purse and appetites. Have it often!

*Campbell's*  
**CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP**

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL





All over the world... *that's Gin!*

THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY W. & A. GILBEY LTD. IN THE UNITED STATES AND IN ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA AND CANADA  
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. 90 Proof. London Dry Gin. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

## Marry Me a Million (Continued from page 56)

this job coming up, so I was ready.

That's just one example. By age sixteen I had my whole future worked out, a real timetable. I could see it was the only way to get anywhere. Take my mother: she lives from day to day. Or take Rita: when she was thirteen, she was going to be a movie star. If I decided to be a movie star, I would work on it until I got there. But Rita—all she did was invest in fan magazines, every penny she made. Who was seen at the Brown Derby? What does Cary Grant eat for breakfast? . . . Did Rita get to Hollywood? The nearest Rita got to Cary Grant was they both ate the same breakfast food. And where was my mother? What a question! My mother was home in the kitchen, washing clothes, turning collars, making soap. Where should she be?

It was really very simple. Did I want to marry money? That's not the point—what I wanted to do. Did I have a chance to do anything else? Want—maybe I want to be a pilot in an airplane. Maybe I want to drive a locomotive. Maybe be an engineer and build bridges. I like bridges. To me there is nothing to compare with a beautiful bridge. When they were putting up the Triborough Bridge, every morning I'd think: I can go to school today, or I can go watch them build the bridge. You see what I mean? A person can be silly if they let themselves. I went to school.

It isn't a question of what do you want; it's what can you get away with. So I'm no Miss The Bronx, but I don't lack appeal. Since I started wearing lipstick, fellows were evincing their interest in me, not only fellows on the block but also in the professional line of work. That's a matter of simple fact; I don't just say it. And if you look at the girls that marry money, they aren't all beauties either. All right, a lot of them their father is a wealthy tycoon, but some not. Take the nurses that marry their patients, and the secretaries that marry their bosses. It can be done; that's the thing.

I thought about secretary; lots of very wealthy men marry their secretaries. But this is for a girl that likes to sit still. I like to be up and doing. Or take trained nurse; before you get out of training school it's at least three years, and after that it can take you another ten years to find the right man. And then he's an invalid.

I had a different idea. And once I got started, I didn't let anything stand in my way. After two years of high school I had to take out my working papers, but don't think I'm not a high-school graduate. High-school graduate was on the timetable. I got a job

as a waitress and put myself through school at night. I took languages, I took history of art, I took English and English till it was coming out of my ears. Physical ed and social dancing. For most girls that would be impractical. But does a knowledge of home economics attract a wealthy man? His wife requires bookkeeping? Once a month I sat in the balcony for a significant Broadway performance. Saturday or Sunday nights I took in the better type of movies around my neighborhood. Or I went bowling.

**D**ATES? Well, the bowling was with Benny, my friend Benny, but I wouldn't call that a date. Benny, he's a boy I knew for a long time, a shipping clerk. We each pay our own way. What do I want with dates? All right, if you're figuring to marry this shoe salesman or post-office clerk, then it's obligatory. But not me. A fellow buys you a dollar dinner, right away he owns you; he's got a prior lien. For a balcony seat at the Uptown and a jumbo box of popcorn, it's not worth it. Benny lets me live my own life; I have my ideas, he has his. I merely like to bowl with him, and it's good exercise. I told him my intentions. "Benny," I said, "it's nothing against you, but this is strictly for the time being; I wouldn't want to lead you up a blind alley."

He said, "Alice, you're a big girl; you play it how you like. But let's go. If you stall around much longer, we won't get any alley at all."

So that's how it was.

"You're an attractive boy," I said, "but as far as I'm concerned our mutual activities start and stop with bowling."

"All right, all right," he said. "Don't do me any favors."

My friend Ella considered me foolhardy. "All of a sudden you'll look around," she said, "and you'll be in love with this Benny. Can't you bowl with a C.P.A.? It's just as easy to fall in love with a professional."

"You don't understand, Ella," I said. "Love? To a girl like me, love is irrelevant and immaterial. When you win a trip to Honolulu on a soap program, do they ask you if you love the soap company? I wouldn't say a word against love. My only point is, who needs it?"

My mother kept after me. "Since you were ten," she said, "you're always working; you never have a good time. How long are you young? Enjoy yourself."

She couldn't understand that my work was in the nature of an investment, so I would have time later on to take my leisure. How could I come

right out and say, "Mama, I don't want to end up like you, still slaving at your age"? So I held my peace.

Well, by the time I had my diploma, I was extremely proficient waiting on table. I looked around for the right job. It took me till the next winter to find it, but not from want of opportunity with regard to some other very desirable situations. They simply didn't offer what I wanted. I waited until I could place myself at Antonio's.

If you don't know Antonio's, it's 'way downtown. A la carte, you're lucky to get out under two dollars. All these Wall Street men, corporation lawyers and bankers, and so on, go there for lunch. They work down the block, and they come three or four times a week, a steady trade. These same faces you see at your station day in, day out. It makes it easier to establish a relationship.

I formulated myself a daily schedule. Mornings, shampooing and manicuring and washing uniforms; eleven o'clock, to work; in the late afternoon, walk two miles; home for dinner, and then to study—Vogue, Harper's Bazaar, Town and Country, The New Yorker, Fortune, even. I figure I'll stick to this for one year. By the end of that time, if I am not Mrs. Corporation Lawyer, no one will be more surprised than I.

Now, which does that sound like—a practical gal, or a wide-eyed visionary? Which do I look like to you? I tell you, this morning I surveyed myself in the mirror, and I didn't know what to say . . .

Well, anyhow, inside of two weeks I had the best possibilities spotted. Most of the patrons I can cross right off; they're too old, or they have "Married" written all over them. But there were five likely entrants. The one eats sea food; gray at the temples, only looks at you when you aren't looking at him. The one with his rubbers on, who wants a double order of hard rolls. The one whose hair is getting thin in back; has crackers and milk, crackers and milk, crackers and milk. And the one that waits till you're halfway to the kitchen and then decides he'd rather have the veal cutlet. With a hand-painted silk tie, a different picture every day of the week; not on the cutlet, you understand; on the man. And then the square face with the short hair that always says: "How is the roast lamb today?" As though I was likely to say, "It's rotten."

I didn't pin my hopes on any dark horse in particular; they could any of them be married already, or about to be picked up for income-tax evasion, or to leave for South America,



someplace. Until I found out I treated them all very nice, impartially.

Look at it like this: waitress is a service trade. Any good waitress has to look out for her patrons; but more than that, she has to give the impression that she regards them as something more than just a mouth that eats and leaves a tip. So she walks a little faster with the order; a steak takes just so long to cook, no matter who's waiting for it, but she can act like she had been sitting out in the kitchen giving it a pep talk. Or if one of them should pass a so-called witty remark, she makes out she's having trouble keeping a hold of her pencil and pad, from laughing. Any good waitress.

But I was out for more than a nice tip, so I had to give more. I had to be like an amateur psychiatrist. Because I was going to psychiatrist myself right into one of their hearts. A man begins to enjoy a lunch relationship, he wants to extend it out from lunch to dinner, and with me that was feasible; due to careful preparation and study, I was not the usual run of waitress. And after dinner comes breakfast, which is eaten only in the bonds of matrimony.

There's a lot a person can learn from Freud. You do this type of work for a while, you'll find out every patron wants something extra from you. Some of them want you to be their mother, some their sister, some their inamorata. So when I told How's-the-Roast-Lamb that it was excellent today, I did so like I was giving him inside info that I wormed out of the chef at great personal inconvenience, in the anticipation of him asking me. When I averted my eyes away from Mr. Sea Food, I did it like I knew he wanted to look at me and like his glance was the wish nearest my heart.

I didn't care for this type of behavior; it goes against all my grain to perpetrate a fraud of my feelings, and somehow I lack respect for a fellow that requires such treatment. But once I was Mrs. How's-the-Roast-Lamb, or Mrs.-a-reasonable-facsimile-thereof, that would be the end of it.

Only you can see why I didn't need dates. Three hours of that in one day is enough. Now Benny, if he got a rotten haircut, I could say, "That fellow butchered you. You look unmentionable." Or if I could beat him bowling, I beat him; I didn't need to worry.

Well, by the fourth month I was beginning to think maybe I wouldn't even need a year. Roast-Lamb, for instance, he didn't take a mouthful unless I personally helped him select it and certified it for taste and vitamin content; I did everything but cut it up for him. And he told me about himself, like about his new sailboat,

twenty-five feet long, cost him a cool seven thousand. Crackers-and-Milk had graduated up to cottage cheese and custard, due to my relaxing personality; he said I was better than phenobarbital to him, and maybe if he'd had a wife his ulcer would never have got to first base. Halfway-to-the-Kitchen had already inquired how I filled in my evenings, and he was wearing my favorite tie at least once a week. Horses' heads. Besides which, something told me Sea Food was getting ready to look me straight in the eye. And I knew when that happened I would be over the hump.

AND THEN one day Roast-Lamb walks in with his wife. I knew they were married before she took off her gloves; you get so you can tell. She was a very attractive type, with the straight eyebrows, the long neck, not too much powder—smooth. The voice likewise. Well, all right, I always had a kind of married feeling about him anyhow. "Au revoir, How's-the-Roast-Lamb," I said under my breath. "Nice knowing you."

He opened his menu and scanned it mistrustfully up and down, like a subpoena. "I wonder," he said, "if the spareribs are nice?"

Before I could give him a special tip straight from the pig, his wife replied. "How should I know?" would have been a very logical answer, but she said, "I'm sure they're lovely."

"Oh," he said. "Well, but perhaps the pork chops. . . ."

"Me," I would have said, "I don't recommend the pork chops today, sir," to make him feel indebted to me.

"We're having pork chops for dinner," she said. "Why not try the pot roast?"

He flung down the menu. "We'll have pot roast," he said firmly, like it had been his idea. I wrote down "pot roast" and went away. But when I came back, I eavesdropped on their conversation. There, with the grace of God, I would be going before the end of the year. He was saying, "So I told him, that way you have absolutely no collateral. But no collateral whatsoever! I made it quite clear, so far as collateral was concerned. . . ."

You know how much she cared about collateral? How much do I care about collateral? How much do you care about collateral? That's how much she cared about collateral. But she was leaning across the table, shaking her head from side to side. "What do you know!" she said. "Not a drop of collateral!"

I put down the pot roast, and he poked it with his fork like he hoped it would get up and fly away. She cut hers and took a bite. "Lovely!" she said. So he began to eat.

I brought them some more water

and butter. By this time he was embarked into an anecdote which I have heard five times, maybe more. I held my ears. You know what I mean? Like you hold your breath when you take medicine. She listened, and when he finished she burst out laughing.

He laughed too. Then suddenly he looked at her suspiciously. "Didn't I tell you that one before?" he said.

"Yes, dear, you did," she said, wiping the tears of laughter from her eyes. "But I wanted to hear it again."

When they were finished I brought them coffee and the pastry tray. "I'll have the napoleon," she said.

"Oh," he said. "Is there another napoleon?"

"I'm so sorry, sir," I said. "That's the last one."

"I've changed my mind," she said. "Give me the cherry tart." She handed him the napoleon. "Darling," she said. "I was over at Betty's yesterday. She finally got the credenza, just as you suggested. It's amazing, what it does for the whole room. You put your finger right on what that room needed!"

He crushed the napoleon and watched it die. "Oh, it was obvious. There was no focal point. No point of interest."

"But it was so clever of you, darling," she said. "It never occurred to me. I just knew there was something wrong, something—"

"Oh, well," he said, "if you have an eye for those things"

I began to write out the check. "Of course," she said. "But how many do? Well, Betty says this man has another credenza, even handsomer, only it's mahogany and, of course, her room is all in the lighter woods; otherwise she would have taken it instead."

He put down his fork. "We do not need a credenza," he said.

"Well, not need, exactly," she said, "but for a focal point, a point of interest. A man in your position, it's so important for his home to give an impression of—"

"It already does," he said. And he dropped a ten on the plate.

I WENT for change, but I hurried back, because I wanted to hear what she was saying, with that smooth expression on her face. What do you think it was? Not, "For shame! You'd rather worry about other men's houses than your own." Not, "You cheap-skate. How about the sailboat you got last month?" Not even, "I'm sorry I gave you the napoleon." No. She was saying, "Oh, but you're a far, far better player than Harry! You just have more card-sense! It's so obvious. . . ."

He picked up the change, all except a single—he always was a lovely tipper—and he stood up and started out. She started after him, and from the look on her face you would think he



*To My Favorite Blonde*

Oh, lovely Blonde! My voice I raise,  
Your *tender, golden* charms to praise.

When I am soiled beyond belief,  
Your *perfume* heralds prompt relief.

Beneath your *swift and gentle* care,  
I shun all washday wear and tear.

And when with me you've had your way,  
I'm cleansed of '*Tattle-Tale-ish*' Gray.

All *substitutes* I now decline,  
Dear Blondie, be my Valentine!



GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

**Fels-Naptha Soap**

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

had gone ahead to clear a path through the treacherous jungle.

It's a funny thing, when you stop to think. I'm the one figures everything out. I don't blink an eye without there's a reason. It was the way I felt; I can't describe it. Like the first warm day when you go out without your coat. I felt as if I knew what I was doing. I started after her.

Someone brushed into me. It was Sea Food. "Excuse me, sir," I said. He turned, and for the first time he looked straight into my eyes.

I went right on past him and caught

her halfway to the door. "Here," I said, giving her the dollar bill, the tip. "This is for you."

She kind of looked at me. "Take it," I said, and I put it in her hand. "You certainly earned it."

It's a funny thing. Don't you think so? Doesn't it strike you as peculiar? To act like that, and quit my job, and all? I tell you when I looked at myself in the mirror this morning I didn't know what to say. To be frank, I'm all at sea. Me, that was like a train on the tracks. All I know is, it felt like a good idea when I did it. I

had it all straight in my mind. So now I'm trying to get it straight again. Three days I'm sitting here on a hard bench in the park, cogitating. Three whole days, me that was always on the go. I can't think what to do. All I keep thinking to do is to go to the bank and withdraw some money and buy Benny his own bowling ball; he always wanted his own ball.

Three days, and that's the best I can think!

But it's not unattractive here. You must admit that is a very beautiful bridge . . .

THE END

### Jennifer (Continued from page 39)

a tall coltish girl, not more than twenty-five. She pushed back the lace curtain and stared into the yard. "The houses are both mine, but I prefer living in Mexico. Father wanted the old place kept up. After he died, it seemed up to me to do it. He was awfully proud of the big pile—our home." She turned and smiled at me engagingly. "This cottage was once the gardener's place. It's very snug. Jenny saw to that. Do you think you would be interested?"

I smiled grimly. I had been paying twelve dollars a week for a single cubbyhole in a third-rate rooming house. "I think so," I said. "But I have never—caretaken—before. What does a caretaker do?"

"Not much. In fact, you could keep your regular job, since the salary here isn't much. Jenny lived on it, but I doubt if you could . . . The old place is surrounded by a high iron fence; the gate is kept padlocked. You would have the key and go in once a week to inspect things and dust the main rooms. It isn't much of a job; it's just that someone must be about to see that nothing happens. If the roof should leak or anything, you would have repairs made and have me billed at my address in Mexico City.

"I know the salary isn't much—fifty a month—but the place is just a white elephant. I hate to spend a lot on it, yet I hate to give it up, because Father was so fond of it."

"Yes, I see," I murmured.

I had passed the house, an incredible barn, with turrets surrounded by fancy wood cutouts, painted tan and brown. It was a hideous old place, but if Miss Gale was attached to it sentimentally that was my good fortune. I found living in Los Angeles a lot more expensive than in Higginsburg, Montana.

So I nodded with fair enthusiasm when Miss Gale offered to show me the rest of the cottage. It wasn't large. A dining room opened off the small sitting room with wide sliding doors. The kitchen was small and cramped.

The old-fashioned plumbing clunked weirdly when the water taps were turned on. Upstairs there was a dark little bath, scrupulously clean but painted an ugly shade of blue, and one fair-sized bedroom. The furniture was archaic. The bedstead of hollow brass tubing stood incredibly high against dark flowered wallpaper. There was one other room, which Miss Gale referred to as the sewing room. It did, indeed, contain an old-fashioned treadle sewing machine, painted a dull blue. There was a straight-backed chair and a small rocker. Set beneath the sloping ceiling was an open-faced bookcase. It held a collection of signs.

"Jenny's collection," offered Miss Gale. "It's atrocious. You can haul it out and burn it if you like."

I surveyed Jenny's collection in bewilderment. The back of the bookcase was covered with pasteboard signs: House for Rent. Garage for Rent. Beware of Dog! Ladies. No Smoking. Auction. And others. Some of them gave evidence of having been tacked on fences and doors. Others were new, as if they had been purchased fresh from the ten-cent store. On the shelves were solid wooden and metal signs. One brass plaque said, "This Establishment Is Protected By . . ." et cetera. There were several of those little triangular black wooden affairs which sit crosswise on the corners of office desks. One said: Miss Brown; another: Information. In the corner of the room was a large iron and tin thing which said in big red letters: Danger!

Then the impact of Miss Gale's statement struck me. Haul it out and burn it! Surely little Jenny what's-her-name had spent a good deal of time making her unusual collection. She certainly wouldn't want it burned.

"You mean destroy it?" I asked. "Won't your cousin be annoyed?"

"Oh, dear," said Miss Gale. "I am doing this badly. I really must give you all the facts, I suppose. I'm so eager to get away from this troublesome mess that I—frankly—toyed

with the idea of just walking out and leaving the whole thing to you. But, you see, Jenny—won't be back."

"Won't be back," I echoed. "You mean—did she die?"

"Oh, no," Miss Gale was startled. "She didn't die; that is," she added thoughtfully, "I don't think she did. She just—disappeared."

My mouth fell open from sheer amazement. I was conscious of shutting it with a snap. "Disappeared!"

"Yes. Maybe we'd better go downstairs. I'll explain it—as well as anyone can explain it."

Wordlessly, I followed her down the stairs, and as I passed the bedroom door I noticed a pair of felt slippers under the bed. They were, I thought without emotion, Jenny's.

In the sitting room, I listened to Miss Gale's explanation. It sounded rather wild. "But people don't," I said. "they can't—just disappear. They have to be someplace."

"I know that," she said hastily. "But Jenny apparently isn't. Let me tell you a little about her, and you'll realize that she is not the type to do anything flamboyant like disappearing."

"Jenny was quite poor. In fact, she often referred to herself as a poor relation of mine. She was a good girl. Intelligent. She had a fair education. But she was utterly drab. That's unkind, I know, but Jenny bored me stiff. She was the most stupendously dull person I've ever met. I saw her about ten months ago, but I can hardly recall her features. When I was at school in France, she was attending some little moth-eaten female academy in Boston.

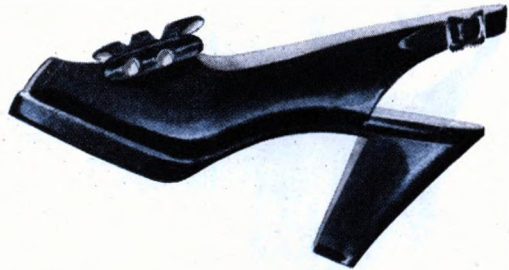
"She used to write me, periodically, the most incredibly uninteresting letters—" Miss Gale broke off and fumbled in her jacket pocket for her cigarettes.

"Jenny's parents died shortly after she finished school. She came out here to California—why I'll never know. She had had secretarial training—trust her to be practical—and she took a job doing stenographic

whatever your

Trim Tred has it in

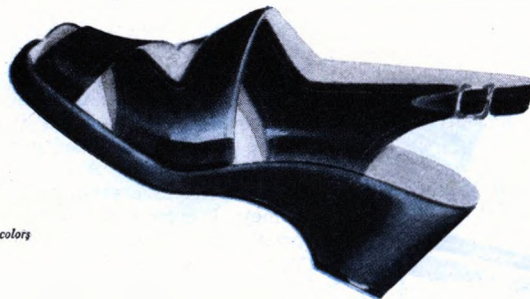
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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

work for an attorney here in town.

"From time to time, I received these boring little notes. If you've read one, you've read them all. Then, amazingly, I got a telegram. Imagine! A telegram from Jenny! She was in some sort of mess, and I rushed up to Los Angeles. It seems that the attorney was being investigated, and all of a sudden he died—rather strangely, I believe. Some of his papers were missing. There was quite a howl. They questioned Jenny, of course, and she became hysterical. She regarded it as a reflection on her integrity. It was quite a shock to her, for I doubt if she had ever so much as swiped a postage stamp.

"It wasn't serious, and Jenny was released almost immediately, but she was considerably shaken. About that time the caretaker here quit, and I decided to install Jenny. She accepted eagerly enough. She seemed to want to be alone to rest up. I thought she could take it easy for a couple of weeks and then find another job to supplement what I could pay her.

"Apparently, she didn't need any more, for she continued to live here without any trouble. She was the frugal New England type, I guess." Lorna Gale stubbed out her half-smoked cigarette, and continued, "I helped her move and get settled. She seemed contented, so I went home.

"**T**HEN a letter in which I sent her a check was returned to me by the post office. The mailman said later that letters had begun to accumulate in the box, and he decided to investigate. He rang the bell repeatedly and received no answer, so he concluded that Jenny had moved or gone on an extended vacation, and he had all the mail returned to the senders."

"You mean she just packed up and left without telling you?"

"No-o, she didn't pack and leave. She—just disappeared."

I felt my lips tighten in annoyance. "I know. I know," Miss Gale said hurriedly. "She couldn't have, but she did—that is, it seems . . . did. I phoned again and again and got no answer. Then I flew up. I fully expected her to be here. I thought there would be some reasonable explanation. When I found the back door unlocked, I was vastly relieved." She shivered slightly but went on doggedly. "I looked about the kitchen. It was neat; Jenny was very neat. There was an unopened can of soup on the drainboard. A can opener lay beside it. Everything looked so homey. I even called out; I was so positive she was in the house. I called, 'Jenny! Hey, Jenny!' and walked into the dining room. You probably noticed the rocking chair by the dining-room window. Her knitting was

there in a basket. Everything looked so terrifically *normal!* You have no idea, Miss Grey, what a shock it was when I found there was nobody here.

"Of course, I didn't really find out for some time. I wandered about. Her clothes were in the closet. There was food in the cupboards. There was a half-made apron on the sewing machine. So I sat and waited. It got so dark I had to turn on the light.

"Jenny never came back, of course. I went to sleep for a little while. The door was still unlocked. Jenny would never have left it unlocked! It was ridiculous! The whole thing was ridiculous! That's why I was sure she would come back. But she didn't."

"What did you do?" I asked. "Waited." Miss Gale began to prowl up and down the room. "I waited and waited, and about midnight I got frightened and called the police—hospitals—every place."

"Did they find any trace?" "None at all. Nobody has found her. I've tried every place—The Bureau of Missing Persons, the local police. I've wired all her friends I could trace.

"I read her diary—and a duller piece of writing you never saw—but there was nothing in it that led me to think there was anything wrong. The last entry was January sixth. She had written that she was going to buy some red yarn to knit a sweater for a friend. Humdrum enough, surely, but it showed that she had some plan for an indefinite future date."

"What are the police doing now?" I asked.

"Nothing. There is nothing to be done. I even went down to the morgue once." Lorna Gale shuddered again. "Grimy business. They had an unidentified woman there, but it wasn't Jenny. Too old. Jenny was—oh—less than thirty, I think . . . Well, I suppose this is grotesque enough to scare you off." She sounded a bit wistful.

"Not at all," I said quickly. "I still want the job and the house. If my character references are satisfactory, I'll be glad to take over. I don't know what to make of your cousin's disappearance, but there is some logical explanation for it, I'm sure. There is no reason for me to be afraid." I couldn't keep a tinge of bitterness from my tone. "My life is singularly uninteresting."

Miss Gale glanced at me oddly. "So was Jenny's," she murmured.

Later, when she got into her taxi to leave, I felt a sudden rush of panic. I ran out the door.

"Miss Gale," I cried, and she leaned out the window as the driver raced his motor. "Miss Gale, what—what if Jenny comes back?" I asked, feeling like a perfect fool.

"Well, if that happens, telephone

me long-distance." She rolled up the window, waved to me, and the cab shot away.

It was early evening, and I glanced at the house next door, through which I was supposed to go once a week. The roof was misty as if a fog were settling on it. The many small-paned windows were blank and blind. I was inordinately glad to get back into the small, cluttered house and slam the door behind me.

It was then that I noticed the locks. The cottage was old, but there were new Yale locks. In addition, each door had a new brass sliding bolt and chain, permitting it to be opened slightly and still to be secure against intrusion. It seemed a lot of precaution to take when nothing in the house was worth the interest of a thief. Probably Jenny Brown's doing, I reflected; she had been such a fuddy-duddy.

**T**HE house was snug and clean, even if it was ugly. I settled in comfortably.

At first I was puzzled about what to do with Jenny Brown's clothes. Lorna Gale had told me to pack them up and put them somewhere. On a closet shelf I found two straw suitcases. As I prepared to pack the clothes away, I noted their simplicity. Not chic simplicity—but cheap simplicity. Plain cotton blouses, a couple of woolen skirts. Three or four street dresses of dull colors, which couldn't have cost over six dollars apiece. There was only one coat, a flared-bottom affair, obviously about five years old. Imitation leather purse, goatskin gloves, low-heeled Oxfords. What a drab little creature she must have been! I held up a dress. I had been thinking of her as small. Judging from the dress she had been fairly husky. Size eighteen, at least, as compared to my sixteen.

On the whole, my new situation was very comfortable. I worked five days a week in a downtown department store, and now I had a snug little house to come home to each night. Besides which, my income was increased by fifty dollars a month. Keeping my house neat and using my Saturdays to go through the decaying mansion next door kept me busy. I didn't have too much time to think. It didn't do to think too much when you were getting over a nervous breakdown.

Often I told myself bitterly that Jenny Brown had nothing on me for plainness. I guess I had been about the dullest girl in Higginsburg, Montana. Drab enough to be glad to become engaged to a boy I didn't even like, because he was the only one who ever proposed! I could laugh a little now as I thought of Harvey. He had seemed so stupid that it

## Living a Good Life with a Bad Heart



**1. To look at him, you would never guess that there is anything wrong with this man's heart. He is just a bit over 50 years old, active, happy, and getting a lot of enjoyment out of life—yet he has heart disease.**

Like everyone else his age, his heart had beaten about *one and three quarter billion times*. Of course it was not as strong or as adaptable to sudden de-

mands as it had been in youth, but he had had no warning signs of heart trouble.

As he had periodic medical examinations, the doctor was able to detect his impaired heart *early*, when chances for improvement are best. Today, by following his physician's advice, this man can lead a useful life of nearly normal activity.



**2. He enjoys many mild forms of exercise, but carefully avoids any over-exertion which might further strain his weakened heart.**



**4. He is able to carry on his daily work, but allows plenty of time for sleep and rest. His heart then will have a chance to rest, too.**



**3. By eating moderately, he lightens the work of his heart during digestion. This helps to avoid overweight, which is always a burden for the heart.**



**5. He maintains a calm and cheerful outlook, for his doctor explained that fear, worry, or nervousness might make his condition more serious.**

**M**EDICAL SCIENCE has made many advances in treating heart ailments and more research than ever is being done on these diseases. The Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life insurance companies, is devoting all its resources to studies of this problem. For other helpful information about heart disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 29-B, entitled, "Your Heart."

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**TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!**

never occurred to me that I would ever lose him. But I did. He was drafted when the war began, and he became a hero. Actually! Thin, plain, moderate little Harvey was a hero! And suddenly it seemed that Harvey, the pharmacist of Higginsburg, Montana, and Harvey, hero of World War Two, were different people.

I was jilted. He wrote, saying he thought we were no longer suited. I saw him in a newsreel, riding in an open-topped car in a big parade . . .

I went to pieces for a while and, as I began to get well, Higginsburg became unbearable, so I had come West and settled all by myself in Los Angeles. Having no friends, I had a lot of time on my hands.

I began to think a lot about Jennifer Brown. I remember the first time I took down a can from the cupboard. Miss Gale had told me to make use of anything I wanted, for she couldn't very well take half a box of Melba toast and such odd groceries back to Mexico. As I reached for a can of tomato soup, my hand halted in mid-air. I remembered the can Jenny had taken down and never used. Jenny Brown, then, had stood in this spot and reached up her hand—just as I was doing. Filled with sudden panic, I turned to the sink. What a fool I was to be upset! What an idiot! Still, as I let the water run, I couldn't quell the feeling of dread and foreboding.

I decided the only way to conquer this feeling would be to find out more about Jenny Brown. I started to explore the house more thoroughly. As I pulled open the drawers of the secretary in the living room, I came upon a little red book, imitation leather, across the front of which was stamped in gold: DIARY.

A tremor went through me. Jenny Brown's diary. Lorna Gale had said it was dull. I glanced about the cluttered little room, and I felt a sudden unaccountable compulsion to see into the dining room. Apprehensively, I rose from the desk and went to the door. The dining room was empty, of course. I felt extremely foolish, but it had seemed as if Jenny herself had stood just beyond my line of vision.

When I returned to the desk, I noticed a letter I had written the night before to my parents in Higginsburg and had forgotten to mail. The drugstore was only three blocks down the street. I could run down there, get a stamp, and mail the letter in the corner box. Then I could come back and read Jenny's diary. The thought of reading it made me feel a bit guilty, but I reasoned that somewhere in it I might find a clue, something that Miss Gale had overlooked.

Right then the big idea began to take form. What if I found Jenny Brown? Oh, that was silly! I couldn't! But what if I did? What if I could figure out where she had gone?

It was possible. A person couldn't live in a house for any length of time without leaving a sort of blueprint of her character behind her. A biography—I had her biography right in my hand. Perhaps I could play sleuth. Weigh fact against fact, clue against clue, until I figured out the only possible place Jenny could have gone. It was a puzzle, and I liked puzzles. With growing excitement, I rifled through the diary.

About the middle of the book, at the top of a page, I read: "Ordered groceries today. Food is getting very high. Wrote to Great-aunt Anna."

I laid the book open, face down, upon the leaf of the secretary. First, I had better get my letter off. Then I would come back and play detective, solving a mystery in the privacy of my own sitting room. The idea pleased me. I put on my sweater and started to look for the front-door key. I never remembered to leave it in one place. It eluded me now. Oh, well, the drugstore was only three blocks away. I could leave the door unlocked for once.

I flipped the night latch off, ran down the steps, and sprinted to the drugstore as if pursued by demons. I got the stamp, thrust my letter into the box, and started back.

I DASHED in and slammed the door shut. Now. Back to Jenny. Back to my puzzle. Eagerly, I went into the living room and halted in my tracks. The room was empty, but it didn't seem empty. I had a definite impression that someone—only just that instant—had whisked out the door. It was uncanny, and I began to tremble, calling myself all kinds of a fool for leaving the door unlocked. With my knees quivering, I went cautiously into the dining room. It was empty. I slid my hand around the edge of the kitchen door and snapped on the light. That was empty, too. Then I whirled about, a croak of fright coming into my throat. There was a noise—just the faintest kind of noise—from the front hall. A click.

I don't know how long I stood there, completely terrified. Finally I made myself go back into the living room, where I had a fit of hysterics. I rushed about seeing that all the windows were shut and locked, that the doors were bolted. I looked behind drapes. I ran up and down the stairs, looking around chairs and under beds. I even opened drawers. When I was satisfied that my house was completely empty, I began to laugh with weak relief. What an

idiot I was! One little noise, and I went mad with fear.

I found I had lost interest in Jenny, but I picked up the diary anyway. Why, that noise could have been anything at all. This was an old house. It might creak, and sigh, and click.

I glanced down at the page to which the diary was opened. It said: "Read 'David Copperfield' again. Took a bus ride in Beverly Hills."

Something cold crawled in the pit of my stomach. Idiotically, I glanced about the room. "Read 'David Copperfield' again. Took a bus ride—" What was the matter with me? Was I losing my mind? That was not what the top of this page said. The top of this page said: "Ordered groceries today. Food is getting very high. Wrote to Great-aunt Anna." I closed my eyes for an instant, and saw that page. Word for word. Letter for letter. "Ordered groceries today—" Those were the words I had turned face down on the desk. Now—staring up at me—was this "David Copperfield" business. Feeling sick at my stomach, I sat down on the edge of one of the chairs.

Somebody had been here in Jenny Brown's house.

Someone had come in, quickly, lightly—hurrying perhaps—through this room. He—or she—had flipped the pages of the little book just as I had. Then I had returned. Where had the intruder gone? I looked about wildly. Not out the back way, for that door was locked on the inside. Where then! Where had the intruder stood while I ran to the back of the house?

Shaking so that I could hardly walk I went into the front hall. Under the crooked stairway was a hump-backed little closet where I kept brooms and cleaning things. In there?

I can't think how I got the courage to open the door, but I did. There was no one in it. But the mopping bucket, rags, and feather duster had been pushed into the corner, leaving enough room in front for a person to stand. Cramped and crouched, but room nevertheless. So—as I had pounded up the front steps onto the porch, someone had jumped quickly into the closet. Then I had come running in and had gone to the back of the house, and the person slipped out the front door, making that little clicking sound.

Frightened, angry, I flung the diary back into the secretary and slammed up the lid. To hell with Jenny Brown! I would think of her tomorrow. Tonight I would take a hot bubble bath and read myself to sleep. I opened the bookcase at the top of the secretary and ran my eyes over the line of titles.

"Pilgrim's Progress." Oh, no! Not that. I had never heard of anybody



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except perhaps Elsie Dinsmore ever reading "Pilgrim's Progress." But you could judge a person by the books she read. If I put into my mind some of the things Jenny Brown had put into hers, couldn't I, perhaps, think some of the same things? Now, let me see, if I were Jenny Brown, where would I be? Laughing, feeling a bit giddy, I carried "Pilgrim's Progress" upstairs with me.

THE next day I read the diary. It was Saturday morning, and brilliant sun streamed in at every window. By the time I had finished the little book, I was in hearty agreement with Miss Gale. Jennifer Brown must have been the most stupendously dull person in the world. The diary was an account of her life in the little house. A blow by blow description of how cauliflower was three cents higher this week, how bad the bus service was, how she lost a quarter down the sewer grating, how many rows she knitted on a sweater.

"She couldn't be that dull." I said disgustedly. "Nobody could be." The diary might have been written by a child in a convent with a nun standing at each shoulder watching every word put down. It was so childish, so innocent, so completely devoid of any mature thought. Yet, she couldn't have been stupid. She had been secretary to an attorney. That would have meant transcribing legal papers, with complicated legal terms. She read, too. She read—let's see—she read "David Copperfield" and "Pilgrim's Progress." Something was wrong. Weird, flamboyant things didn't happen to people like Jenny.

And that intruder!

What had he—or she—wanted? Why come into a humble, old-fashioned, little house like this? And how had he—or she—happened to arrive at that precise instant when I left the door unlocked. How neat it was! How pat! . . . Too pat! Suppose the intruder still thought Jenny Brown lived here? But that was strange. Who on earth could have the slightest interest in Jenny Brown? Yet, someone had.

What was the matter with Jenny Brown?

From what I knew about her, she couldn't possibly have—but what exactly did I know about her? Suddenly eager, I went to the desk. I would make a list. Black on white. That was the way to do it.

I took a sheet of paper and began to itemize all I knew of Jenny Brown. One: she has the cheapest kind of everything. (Clothes, writing paper, diary, everything.) Two: she doesn't smoke. Three: reads good books. Four: records every daily happening in diary. Five: size-eighteen dress.

Six: eats Melba toast. (Probably trying to keep her weight down.) Seven: she knits. Eight: she put new bolts and locks on the doors. Nine: sews. Ten: is fond of blue. (Note hideous paint in bathroom and sewing room.) Eleven: collects all kinds of signs. (Only spark of originality shown so far.) Twelve: handwriting is small and neat.

Then feeling a little odd, I added the other fact that I knew. Thirteen: she disappeared.

I put the list in the secretary and went over to the Gale house to do my dusting . . .

That night, as I lay in the dark bedroom and stared into space, I had one of my fits of black depression. These spells come to me often; when they do, I feel that the whole world is saturated with doom. I wonder in dull astonishment why I continue to live at all. I cry dismally and hate everybody in the world.

I rose in the morning, determined to cultivate my interest in Jenny Brown. I had to have something to keep my mind off myself.

ON WEDNESDAY evening I came home late from the store, where I had had to stay late because my cash didn't balance. On the way I stopped at the market and suddenly realized that Jenny had probably traded there. There was very little business at that hour, so I asked to see the manager, who proved to be an accommodating little man.

"My name is Agnes Grey," I said. "I am living at the Gale house—that is, next door to it. I was wondering if"—embarrassed, I could feel color seeping into my face—"I was wondering if you had heard the story of the disappearance there."

"Why, yes," he said. "Several months ago, wasn't it? A very strange thing." The observation caught the attention of a woman clerk, and she turned to look at me.

"Yes, it was." I smiled at them both. "Very strange indeed. I'm terribly interested, since I'm living there now. I wondered if you could tell me anything that I don't know about it."

"Like what, for instance?" the manager asked in a friendly manner.

"Well, let me see, what—what exactly did Miss Brown look like?"

"Well," he said with deliberation, "seems to me she was sort of an average-looking young woman."

"Oh, come now." I laughed. "Did she have brown hair, or was she blond—?"

"Brown hair," he said.

"Oh, no, Mac," the woman clerk said. "She was blond, sort of."

He turned to her, surprised. "I don't think so. I'm positive she had

brown hair—light brown maybe—but brown." He turned toward the back of the store. "Oh, Billy," he shouted.

A boy of sixteen came out.

"Listen, Bill," the manager said, "You remember that dame that disappeared awhile back?"

"Yeah, I remember."

"Well, what color hair did she have?"

Billy pondered this a long moment. "Kind of dishwater blond," he pronounced. "Not very pretty—sort of muddy-looking."

"Well, I guess that's about what I meant," the man said.

"And her eyes," I prompted.

Sort of bluish, they finally agreed.

The manager apologized. "You see, Miss, none of us saw her much. She came in here only once that I remember. To open her charge account. I talked to her for maybe ten minutes. Then she didn't come in any more. She ordered about twice a week, and at the end of the month I billed her. She paid by check."

"But the groceries were always delivered?" I persisted.

"Sure," said Billy, "I always took them over."

"Well then, for heaven's sake, tell me what she looked like."

A look of bewilderment overspread his face, and he got a little red. "I never really got a good look at her, lady," he said.

Three of us stared at him in astonishment. Delivered groceries twice a week and never saw the woman to whom he had delivered them. Incredible!

"Oh, Billy, you must have," the clerk insisted.

"I did not," he said. "I'd knock on the door, and she'd call to me to put the stuff on the kitchen table. And I did. All except once, that is."

"Yes," we said eagerly.

"Well, once an orange bounced out of the bag and rolled into the dining room. I ducked in to get it, and saw her legs going upstairs. She had sort of thick ankles."

WHEN I got home and snapped on the light, I regarded myself in the wavy mirror over the fireplace. Oh, fine! I was a wonderful detective! Well, anyway, they had all been certain that her eyes were bluish—sort of. I regarded my reflection.

"Sort of brownish hair," I said. "Thick ankles. Sort of bluish eyes. A very average young woman—" I stopped, feeling suddenly cold.

I had been describing myself.

Everything I had said of Jenny Brown also fitted me. Shaking a little, I turned from the mirror. This was a crazy thing—an insane thing. I fitted into her image, except that she was a little larger. As I prepared my

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supper, I couldn't get the idea out of my mind. It gave me a feeling of strangeness.

Sitting before the empty fireplace after I finished the dishes, I tried to fit the puzzle together. One thing was radically wrong: Jenny Brown was completely drab, completely uninteresting. *But* something very strange had happened to her. That was what didn't fit.

Wild things happened to wild people. Interesting things to interesting people. Dull things to dull people. Usually. So Jenny had been wrong, off-center, lopsided. *Normally*, nothing very thrilling would have happened to Jenny Brown.

I sat up, stiff with excitement.

Unless, of course, Jenny wasn't *really* dull. I began to go over all I knew of Jennifer Brown. She was dull. She was uninteresting. She was a perfect picture of . . .

But was she? Was any person a perfect anything? Wasn't that the point? Jenny was too dull, too drab. I explored the thought carefully, my excitement rising. That was it. The picture of Jennifer Brown was too perfect. Almost as if she had deliberately created it. As if she had worked hard at being Jenny Brown.

I stood up suddenly. Maybe she *wanted* everyone to think she was dull, so she acted that way. Clever Jenny Brown! I began to admire her. How thorough she had been! How deliberate and persistent! Not one book, not one entry in the diary, not one garment, betrayed anything but mediocrity. Who could even remember what she looked like? Jenny's own cousin had trouble recalling her features. The grocer? No. Her things were delivered and placed on the kitchen table. Few people had seen her, and those few would not remember her, because she had taken care that there was nothing about her to attract attention.

I began to walk restlessly. How clever! How well thought out! What perfect acting and planning! Jenny Brown was, in a way, a genius.

Why?

I stopped my prowling and stood still, listening to the clock tick in the empty house. Why did she do that? She must have had a good reason. I sat down, with unrelated facts skittering through my mind. She hid. She made herself appear dull. She put heavy locks and bolts on the doors. She must have done it all for some definite—but hidden—reason.

The puzzle, then, wasn't really where she had gone, so much as why she had gone. Why, this whole thing was a blind. I had found out only what she *wanted* everybody to find out. Her cousin, the police, and I had all accepted the picture of Jenny

which she wanted us to accept. She had been shrewd. But if this was a deliberate tissue of lies and misrepresentation, then—this was a perfect setup for a person who *wanted* to disappear. They would search for this Jenny Brown—and never find her, because she would have ceased to exist. While they looked for this Jenny Brown, some other Jenny Brown could—well, what? It all led back to the root reason again. Back to the idea she must have had in the beginning.

I made a fresh pot of coffee and sat before the fireplace trying to figure things out. At half past twelve I stretched and yawned. My first elation had abated. Jenny must have left something real. She must have slipped up just once, in some small thing. She was only human, and she couldn't possibly have carried the thing through without one little error. Tomorrow night I would commence a thorough search. I would turn this house inside out. I wouldn't leave one dark nook or cranny unexposed, so determined had I become to ferret out the reason behind the disappearance.

**T**HE next day I made mistakes at the store. I watched the clock intently all day, eager to get home. That night and each night thereafter I went methodically through a room. At last I was rewarded by a small find. "So, Jennifer Brown," I exulted. "You thought you knew it all. You thought you were pretty smart." I carried my prize downstairs and laid it carefully on the kitchen table. Then I opened a Coke to celebrate.

I had found a copy of the December issue of Harper's Bazaar! Jenny Brown—my Jenny Brown—would never have glanced at a copy of Harper's Bazaar. "Well, Jenny, you slipped up a bit," I chuckled as I drank my Coke and ate a sandwich. The magazine had been rolled tightly in the machine drawer. She must have missed it when she set the stage. Now, I knew the type of person she had intended to be when she left this house. The exact opposite of the person she had been while she lived here. Flipping through the pages, I saw the lean tall fashion models. So that was the new Jenny Brown. She could have tinted her hair. She could be wearing slinky little black dresses. She could be in New York—Florida—Bermuda.

That would cost money.

Somehow—some way, Jenny had acquired a lot of money. Where could she have got any money? "Poor relation" she had called herself. Well, if she dressed according to Harper's Bazaar, she had some folding money.

"Jenny, my girl," I said, "tell me

where you got it. I want some too."

One little clue was not enough. I continued my search avidly. There must be something else! I had found out what type of person Jenny had intended to be after vanishing, but I had still to discover how she had accomplished it. I would find it. Nothing would escape me.

But in another week I was re-tracing my steps, going through the same things over again, pecking at drawers, turning over her little collection of signs—and staring vacantly into space.

I found it on the following Friday. I had been fired from my job at the department store for doing my work improperly. Friday night I sat at the secretary staring glumly at the rows of books behind the glass doors. Books! Why, I hadn't even touched the books! Books made wonderful hiding places for things.

I fumbled with the key and got the glass door open and began to take the books down, one by one. Almost as soon as I jerked the "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin" from its place I knew there was something in it. Trembling, I shook it, and a bankbook fell out onto the desk. Witty Jenny Brown—hiding her bankbook in Franklin's Autobiography. Eagerly I looked at the first page. "Jennifer Brown," it said. Now I was getting someplace!

And the deposits! I sat stunned. Five hundred. A thousand. Two hundred and fifty. Fifteen hundred . . . In heaven's name, where did she get all those sums of money? I glanced down the row of dates. August second, ninth, sixteenth. September second, ninth, and so on. Neatly, evenly, right down the line. She had money, all right. Seventy thousand dollars was a cozy sum of money.

I sat back, shocked, trying to absorb this new knowledge. Then, wildly, I began to go through the rest of the books, but there was nothing else. I studied the bankbook. There was a definite pattern to the way Jenny had made the deposits. On the first or second of every month she had deposited five hundred dollars. About the tenth, one thousand. On the fifteenth or sixteenth, two hundred and fifty. Only three isolated amounts and dates didn't fit the pattern. On the eighteenth of October she had deposited five hundred dollars. November tenth, eighteen hundred. January third, four thousand. These were the only odd ones.

Now why did she have certain amounts on these certain dates? It was almost as if she had been collecting a definite payment.

*Blackmail?* . . .

Something sick and cold moved in my stomach. Jenny Brown was a

blackmailer. Evil Jenny Brown! So that was her game! How clever she had been. But I was clever too. I had explained her disappearance. Hadn't I?

Something stirred in my mind, but I could not place my finger on it. Something was still wrong. Slowly I went over the picture; it seemed complete. She had come across something—several things apparently—which she found she could use as blackmail. So she had made her arrangements, methodically piling up money by blackmailing her victims. When she had enough, she just vanished. Jennifer Brown was an artist. I looked at the bankbook again. From it I could draw the conclusion that she had collected repeatedly from certain victims. The three odd amounts could be direct sales of other damaging information. Flat rate on certain goods, I thought wryly. The regular amounts were payments—maybe on account—or just routine payments for an indefinite period.

And she had obtained her information from whom? That attorney she had worked for? Her cousin had said he died rather suddenly. His affairs had been investigated. Jennifer had been questioned but released. It fitted in very well. He had died—or been killed—and Jenny had taken some papers. Perhaps the attorney had been a blackmailer—or perhaps he had not. Maybe Jenny just heard a lot of things in his office. Didn't you always tell your lawyer the truth? He could manufacture a defense, a tissue of facts and partial facts, but first he had to know the truth, so he could guard against anything the prosecution might unearth.

So, carefully, Jenny had assembled a stock of ugly truths—things which people would pay large sums of money to keep hidden. Then, when she had all the goods—merchandise—salable things—she had set up in business, so to speak. Her front had been the pose of the timid little country cousin who didn't amount to a hill of beans.

Wearily, I leaned back in my chair. So that was the story of dear little Jenny Brown — blackmailer, thief, thing of evil. The puzzle was solved now. It was silly and melodramatic to sit here, almost lifeless, staring at nothing. I was going to bed.

**I**N THE morning I woke feeling torpid and unrested. It was hot, and I climbed stiffly out of bed. I had dreamed all night of Jenny Brown. And strangely too, for in my dream she had sat hunched, weeping, with her back to me. That was all out of focus, for surely Jenny wasn't the type to huddle weeping in a chair.

Preparing breakfast was an effort, and the food was flat and tasteless. It

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*but never  
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was Saturday, and I had to go over to the Gale mansion and dust. Slowly, I commenced to do my dishes. The water groaned in the ancient pipes. Everything was slower than life—dreamlike. Then I dropped a plate with a shattering crash!

That money! That money in the bank! It was still there! There had been no withdrawals noted in the book. *Jenny hadn't taken the money!* Ticking time seemed to stop while I stood there trying to accept this fact.

She had not vanished of her own accord then! Something had happened to Jenny Brown. In that minute or two between the time when she took the can of soup from the shelf, and the time she would have opened it, something had occurred to make her disappear.

With rising dread and excitement I made myself follow that reasoning through. She had not deliberately gone and left the can of soup on the sink. That was too theatrical. What she had meant to do was to lock the house quietly and go away, allowing the searchers to think she had met with some accident. She would have finished it off neatly! I could put myself in Jenny's place, because I was like her. Yes, I was. We were both plain and dull, and we didn't like it. I could think as Jenny had thought, and I knew, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that she would not have tried to arouse interest by leaving evidence of a half-finished act, giving the bizarre impression that she had been swept off the face of the earth as she prepared supper. Not Jenny.

Then, it was because she hadn't been ready to leave yet. That must be it. The play hadn't been finished. She had been interrupted. Even a Jenny Brown can become distracted and drop what she is doing. Someone had come in, startling her. Someone of whom she was afraid—someone who could cause her to disappear.

A feeling of horror pervaded me.

Where was Jennifer Brown? Right now, at this instant, where was she?

Jenny was in the only place she could possibly be. They all had looked and looked for her. The police, the Bureau of Missing Persons, her cousin. They had checked hospitals and the morgue, and they had not found her. Because they had looked someplace else. They hadn't looked here. Jenny had never really left this place. She had just gone next door.

She was dead. I was sure she was dead. She had to be dead. And the natural thing to do with a corpse is to bury it. And the very place—the only place—would be in the cellar of that decaying pile next door. That was the answer to the puzzle. Surely, I told myself, I had solved it now. But I must go over and look for

Jenny's grave, to make sure. It was daylight, but it might be dark in the Gale cellar, so I took my flashlight.

There were echoes in the big old house. The blinds were drawn to keep the old carpets from fading any more. There were sighs and murmurings, and a dank, uncomfortable feeling in the air. At the top of the cellar stairs I paused. I didn't have to go down.

But something made me go on. Something made me slide my hand around cautiously and snap on the switch, which flooded the center of the cellar with a naked light. There was a sudden wild skittering of mice—or were they rats?—as, startled at the unaccustomed light, they ran for cover. The place was cavernous, hung with festoons of cobwebs, piled with junk and debris.

I waited—I don't know how long—for the mice, or whatever they were, to go away. I knew that I could make myself go down and look for Jenny's grave, but I told myself that if I stepped on a mouse I would lose my mind. If I should come face to face with a rat, well—I would die!

There were boxes, trunks, broken furniture, old bedding, trash—and somewhere underneath it all, of course, Jenny's grave. I played my flashlight over it. This corner was the dimmest; the light from the ceiling bulb scarcely penetrated to it, so of course it would be a logical place to put her. I had to smother a feeling of rising hysteria as I pushed aside the boards where I would find—I was sure of it now—the grave. There so obviously had to be a grave.

As I bent to lift aside a heavy plank, my eyes caught a sudden movement beyond the lumber. In the flash of my light there were eyes—little beady eyes—looking at me. I was petrified. I forgot all about Jenny for the moment. All I wanted to do was get out of there, but I couldn't turn away from those creatures, looking out at me. Suddenly I gave way to hysterical fear.

I flew up the stairs, not touching the dust-covered banister. I burst into the kitchen and slammed the cellar door behind me. Then I remembered that I must turn off the cellar light, or someone would see it and come looking. They would find then what I had not found, but what I was sure was there—Jenny's grave, with the rats running over it.

It took all the strength of my will to get that door open, to lift a leaden arm and grope for the light switch. The cellar yawned before me. I snapped off the light and slammed the door again and turned the key. I was locking Jenny in! Or was I? . . .

Back in my own little house I went to the telephone. Now was the time to

call the police, I told myself, or to call Miss Gale. The puzzle, I was almost certain, could now easily be solved. All somebody had to do was search a little more carefully, over there . . . in that cellar . . .

I lifted the receiver, wondering what I could say. I wasn't sure that Jenny was there, of course. Maybe they would just think me a silly hysterical female. But someone had come back to this house afterward . . . I knew that.

Slowly, I replaced the receiver. I looked at Jenny's empty rocking chair in the corner. Someone had come back afterward—a long time after Jenny had gone away (or had been done away with). Someone had come back while I lived here. Had crept in hurriedly, rifled the pages of the diary, hidden in the closet, and run away again.

Why had someone come back?

Those secrets. The ugly truths that Jenny knew. She must have proof of them. Jenny had vanished, but someone had looked for and failed to find the secrets, which must weigh heavy on his mind—or her mind. Something must be written down somewhere. Letters—papers—something . . .

Well, then, where?

Jenny must have hidden them well, for I had searched the house from top to bottom and found nothing but the magazine and the bankbook. I must find these secrets. Then, only then, when the whole thing was complete, would I call the police. They would look in the cellar of the house next door and find what I now realized I was afraid to find.

"Sit down," I said aloud. "Sit down and think. Because you are like Jenny Brown, it will come to you where she put those ugly papers."

And pretty soon, it did come to me. In the simplest place of all! I knew Jenny had made the collection of signs for some reason. She always had a reason. And why a lot of signs? That was simple too. If there were a lot of meaningless signs, no one would notice any particular sign. How clever she was. But I was clever too. I had followed her step by step. She had eluded me for a time, but had I not figured out her every move?

The "secrets" would be in the sign marked "Information." A little black wooden sign, the kind that always stands crosswise on the corner of an information desk. It would be hollow, and inside would be a roll of paper . . .

SURE enough, there were photostatic copies of papers and checks. The rest was typed single space on onionskin paper. They were complete records of ugly, nasty, horrible things which people would pay and pay and pay

to keep hidden. Important people. Now, the puzzle was solved. Everything was as clear as daylight. This was it! I felt extremely elated. Now, I could call the police. I could call Miss Gale and tell her that Jenny had, in a way, come back. At least, we knew how to begin looking for her!

Again I went to the telephone. All over now. Poor Jenny had made a mistake somewhere. She had done something wrong. She had lost all her money. There it was, in that stupid bank . . . There it was . . . All that money . . . I turned from the telephone—slowly. Think a minute. There is all that money—just lying there. Nobody knows about it.

I wandered into the living room, idly, dreamily, still holding in my hand those thin fluttering papers. I came to the mirror and looked at my reflection. Sort of brownish hair. Sort of bluish eyes. Sort of Jenny Brown.

I began to smile, happily. I had Jenny Brown's secrets. Valuable, expensive secrets. Good for much more use—plus all the money already in the bank. Just waiting for me. Jenny had made a mistake. Jenny had done something wrong. Jenny had disappeared.

But I won't. I am clever. I will be careful. THE END

### Nervous Breakdowns Don't Last

(Continued from page 37)

an insight into his own reactions and design of behavior. The doctor attempts to trace present reactions to earlier and still earlier experiences, and to let the patient see and understand just what facts might have been associated with the origin of the symptoms. There is nothing modern about this principle; it was affirmed by Jesus in the eighth chapter of St. John: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

This type of treatment is not always effective. For instance, a woman has a nervous breakdown because she is involved in an intolerable situation, such as an unhappy marriage, from which there is no way out. She is approaching middle age and has never earned her own living; her husband earns only a moderate income; and they have three children. Her husband drinks, or her mother-in-law dominates him, or they have deep religious differences. The stress and strain of the situation in time become too much for her, and she develops the usual symptoms of depression, irritability, etc. Then, one day, when she is dressing to go to her husband's church, her legs become paralyzed. She cannot go to his church. And, curiously, her spirits revive. This is known in psychiatric jargon as a

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"conversion symptom." It is pure hysteria, a nervous breakdown.

The psychiatrist may be able to cure the paralysis by showing the patient the cause of it. This may or may not lead to a complete cure, for she cannot get a divorce; she cannot escape from an impossible situation. The doctor may, however, help her find ways to avert future trouble. He may suggest that she take her vacations alone, or that she develop interests outside her family, such as some community activity, or that she learn some way of earning a little money. This all helps.

**P**EOPLE used to think that only women had nervous breakdowns. After the First World War that theory was exploded. Doctors know now that just as many men suffer from them as women.

*Anyone can have a nervous break-*

*down. It is no reflection on our strength of character or stability of mind. We sometimes find serious conflict between what we want in life and what we have to accept. Some of us are able to resist the strain of that conflict all our years; for others that strain becomes too great, and we break down under it.*

The time was when we used to go to doctor after doctor and to hospital after hospital with our symptoms. Nowadays, when the doctor and the hospital find nothing physically wrong, they do not dismiss us as annoying hypochondriacs; they explore the possibility of something awry in our minds and our hearts. For now they realize that *the housewife who too often gets cross with her children, or the businessman who has a pain in his stomach whenever things get tough, may not be merely a selfish egocentric; he may be suffering from*

*something that can build up into a serious nervous breakdown.*

As with any other ailment, the conditions which culminate in a nervous breakdown are most easily and effectively treated early, before they become too serious. Therefore, be sensible and seek help for minor problems. Don't be ashamed to go to a psychiatrist, as many people still are.

You may find it hard to evaluate treatment. Psychiatric therapy is not so easy to understand as setting a broken bone or prescribing penicillin for an infection. But it often works.

Give it—and yourself—a chance. A nervous breakdown is bad business. You don't want to suffer through one if you can avoid it. If you or some member of your family does have one, don't go into a panic. *It is a temporary illness and, with intelligent care, it can be cured, probably permanently.*

THE END

### I Knew Chic Johnson When . . . (Continued from page 20)

the darkness beyond our spotlight. Chic took some sawdust out of his pocket and sprinkled it on the floor.

One night the man who pushed the bar on stage was a meek little stagehand with whom Chic had been clowning before the show. We decided to make "Sweet Adeline" a trio, so we grabbed the little stagehand and made him sing with us. The audience fell out of their seats laughing. From then on, wherever we were, we paid a stagehand five bucks to stooge for us.

However, in Cincinnati we hit a snag. The local stagehand refused to have anything to do with us; he even went so far as to tell us what we could do with our five bucks. But a dance team, appearing just before us, agreed to help us out, and after that we always had two stooges.

This impromptu stuff paid off. We were billed as Olsen and Johnson and Their Surprise Party, and the booking people began to hire acts with the proviso that, if they appeared on our bill, they'd have to stooge for us. Chic and I found ourselves performing in the audience more than on the stage. We sat on girls' laps, mixed up theater tickets, rode a prop horse through the audience and pinched fannies while a tenor sang "Barney Google."

But, always the funniest stuff was accidental. For example, we were playing Cleveland, and by that time our act had become pretty noisy—lots of shooting, whooping, hollering. As part of the routine, Chic suddenly held up his hand and asked for silence. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced solemnly, "from now on we're not going to shoot any more revolvers." The audience let out a sigh of relief. "We're going to shoot

cannons!" A large cannon was wheeled onto the stage. At this point, a sweet-looking old lady in the front row got up and started to leave the theater. "Wait a minute, Madam," Chic said; "don't leave. We won't aim it at you. Don't be afraid."

"Who's afraid?" she answered. "I'm going to the ladies' room."

That bit remains in our act to this day . . .

One night Chic and I had dinner in The Pepper Pot, a little restaurant in Greenwich Village. While we were having our dessert we thought of a song and wrote it on the back of a menu. The following day—a Monday—we took the song to the music firm of Waterson, Berlin and Snyder, then located at Forty-seventh and Broadway. Chic played the piano; I sang. Ten minutes later we were the proud fathers of a five-hundred-dollar check, which in those days could have bought half of Diamond Jim Brady. The following Monday—one week after we had sold the song—we almost fell out of the balcony of the Amsterdam Theater when Eddie Cantor came bounding onto the stage singing our song: "Oh, Gee, Oh, Gosh, Oh, Golly I'm in Love!" That song sold over a million copies.

During the thirty-four years Chic and I have been trying to make people laugh, the only time we ever made them cry was the night Woodrow Wilson came to see us in Washington, D. C. It was Christmas Eve, and Mr. Wilson, who loved vaudeville, had asked for a program of his favorite acts—Williams and Wolfuss, Charley Withers, and Olsen and Johnson. This event took place just two months before Mr. Wilson's death, when he was

already quite ill; he had to be brought to the theater in a wheel chair. I don't think we ever had a more appreciative audience than he was that night.

As a climax for the show, Chic and I had planned a Christmas finale: the band was on the stage, and there was a big lighted tree, a fireplace, and lots of holly and mistletoe. Chic had borrowed an enormous picture of Mr. Wilson that had been carried in the Armistice Day Parade, and we fixed it up with bunting and Christmas decorations. When the curtains parted, there was this picture dominating the stage, the band was playing, and Chic appeared dressed as Santa. Then one of our co-headliners, Nan Halperin, walked down to the footlights and said, "We, the merry mannikins of this make-believe playground, want to stop for just a moment to wish you and you and you"—she paused for a moment as she climbed up the ladder to Mr. Wilson's picture—"and particularly you an abundance of yuletide blessings and a bountiful New Year." Then she kissed Mr. Wilson's picture, and the girls in the company carried roses down to him and his party. The band played "Auld Lang Syne." Everyone in that audience stood up and began to sing. Mr. Wilson bowed his head. The audience seemed to sense that this might be his last Christmas, and they sang in a kind of hushed way while tears ran down their cheeks—and ours.

I can't tell you how strange Chic and I felt. We hadn't meant the finale to turn out like this. It was supposed to be jovial and Christmasy. But that's the way it's always been with us—the best things always happen spontaneously.

THE END



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## Another Day, Another Dollar Ninety-eight

(Continued from page 45)

John nodded. "Basic economic policy."

"But I am sure no whim of yours will faze me," Sally said. "I have taken dictation from men with ulcers, from men in their bare feet or lying in swimming pools—and never lost a semicolon."

"My requirements will be somewhat less eccentric," John said. "Unless, of course, you object to an employer who is fully dressed and in his right mind?"

"No," Sally said. "No. It sounds diverting."

John twisted in his chair. "The job," he said, "is difficult and confidential. They told you about it at the agency?"

"Just that it was a survey of some kind."

John permitted himself a small smile. "Yes. It is that. Have you, perhaps, heard of the 'Five Universities Inquiry'?"

"You mean 'The Marriage Report'?" Sally said.

"As it is popularly called."

Sally blinked. "I have indeed."

Five great Eastern universities, alarmed finally in their cloisters by the mounting fury of the breakup of the American home, had delegated a squad of their best sociologists, psychologists, and philosophers to consider the causes *in camera*, and perhaps to suggest some remedies for this catastrophe which was presently knocking the spots off the lares and penates of as many as four hundred and fifty thousand hearths a year. The professors, at first interested, but soon alarmed at the evidence which numberless agencies piled upon them, decided that they could come to no satisfactory conclusion, either theoretical or practical, concerning the causes for divorces as they appeared on the legal nullification contracts. In most cases, under whatever antic jabber the lawyers had cooked up, the word "incompatible" appeared to shine through. This, to the professors, seemed a poor and unacceptable reason for the epidemic. As men whose sense of history was acute, they knew that men and women had been incompatible for a long, long time. In only a small percentage of the cases did there appear to be any grounds for charges of cruel and barbarous treatment, of desertion, or for like legitimate pleas. "Incompatible . . . incompatible," was the excuse, and consequently, the problem. But what did "incompatible" mean?

It took only a very cursory prying into private affairs to discover that "incompatible" meant: "He didn't like to listen to the radio" . . . "She always

wants to go to the show" . . . "He sits around with his shirt off" . . . "Our astral signs are at variance" . . . "He called my sister a tramp" . . . "She buys all the food in cans" . . . and so on. And in the mass, these indictments of one human being by another pointed not so much to an insupportable unhappiness as they did to a fundamental irresponsibility.

But why?

Why fundamental irresponsibility? Why—when long ago and with good reason the tribe had put its taboo on casual polyandry and polygamy, and later society had fashioned itself on the basic unit of the home—why now had the populace all at once decided life was one long Make-Believe-Ball-room which changed sponsors every fifteen minutes?

Data. Professors decided that, sitting in a room, they could do nothing but theorize and deplore. They must send abroad for data.

Methods were examined, questionnaires designed, money granted, men trained . . .

"And I," John West said, "have been delegated to inquire into the moral responsibilities of the people of Southern California."

"Oh, brother!" Sally said.

SOME four and a half weeks later Sally Moore, at nine o'clock in the morning, sat at her dressing table and looked into her mirror encouragingly. "The green sweater?" she said. "You think? Will that do anything for me?"

The mirror, as always, replied reassuringly. Any color—red, blue, white—or for that matter any suit, dress, coat, or slacks fitted the lovely figure of Sally Moore lovingly.

"The green then, with a dark blue skirt, hey?" Sally said, and ran her hand through her brown satin hair. Her wide blue eyes, her little nose, her cherry mouth, all looked well this morning. "Yes."

From the other room came a voice. "Who are you talking to?"

"The mirror . . . Who's that? Pauline?" Sally said.

"Who else? I want to borrow some coffee."

"There's some perking. Wait. I'll be out."

With her clothes in her hand, Sally went into the living room. Pauline, the girl who lived upstairs, was looking at the morning paper. "Aren't you a little late?" she said.

"He won't be in till noon. He'll be asking some poor innocent those impertinent questions all morning."

Pauline nodded and looked up. "Your new suit. How come?"

"He's taking me to lunch."

"Hmm!"

"Hmm, hell! Business."

"Still . . ." Pauline drawled teasingly.

"You want cream in your coffee?"

"Yes."

Sally manipulated the cups and percolator. There was a frown on her tanned and classic brow. "He's a bore."

Pauline looked up brightly. "Who?"

"Who were we talking about?"

Sally said. "John West."

"Ah!" Pauline said.

"Don't sound so knowing," Sally said. "If there's anything I hate, it's someone who sounds knowing at nine o'clock in the morning."

"Nine fifteen," Pauline said.

"He patronizes me."

"That scarecrow?"

"At my age. You'd think—"

"You'd think," Pauline said, "you wouldn't wear your best clothes to be patronized in."

Sally placed the cups very carefully on the coffee table and sat down. There was a set and serious look upon her face. "He's too darned sure of himself and his importance and his survey and his fiddle-faddle about moral responsibility. You'd think marriage was a Delaware Corporation."

"I wish to heaven it were," Pauline said.

"I'm going to teach him a lesson one of these days. Good and hard."

"Now you've got me worried," Pauline said.

"You needn't be. I'm just mad."

"But why? It's just a job, remember. Another day, another dollar ninety-eight."

"My pride comes higher than that."

"I forgot," Pauline said. "Inflation."

"Don't be rude."

"I'm not rude," Pauline said. "It's just that I hate to think of pretty Sally Moore married to a stuck-up professor."

Sally looked at Pauline dumbfounded and suddenly burst into whirls of laughter. "Oh, my dear, my dear," she said, "I'm not *that* mad."

THE American public—bless it!—stands in awe of the word, "scientific." Likewise, it holds a determined reverence for any serious survey of facts. When the two are combined into a "scientific survey," the public's admiration is boundless, and it will go to almost any lengths to assist. Of course, coupled with this selfless giving is the fact that everybody likes to talk about himself. There is also the situation that in no other nation on earth is the individual so convinced that his opinion is important and right.

John West, consequently, had little trouble getting all sorts and conditions of people to talk about their divorces. And finding them was no chore, either. One of the Los Angeles papers published each day a list of divorces—it was only slightly shorter than the marriages—and from it John

West chose convenient addresses to which he sent form letters. He was seldom rebuffed, for the survey had been extensively publicized, and the names of the five universities were a guarantee of respectability; so from one day's batch of letters he could gather a week's interviewees.

His methods of inquiry were reassuring. He took no cryptic notes, wrote nothing down; instead, he leaned back in his chair and, with an air that was half medical, half bull-sessional, asked his questions. What his victims did not know was that a concealed wire ran from his desk to the next room, where Sally took everything down in shorthand. (Hers was a lonely, but on the whole interesting, not to say informative, job.)

Quite apart from the undoubted success John was having with his professional life, he found himself delighted with California. The unvarying temperature, the bland sky, the beauty of the scenery—all seemed to him Nature at her most trustworthy, least dramatic, and consequently the perfect background for the intellect of man.

And Sally—hiring her had seemed at the time foolhardy, an inexplicable gesture—Sally was as efficient and intelligent as a woman of fifty. And—John West was in no way embarrassed when he thought of this, for he was acutely aware that he was sensible to hot and cold—and she was pleasant to have around. What was more, unlike so many girls, she was a good listener.

Sally listened all right.

John said, "Most of these people seem to think that marriage is an interesting impossibility."

Sally nodded.

John said, "Love is so glorified, because it is (at first flush anyway) a time of no problems or responsibilities—an easy time. When the bills come in, love goes out."

Sally nodded.

John said, "The industrial revolution is the direct cause of our divorce rate."

Sally nodded.

John said, "Most marriages appear to have become operable on the level of passion, which is the animal level, and not desire, which is the human, and implies a moral choice in a way of life."

"That's right," Sally said.

"So you see . . ." John said.

OF COURSE, things could not go on like that forever.

One sunny afternoon when there was really nothing to do around the office they drove out the length of Sunset Boulevard to the beach.

When, on the sand, John shed his trousers and stood before her in a

bathing suit, Sally raised her eyebrows.

"Why, what a delightful surprise!" she said. "Where did you get the body?"

John, somewhat perplexed, looked down at himself. Then, "Oh, this?" he said. "I was a pole vaulter in college." He sat down beside her. "You have to use most of your muscles simultaneously to be a pole vaulter, so I got a kind of universal exercise quickly. Didn't have to waste time."

"Oh, dear!" Sally said. "I never thought I'd hear pole vaulting spoken of that way."

"What way?"

"Well, as an utilitarian device. It seems such a rocco pastime."

"It is. But only if you saddle it with the emotional content most people place upon sport. Otherwise, it's an efficient form of setting-up exercise, like fox hunting or Yoga."

"And, I take it, no more important."

"No."

"But wasn't it fun?"

"Fun?" John looked puzzled. "Have you ever tried it? It's enough to wrench your arms out of their sockets."

Sally lay down and put her hands under her head. "All right," she said, "but what is fun to you?"

"My ambition."

"Which is?"

"To add a little to the sum of human understanding."

Sally let her breath out with a *whoooo*. "That's an answer," she said.

"I take it," John said, "you did not expect me to tell the truth."

"I suppose not," Sally said, "but the truth can be refreshing, in small doses."

"My trouble is that I have no shame," John said. "I believe in goodness and decency and morality, and I say so."

Sally laughed.

And John said, "You look very pretty, lying there laughing—very pretty, indeed."

ONE midnight, Pauline, in her nightgown, sat on Sally's bed; they were drinking hot, bitter chocolate with a slug of rum in it.

"Well," Pauline said, "there isn't much doubt which way the wind is blowing."

"I don't know," Sally said.

"You wouldn't be so worried if there were."

"But . . ."

"But what?"

"He's so *sanitary*."

Pauline poured herself another cup of chocolate and spiked it liberally. "Come on now," she said, "tell Aunt Pauline what goes on in the secret depths of your soul. Hm? One minute he's pretty as a picture, and the next he's, well . . . *not*."

"Look." Sally sat up and ran her hand through her hair; there was a faraway look in her eyes, but she tried to appear and to sound very sensible. "Look," she said again, "I guess I'm not thinking this out correctly, because I find it's very hard to put into words. But let's face facts. I'm grown-up. Twenty-four. Past the age of consent, luckily. And I'm a sensible girl. I've earned my own living for a long time. Naturally. I want to get married. I'm willing to face the problems and the boredom and all the adjustments, and I'll be responsible and moral and decent, but oh, Pauline, Pauline, just for a start, I want to be swept off my feet. I want to look through the golden haze. I want to be part of the holy experiment. I want—I want—oh, hell, I want to be loved."

Pauline set down her cup. "Well put," she said.

"I don't want just to sign a no-option contract. I want to take a leap into the dark. I want to chance it because nothing else seems bearable . . ."

"Yes," Pauline said, "I get the idea. But just a minute . . ."

"What?"

"Are you sure this John boy is failing you so completely?"

"Well . . ."

"It doesn't look quite like it to me."

"But . . ."

"He sends you flowers; he takes you to dinner; he brings you presents; he—"

"Yes, I know. But I think that, if you pinned him down, he'd tell you it was all part of the courting ritual, a custom of the tribe."

"What?"

"It's the expected thing. People have been doing it for years. So he goes right along, because he doesn't believe in breaking any of the taboos."

"But my word—"

"Big romantic stuff, huh? Every move calculated. Pauline, I want a man who would buy me the world . . . I promise you I'd send it back and credit it, but I want the *gesture*."

"Sure."

"There are so many things," Sally said. "When we go to the beach, I have a feeling it isn't just so he can get a big look at my legs, but because the exercise is good for me. And as for dinner—I think he wants me to eat nourishing food so I can bear healthy children."

Pauline picked up a cigarette. "Why, that's the most intolerable situation I ever heard of. I hope you order very foolish food."

"No. He takes me to a place that serves only roast beef and baked potatoes."

"The *cad!*"

"Yes. Yes." Sally lay back among her pillows and put an arm over her forehead. "But the awful thing is—"

"Sure," Pauline said. "I know. You love him."

"And what am I going to do?"

Pauline very carefully tore a match from a book and lit her cigarette. She blew the smoke out slowly and then turned and looked at Sally with an expression of rather less than concern on her face. "You'll think of something," she said.

Sally did.

But when she did, it was not at all the sort of thing she had been thinking up in the back of her mind—a dusty place where she had been poking around among old wiles and tricks and stored-away feminine barbarities. No, when the moment arrived, the thought came out of the blue. It was a drastic and—she realized the moment she had put it into words—a possibly disastrous thought, but once it was out, there it was; she was stuck with it.

But she had been unprepared—(she excused it that way)—for what happened. She saw John every day and almost every night, yes; but such was the façade, the manner, nature had given him that she—being less accustomed to the habits of restraint than, say, a Boston girl might have been—failed to notice that a change was coming over her employer.

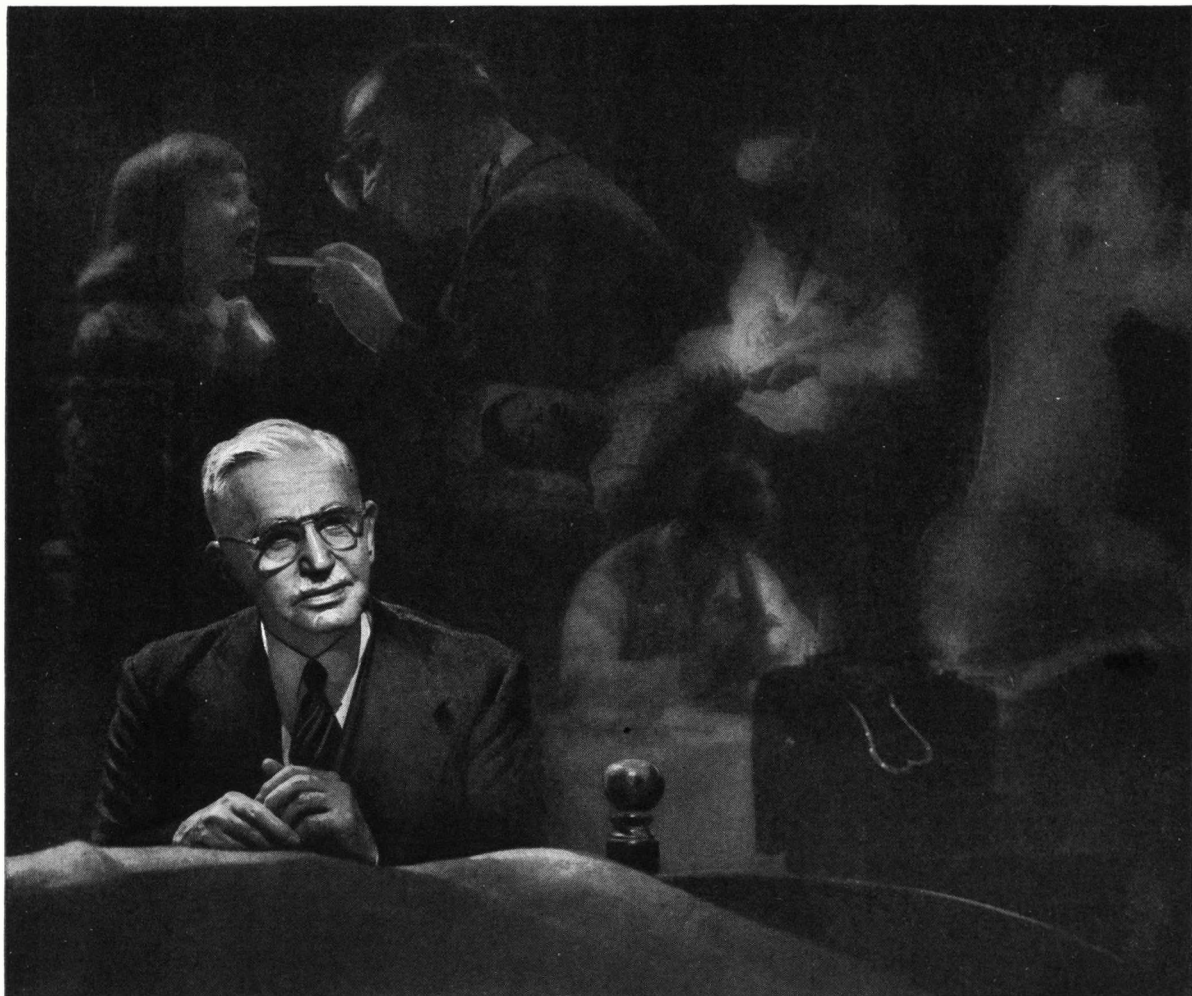
Whereas anyone of his old associates would have noticed that John had bought himself a new necktie, Sally did not; it was simply a black necktie to her. Similarly, the fact that he appeared one day with his suit pressed did not strike her as an obvious profession of passion.

But for John it was. From some cloudy region of his rare memory there had risen an impulse—as a male he wanted to strut before the female. A new tie, a fresh suit; such calculated opulence had never appeared upon him in conjunction before.

When, however, it became plain that Sally not only ignored his display, but actually seemed not even to notice it, John was at first hurt, and then puzzled. Puzzled, because he was not at that moment entirely sure why he was hurt.

THE explanation, however, appeared shortly. One night Sally broke a dinner date with him; and John West, who, up to that moment, had had the resources not only of his own mind but of the literature of the entire world at his command, suddenly felt lonely. Since he was essentially a bright fellow, he understood at once what had happened. The climate of Southern California and the physical being of Sally Moore had done their work. "I," John West announced to himself, "am loaded for bear."

Inexperience in the ways of the female heart is a state common to most



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men, and John was not excluded. That he loved Sally was now plain; that marriage was the consequence of such love appeared, of course, inevitable. When, for an evil instant, a flickering doubt assailed him, he banished it by assuring himself he would make her *learn* to love him. And, with the usual failing of an intelligent mind, he stayed awake half the night planning the life they would lead: the house they would live in, the car they would have, their budget, the children, the fights that would come, the reconciliations, the love, and so on; in other words—happiness.

Thus, when he saw Sally the next morning at nine o'clock and realized she was still Miss Sally Moore and not the woman he had been married to for a number of years, he felt a shock.

But a remedy for the situation appeared to him with such lightning speed that he smiled to himself at his cleverness. He walked over to Sally, took her hand in his, looked down into her eyes and said, "Will you marry me?"

That was the instant, of course, that Sally's thought struck. "Oh, John," she said, "we'll have to talk about this. You see, *first* I've got to get a divorce."

"WELL," Pauline said when she heard it, "that's torn it nicely."

And, indeed, it had.

For when, after a few days, John West became accustomed to a continual feeling of prostration at the loss of Sally, he began to campaign for the one thing in the world she neither expected or desired. He urged her to go back to her husband.

"Perhaps," he said, "you didn't try hard enough."

"Yes, I did," Sally said. "I cooked and sewed and baked and swept. I was a good wife."

"And he didn't appreciate you?"

"No. He used to come home *drunk*!"

John nodded. "Some maladjustment obviously."

"And he used to *beat* me," Sally said.

"Why the dirty——" John checked himself. "Did you ever consult a psychiatrist?"

"Yes. But it didn't do any good."

"Why not?"

"Bert wouldn't listen. He said it was fun to beat me, and he refused to give it up."

John shut his eyes. "Don't you think maybe now, when you're both a little older, if you saw him and talked to him . . ."

"I wouldn't go near him with a ten-foot pole," Sally said. "*Especially* a ten-foot pole."

John frowned.

"No," Sally said. "It was just one of

those dreadful, awful mistakes. There's no use talking about it."

"Sally," John West said, "are you sure you're being fair to Bert?"

"Fair?" Sally burst into tears. "*Fair!* How can you be fair when you're covered with black and blue marks?"

"Darling," John West put his arms around her. "Sally, don't cry; don't cry."

ON SUNDAY morning, Sally and Pauline lay on the roof of their apartment house, wearing slightly less than the law allows, taking a sun bath.

"Well, it's a mess," Pauline said.

Sally rested her chin on her hand. "You see," she said, "I thought, at first, it might be just because of the job. You know, loyalty to the product. Some men think the kind of soap they sell is the best soap in the world; and a lot of people in the advertising business actually believe what they write, so I thought . . ."

"You thought he had sold his heart to 'The Marriage Report.'"

"Well—yes."

"Darling," Pauline said, "I think you overestimate men generally. Theory and practice are two quite separate things. A man's ethics in a bank have nothing to do with his behavior in a bedroom."

"Certainly," Sally said, "but John behaves with me as if he were in a bank."

"Heaven help you."

"So—well, it's like this: 'Way down—he can't help it—he has a conscience. Divorce is wrong, and that's that. But there's another side, all mixed up with the conscience. He's unhappy, because he thinks he can't marry me, and all this urging me to go back to Bert is turning the knife in the wound. New England people are like that. I don't know why.'"

"Bert," Pauline said. "How do you ever think of a name like that?"

"I don't know," Sally said. "It was an inspiration."

"So what are you going to do?"

"I don't know, exactly."

"Well, I only laid eyes on John once," Pauline said, "but if you want my opinion, you should have grabbed him when he asked you."

"Oh, no," Sally said. "Oh, no. This is much better."

Pauline sat up, narrowed her eyes, and looked at Sally. "What are you talking about?"

Sally could not avoid a slightly smug look. "Well . . . Now understand me, he's still perfectly honorable. Perfectly. But there's a look in his eye when I walk across the office that wasn't there before. It's—how can I describe it? It's—well, unethical."

"Sally," Pauline said, "you're a naughty girl."

"Yes," Sally said. "I am. But please

let me have my fling. I'll be a long time married—to a fellow like John West."

"My advice," Pauline said, "is to tell him, before it's too late."

"Oh," Sally said, "I'll tell him."

But a funny thing happened.

Sally had been right about the different look in John's eye, only—and this is a mistake so many women make about men—what she had believed was an unethical look was, in fact, a look of pure, true, and intense longing. For, in the process of falling in love, John's fundamental character had not changed: he remained a simple, decent man who told the truth and thought other people did as well. A certain circumstance, however, forced his hand.

He drove Sally, one twilight, up to the top of a mountain; he stopped the car, and in the purple dusk they watched the lights below them.

"Sally," he said, "you've thought me a fool, I know, urging you to leave me when I love you. I've cursed myself for it too, night after night—and now I say the hell with it."

"Oh, John!" Sally said.

"I'll do anything," he said, "just to have you. The hell with principles and morals and all that cold thinking that comes out of the head. This is serious: I love you."

"Oh, John!" Sally said.

"There's time enough for all the decencies when we get back to earth, but right now—Sally, please, say you forgive me; say you love me."

"Oh, John," Sally said, "yes."

"And, darling . . ."

"Yes."

"This is a little delicate, I know, but what do you say if I give Bert grounds for divorce?"

Sally widened her eyes. "Why, you darling!" But suddenly a thought struck her. In a sharp tone she said, "Are you asking me to marry you or not?"

"Marry me?" He looked surprised and then embarrassed. "Why, yes, if you like."

Sally leaned back against the seat and closed her eyes. "I've never been so insulted in my *life!*" she said.

SALLY threw a dress angrily into a suitcase. "Damn him!" she said.

"This is a picture, I must say," Pauline said.

"If he thinks——"

"You're absolutely crazy," Pauline said. "Actually going to Reno for six weeks when all you have to do is——"

"I wouldn't give him the satisfaction. How dare he? *Me!* Sally Moore!"

"He loves you."

"The monster."

"But you're going——"

"I'll marry him legally if for no

# "You're lovely!"



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other reason than to show him—"That you love him?"  
"Well . . . Yes . . ."

At the station John West and Pauline stood on the platform and waved at Sally as her train pulled out. They waved and waved until the train began to disappear.

"There," John West said, "that'll learn her."

Pauline nodded.

"It might teach you something, too," John said. "Never trifle with the affections of a decent man."

"Hey," Pauline said, "don't give me that. If I hadn't told you, you never

would have known you were being trifled with."

John nodded. "Yes. That's true. You're a good friend, Pauline."

As they left the station, Pauline said, "There's one thing you must promise me. You won't ever let on to Sally."

"Of course not. She'd never forgive me if she knew I knew . . . It's complicated, isn't it?"

"Very."

"But I'm pleased. Because I think Bert will be the unknown factor in the marriage equation, the 'x' for which we will forever—"

Pauline shook her head. "How you talk!" she said. THE END

## And Maybe We Were Wrong About Her Too!

(Continued from page 53)

that he had care. She tied up cut fingers and produced aspirin at a moment's notice.

Both Mrs. Truman and her daughter made the long trips without benefit of personal maid service. Yet, despite the difficulties of travel and the innumerable stops, both always looked handbox fresh.

And throughout the length and breadth of the land, as Mr. Truman made his stout uphill fight for the presidency, Mrs. Truman, like millions of other Americans, didn't think that her husband had a Chinaman's chance.

Far from irritating the President, the First Lady's doubts delighted him. He clutches her pessimism as other men hang on to rabbit's feet, for never, in his successful political career, has he run for office when she thought he would win.

But she scared the daylight out of him as the campaign wound up with the triumphant two-day tour of New York just prior to the election.

Bess Truman had watched the crowds across the nation with a shrewd eye. She had appraised the vast and hearty reception poured upon her husband in New York. In their suite at the Biltmore, just before they returned to Washington, D. C., she said to her husband, "You know, I think maybe you're right. I think you're going to win!"

This is said to have been the only really bad moment President Truman had during his whole campaign. He jumped from his chair and cried, "Don't say that! Don't change your mind, Bess. Don't jinx everything now!"

Mrs. Truman has never made a political speech and made none during the campaign. But, as she has done at her husband's insistence for many years, she went over every major address with a fine-tooth comb. When President Truman says he

never makes a speech without his wife's advice, he is telling the gospel truth. This woman with the gift of self-effacement has long been among his chief advisors.

When an old friend of the Trumans was asked recently to name, in secret, the president's "kitchen cabinet," he looked surprised and said, "Bess Truman. I thought everyone knew."

Yet, because of her distaste for headlines, the First Lady was, for some time, able to hide her light under a bushel.

AFTER almost four years in the White House, it is still little known that she is one of the most competent first ladies who ever has graced it. She is a superb hostess with a knack for making every guest feel both important and at home.

People no longer dine at the White House through duty, pride or a desire to swipe a piece of silver as a souvenir. The food is definitely excellent. The hot foods are hot; the cold, cold; and the wines, correct. Recently one of Washington's old Cliff Dwellers snorted, "By Gad, Bess Truman is the first woman who's served a decent meal in the White House since Helen Taft!"

Even ladies who are dieting throw caution to the winds at Mrs. Truman's tea table. Two delicacies, straight from the family kitchen in Independence, are discussed all over Washington. They are superdelicious "brownies" and an airy trifle compounded of fresh coconut, egg whites and genius.

As a hostess, the First Lady has respect for protocol but none for side. When Senate wives come for luncheon, they are no longer lined up in advance according to their husband's rank, as they were from time immemorial. Mrs. Truman, once a Senate wife herself, thought it utter nonsense.

No matter how many persons come

to a White House function, Mrs. Truman makes a valiant effort to speak with every guest personally. She is an easy conversationalist. Perhaps one of the secrets of her success in that field is summed up by the statement of a guest, who, in trying to recall what Mrs. Truman had said, exclaimed in surprise, "Come to think of it, she always talks about you instead of herself!"

Bess Truman's years in the White House have already left their mark. Her right hand, with which she has shaken so many, many thousands of hands, is now a size larger than her left. She confesses that, if given a choice, she would much rather shake hands with men than women, since women are apt to greet her with greater animation.

Nature has provided the First Lady with small, strong feet that sustain her, untiring, for hours in official reception lines. Mrs. Truman, despite many demands on her time, is as punctual as princes are supposed to be.

Although the First Lady was born on Easy Street, with a sterling-silver spoon in her mouth, she taught school for a few years before her marriage. When Harry Truman was first elected to the United States Senate, his wife served as his secretary.

She did not, however, remain long in the senatorial office. Margaret, as a young girl, was not strong. And the First Lady, who has always believed her chief duties to be those of wife and mother, quit the office to look after her home and child. For years, during Margaret's schooldays, Mrs. Truman was always on hand at noon to see that the girl had a hot lunch.

During the war, even in the months when her husband was vice-president, Mrs. Truman, like almost every other housewife in Washington, was maidless. She once said, in those days, "My husband likes beefsteak and fried potatoes. He'd be perfectly happy if I gave them to him every night."

While she did the cooking at home during the war, Mrs. Truman also found time to act as a volunteer cook at the USO canteen for British girl clerks in the wartime capital.

**T**HE First Lady likes bridge but gets little chance to play nowadays. When she and Margaret accompanied Mr. Truman on his official visit to Brazil, she learned to play Oklahoma. She is fond of the theater and likes to visit New York occasionally to see a few plays; she enjoys music almost as much as her husband and her daughter.

The First Lady does an immense amount of reading: books, magazines, and newspapers—anything and everything in which she thinks that the



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President might be interested. She briefs whatever she believes will be of benefit to a man so absorbed in world affairs that he has little chance to read on his own. Since she has dedicated herself to removing this burden from the President's shoulders, it is fortunate that she likes history and biography. She doesn't give two hoots for the average modern novel. She would reread Dickens and Scott if she had time, and she has a particular weakness for "Barnaby Rudge."

Mrs. Truman is doubtless the only First Lady in history to be met at Union Station in Washington with word that she had to move out of the White House at once. A delegation with such news met the President and his wife on their return from Independence after the November second election. The Trumans were well aware that the White House was in dire need of repair, but Mrs. Truman had had no inkling that it would take at least a year to restore it.

While the station rafters reverberated with the welcoming shouts of Washingtonians, Mrs. Truman was told that she would be expected to move to Blair House as quickly as possible. She said that she could do it in a minimum of time and, since maintaining the usual White House social season in the smaller Blair House quarters obviously would be impossible, an on-the-spot decision to cancel the season was made.

Then the imperturbable First Lady joined the gala procession back to the White House, from which she proceeded to move in record time. By the way, in last year's hot controversy over the building of a "back porch,"

the President had her firm support.

It is typical of the First Lady that, since the family entered the White House, she has quietly seen to it that both her husband and her daughter have been "done" in oils. But neither their importunities nor the artists' have yet induced Bess Truman to sit for a portrait. She puts them off with "Maybe, sometime."

In the meantime, she continues as unphotogenic as ever. But perhaps it doesn't matter so much any more, since so many Americans have had a firsthand glimpse of their trim First Lady. For some unexplained camera reason, news shots usually turn out a frumpy First Lady, possibly because she is short and a bit on the plump side. When she first went into the White House, Mrs. Truman read so many patronizing descriptions of herself as "matronly" that she once wryly asked a friend, "Is that bad?"

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Truman, who will be sixty-four on February thirteenth, is a distinguished-looking woman. She has a schoolgirl complexion; small, regular features; lovely blue-gray eyes. No stray wisp ever escapes from her smartly coiffed gray curls.

The First Lady has a feminine respect and liking for good clothes. But she shops carefully and is not extravagant either with her own or her daughter's wardrobe. She still buys some of her clothes at her favorite shops in Independence. Mrs. Truman looks trig in the tailored suits and dresses she prefers for daytime wear. But, like many women, she is at her best in evening clothes, invariably of simple cut and rich fabric.

In the old days, there was not much money in the Truman budget for orchids. Now Bess Truman wears them often, for orchids always flow into the White House for any First Lady; and she laughingly calls them her perquisite of office.

She tries to suppress a feminine weakness for giddy hats, but last Easter she was so delighted with one flowered confection that she wrote a certain New York milliner a revealing note in which she said, "This is one hat Margaret can't borrow."

Mrs. Truman's intense love of her family and her loyalty to her old home town are deep-rooted American traits that strike sympathetic notes in this sentimental nation. Even when Bess Truman was The Woman Nobody Knew, many had a liking for this loyal individual who turned her back on fashionable resorts and international scenes every summer for the joy of spending the season with her mother, Mrs. D. W. Wallace, and with old friends in Independence.

There, in her old home, Mrs. Truman shooes away the secret-service men, digs in her beloved flower garden, and plays a little bridge with her old Tuesday Bridge Club, which came en masse to visit her at the White House in 1946.

It took a national campaign and a flabbergasting political upset to really acquaint this nation with its First Lady, a woman of notable simplicity and natural dignity.

But there can be no doubt that both the nation and the First Lady have found the mutual acquaintance, at long last, deeply gratifying.

THE END

## Whom Is Who Talking To? (Continued from page 29)

requires *whom* but demands that the word order be changed to: "For whom are you waiting?" (Just try talking with such formality on everyday occasions, and see how long you'll keep your friends!)

*Who* is the formal, popular form as the first word of a sentence, no matter what the grammatical construction, and an opinion by one editor is typical of the way many educated people feel. He says, "The most loathsome word (to me, at least) in the English language is *whom*. You can always tell a half-educated buffoon by the care he takes in working the word in. When he does it, I know I am faced with a pompous illiterate, who is not going to have me long as company."

The score for acceptance of the sentence as it stands (with *who*) was sixty-six out of eighty-two. If, like most unpedantic speakers, you prefer *who* to *whom* for informal occasions,

you will be happy to hear that modern trends in English are all on your side.

### 6. Please take care of whomever is waiting.

**WRONG.** *Whomever* is awkward and a little silly in this sentence and brings to mind Franklin P. Adams's famous remark: "'Whom are you?' asked Cyril, for he had been to night school." It is also contrary to grammatical rule. People who are willing to be sufficiently insufferable to use *whomever* in this construction have been tempted into error by the adjacent word *of*. They believe that since they are following a preposition with an objective pronoun they are speaking impeccable grammar. In actuality, however, *whomever* is not the object of the preposition *of* but the subject of the verb *is waiting*. Preferable form: Please take care of *whoever* is waiting.

### 7. Whom would you like to be if you weren't yourself?

**WRONG.** Here is another and typical example of the damage which an excessive reverence for *whom* can do to an innocent person's speech. Judged by grammatical rule, *whom* is incorrect in this sentence (the verb *to be* requires *who*); judged by normal speech patterns, it is absurd. This use of *whom* probably comes from an abortive attempt to sound elegant.

### 8. My wife has been robbed!

**RIGHT.** If something your wife owns was taken by means of thievery. However, if your wife herself was kidnaped, or in some way talked into leaving you, she was *stolen*, not *robbed*. To *rob* is to take something away from someone by force; to *steal* is to walk off with the thing itself. Needless to say, both forms of activity are highly antisocial. THE END

## Birthright

(Continued from page 32)

The height was so great you could not see much of the street unless you went out on the balcony and leaned over the parapet. Hobe stayed inside, looking at the parapet with speculation. If he could get Kelly Cole out there and, with a devil's speed and cunning, drop him—wham!—over that stone wall! His heart began to pound, heat came up in his head, and the palms of his hands broke out in sweat.

He shut the window and leaned against it, feeling sick. Kelly Cole was three inches taller, twenty pounds heavier and ten years younger than himself—and in fine condition besides, sleek and husky. Kelly was just a year older than Emma; that was part of the hate. Perhaps Emma and Kelly were too young to have any moral sense; perhaps to the young all should be forgiven. No, thought Hobe. Hell, no! Emma was twenty-three when I married her and twenty-six when she fell for Kelly. That's old enough to know the rules. Emma's no naïve little vestal virgin.

The perfume of the flowers made him cough. How did I get like this? he wondered. I've always been on the up-and-up. I've never so much as wished hard luck to my worst enemy. And here I am figuring a murder. Murder's not my line. How does killing ever come into the mind of a chap like me? I hate killing. I saw enough dead men in the war—young, strong men; queer how many of them looked—just surprised, not scared or suffering. Kelly'd be surprised . . .

Hobe felt lightheaded, a little dizzy; he had forgotten that he'd eaten nothing all day; he had been wrapped in this coil of treachery spun by his wife and his friend. He rubbed his forehead. I must pull myself together, he thought. I must figure my angle and hold it.

**T**HE EXTRA waitress was bringing dishes into the dining room. Hobe walked to the archway and looked in. "Hi, Katie," he said. "How're you, and how's your husband?"

"We're fine, thank you, Mr. Jordan. Tim's driving a nice old couple who don't go out much evenings, so sometimes I see him at home nights." She laughed all over her plump face and body. "Everything looks elegant here today," she went on. "It's nice to have a christening party; makes me feel people are coming back to the good old ways."

The table was full length; all the silver was out and the brilliant Royal Worcester. Katie was placing laced-edged napkins. "Nothing but champagne to drink," she said; "imported



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champagne, too. But, for the son and heir, I guess you must go the limit."

"That's the idea," said Hobe.

Katie glanced up at him. "Aren't you feeling so good, Mr. Jordan? You look a little—well—sort of to pieces. Maybe you're working too hard."

"I'm all right," said Hobe. He thought: She'd probably testify that I was nervous and disturbed before I committed the crime. Maybe the lawyers could get me off by saying I was insane. Good God, I don't want to get off! I'd rather be dead than in this torment.

HE TURNED back to the living room, and there was his mother-in-law, Mary Lydgate, frail and wearily pretty in pale blue lace and pearls, which delicate façade hid a steam-roller will and a calculating-machine heart.

"Isn't everything too lovely, Hobe!" she tinkled. "Emma's a genius at getting that wonderful party look! I never can do it. Have you and Emma decided about the baby's name? It's ridiculous to wait till the last minute!"

"He's to be named Hobart Willing Jordan, Junior," said Hobe, "unless Emma manages to pull a switch on me with the bishop."

Mrs. Lydgate laughed at this. "You're priceless!" she said. "You're always such fun, Hobe, darling! Hob-

art Junior is just right, though I did hope that you'd name him Michael for his Grandpa Lydgate." Her shallow blue eyes fixed themselves on Hobe with sweet plaintiveness.

"We can save that for the next boy," said Hobe. "The first ought to have his father's name, not his godfather's." He waited for her answer in a rigid tenseness. He was sure she knew about Emma and Kelly. Probably had known all the time.

Mary Lydgate made no sign. "Why, that's so," she said, as if this were a new idea. "Kelly's first name is Michael, though not many people know it, I imagine."

"I know it," said Hobe. "Emma knows it. You know it, and most of the people coming today know it; but none of them knows the baby's Grandfather Lydgate was named Michael. They'd all think he was named for Kelly." He thought: I'd better keep my big mouth shut. I sound crazy. She'll speak to Emma, and Emma'll speak to Kelly, and they'll be strictly on guard. He turned on a smile, and when Hobe smiled he was charming. "How about you and me having a little drinkie before the party begins? To keep us going through the ordeal?"

"Oh, no, Hobe, the bishop might sniff it! He'd be horrified!"

"Well, I need one," said Hobe. "This

is going to be quite a ceremony, you know, Mistress Mary. I'm jumpy." His charming smile flashed again; he was considering that a drunk can get away with murder. He went to the sideboard, found the rye, and filled a champagne glass full of it.

Mrs. Lydgate gave a dismayed little scream. "Hobe! You'll be stinking!"

Hobe winked at her over the glass. "Cheers, Mistress Mary!" He took a big swig and went off toward the bedroom, but stopped in the bath and spat out the mouthful of whisky and emptied the glass into the toilet bowl. He did not intend to get drunk until later. But later perhaps he'd be locked up and unable to get anything to drink. "For today's the day," he assured himself. "If Kelly's that child's father, I'll murder him and be glad to." He went on into his room to put on another suit and another tie. His thoughts flicked about insanely as he dressed . . . It would be rather good to murder Emma, too . . . she was more to blame than Kelly . . . and as for Mistress Mary, that blue-eyed little snake . . .

The venom of his expression in the mirror startled him.

"Hey, you," he warned himself. "Don't start yelling. Keep your head; keep your poor old stupid head, with your eyes that wouldn't see and your ears that wouldn't hear until—until



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... "Oh, they must have figured that angle. They'd figured Hobe was just a poor old stupe; he'd never guess.

Hobe knew he was dull compared to Kelly. He couldn't jazz up a slow party like Kelly, or wangle people round . . . but in business Kelly wasn't so good. I may be a dull chap, thought Hobe, but in business I've got Kelly licked nine ways for Sunday. Yeah, but what percent is that in a deal like this—your own wife, your own child! *Your own child*—maybe.

He turned on the radio for distraction, and it had been going only a moment when the door to Emma's room opened, and there she was—tall, slim, delicious, wearing the yellow dress that matched her yellow hair and the diamond clip he'd given her when the child was born (before he had been alerted with suspicion), weighting down the soft silk to show the perfect cleft of her breasts.

Hobe looked her over. She had put on her highest-heeled sandals and upped her hair—do so she would tower above him as they stood together before the bishop. She wouldn't tower above Kelly. Her height and Kelly's nearly matched.

"What's on your mind, Emma?" asked Hobe, knowing full well that something was.

"We've got to settle about the baby's name," she began. "I don't see why you don't want him named for Grandpa Lydgate. Michael—Michael Jordan. That's cute."

"He's not Grandpa Lydgate's son," said Hobe, selecting a tie; "he's my son. I want him to have my name. That's natural, isn't it?"

"Yes, but it's such a long, pretentious name! And it's so stuffy and old-fashioned to keep on with a name that way." Emma had put on a good bit of make-up, and her color rose under it and made it purplish.

"All right. So I'm pretentious and stuffy and old-fashioned. So what?"

"Don't be like that!" Emma slung it at him. "I don't like the name Hobe—I don't like it at all. And tagging on *Junior*. That's so old-hat I should think even you—"

"Don't work up a scene, Emma," said Hobe, knotting his tie, "or you might cry, and that would smear your mascara. And don't you try any funny business about naming the kid."

"You just want to bitch up the whole thing!"

Hobe eyed her in the mirror without turning. "I could use that low word, too, but it wouldn't be in that connection."

Emma's voice rose a note. "Mother told me you'd had a big glass of whisky, but I didn't believe her. I might have known it was true."

"Your mother is, as ever, a first-rate tab-keeper," said Hobe. The tie was

knotted to his liking. "And now," he went on, "I'm taking a look at the kid himself, Hobart Willing Jordan, Junior. I'm telling him that's his name from now on."

Emma banged the door.

There's my wife! thought Hobe. There's the lovely girl I used to be so soft about. I used to feel sorry for the fellows who married girls who weren't like Emma. I wanted to give her everything. I wanted to devote my life and my soul to making her happy. And now I talk to her in this common ugly way. *That's* the bloom off the rose all right! Maybe there never was any bloom on the rose. Maybe I just imagined it. He wished he had taken that drink to blur his feelings and give him Dutch courage. He felt lonely and out of everything familiar. He had never before realized how lonely an overwhelming unhappiness can make a man.

IN THE nursery the baby lay in his bassinet. He had just been fed, so he was in a placid, jovial humor. He looked at Hobe quietly. "Hi, Big Fella!" said Hobe. "How's it with you?"

The nurse said, "He's just swell today, Mr. Jordan. He's the grandest boy anyway, but you know that. He's a buster for only six months!"

Hobe peered into the pink and white face. Hobart Junior was very handsome, curvaceous, and dimpled, but solid. He kicked his feet about and fluttered his arms and wagged his head, exercising his muscles aimlessly but with an engaging effect. His eyes were serious, but now and then he spread his mouth in what seemed to be a sentient smile.

"Do you think he looks like me, Jeanie?" asked Hobe.

"He's too young to tell much about it, but I think he favors Mrs. Jordan. He's got your ways though as he is; he's quiet and sensible like you. And very smart."

So I'm smart, thought Hobe. That's a laugh. He said aloud, "He's to be named for me."

"That's good," said Jeanie. "I like to see family names kept on." It was clear that her thoughts were elsewhere. "Mr. Jordan, *would* you stay with him for half a second while I put a net on my hair? I want to look extra neat when I carry him in, and I'm afraid I'm a bit streely. He's all ready, bless his heart, except for slipping his beautiful dress on him."

"Run along," said Hobe. He stood beside the bassinet, pulling at his under lip. The child's beauty and helplessness moved him. But something inside him kept saying, "You can't love him. He's not your child, and you know it. You're not the father."

You poor little tike! he thought.

What'll become of *you* if I murder Kelly Cole! *You're* the innocent bystander! *You* didn't ask to come into the world! *You* didn't pick your parents! *You're* merely the natural result of a so-called biological urge.

The palms of Hobe's hands were sweating again; he rubbed them together. He was recalling the extraordinary ardor Emma had shown in those first days when he returned from the war; she had been far more loving than on their honeymoon. She had been wonderful! And then . . . it was over. It was done. "All an act," he said to himself. "All an act because of Kelly Cole. She told Kelly I'd always think the child was mine. How they must've laughed about that!"

He walked about the room. Good God, was I happy when I knew the child was coming! I was never so happy in my life. Flowers for Emma, diamonds for Emma, silk negligees for Emma, a new car for Emma! Anything she wanted! Any damned thing she wanted! She had only to name it!

He couldn't put his finger on the moment when he'd begun to suspect; one day he was floating on the clouds and then—it was there; the little black shadow grew—but wait, wait; maybe it was that night about three months before the child was born, the night Kelly and Linnie Cole came to dinner. A foursome dinner; they'd played rummy afterward. A nice home evening with old friends to divert Emma, who was feeling a bit ill and peevish! Kelly had come in that night and kissed Emma. Hell, Kelly always kissed Emma when he came; he kissed all the women, everywhere. Hobe had ragged him often about his insatiable taste for lip rouge. But *that* night . . . Emma had clung to him for a split second, frantically, miserably, like a lost woman, a woman drowning in trouble she didn't dare face. Hobe had found himself staring at them . . . and then he had glanced at Linnie Cole. A nervous tic was beating in Linnie's cheek, and her eyes were stricken. Hobe, r e m e m b e r i n g , thought: There are things of the flesh that are also things of the spirit. What my eyes saw went through to my mind. Right then I had a hunch . . .

The child made a small pleasant noise; he was sucking in his lips and puffing them out with the sound of a little kiss. Hobe bent over him. The nurse was right. He was a grand boy! Impossible to look at him and not be drawn to him. If only I could be sure that he's mine! thought Hobe. He wondered if blood tests would tell anything . . . but for that he'd have to expose his fear to a doctor, maybe a couple of doctors; he'd have to name names and point his finger. And wouldn't Emma scream and kick and slang him—but that didn't matter;

what mattered was to look steadily at a doctor and tell him what he suspected. Hobe shook his head. It would be a damned sight easier to bump off Kelly Cole. That tempting parapet! Now—if he got Kelly tight—and dared him to walk it. . . .

Jean bustled in, her hair tight and flat under a net. "People are beginning to come," she said. "I must get a dress on this blessed lambie. Oh, I'm so excited I'm running in circles!"

**H**OBE went back to the living room. Emma was there and her mother and two or three people Hobe didn't care much about, but he fell into line and played the genial host. Emma was nervous. Hobe felt it. She laughed too much; her glance turned about restlessly. She might be cooking up some way to cheat him on the boy's name. Hobe went off for half a minute and wrote "Hobart Willing Jordan" on a card, large and clear, and put it in his pocket. When he returned, Kelly and his wife had arrived; Linnie plain and frail and serious; Kelly bounding with high spirits, a little too high, a little overdone.

Hobe talked to Linnie. He liked her. She was older than Kelly. He had married her for her money, and she knew it, but she adored him and managed to live her life with dignity. "I suppose the baby'll be brought in at the last minute," said Linnie. "Hobe, he's such a darling. He's a *Wunderkind*, truly. Oh, *I wish he were mine!*" She lowered her voice. "I'll never have any children, you know."

"I didn't know," said Hobe. "You could adopt one. Lots of people do."

"I'd do it like a shot, but Kelly won't hear to it. He says it's too big a gamble. But he—he's *fearfully* disappointed. And he was so delighted when you asked us to be godparents for yours. I don't know when I've seen him so worked up about anything. Have you decided on the name?"

Hobe took the card out of his pocket and showed it to her. "I wrote it out for the bishop," he said and couldn't keep the triumph from his voice. So Kelly wanted a son, did he! A sweet tidbit of news for this moment! He had been keeping a sly watch on Kelly and Emma; more and more people were coming. Emma was busy with greetings, and Kelly was at the other end of the room, but now and then Hobe saw them exchange a look, nothing crude and give-away; just a "Where are you?" and "I'm here, always" assurance. Perhaps reassurance, damn them!

There was a stir of interest. The bishop had arrived with a youthful aide, who carried the suitcase with the ecclesiastical robes. Hobe took them to his room to dress. The bishop'll be in the headlines, too, if I get

Kelly, thought Hobe. He felt a twinge of compunction, for the bishop was a saint, so delicately, transparently aged that he seemed almost a figure of alabaster. His voice was like a plucked viola string. Yet he had a this-worldliness as real as his other-worldliness, and his smile, as he slipped on his robe, was humorous. Hobe thanked him humbly and sincerely for the honor of his coming, and the old man said, "Hobart, I remember when I baptized you. Your parents were so proud. Fine people, your parents. Fine people, all your family." The bishop paused, far away in the past. "Your great-uncle Kinsley was my roommate at college, my closest friend. Exciting fellow, your great-uncle Kinsley. You remember him, Hobart?"

Slowly, through Hobe's self-absorption, there came back to him the image of Great-uncle Kin: tall, red-faced; always shouting, laughing, and bouncing about; always kind to a shy small boy, teaching him games, bringing him funny presents.

"I haven't thought of him for a long time, but I remember him," said Hobe. "He was exciting all right."

"I miss him," said the bishop. "I still miss him. Thirty years is not a long time in terms of friendship. He kept me from being too bound by church doctrine, Kinsley did. Yes. Yes. I was inclined—when I was young—to be very stiff about points of doctrine, very stiff indeed." He straightened his robe, his thin old hands deft with its fullness. "Ah, well—we were speaking of your own baptism. It was in church; that was the custom then. Emma's making too much of a social occasion out of this, in my opinion, but of course you are both hopeless young pagans. Yes. Yes. What are you naming your son?"

Hobe gave him the card. The bishop raised an eyebrow. "Emma told me something else—at least I think so. My memory's not what it was."

"Emma had a lot of fancies. You know Emma. But it seemed best to keep the boy in the family."

"Yes. Yes. That's best. A man's first son should carry his father's name."

"His father's name," said Hobe. He felt sick again.

Emma flashed her golden presence at the door. "Are you ready, Bishop? Hobe, tell Jean to fetch the baby, and we'll be all set."

"You tell her, darling," said Hobe. "I'll go along with the bishop." He wasn't giving Emma a chance to work on that good old forgetful creature.

Emma looked mulish, hesitated, but the bishop said, "Yes, yes, you bring the child, Emma. Yes, that is best."

Hobe walked beside the bishop and steered him toward the screen and the table with the beflowered christening bowl. The assistant trailed

them, carrying prayer books. The guests moved aside reverently, and the scene clicked together like a stage performance, well rehearsed. Kelly and Linnie Cole came forward. Both were pale, Kelly biting his lips, eyes restless. Then Emma entered in her yellow dress, and beside her was Jean, bursting with vanity, carrying the beautiful quiet child, who gazed about him quite unfrightened, quite composed, as if aware that all this was in his honor.

Hobe went to meet them and took the child from Jean.

Now the four of them—Kelly, Linnie, Hobe and Emma—lined up in a row before the bishop, and the old man began the service. His reading was like a singing prayer, and Hobe could hardly keep his mind on his own grim business. He held the child carefully, conscious of the small soft body, the rustle of the christening robe, the scent of orris and milk, the enchanting rosininess of the cheek against his sleeve and the silkiness of the hair Jean had tried so hard to curl.

The bishop's voice sang ". . . being persuaded of the good will of our heavenly Father toward this Child . . ."

". . . obediently keep God's holy will and commandments. . . ."

**T**HE bishop looked over his spectacles and motioned Kelly as godfather to take the child. With delicate care Hobe moved to hand the baby to Kelly.

As he did so, he peered avidly into Kelly's face. Kelly was looking at the child, with a look so full of agonized love and longing that it made his face scarcely recognizable. He held the baby to him awkwardly, and he was trembling so much that Linnie reached out and steadied his arm.

The bishop's voice went on asking the searching questions of the service. Kelly gave gulping, chaotic response, Linnie prompting him. Hobe heard and didn't hear. He was certain now. He took back the baby for the prayer and, slanting his glance, saw Kelly's face twisted in a bitter grimace to keep back tears.

"By God, I've nailed him!" thought Hobe. "That does it."

The great moment was here. The bishop's voice was not a song now but a solemn silver bell. "Hobart Willing I baptize thee . . . in the Name of the Father. . . ." He rang it out with authority. He was telling the world the identity of this child. His thin white fingers dipped into the bowl; the crystal drops shone on the baby's hair; one ran drooly down his nose, and he made a startled movement, opening his mouth with a little gasp and twisting his face into . . .

Hobe, staring at him, gasped, too.

Here was another face. By grief and by glory, it was Great-uncle Kin! Exactly—every line, every pucker. There was no mistaking it. Great-uncle Kin himself—minuscle but perfect—perfect!

It struck Hobe with a force that tore and shook and almost broke him. The child could not—no, it was beyond any doubt—he *could not* so duplicate Great-uncle Kin unless Great-uncle Kin's blood flowed in him! The bishop's chance word that had brought recollection—the random drop of baptismal water—they had raised a ghost from Hobe's own people to save him; they wrought a miracle for a despairing, desperate man.

Hobe trembled, struggling with tears as Kelly had. The poison that had fed on his reason for so long, the unnatural will to violence that had possessed him—these died out of him before this revelation.

He tightened his arms about the child with exultant confidence, and the child—as if he knew himself established—wanted, secure, laid his round head against Hobe's breast like a caress. Hobe bent his own head and touched that round silkiness with his lips. The bishop murmured the final blessing, but Hobe did not hear it . . . He was a man with a son. THE END

### The Fred Allen Show

(Continued from page 49)

radio networks. Allen decided to ask some people on Main Street how they felt about the question.

The first person he talked to was Sergei Strogonoff, the overbearing Russian character whom Allen had to invent this season to keep abreast of the international situation. Like the pompous Senator Claghorn, a former regular but now only an occasional character in the Allen cast, Strogonoff is played by Kenny Delmar. He told Allen about Soviet radio programs ("People Are Comrades," "Worker Take All," "Break the Yank," "Mary Margaret Kropotkin") and Allen asked if there was a Russian equivalent of Mr. and Mrs. Hush. "In Russia, nobody is daring to open his mouth," Strogonoff explains. "Everybody is Mr. and Mrs. Hush."

Then the slim, gray Parker Fennelly advanced to the microphone, and Portland exclaimed, "It's Titus Moody!" As always, Moody replied, "Howdy, bub." This Maine farmer, probably the most successful and enduring of Allen's character creations, described a friend who dropped dead from the shock of winning a giant jack pot on a give-away broadcast.

"What happened then?" Allen asked.

"His body had to go to Bermuda on a romantic two-week vacation

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with all expenses paid," Moody said. "So long, bub."

In the accents of Mrs. Nussbaum, Minerva Pious told about winning on a quiz show a Ford car, a mink cape, a diamond necklace, and an airplane. "For answering the question?"

"Who is answering? I am missing the question."

"But why did they give you all those presents?"

"For making a good try."

Allen's next encounter was with Humphrey Titter, another new addition this year. Titter is played by Peter Donald, who also revives now and then last winter's Ajax Cassidy. Allen introduced Titter because he feels that the old W. C. Fields trick of muttering sweet sentiment in a tough voice is a good source of comedy. Titter also serves as an outlet for the doggerel verse Allen likes to write.

"I'm the joy boy!" Titter growled. "Rejoice, brother. Let a smile be your umbrella!"

"Have you ever tried letting a smile be your umbrella?" Allen asked.

"Yes."

"What happened?"

"I got a mouthful of rain water."

The second half of the Fred Allen Show is devoted to a comedy skit, featuring a guest. On this Sunday night, the guest was Dale Carnegie, author of "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living." The plot of the skit revolved around Allen's worries, which force him to go to Carnegie for advice. Allen is neurotic because he cannot synchronize the cooking of his breakfast. He has poached eggs on toast, and coffee, which he cooks on three electrical appliances. But there is only one electric outlet in his apartment. First he heats the water for the eggs. Then he pulls out that plug, plugs in the toaster, and puts the eggs in the hot water. When the toast pops up, he plugs in the heater for the coffee. But lately the toast has not been popping up. As a result, the eggs get too hard; the toast gets burned; the coffee never gets heated at all.

Allen also has financial worries. As a result of reading Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People" a few years ago, he has accumulated three hundred new friends who have borrowed all his money.

"I can't even pass the loyalty test at the Morris Plan," he complains.

Carnegie solves his breakfast problem by advising him to eat fried eggs instead of poached eggs, thereby eliminating the necessity for toast. Allen is so impressed he hires Carnegie at two hundred dollars a week to do all his worrying from now on.

"But wait," Carnegie says. "You just told me you are penniless. How can you pay me two hundred a week?"

"That, Mr. Carnegie," Allen says,

"is the first thing you have to worry about."

In short, the Fred Allen Show on this particular Sunday evening was typical rather than outstanding. He has done better ones: for instance, his famous take-off on husband-and-wife breakfast programs with Tallulah Bankhead; or his attack on radio advertising in the form of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. But no other program heard on the radio in America that week came closer to achieving comedy in the classical definition of the term. As a satirist who uses the microphone to expose and ridicule the follies and shams of contemporary mankind, Fred Allen is unsurpassed. He is the only creative artist in his difficult and restricted medium who has been compared by serious critics to Shaw and Swift.

The studio audience seemed to enjoy it. After the last patter of applause died away, one woman said to her husband, "How does that man ever think of so many funny things to say?"

"Oh, he just gets up there and talks," her husband said. "Can you imagine making all that money for working only one night a week?"

ACTUALLY, Fred Allen works longer and harder than most important business executives. He began to prepare the radio show described above sixteen days before it went on the air. His first move was to create and discuss with his three writers—Bob Weiskopf, Harry Bailey, and Terry Ryan—a plot and structure for the Dale Carnegie skit. The plot was Allen's own idea. He conceived thirty-seven of the thirty-nine plots that he used on the radio last season.

During the following week, Ryan wrote a first draft of the skit. On a Saturday morning, eight days before the broadcast, Allen and the writers met with Carnegie for the first time. The purpose of the meeting, a brief one, was to tell Carnegie about the nature of the skit and to find out if he objected to it. Carnegie said it sounded all right to him. Leaving Carnegie, Allen and the writers walked to a near-by restaurant for lunch and then to Allen's apartment, which is not far from Radio City. They went into Allen's book-lined study and settled down for an afternoon of intensive concentration. There were three letters on Allen's desk. He opened one of them.

"This is from a guy who wants to appear on the show to announce a hot news item," Allen said. "He says, and I quote, 'Stalin would give much to silence me. It will mean everything; science, religion, education, and peace. It will surpass even my prediction of the Pearl Harbor attack which I made

in March, nineteen ten. It took the Japs thirty years to get rid of that monkey wrench which I threw into their gears.'"

The next letter, from a man who was obviously a Communist, objected to the way Allen used his character, Strogonoff, to ridicule the Soviet Union. "When this country goes Communist, it will be just dandy," Allen observed. "Everybody will wear a size three hat, and everybody who goes to the races will come home a winner."

The third letter was from a woman who wanted Allen to invest "between six and ten thousand dollars" in her health-food business. "The banks don't open until Monday morning," Allen muttered. "She'll have to wait until then."

Sitting down at his desk, Allen glanced at the draft of the Carnegie skit that Ryan had written. "This thing of Terry's sounds all right," he said. "But Bob, you and Harry can work it over again when you write the middle part. What did we say we'd do in the middle part?"

The "middle part" of the Allen script is the section of the show that leads up to the introduction of the guest. Weiskopf reminded Allen that they had planned to have Allen visit a psychiatrist. The psychiatrist would recommend Carnegie's book on worry. When Allen goes to a store to buy the book, he finds Carnegie himself at one of the counters, autographing it for customers. The skit between Allen and Carnegie would then follow. Allen pointed out that the part of the psychiatrist would be played by Peter Donald, and suggested putting the lines in a German accent because Donald is good at dialects.

"The psychiatrist will need a name," Allen said.

Everybody thought hard.

"Holstein," Allen said. "Call him Dr. Wolfgang Holstein."

"Maybe you could read a sign outside his office," Weiskopf said. "Dr. Wolfgang Holstein, psychiatrist and chiropodist. I fix you up from head to toe."

"Okay," Allen said. "And somewhere in here I want to mention Billy Rose's book. I told Billy we'd mention it when he was on the show a few months ago, but there was a trucking strike or something, and the book wasn't published that week. I've been meaning to mention it ever since. I can see a copy of it when I go into the bookstore. The only thing about the Carnegie skit that bothers me is the thought of ending the whole show on Carnegie. He's all right, but he's a straight character, too straight to end the show on. I'd like to move from him to somebody else before we finish. Well, that can be worked out. Now, what shall we do with Doc Rockwell?"

They spent the rest of the afternoon working on a courtroom skit for Dr. Rockwell, the old vaudeville comedian who was to be Allen's guest on the Sunday following Carnegie's appearance. About five thirty, Mrs. Allen came into the room, saying, "Don't get up, boys." Her normal speaking voice, low and alert, sounds nothing like the gawky singsong that she affects as Portland on the radio. She was going out for a walk and wanted to know if Allen felt like joining her. He said he wouldn't be through for an hour or more.

The next day being Sunday, Allen was busy rehearsing, polishing, and performing that night's show. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday mornings, he worked at home on his mail. Unlike most people in the public eye, Allen reads almost all of his heavy fan mail and personally answers a great deal of it. He feels that the letters give him ideas and guidance. On Wednesday afternoon, at one o'clock, he walked into a conference room on the seventh floor of the R.C.A. Building in Radio City, where Weiskopf, Bailey, and Ryan were waiting. Allen carried a brief case and a large paper bag. The bag contained bananas, pears, and raw carrots. Since he has been on a diet for high blood pressure, Allen has given up cigars and chewing tobacco, and eats fruit and raw vegetables instead of a regular lunch.

"Did any of you see the Ray Bolger show?" he asked. "Portland and I saw it last night. It's good. Bolger is awfully thin. If he had an ulcer, he'd have to carry it in his hand."

Sitting at the table, Allen took out of his brief case a pad of note paper and several newspaper clippings. The others were also equipped with newspaper clippings. At this Wednesday conference, Allen and the writers discuss and outline the first fifteen minutes of the show—the talks with Portland, Stroganoff, Mrs. Nussbaum, Titus Moody, and Humphrey Titter. This material is largely satire on items in the current news. Hence, the newspaper clippings. At this meeting, Allen takes voluminous notes because he writes the first half of the program himself. He peeled a banana and munched on it moodily.

"We don't have to look for a question this week," Allen said. "That F.C.C. hearing on give-away shows will do it."

"Read about that farmer in Ohio who shot somebody for listening to a quiz show when he wanted to hear Benny?" Weiskopf said.

"We can't use it," Allen said. "The guy died, and that makes it no laughing matter. But that reminds me of something. Yesterday I was answering a letter from a woman who said—

Most of life's luxuries  
come high . . .

but anyone can afford

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well, you know how it is when you're answering mail. Your writing is relaxed, and sometimes you come out with better stuff than you ever do when you're trying to write a script. Writing to this woman about give-away shows, I found myself speculating on what would happen to a guy if he dropped dead when he won a big jack pot. Would they send his body to Hollywood for that tour of the movie studios? Would he lie in state in the room booked for him at the Waldorf? Maybe we can use it."

"It might make a finish for Titus Moody," Weiskopf said. "He doesn't like give-away shows. A friend of his dropped dead after winning the jack pot, and they sent him to Hollywood—"

"With all expenses paid," Bailey said.

Allen nodded. "We'll make it a trip to Bermuda with all expenses paid. No, let's see. They sent the body on a two-week vacation in Bermuda with all expenses paid." He wrote the words on his note paper in a tiny, neat printing that a typesetter would describe as caps and small caps.

"This shows you how few new jokes there are," Allen said. "You thought this one was new, didn't you? I did, too; but, when I was writing here, I realized that it's a switch on a joke I used twenty years ago in a musical comedy. The opening scene in 'The Little Show.' We had a dead body on the stage. Somebody looks at it and says, 'He looks good.' I say, 'Why shouldn't he look good? He just came back from Florida.'"

"Jimmy Durante used that old joke of yours the other night," Bailey said. "The one about the pumpkin."

"The fellow with the head like a pumpkin?" Allen said. "Don't look out the window; the people outside will think it's Halloween? Years after I used that one, I was on a show with Charlie Butterworth. Butterworth came around with two writers to figure out a routine for us. The writers came staggering in with an enormous scrapbook of jokes, indexed and cross-indexed. And one of the writers says to Butterworth, 'I've got it. You say to Allen, "Don't look out that window. People will think it's Halloween.'" I imagine it. Giving me my own joke, and they don't even want to let me say the punch line. You know that one about how old is Grandmother? The other fellow says that when they carried her birthday cake into the dining room, twenty people were overcome by the heat. That was my joke. I used it in vaudeville thirty-five years ago. And Abbott and Costello and Tom Howard are still using it today."

"Weren't you the first to use that line about how much would you charge

to haunt a house?" Weiskopf asked.

"Sure," Allen said. "I'll never forget it. It was on Christmas Day in Toledo, back around nineteen twenty-one or twenty-two, I think. I was doing an act with Bert York. We must have been doing fourteen shows a day. We never left the theater. I remember our Christmas dinner. We had an oyster stew sent in and ate it in the dressing room. The orchestra leader didn't think we were funny. He kept staring at us, dead-pan. It was very annoying. Finally, I stopped the act and walked over to the footlights and said to him, 'How much would you charge to haunt a house?' I used it again, years later, in 'The Little Show'; that was when the columnists started to quote it, and then everybody began to use it."

ALLEN started to pace the floor, his hands under his suspenders. He went on: "Say what you will about vaudeville, it developed talent. There's nothing like it developing talent today, and that's why there are no good young comedians coming up. They have no place to learn. I started in vaudeville when I was fourteen. I went to school in Boston in the daytime, and at night I worked for a man named Sam Cohen who staged amateur nights in suburban theaters. Sam taught me how to tell jokes and juggle. I was one of his masters of ceremony. I'd take a half-dozen amateurs to some theater in Roxbury or Medford and run the show. Then I'd collect from the theater manager, about twenty-eight bucks, and Sam would be waiting for me at the street-car stop. I'd hand over the twenty-eight bucks to him. I got one dollar and my carfare. Sam also ran Charlie Chaplin contests and Does Your Daughter Look Like Mary Pickford contests. Millions of kids showing up at the theaters in baggy pants and derby hats and mustaches and canes, all of them waddling along with their feet out—millions of little girls with curls like Mary Pickford—it was awful. Still, I learned a lot from Sam. And a lot more in vaudeville later.

"Another thing—while you were learning, you could get by. There were plenty of jobs if you were any good, and the cost of living was low. I lived in a boardinghouse on Fortieth Street here in New York for a dollar a day, board and room, in nineteen fifteen. And I always had three or four guys sleeping on the floor of my room. I remember two of them, Morgan and Tinsley, an upside-down dancing team. They stood on their heads and did tap steps and buck and wings on a platform up above them. You know. They were terrible, and no booker would touch them. They slept on the floor for about a year and then, like

a bolt from the blue, they got a booking at the Old Howard in Boston. In those days, if you played the Old Howard, you had a good chance of getting more work in Maine or New Hampshire or the Massachusetts mill towns. So Morgan and Tinsley were all excited. They were in tough shape after all the unemployment, so I gave them a pair of shoes and a shirt. Somebody else gave them a suit and some socks. We were so tired of carrying them, we'd have given them anything to get them off our hands. After he tried on the new clothes, Morgan got feeling important and decided that the rigging they had for the upside-down dancing needed a new coat of paint. He took it down into the cellar of the boardinghouse and painted it with white enamel paint. Then there was a big argument about whether they would go to Boston by train or on the boat. They decided on the boat. The day the boat was supposed to leave, they went down into the cellar to get the rigging. The paint wasn't dry. They lost the booking at the Old Howard, and we had them sleeping on our floor for another six months."

Allen picked up a carrot from the table, bit the end off it, and chewed. The writers watched him swallow. He pointed the carrot at them.

"As I say, if a young fellow in those days wanted to be a comedian, there was a chance for him to learn the business. How is it now in this great age of mediocrity? Take Henry Morgan, for example. Henry Morgan is a kid with a lot of talent, but his Hooper rating isn't high, so he loses his sponsor and loses his job. The radio industry is too stupid to realize that it has to encourage and develop people like Morgan, regardless of their Hooper rating. A book publisher will publish a promising novelist, knowing that the book won't sell. The book publisher is smart enough to realize that, if he doesn't do that, all his promising novelists will quit in disgust and become bricklayers. But does radio realize it? Not radio."

"Speaking of Hooper," Bailey said. "Did you see the new Hooper ratings? You and Bergen are still ahead of 'Stop the Music.'"

The mere mention of Hooper's name drives Allen into a fury.

"That's another thing," he said. "Hooper. This genius makes three phone calls in Columbus, Ohio, and, on the basis of those three phone calls, he tells the radio industry how many people in Columbus, Ohio, are listening to a particular program. And the radio industry accepts his figures without question. On Hooper's say-so, a program is dropped, and fifty people are thrown out of work. These radio surveys! Remember a few years ago

when Crossley was the big wizard who decided whether or not your contract would be renewed? I met a dwarf I know. He used to work for Joe Cook in vaudeville. I said to this dwarf, 'What are you doing now?' He tells me he is running the Crossley surveys in the Middle West. Even wearing Adler's Elevator Shoes, this dwarf isn't big enough to reach a phone. But he is running surveys in the Middle West. The radio industry is awaiting his findings with bated breath . . . But this isn't giving us any jokes for Portland or Strogonoff."

THE writers resumed their study of their newspaper clippings.

"Mickey Mouse is twenty-one years old," Weiskopf said. "And coffee isn't harmful. It says here they put some rats on a coffee diet, and they lived longer than the other rats."

"They were probably so overstimulated that their eyes didn't close for three days after they died," Allen said. "I was reading in one of the columns that George Jean Nathan's blood pressure shoots up when he sees a good play. These Broadway producers ought to strap one of the blood-pressure things on George's arm and sit beside him, watching the indicator."

"Strogonoff could say something about Russian give-away shows," Bailey said. "Comrade Hush?"

"Stop the mujik?" Weiskopf muttered, as if to himself.

"Mujik?" Allen said. "It will sound too much like music. Besides, the rubes won't get it. Mr. and Mrs. Hush? Everybody in Russia is Mr. and Mrs. Hush?" Bailey and Ryan nodded. "He says, 'In Russia we have no—' Let's see, how should it go? I say to him, 'How about Mr. and Mrs. Hush?'" Allen wrote on his pad. "And he says to me, 'Everybody in Russia is afraid to open his mouth. I say to him, 'You mean?' Then he says, 'Everybody is Mr. and Mrs. Hush.'"

"That's it," Weiskopf said. "And he could mention some Russian radio shows. Honeymoon in Minsk? No Information, Please?"

"Break the Yank?" Allen said. "Stop the Five-Year Plan?"

"Something for Mary Margaret McBride," Weiskopf said. "Give her a Russian last name."

"Kropotkin," Bailey said. "Good," Allen said, writing it down. "Mary Margaret Kropotkin."

"Did you see what it said in this story on the F.C.C. hearing?" Ryan asked. "The sponsors claim give-away-show prizes benefit the community."

"Oh, certainly," Allen said. "They benefit the community. A cigarette company sponsors a give-away show and gives away a carload of cigarettes. You walk down the street in the com-

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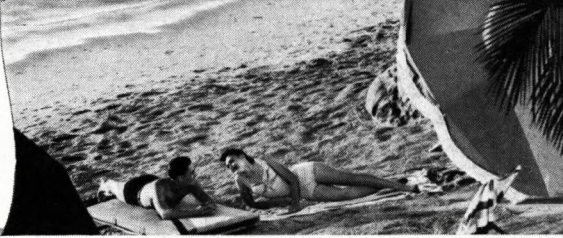
## Summer

You'll sleep under blankets! And there'll be swimming, sailing, deep-sea fishing. Pine-shaded lakes. Open-air concerts.



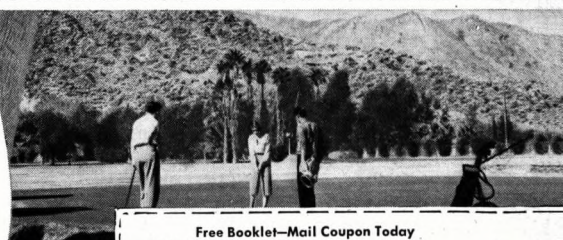
## Fall

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munity. You look in the windows, and what do you see? All the kids between the ages of six and nine, sitting around the kitchen table with cigarettes hanging out of their little mouths." He picked up some of his newspaper clippings. "The elephant market is bearish in India. Here's a beauty of a story about some bird walkers on Long Island. It mentions a man whom it refers to as 'shy Roger Peterson, the only man in the world who ever caught a skunk in a butterfly net.' If I still had an hour show, I'd put on shy Roger Peterson and ask him how he did it. But on this half-hour show, if I ad lib for forty-five seconds with Portland, they haven't got time for the last commercial. Maybe we could use some bird stuff. Strogonoff could be the head of the Audubon Society in the Soviet Union, visiting America to study bird life here."

"In Russia, all the birds have red breasts," Bailey said.

"Maybe," Allen said. "In Russia, everybody is afraid to let out a peep? No, that conflicts with the Mr. and Mrs. Hush gag. The biggest bird in Russia is the bird they are giving the U. N.?"

Weiskopf and Ryan liked that gag, and Allen wrote it down. This sort of talk and thought continued without a letup for five more hours. Then Allen decided that he had enough notes to write the first half of the show. He spent Wednesday night and Thursday morning alone at home, turning that material into finished dialogue. On Thursday afternoon, he began the task of preparing the first draft of the whole script by combining his part with the dialogue that Bailey, Weiskopf, and Ryan had written for the second half of the performance. Allen subjects every line that his writers produce to careful scrutiny, revision, and editing. He did not complete his work until after one o'clock Friday morning. He left the script with the elevator man in his apartment building. A girl from the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency, which handles the Allen show, picked it up on her way to the office at nine o'clock. During the morning, it was mimeographed so that copies would be available for the first rehearsal in Studio 8-C of the R.C.A. Building that afternoon at one o'clock.

Rehearsals of the Fred Allen Show are conducted with brisk efficiency. There is none of the horseplay or delay that mark the rehearsals of most school, club, or parish theatricals. Except for Minerva Pious, who was sick in bed with a cold, the entire cast and Carnegie were present. Allen rarely corrects or advises his actors. He regards them as competent professionals who need no coaching. They went through the script twice,

and the whole rehearsal was over in less than one hour.

"If there's anything you want to cut, Mr. Carnegie," Allen said, "we'll be glad to do it. We'll have to cut anyway. We seem to be running too long."

"Not so long, Fred," said Reilly, the producer. "Only two thirty-five over."

Carnegie asked if a few of his lines, which said nice things about his book, could be omitted. "Or let somebody other than me say them," he added. "It's not that I'm modest. But I like to appear modest."

As Carnegie and the actors left the studio, Allen was surrounded by his business agent, a public-relations man from the Thompson agency, Al Goodman; a man from the National Broadcasting Company who serves as liaison agent with the show, and "Uncle Jim" Harkins, a retired vaudeville actor who serves as Allen's personal secretary. They all had urgent business to transact. There was also a staff writer from The Insurance Age who wanted an interview. Allen talked to all of them in turn. He asked Harkins to give the public-relations man the name of a young man who had asked Allen for help in getting an advertising job. "See what you can do for him," Allen said. "This boy is well aware of the fact that he has to start at the bottom of the ladder. All he wants is somebody to point out the general location of the ladder itself."

**T**HEN Allen went downstairs to the seventh-floor conference room where he spent four hours cutting the script down to its prescribed length and giving it another general retouching and polishing treatment. This session was attended by the three writers, the National Broadcasting Company liaison man, Reilly, and Reilly's secretary, who made note of the cuts and changes so that she could have a completely fresh second draft of the script mimeographed before Sunday.

As soon as he sat down, Allen made several revisions in the middle commercial. The secretary phoned these revisions to the Thompson agency, so that they could be teletyped, before five o'clock that afternoon, to the Detroit office of Allen's sponsors, the Ford Dealers of America.

"When the changes in the commercial comes in, everything stops dead in Detroit," Allen remarked. "Henry comes downstairs from his office. Mechanics crawl out from underneath the assembly line and wipe their hands. Salesmen let go of the customers' lapels."

"Fred, how about Portland's exit line?" Weiskopf asked. "I guess I'll go to the movies.' Can't we do better than that?"

Allen thought about it. "Well, she

could say, 'I guess I'll go to the movies. I have some popcorn left over from last week.'" He made changes in pencil on his script. "How about this part where I go into a bookstore, and the clerk says, 'Billy Rose's book is out today.' I say, 'No, thanks.' She says, 'Billy Rose is going to be pretty mad.' As it stands now, I say I already have a copy of Rose's book, and I want Carnegie's book."

Allen stared at the script and leaned forward to write on it. "It'll be better this way instead. I'll walk in, and she'll tell me Billy Rose's book is out today, and I'll say 'I don't want it, and she'll say Rose will be pretty mad. And then—here's the change—I'll say to her, 'How do you know?' And she'll say to me, 'I'm Mrs. Rose.'"

There was a prolonged discussion about one of the lines in the Carnegie skit. Allen felt it should be changed, but he couldn't find a new line that sounded right. Bailey and Weiskopf maintained that the line was all right as it stood. Both sides gave in and compromised, and the line was only partly changed. When this debate was settled, the National Broadcasting Company liaison man excused himself and left the room. He returned in a few minutes and announced that the script had been given a clean bill of health by the National Broadcasting Company. There had been some question about a reference in it to "B.O." but the vice-president in charge of such matters had decreed that no change would be necessary.

The next day, Saturday, Allen spent with his writers, devising a detective melodrama for Arthur Treacher, who was to be his guest two weeks from then. Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, Al Goodman and his orchestra and the five De Marco sisters rehearsed the music for that night's show. Allen does not attend the music rehearsal unless the skit on the program is a musical one. There was another rehearsal for the actors and Carnegie at one o'clock Sunday afternoon. Minerva Pious arose from her sickbed to attend it.

"With that cold, Minnie, you sound more like Henry Wallace than Mrs. Nussbaum," Allen remarked.

Miss Pious and Portland both felt that Peter Donald's German-dialect rendition of Dr. Holstein, the psychiatrist in the Carnegie skit, was wonderful. They asked Allen why he didn't make Dr. Holstein a permanent member of the program. "We already have too many heavy dialects," he said. "Titus Moody is the only one on the show who sounds human."

After the rehearsal, Allen descended once again to the seventh-floor conference room for what he calls a final "line-combing" of the script. Although two minutes and thirty-five seconds

had been cut on Friday afternoon, the Sunday rehearsal ran thirty seconds too long. A Titus Moody joke that Allen particularly liked had to be removed to make up the thirty seconds. "Oh, well," Allen said, "maybe we can use that joke next week." Allen went over the script from beginning to end, weighing each line and each scene as carefully as he had at the Friday meeting. "This line of Portland's," he said, "the one about anybody who goes to a psychiatrist should get his head examined. Does it sound right?" He made several changes and additions. "This feller Huber Skinner was a glutton," one of Titus Moody's lines said. Allen added to it, "He'd eat anything he could overtake."

**T**HE meeting broke up at five o'clock. Allen left the building and headed up Sixth Avenue to Central Park, where he walked for a half hour. He returned to his apartment and ate a salad and drank a glass of milk. He does not eat dinner on Sunday nights until after the broadcast. A little before seven o'clock, Portland and he were back in the conference room at the R.C.A. Building with Donald and Fennelly, waiting to listen to the Jack Benny broadcast. Although Allen laughingly pretends on the air to despise Benny, he really regards him with respect and admiration.

He listened to the program with interest, enjoying some of the jokes. When the Benny show ended, Allen discussed with Donald the reasons for its success as radio comedy.

"Jack has a great advantage over the rest of us," Allen said. "His laughs are based on idiosyncrasies of real people: Don Wilson and his appetite, Phil Harris and his cocksure dumbness, Dennis Day and his innocence, Jack himself with his vanity and stinginess. These things are firmly established in the minds of his listeners before they tune in on the show. So Jack doesn't have to set up his joke or explain it. It's like making a wisecrack at the dinner table about a member of your own family. Everybody gets it. Now, on our program, it's much harder, because I'm working with topical satire and synthetic characters. Suppose Benny had Dale Carnegie on his show, as we have tonight. Can you imagine the dialogue between Carnegie and Phil Harris? It would be a riot. Why? Because the personality of Harris is so well-established previously. The mere thought of him talking to Carnegie is funny, even before he opens his mouth."

Allen shook his head and yawned. "This is a hard medium to work in," he said. "An accordion player spends his whole life playing the same tunes. A radio comedian must come up with

## Are you in the know?



### Which gal would you ask to complete a foursome?

- A Suave Sally    A numb number    A character from the carnival

Your steady freddy asks you to produce a date for his pal? Here's advice! Choosing a gal less winsome than you, can doom the party. It flusters your guy; disappoints his friend. Best you invite Suave Sally. You can stay confident—regardless of the day of

the month—with Kotex to keep you comfortable, to give you *softness that holds its shape*. No treachery with Kotex! It's the napkin made to *stay* soft while you wear it. And your new, all-elastic, Kotex Sanitary Belt is so snug-fitting! Doesn't bind!



### How much should she have tipped him?

- 10%  
 25%  
 15 to 20%

Don't wait 'til a waiter wears that "why don't you do right" look. Hone up on tipping! 'Taint what it used to be, so leave a little extra on that silver tray. A 15 to 20% tip pays off, in good service. And for certain times there's a special service Kotex gives . . . your choice of 3 *absorbencies*, designed for different girls, different days. It pays to try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. You'll find the one absorbency that suits *your needs exactly!*



### What clan does her plaid represent?

- Frazer  
 Macpherson  
 Black Watch

For the Highland touch in togs—have a fling at "ancient tartans": top-rating plaids with authentic patterns, representing actual clans. A genuwyne *Macpherson*, for instance, as shown. And when your own clan meets, have fun—even at calendar time. Why be self-conscious, with Kotex preventing telltale outlines? Those *flat pressed ends* don't turn traitor . . . *don't show*. (As if you didn't know!). And that exclusive safety center provides *extra* protection.



More women choose **KOTEX**  
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

\* T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

something completely new every Sunday. When you consider the enormous quantity of material that we have to turn out in a thirty-nine week season, it's no wonder that the quality of it is rather low. I wish I could do one show a month instead of one a week. That would give me time to prepare a pretty good script. But the network and the sponsors wouldn't listen to such a proposal."

Kenny Delmar and Minerva Pious came into the room, and then Carnegie with Mrs. Carnegie, whom Allen introduced to the gathering.

"If you'll give me the names of everybody here," Carnegie said to Allen, "I'll send each one of them a copy of my book."

They all took seats around the table, and there was one last reading of the script. It was done quickly, with the actors muttering their lines in an undertone; they were going through the show merely to familiarize themselves with the final version of the writing,

not for timing or for dramatic effect. When they finished, Allen said, "Take your hats and coats downstairs with you. The Philco people will be using this room later for a television show."

Everybody went down the stairs to the floor where the broadcast would take place. Allen went through a passageway that led to the stage where the musicians were taking their seats behind the closed curtain. He said hello to the five slim, dark-haired De Marco sisters.

"Time for the warmup?" Donald said to him.

"Almost," Allen said. He seems exceptionally calm and cool immediately before and during a broadcast, but it took a year away from radio work a few seasons ago to bring his high blood pressure down almost to normal.

"That's another thing. Why do we have to have a studio audience? So that the vice-presidents of the advertising agencies will be able to turn down requests for tickets? How can

you build up an illusion of a background with an audience in the studio? You're supposed to be in your living room. Or shaving in your bathroom. You say something, and six hundred people bust out laughing and clapping their hands. Does that sound as though you were in your bathroom? The most successful comedy show radio ever had was the old Amos and Andy program. Not the present one—the old fifteen-minute show. And they never had a studio audience . . . Oh, well."

Allen looked at the clock and walked out through the curtain to begin the warmup.

Not counting the time he spent later on the mail it inspired, Allen worked for a total of approximately fifty hours to prepare the thirty-minute radio show he presented that Sunday night.

"It's a good thing I've stopped drinking," he says. "In this job, I don't have time to have a hang-over."

THE END

### Go Your Romantic Way (Continued on page 42)

opiate. In the Square, buds were bursting; in MacDougal Street, Francis and Coleman still slept the rich, happy sleep of the just and the juvenile.

Clara was the writer of the three. The young girls in the Village always seem to come in threes—one writer, one actress, one painter. The writer always is the one to arise early of a Sabbath and walk reverently over to the Square, like a pilgrim on a holy mission. The painter is the one who never touches brush to canvas before midnight (they are such *very* young painters, and "north light" is only an astronomical term), because the dark, mysterious night is the time for genius to be active. And the actress . . . ah, but we digress. Spring has come to Washington Square, and Clara Fisher is savoring it from her bench.

In Mount Morris, Clara might have realized the presence of the vernal equinox simply from the softening and warming of the air, but the Village had different signs.

There were poets afoot along the wide paths of the Square, poets at once fierce-bearded and ethereal. The measured tread of junior executives walking their wives' dogs was not quite as brisk as usual. Neighborhood children, with what surely must be Saturday night's grime still on their faces, hurdled benches like leggy, frightened steeplechasers, and screamed at each other carefully selected bits of their remarkable vocabularies. And down the path from Clara, near the statue of the venerable gentleman whose name she never

could remember, the knot of small and dark men had reappeared as it does each spring. They had resumed their violent argument (with gestures) left over from last fall and the fall before that. Clara decided that the hot, rich language they spoke must be Italian. It certainly didn't resemble the fourth-term French she had absorbed. Ah—France! Paris, Boul Mich, Montmartre, piles of saucers . . . chandeliers . . . no, no, *ateliers* . . .

But that would be *next* year's wonderful spring. This was *this* one, and Clara wondered, as she looked down the path, what the small, dark ones were arguing about.

"Reviewing the Sacco-Vanzetti case, probably," she murmured, to no one at all.

The murmur undoubtedly was meant as an aesthetic coo, but it came out clear and strong, with pleasantly twangy Illinois resonance. It stabbed noisily at Mack Griffin's consciousness. He had been baking out the last highball he shouldn't have taken. Now, on the bench across the path from Clara, he opened his eyes and scowled. He, too, looked down the path at the arguers. Then back at Clara Fisher, who was twenty and blond and right out of Norman Rockwell's paintbox of eager young things in love with life.

"Aren't you being a trifle romantic?" he said from his bench. "I bet they never even heard of Sacco and Vanzetti."

Two be the things that young girl writers in the Village shall have till they die (or return to Illinois): vio-

lent impatience with the calm superiority of young men who humor them, and mounting rage with anyone who suggests they are being deliberately quaint.

"This is a rather cosmopolitan city, you know," she replied coldly. "It's just possible those gentlemen read the newspapers. Are you from Boston?" The ice in her voice—not quite frozen enough—for that comes only as we age and our hearts congeal—was like a cool finger across his throbbing brow.

He grinned and shook his head. "And neither are you," he said. "In Boston they teach proper young girls never to talk to men at *all*, even the proper young girls who are Students of Life."

In America, the byplay of the sexes is occasionally cause for wonderment. Clara and Mack have espied each other across a leaf-strewn path in spring, and the view has undoubtedly been mutually acceptable: she sees a tall, good-looking, dark young man; and he sees a tall, good-looking, blond girl. There must be *some* land in which, given a similar situation, the young man goes directly up to the girl and says, without folderol, "I like you," and the girl replies, "Well, I like you, too." But Clara and Mack, although in the rococo fairyland of Greenwich Village, still were products of this, our strange and wonderful country, so they circled each other warily, each throwing occasional light lefts.

"Aren't you rather archaic?" she said, with what Belle would have labeled "hauteur." Mack simply lighted a

cigarette and offered her one. It was turned down with disdain.

"I didn't say those were my views," he said. "They're strictly Boston's. I always talk to young girls."

"I'm sure you do."

"Look—you can't label this a pickup. I have a hang-over. A man with a hang-over hasn't the strength to attempt an honest-to-God pickup."

"You are rather fragile-looking," she said.

"*Touché.*"

"Not at all."

"Cigarette?"

"No, thank you. You're repeating your material."

**T**HERE were fifteen full minutes of it but, if you're reading this, it's probably right after dinner, and there are plans afoot in the house to be gone in twenty minutes to see the new Hayworth movie—so . . . To be honest, it wasn't particularly inspiring dialogue. Clara never will be a writer, and Mack is just a nice young guy. The combination rarely adds up to Noel Coward.

To Clara, however, the encounter was something frightfully suave, from the same top drawer as "Private Lives" ("China—how was China?" "Very big." "And Japan?" "Very small.") And even Mack, who automatically distrusts hand-kissers and whose idea of a greeting is the lifting of one knowing eyebrow and commenting "Hello, kid," enjoyed himself more than somewhat. It probably had something to do with the glands . . . Well, let's go back to our sport pages for a while and pick these two up later over coffee in the Fifth Avenue Pharmacy, corner of Eighth Street.

"Sugar?"

"No, thank you."

"Cream?"

"No."

"Oh, black coffee. That *sounds* like the Village."

"What do you mean?"

"Look—you're a nice little girl, and back in Ohio—"

"Illinois."

"—back in Illinois, your mother used to bring you coffee with cream and sugar every morning, and you loved it. Black coffee is for drunks. But you come to the land of Bohemia, and right away you have to drink black coffee. How affected can you get?"

Clara snorted indignantly. (Her mother had tried unsuccessfully for years to beat the snorting habit out of her because it was so unladylike.) "Oh," she said, "you're so provincial. I'm *not* in Illinois now, and I'm not going to behave as if I were."

Hmm. The record doesn't seem to have been turned over yet. But Mack and Clara are indefatigable souls, and while you and I might not be able to



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# TUSSY *beauty plus*

keep this up all night, they can. They probably would have except for the arrival of Dr. Joke.

A number of years ago, say thirty to forty, Harrington Kinsey Graham was among the brighter, but more peculiar, students at Harvard. His grades were excellent; for two years he was a tower of strength to those football players and big activity men who found themselves without certain expected knowledge a half hour before class. About the only disturbing trait in Harrington Graham's make-up was that while he spoke to you, he stared at you. He stared at everyone. Shamelessly, boldly, openly. "People are my hobby," he explained amiably. "I like to look at them. I see things."

Just prior to the first semester of his junior year, Harrington disappeared from the Yard and even from the bars in Scollay Square, where he had studied people even more thoroughly and lengthily than at school. Someone said he had decided to go to Greenwich Village in New York, because there were more different kinds of people to study there, and he was weary of fullbacks and Dekes. Since he had not become a lawyer, Harvard preferred to forget him.

He burst upon the Village like a splendid Roman candle and promptly acquired a reputation as a man to come to when you were in trouble. If he had money, he helped you with that; if not, he offered a plan that likely was better than money. He also dispensed casual advice, poems (he wrote and recited them for a fee of as many beers as you would care to purchase for him), and an endless store of allegedly funny tales. The nickname "Dr. Joke" was inevitable.

**F**ORTY years had made little appreciable difference in his appearance. He was small, with a curious, proud stature; he wore a cap, his overcoat was pinned together, and he had a flowing Kaiser Wilhelm mustache. You might say he resembled a decadent leprechaun.

His beat was bounded on the north by Fourteenth Street and on the south by Bleecker, but his renown was by no means local. National magazines had profiled him, radio commentators mentioned him when they were trying to be cosmopolitan, and columnists made frequent reverent comments about the history of contemporary literature which he had been writing for twenty seasons. Of all the Village characters, he was the most famous; more widely known, even, than Jack (The Prince of Poverty) Probst, the brilliant painter who slept on the floor of his studio, or Friendly Jenny, the dog poisoner. With this grandiose rating among the downtown colony of lost souls who

were bursting the shackles of convention, to Clara he seemed a god.

As Dr. Joke sifted into the Fifth Avenue Pharmacy this Sunday morning, however, it appeared he had had a rough night. Perhaps the park bench or packing crate of the night before had not been cut to measure. He made his way to a counter stool as if he were inching across no man's land. His order was delivered in a low, quavery voice, but it was understandable: "Black coffee."

To Clara it was as if he had given her the Tri-Delt handclasp. She picked up her own black java and sipped it, with some hauteur.

To the bait, Mack rose slowly, surely. He kept his good tenor voice as low as he could. "Oh! Of course that makes it all right. One of these dime-a-dozen Village characters drinks it dark, so monkey see, monkey do."

Snort. "If you," she hissed, or imagined she hissed, "were half as intelligent and artistic as Dr. Joke, you'd be a much more passable human being than you are. Have you been written about in *Era* or photographed for *Snatch*? Hardly, I should say. It would appear to me, looking at it objectively, that a bank clerk or accountant is not in a position to look down his nose at anyone with artistry in his very being."

"I'm not a bank clerk," he protested mildly. "Or an accountant. I paint."

Clara gave him an Eve Arden oh-no-not-this look. "Houses?"

"I'm a magazine illustrator. And I live here in the Village, over on Jane Street. How's that? Do I pass the artistic test?"

There was pity in her look. "Drawing pictures for the periodicals," she said, almost sympathetically, "is the closest approach to male prostitution the world has known. Painting the portraits of weak-faced, pretty young men and bosomy girls is probably all right for telephone doodlers and cartoonists—a *real* artist wouldn't be caught dead at it. Why, can you imagine Salvador Dali illustrating some maudlin formula story of young love among the bulrushes, just to titillate the senses of six million lazy housewives lying on chaise longues and eating chocolates?"

"Dali paints advertisements for stockings and perfume," Mack suggested wistfully. "How about that?"

Snort. "That," Clara said, "is something altogether different."

No man has been born of woman (nor will one be until Birnam wood to Dunsinane comes) who can reply intelligently to *that* comment. While Mack considered it thoughtfully, the flaming Miss Fisher dropped a dime noisily on the marble counter. "For my black coffee," she said. And out

the front door, into the church-going traffic of Fifth Avenue, she went.

Mr. Griffin watched her morosely through the plate-glass window. Like Voltaire, he had disagreed violently with what she had to say, but now that she had departed, his existence suddenly seemed a vacuum surrounded by boxes of candy, paper-covered thrillers, hair nets, and tomato sandwiches.

**D**R. JOKE, with the coffee acting on his system like adrenalin, looked at Mack meditatively, while wringing out a tip of his mustache carefully. "There seems to be a modern expression to fit your predicament," he commented. "Something about 'in the doghouse,' is it?"

"It is," Mack said glumly. "The chain is so short I can't even reach the bone or water tin."

Dr. Joke nodded sympathetically. "She's right, of course," he mused. "Magazine illustration is a barbaric form of life." Mack bridled, but the leprechaun hushed him. "It doesn't matter," he went on evenly. "Your dubious talents are inconsequential, at the moment. It is spring, my boy. Spring, and the maiden of your choice persists in regarding you as a wormy apple. The problem is, how to make her regard you as she does me—as a kind of vitamin-charged superman."

"I could grow a beard, I suppose, but I'll be hanged if I ever could train a mustache to fall the way yours does."

"No, no," Dr. Joke said. "The obvious Village disguises—corduroy coat, poison ring, cane, or velvet four-in-hand—are a bit shopworn, a bit overworked. The market is glutted with soulful poets and drunken artists. Look at poor old John Carradine, the movie actor. On Hollywood Boulevard, with his Inverness cape and his Shakespearean recitations, he was a figure to win the heart of any would-be Edith Wharton who ever came out of Fostoria, Ohio. Here in MacDougal Alley, he is virtually the forgotten man. This is fast company, my boy." He considered his own out-of-the-world appearance. "These days," he added dejectedly, "people on Eighth Street never give me a second look."

Willie, the counter boy, eyed Dr. Joke stonily and offered him a punched check for the coffee. Mack let the chief of the pixies fumble momentarily, then slid a dime along the counter to him. It was accepted easily, comfortably, with a skill of long experience. Dr. Joke handed the coin to Willie with a flourish and turned once more to young Mr. Griffin of the lonely heart.

"Well," he said with finality, "the only solution, obviously, is for you to reveal a great talent. You paint—

therefore, you must become a great painter."

Uncertainly, Mack looked at him. "I'm not so sure," he replied. "On a nice spring morning, I cannot lie. So I confess I would have a tough time selling my illustrations to Flaming Love Stories. For several weeks now, I have been contemplating entering the insurance-selling dodge."

Dr. Joke smiled condescendingly. "Silly boy," he said gently. "I can see you are not much further removed from the Midwestern suburbia than your petulant maiden. This is New York. You are a great painter. It is all arranged." Mack looked puzzled.

"Next Monday," Dr. Joke went on, "you will hold your first one-man exhibition at the Harrison Foster Galleries on Fifty-seventh Street. You will display fourteen oils, several pen-and-ink sketches, a pastel or two, and a bent-wire portrait of Pan. I won't promise that all the critics will hail you as another Matisse but, with careful preparation, you should bring at least respectful admiration from them. Jean McMurtry of the Evening Globe will write that there is fire and wonder in your work and that a bright new star is on the horizon. After that, your path should be smooth. Marry the girl, if you wish. There should be no difficulty." He shrugged philosophically—a man who Knows Life. "Actually, you'll probably never get her off your neck."

"But," said Mack bewilderedly, "but—well, how in the name of heaven is all this to be done?"

Dr. Joke smiled indulgently. Then he tapped the battered brief case he usually carried. "I will let you in on a secret. This is not exactly a history of contemporary literature, as those commentators given to jumping at conclusions are apt to say. Rather, it is a history of many, many contemporary persons. There is, for example, a fine description of the time Harrison Foster, the famous gallery owner, went on a three-day drunk and hit his wife on the cheek with a marinated herring. Every now and then I get the whim to have this published, but Mr. Foster, a modest man, buys me a beer or two or a new pair of pants, and I never get around to it." He smiled to himself. "You really should read the manuscript I have prepared covering the occasion when Jean McMurtry brought her mother from Texas to live with her, and then charged her one hundred dollars for the privilege. That one is so well done."

Mack whistled. "Blackmail!"

Dr. Joke shuddered. "In a way," he said. "However, I prefer to think of myself as a Bohemian Robin Hood."

Mack grinned. "Lead on, Macduff, I'm all for it."

The leprechaun sighed. "One more



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helena rubinstein

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thing," he said. "You are now a genius. For pity's sake, try to stop talking in clichés."

Back in his Jane Street apartment, the dubious Mr. Griffin deposited Dr. Joke in the one easy chair and dragged out a couple of canvases. One depicted a slender blonde standing on a hill in the moonlight, the wind streaming through her hair. "This one," he said almost defensively, "was for 'Wild and Sweet Was My Lover' in the October issue of *Strange Thrills*." The other showed a toothless troglodyte leering and holding out hairy claws at a redhead with her back to a wall and a peasant blouse off one shoulder. "That," he said, lamely and unhappily, "accompanied a story called 'Dreams of a Passionate Pituitary Gland' in last July's *Royal Romance*."

Dr. Joke leaned back and closed his eyes like a man in distress. The pain gradually drifted away, and his face regained its customary amiability. He motioned Mack over to the easel in the corner of the room. "Pick up a brush," he commanded, "any brush. Dip it into the tube or pot or whatever it is, of purple. Then paint a straight line a foot long. No, better make it at a forty-five-degree angle." Mack painted a purple line. The leprechaun squinted. "Now take the green and paint a little something like a buttonhook at the bottom of the line." Buttonhook. "Make a few yellow balls over at the right, there. Five or six, maybe." Yellow balls . . . Dr. Joke eyed the concoction speculatively. "It needs something," he said. "A bath?" Mack suggested darkly. His cynical humor was completely ignored.

"Put a few wavy lines in cerise over the whole thing, like a postmark," the crumbling art critic ordered.

When Mack had complied, his aesthetic soul revolting at every stroke, Dr. Joke nodded in satisfaction. "Do you know what that is?" he asked.

Mack looked at him questioningly.

"Meditation on the Eternal Cosmos," his mentor answered. "Quite satisfactory. That should bleed the line, 'More original than any living artist since Picasso,' from some critic." He arose and pulled his moldy overcoat around him. "You have three days in which to do thirteen more of those," he said. "Even for one of your limited talents, that should not be too difficult. And be sure to do a bent-wire portrait of Pan."

Mack scratched his head, feeling like Trilby in the hands of a somewhat demented Svengali. "Anything else?" he asked weakly.

Dr. Joke nodded and held out a paw that was a first cousin to "Dreams of a Passionate Pituitary Gland." "With a quarter," he said, "I

can retire to the Minetta Tavern and plan the rest of our campaign over two and a half beers."

**FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET** is a well-scrubbed, roomy nonentity of a thoroughfare, full of assorted notions like Carnegie Hall, the Casino Russe, Henri Bendel's emporium for well-heeled housewives, and numerous thrift shops containing hand-me-down furs from financially exhausted mistresses. It is a street without much character, a street that could be transplanted bodily to Chicago or Philadelphia without much loss to Manhattan or much gain to C. or P. If it has any distinguishing trait, it is the presence along its borders of the world's most chichi art galleries. If someone has unearthed a new Dufy of the parade to the post at Autel, it will be found ultimately on Fifty-seventh, hovered over lovingly by a somber gent in morning coat. If Picasso is emerging from his mauve period into his cerise-and-chartreuse period, the results will be discovered on Fifty-seventh, being reverently exhibited by a Monty Woolley type connoisseur and salesman. As they say in the bargain basements, "If it's art, they got it."

On Monday they had the best of Mack Griffin. There was "Meditation on the Eternal Cosmos." There was a puce and taupe dilly called "Silver Rings Around the Philosophy of Kant," and there was something in midnight blue called, simply, "Eggs in a Rain Barrel."

Harrison Foster, properly white at the temples and well hung over, eyed them dubiously as they were being placed, a half hour before post time. "Now, my boy," he said sententiously, "I wouldn't expect too much. These are—ah—very promising, but you know art critics. They're a peculiar lot. May be enthusiastic, may be not."

Dr. Joke, seated near by in a Louis XIV chair, chewing on a dill pickle, spoke up gently. "Now, Harrison," he said, "you know that all the average critic needs is a little suggestion from the gallery owner. If you tell them in that pseudo-suave manner of yours that these are marvelous, they and the customers will eat them up." He looked thoughtful. "Or do you think Mr. Griffin should bolster his exhibit with a new canvas to be called 'Woman Hit by Herring'?"

Harrison Foster shuddered. "Please," he murmured distastefully.

The afternoon sun, still lovely, still springlike even in the chill atmosphere of Fifty-seventh Street, was sifting lazily through the second-floor windows of Mr. Foster's galleries when Mr. Griffin's masterworks were unveiled for the public.

The first pigeon into the coop was

Mrs. Montgomery Ferndon, the former Valerie Bennett. She tied the leash of Orson, her four-year-old Peke, to the base of a three-way lamp and stepped back five measured paces from "Meditation on the Eternal Cosmos." Her face, lifted four times, took on a dreamy and worshipful look, as if she were thinking of Aimee Semple McPherson. "Superb," she said softly. "Utterly superb. Why, this marks the birth of a—oh—a—"

"New era?" Harrison Foster volunteered suavely.

"Precisely," she said. "I will buy this one. At any cost. Let no one—no one, do you understand?—outbid me."

Harrison Foster watched her re-treating form meditatively as she paraded elegantly out to the elevator.

The clinging aroma of Mrs. Ferndon's "Sinful Sunday," forty-three dollars an ounce, still was heavy in the air when the Baroness Sari D'Alessio appeared with her chauffeur three dutiful paces to the rear. The Baroness, orange-haired and given to an artful groping for French phrases (she was Italian), persisted in believing she was subject to fainting fits, and she wanted the limousine jockey handy to catch her as she fell. She kissed Harrison detachedly on the cheek and sailed into the exhibit. She covered all fourteen canvases in two and one half minutes.

When she emerged, there was no change in her expression of ennui. "Dear me," she said mechanically. "I wish I knew something about art. Sometimes I feel so barbaric. These are good, aren't they, Harry?"

"The coming painter," he said.

"Well, I'll take two. Any two. You might include the one with all the gold asterisks. That will match my stomacher on party nights. And Harrison—I will not pay more than two thousand a canvas. I must economize somewhere, you know."

Harrison Foster patted her shoulder soothingly. "That can be arranged, I think," he said.

These didos, together with subsequent ones, were watched as the spring afternoon wore on, with a kind of inner shaking by young Mack Griffin, sitting off in a corner, and with a kind of sang-froid by old Dr. Joke, peering from an alcove. Someone even bought the bent-wire portrait of Pan. Mack never had seen so many fur stoles nor smelled so many expensive odors in his life. Dr. Joke, who, we must assume, had done things of this nature before, thought it a reasonably good house and a fair gate, considering it was a Monday and there was, as they say on the sports pages, only one game.

But as the day waned and Mack's financial potential soared, his face

gradually fell. About four thirty he glanced at the decadent leprechaun. "It doesn't look as if she's coming," he said morosely.

Dr. Joke didn't look up from his crossword puzzle. "They always come," he said serenely. "Don't you ever go to the movies?"

Fifteen minutes later Miss Clara Fisher of the MacDougal Street Fishers emerged uncertainly from the elevator and entered the temple. She carried a red umbrella and a copy of Edna St. Vincent Millay's sonnets. Harrison Foster seized her elbow as if she were Wallis Windsor and drew her over to "Meditation on the Eternal Cosmos." "There," he said, using the frontal attack. "Did you ever see anything like that?"

Mack clutched Dr. Joke's hand frantically. "No, she never did," he whispered desperately. "She knows art. She can tell a Renoir from a Milton Caniff. I'm dead. I'm through. Now she'll never speak to me."

Mack Griffin, however, was a young man residing in Greenwich Village, and everyone knows such citizens have lost all perspective of the world. Mr. Griffin knew not what the score was, especially with regard to young feminine neighbors from the Village.

There was tenderness on Clara's face as she drifted, in a dream, from one monstrosity to another. She was



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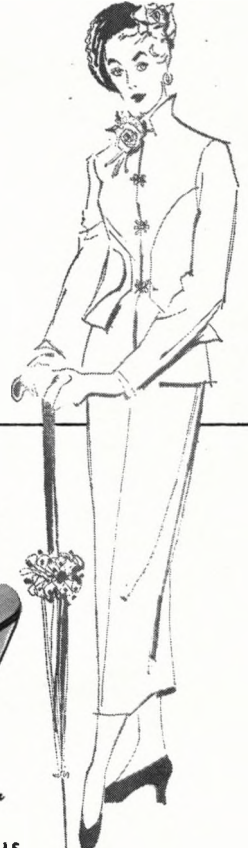
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radiant. She was reverent. She looked like Colossal Films, Inc., conception of a young mother. As she turned finally to Harrison Foster, there was a tremble to her underlip that even Lana Turner couldn't equal.

"Isn't it simply wonderful?" she said, in a tone one would use in speaking of sunrise over the Grand Canyon.

Mr. Foster agreed benevolently, but before he could voice his own sentiments on the magnificence of the young genius's work, the genius himself came dashing out from an alcove, as if he were coming in in the fourth quarter to kick a field goal. "Darling!" he shouted, skidding somewhat on a Persian rug.

"Oh, Mack!" Clara said adoringly. They were in each other's arms, directly under "Eggs in a Rain Barrel," and considering that they had just met on a hung-over spring Sunday in Washington Square a few days before, their reunion was several strokes better than par for the course.

When they had disengaged, Mack said tenderly that they ought to get out of there, because he had some important things to tell her.

He turned to Harrison Foster. "Thanks so much for everything, Mr. Foster," he said earnestly. "I'll get to work tomorrow on some more canvases." Then he grabbed Clara's arm and hustled her out of the galleries. At the elevator, however, she paused. "I forgot my gloves," she said. "Wait here. I'll be back in a minute, darling."

**B**ACK inside the gallery, she strode without hesitation to the alcove, where Dr. Joke was lettering in "gnu" for "Australian bird."

"Listen," she said determinedly, "I've come along with you this far because I'm a dope, and apparently I love the guy—but if he's going to continue painting like that . . . well, that's not part of the deal!"

Dr. Joke smiled as if he just had swindled a banshee out of lunch

money in a crap game. "Child," he said, "go your romantic way. I'll have him in the insurance business inside of a week. I happen to be acquainted with a broker who chains his small son in the cellar on Friday nights when he and his wife go to the movies. A well-paying job in his concern should be a small compensation for the suppression of this hideous fact."

"You darling!" Clara smiled tenderly. "What can I ever do for you?"

There was no hesitation in his answer. "Fifty cents," he said evenly, "will take care of five beers in the Minetta Tavern during the first hour of my visit there tonight. From then on, I can handle the situation myself. People are kind."

She put the half dollar into his hand, kissed the top of his balding head and went forth to the elevator—to Mack Griffin, and to destiny. By nightfall, we can assume, they probably were back making with the Noel Coward dialogue, or getting married, or something. **THE END**

### Girl Alone (Continued from page 51)

people maintain, it is better to stay out of subways and off the elevated at night. Subway stations and dark corners under the elevated can seem very deserted and lonely at that time—especially if you are the only passenger to get off at your stop. Take a bus instead.

Walk briskly, as if you were a woman with a mission. There is something about the firm, brisk walker which suggests to the would-be molester that this woman is not to be trifled with. The glassy stare, which does not snub but looks through another person as if he did not exist, is another armor.

Sandra, who never goes out alone because she has had so many "unpleasant experiences," is a problem to her friends. They wonder if she isn't headed for the psychiatrist's office. Sandra is the type who misinterprets every attention a man pays her. She is frequently "followed" and often "insulted." Many of these "advances" are imaginary but, even if some of them are true, it is small wonder. Her frightened, self-conscious air seems to invite mischief.

It is possible, of course, that someone may hit you over the head and assault you some night, in spite of all your precautions. It is also possible that you may get a cramp while swimming, break your neck on the dance floor, ride in a cab driven by a drunk, be crashed into by someone who disregards traffic lights, or fall in the bathtub. The list of things which could happen to you is endless if you want to think about them. There is even some risk in just being alive.

If you go to the moving pictures by yourself, and the cowboy next to you moves his hands your way, change your seat. It is as simple as that. Or complain to the manager, if you are really indignant. This is sound procedure if something unpleasant happens on a streetcar, bus, or subway. It is not too intelligent to respond in any way if the man next to you in a movie makes even such an innocent remark as, "That Bob Hope! He slays me!" Usually the unseeing eye and the unhearing ear, which say, in effect, "You aren't alive," will squelch him.

When you go alone to the theater, opera, or concert, however, there is no need to sit like a ramrod during intermission if a lone man near you feels like talking about the performance. You can even join him for a stroll in the lobby if you like. Much zest can be added to a play or symphony by discussing it, or generally related subjects, with someone congenial. Needless to say, any attempt to steer the conversation into personal channels should be tactfully avoided. A pleasant "Good night" can terminate the conversation at the end of the evening. It is only in novels of a musty vintage that great romance begins with a chance acquaintance in the theater. To give your name, address, or any clue about yourself to your vis-à-vis would be plain daffy.

What if you feel like dropping into a bar for a quick one by yourself? You may be able to get by with it. But don't be surprised if you are annoyed while you're there. A woman alone at a bar seems to invite any overtures which come her way, just

as a woman who accepts an automobile lift from a strange man asks for serious trouble. Drinking alone is usually bad business, but, if a snort you must have before facing the evening, buy a bottle and take it home.

Suppose you've been asked to a party, probably a cocktail party, with no mention of bringing your own escort or of being provided with one. Since you do not usually ask your hostess if you may bring an escort, you arrive by yourself, done up in your very best, and looking as if you expected to have the most wonderful time in your life. Probably people will notice you more than if you had arrived escorted. Since society is usually paired off, there is something a little provocative about being alone. Besides, in this day and age you need not feel in the least conspicuous; the chances are that there will be other unescorted women at the party. Probably everyone will be extra nice to you—first, because they think, in a perfectly acceptable and pleasant way, that someone should look after this girl who is all alone; later, because they want to, or will, as soon as they discover you're having a good time.

Should you talk to "strangers" or, more specifically, "strange men" while traveling? Certainly, as long as they interest you. There is nothing more entertaining than strange men in the process of becoming less strange. As to whether to exchange names and addresses, that is a problem you have to decide for yourself. There is no rule at all to follow but your instinct, your good taste, and your own wishes.

Then there is always the question:

Should you go alone to a man's apartment, or, as the Edwardians daringly said, his "rooms"? There is an anecdote circulating in one city about one of its most beloved citizens, an old lady in her eighties, who was out driving one day. She passed the home of an old friend of hers, a widower who was then confined with a minor illness. Upon her return home, she told her daughter she had thought seriously of stopping in to see him.

"Why didn't you?" the daughter asked. "He'd have enjoyed it."

"Well, it didn't seem proper since I wasn't sure his housekeeper was there," the old lady explained. "You know, dear, a woman can't be too careful of her reputation."

It is pleasant to know that a woman's reputation is no longer judged by whether she visits a man in his home—if she knows the man and is sure he really has an apartment, not merely a bedroom. Of course, it probably is not a good idea to make a steady habit of it, but there is no reason why she should not go there for dinner or lunch or cocktails.

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" If you accept a man's invitation unself-consciously, and with no kittenish, lowered lashes, the man will, in all probability, take double pains to do nothing more daring than help you with your coat. If you bridle on receiving such an invitation, you will appear extremely silly. A polite man may repress his desire to assure you that, while you may be fascinating, you are still resistible, but his amusement will be hard to conceal.

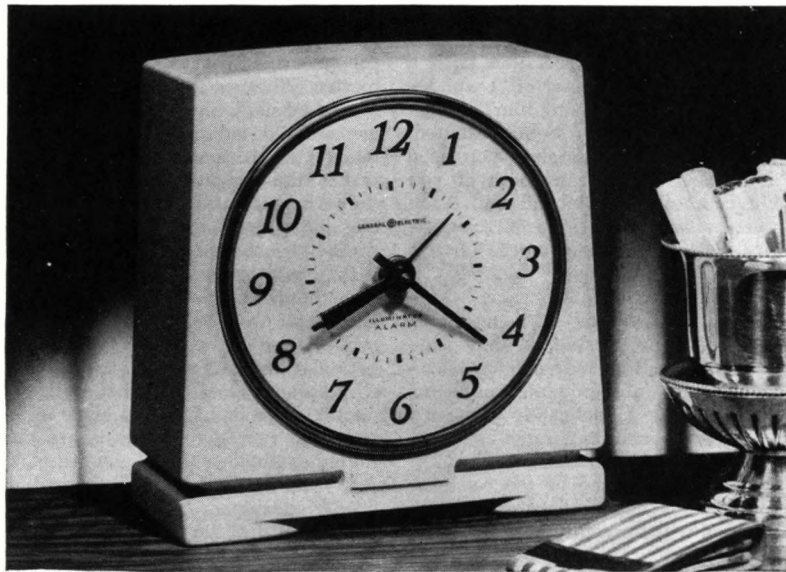
Of course, your host may attempt to "force unwelcome attentions upon you." But this might happen just as readily in your own apartment, or anywhere else you might be. If a cheerful "No" proves unavailing, there is always the door.

If a man should be so boorish as to imply that your presence there indicates that you are amenable to such "attentions," laugh in his face and ask him if he expects to vote for McKinley in the next election. Or if he stands on windy corners to watch the girls' ankles as their skirts blow.

You may have wondered how frequently you may phone a man, either for conversational purposes or to invite him to accompany you somewhere. Of course, you do not ask him to take you out if expenditure of money on his part, other than for transportation, is involved; but if you have a legitimate reason for needing an escort and know a man you'd like to invite, ask him by all means. Certainly you do not continue inviting a man who makes no return gestures.

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brief, impersonal, and important to say.

However, if the man is a good friend, and your relationship is on such a firm footing that he does not suspect you of dark motives (i.e., of chasing him), there is no reason why you shouldn't telephone him at home now and then for a good chat.

If you're leading a full, comfortable, and obviously happy life, you can have a truly satisfying association with a man without the specter of "I wonder if he thinks I am chasing him?" hanging over you. If you seem contented, he probably will not class you as a "huntress." This means both of you will relax and be natural with each other—a wonderful sort of relationship. It isn't "platonic" as the term is obviously understood; certainly, it isn't on a basis of palsy-walsy, what-ho, old-fellow. Nor is it a heavy, breast-heaving, pulsing, throbbing romance, with either marriage or heart-break the only possible outcome. Rather, it is a delicately balanced relationship, including much affection, which probably will endure even after the marriage of one or the other or both to someone else. Or perhaps such affection will ripen into love and marriage, but that is not an immediate problem.

There's still another etiquette problem for the single woman which you may have wondered about. Your friends back home and from all over the country are always writing to you to "be sure to look up Lucy." If "Lucy" is the newcomer, and you are the old settler (preceding her by even a couple of weeks), courtesy requires that you take the initiative. If Lucy turns out to be dull, you don't have to see her any more.

You will be guided by good taste and discretion, surely, on "looking up

Lucy"—or Lew. If you don't particularly care for the people who ask you to telephone their friends and relatives, there is no reason why you should follow their suggestions.

If you are the newcomer, however, you may welcome a handful of such names. When your friends write their friends, the chances are that the old settlers will make some attempt to meet you. Should they neglect to do so, you may still gracefully pursue the matter. Whether the individuals concerned be single men, married couples, or nice old ladies, drop them brief, friendly, but not gushing notes—rather than phoning. You can give your whereabouts and telephone number and suggest that he, she, or they drop by sometime for a cup of tea if they care to do so. In this way, you give them a chance to look you over and decide whether you are congenial, and you can do the same without obligating yourself. Nobody is on the spot while reading mail, whereas an introduction by telephone may come at an awkward time—when guests are being entertained, or the baby fed.

If you "take to" each other readily, fine friendships probably are in the making. If not, the meeting is only an hour or so out of your life.

**MAYBE** you don't go places alone as often as you do in the company of other women. The general rules of behavior for women in groups of two or more are about the same as for a woman alone. Even with Ermintrude, it is better to stay out of bars and avoid questionable neighborhoods and conspicuous behavior. You can't go parading down Broadway and drop in at the shooting galleries just for the fun of it, or go to night clubs or certain restaurants unescorted. Aside from these activities, you can usually

please yourselves.

Most women go "Dutch"; that is, each pays her own way. It doesn't make sense, if they see very much of each other, for one always to "take" the other. That way, somebody is always indebted to somebody else, and general confusion results. Except in special cases, it is less complicated if each woman is on her own. But don't be conspicuous in figuring up the check. Don't quibble, at least openly, about nickels and dimes, unless you are amiably willing to provide a free show for other diners.

You may wonder about offering to "Dutch" with a man if you know his financial circumstances are limited. The answer, almost invariably, is "Don't." Return his hospitality always, but do it in your own home. If you have no way to entertain him at home, then buy theater tickets and invite him to go with you, or watch for a concert he might like. In that way, money need not openly change hands. And it is better to imply that you "have" the tickets—whether they were given you or whether you bought them need not be mentioned.

If you belong to a club, you may invite him there for lunch or dinner. There are many graceful ways of doing it, but there never yet has been discovered a graceful way for a woman to pay her own check when she is out with a man on his invitation—or even on hers—unless the occasion is strictly business. Even then, there may be a moment of embarrassment if the woman wishes to pay. Be kind to a man's purse, certainly; and if he is hard up, let him know that a stroll topped off by a soft drink is your idea of a fine evening; but do not try to pay your own way. Somehow, everything works out better that way. **THE END**

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The foregoing excerpts are from the book, "How to Be Happy While Single," to be published by the J. B. Lippincott Company

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### I Brood Too Much (Continued from page 16)

What's with me and Mount Everest, for heaven's sake, and why am I mad for the high Himalayas, when I hate snow, loathe ice, fear heights, can't bear to be cold for as much as a minute, and puff like a fool on the staircases leading to second-floor walk-up apartments? . . . Are those stairs getting steeper every year, by the way? Or is it just my senile fancy? . . . And how long must I live in New York—it's been a good twenty years already—before I'll learn which is east and which is west when I come up from the subway on any corner? . . .

Why do I get more cinders in my eyes than any other three people I know? . . . What makes me bawl like a baby at weddings—whether I think

they're going to last or not? . . . Why can't I ever get an unfurled umbrella back into its nice little form-fitting case again? . . . Where do other women find smart-looking raincoats, please? I never can . . . Of all the people I deal with, why should my dentist be the only one who never keeps me waiting—when I'd love it if he did? . . .

Who originated the idea of calling an order of whisky with ice in it a "Scotch on rocks," and what's so cute about that, may I ask? People say it with a special air, as though it were both roguish and witty . . . I'm all for those roof lights which glow on the tops of taxis at night, to show when they're empty. Now, why can't we have some corresponding daytime

signal, too? . . . I have an awed admiration for those meticulous people who keep a record of all their city sales taxes for deduction from income tax—but is it worth it, life being short? . . . Is anybody else as fascinated as I am with the names of Trygve Lie, Puk Paaris, Cookie Lavagetto, Boris Artzybasheff, and Fice Mork? . . .

When that Hollywood dance director called Hermes Pan was but a baby, what was his real name, no fooling? . . . And not that it's any of my business, but just how did Professor Hooton of Harvard happen to christen his son Newton Hooton? I wonder and wonder about that . . . Would Vandenberg have won for the Republicans, do you suppose? . . .

Now that the high tide of books

about life in the White House under F. D. R. is abating (somewhat), should we brace ourselves for a similar influx of tomes about the Trumans? Or not? . . . Have they fixed that hole in the floor of Miss Margaret's room, made on that inexplicable day when the piano lost its temper and started stamping its foot? . . . Are the Eisenhowers as happy at Columbia as they are popular? . . . And that reminds me—whose wonderful idea was it to describe that highly urban university as "cloisters on the half shell?" . . . How do people think of the things they think of? . . .

Does anybody ever really catch up on his (1) sleep, or (2) reading? . . . Can nothing induce the publishers of books running longer than five hundred pages to put them in two volumes—before our tortured arms break off, for good and all? . . . Does it seem to you as it does to me, that the heroines of British novels are always named Pamela or Iris; and that they're invariably in love with men named Peter, or sometimes Ian, who during the war were Flight Lieutenants, or maybe Squadron Leaders; and that both Pamela and Peter—or Iris and Ian, as the case may be—are members of enormous families, always very jolly; and that these families are obviously greatly admired by the author, but that the baffled reader has the world's worst time trying to keep everybody straight? . . .

I was just wondering. Brooding, rather . . . I warned you, at the start.

THE END

## You Are Better Than You Know

(Continued from page 54)

A few interests or hobbies? satisfying work? A few warm, tried-and-true friends? Any special ability or accomplishments? A sincere, friendly interest in your fellow creatures? Abounding good health?

Possession of any of these assets, in my opinion, is the true measure of a person's worth to himself—his happiness quotient. Not all of us enjoy *all* these satisfactions all the time; but most of us enjoy some of them all the time. Check yourself. I'll wager you will find you are far more successful as a human being than you realize—far better than you know.

A friend of mine, whom I will call Bill, is "a little man in a little job," clerk in a big company. If he quit tomorrow, he could easily be replaced. A Personality Kid? No; he is rather colorless. Yet he is one of the happiest, most worth-while persons I know. When he gets home from the office in the evening, he greets his family, puts on overalls and heads for his little basement work-

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shop. Bill likes to tinker with tools.

He spends his leisure repairing his wife's household gadgets, carpentering, working over old furniture, and teaching his two boys how to use their hands as well as their heads. It's a wonderful sight to see Bill surrounded by his towheaded assistants, happily hammering away, turning out pieces of fine workmanship! "I can't wait to get home nights," he told me once. "I may not be such a ball of fire at the office, but I'm king to the kids. I wouldn't trade places with the president of the company!"

Can you blame him? Anybody with Bill's ability to inspire affection in those he loves, coupled with an interest in an entertaining hobby, has priceless ingredients for happiness.

Few people are fortunate enough to make a living at stimulating, creative work; so they imagine they would be much happier if they could write novels as Mary Roberts Rinehart does. Yet Mrs. Rinehart told me that her work was "sheer, grinding drudgery." And Dr. Eliot said that nine tenths of his daily work as president of Harvard presented no more novelty or fresh interest to him than the work of a carpenter or blacksmith to them.

So that "dull" job of yours may not be so bad after all, as jobs go. Even if it is dull, it lasts only eight hours.

Take my friend Clark Bryson, for instance, who lives in Kew Gardens, New York. He is a genius at living. He's a highly respected accountant with a fine old New York firm; yet he has created such a richly satisfying personal life for himself that I somehow think of his business career as incidental! He paints in his spare time. His home is glorified with his own water colors, each one recalling some well-loved scene.

He and his wife, Nathalie, get endless pleasure out of little things—a long walk in the evening, a trip to the zoo, reading a favorite book aloud. They have learned the lesson of which Stephen Leacock wrote: "Life, we learn too late, is in the living, in the tissue of each day and hour."

Some of these hours must, of necessity, be spent in making a living—perhaps at uncongenial toil. But the hours we call our own can be filled to the brim with affection, accomplishment, study, recreation, friends. All of us, in these things, are better—and richer—than we know.

My father, as I said, was a farmer

all his life—always struggling to reduce mortgages and pay his debts. His two ambitions were to keep clear of debt and to educate his two sons. He was not what the world calls successful. Discouragement, failure, disappointment—he knew them all. Yet, when he was eighty-four years old, he said to me, "Dale, if I had it to do over, I'd still be a farmer. I have never made any money, but I have been my own boss, had all the good fresh food I wanted, and had the pleasure of working with Nature."

To my way of thinking, Father was a brilliantly successful man—and a wise one. He inspired deep affection in his family, and his neighbors admired his integrity and his kindness.

Those words of his, "If I had it to do over, I'd still be a farmer," have been a tender inspiration to me to live my life in such a way that I can look back when I reach eighty-four and decide that it was worth the candle!

Judged by superficial standards of what the world calls success, I may have been far more fortunate than Father was; yet I doubt whether I am getting more of the real, abiding satisfactions of life. Father was better than he knew! THE END

### Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations (Continued from page 12)

deathlessly loves a woman, and as she was always lonely, she came to find him, knowing he was lonely, too.

Joseph Cotten is the impoverished artist, who finds his inspiration in the ephemeral Jennie. Before he paints her, however, he tries to discover her personal history. He finds she had died years before their meeting.

A lovely sequence is the artist's visit to the convent where Jennie had gone to school. He talks with Lillian Gish, the nun who taught Jennie, who tells him of the student's deep, spiritual nature.

Cast with meticulous care, Ethel Barrymore, with her beautiful face and expressive eyes, adds a touch of humor as well as loveliness to the story. An art dealer, she buys a flower painting from the hungry artist and interests herself in his welfare. At the very end, she tells a group of students standing before the portrait, that Jennie might have been a real person only to the artist.

You get the feeling that Jennie is indeed a vision, but the sweet love story loses none of its vitality because of this fantasy element.

There are no credit titles until the very end, but David Selznick's voice on the sound track introduces you to all the characters.

William Dieterle directs with great effectiveness, and the photography, at times purposely dim and at others bright, is particularly arresting. A

storm, so terrifying it seems to come straight out of the heavens, is the one violent note in this otherwise gentle production, that really deserves to be called a poem in motion pictures.

Because I think "Portrait of Jennie" will do much good, I give David Selznick a Cosmopolitan Citation for a best picture of the month.

I'm asking him to share that award this month with "Little Women," another picture that brings much sweetness and little of the harshness of life to the screen.

Of course "Little Women" is an American classic, which David Selznick originally helped bring to the screen when it was made with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Jean Parker, and Frances Dee as the four girls of the immortal Louisa May Alcott story. It hardly seems possible that it appeared fifteen years ago.

The new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer version stars Janet Leigh, June Allyson, Margaret O'Brien, and Elizabeth Taylor as Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy. In many ways I prefer this present cast to the former one, particularly June Allyson as the tomboyish Jo. June gives Jo such humor, yet her love scenes at the end bring tears to your eyes. A new Italian importation, Rossano Brazzi, is the ingratiating Professor Bhaer who wins June's heart. Peter Lawford is the impetuous Laurie who finally marries selfish little Amy. Elizabeth Taylor is just as ravishing a blonde as when she's her

natural brunette self, and Margaret O'Brien's intensity as Beth proves she has an important acting career ahead of her when she grows up.

And I certainly don't want to forget the lovely "Marmee" which Mary Astor presents, or the gruff but kindly old General Laurence of the late Sir C. Aubrey Smith.

Unquestionably, much credit for these top-flight performances must go to director Mervyn LeRoy. His sensitive handling of these beloved characters, plus his skillful ability to keep the story delicately balanced between tears and laughter, shows why he has been one of Hollywood's most distinguished directors for years. Mervyn hasn't let one false note creep in. I feel that this "Little Women" is much more of a true period piece than was the former production. It's so warm and nostalgic, you feel you really are in Concord in the generous-hearted days after the Civil War.

Such superior movie making demands awards and, grateful for the laughter and the idealistic glow it brought me, I give it a Cosmopolitan Citation as one of the very best.

My next two picks of this month, "Baltimore Escapade" and "Whispering Smith," are not in this super category. Yet, in their individual ways, they are delightful, and I strongly recommend them.

I really chose "Baltimore Escapade" for Robert Young's performance. As

the Reverend Dr. Sheldon, the Protestant-minister father of Shirley Temple, Bob has one of those quietly intelligent roles which I think he does better than almost anyone else on the screen. Shirley is mischevious and charming as a young rebel of 1905. Her real-life husband, John Agar, is the young man who falls grudgingly in love with her. You may remember that I gave John a *Cosmopolitan* Citation for his work in his very first picture, "Fort Apache." Now, I know he's a boy with a brilliant career in the making.

Yet it's Bob Young, with his quiet amusement, his understanding, and his expert ability to say important things without making them sound like sermons, who puts the theme of "Baltimore Escapade" over.

This picture, like every one which producer Dore Schary touches, has a very real theme. Bob stands to lose his chance at being Bishop of Baltimore because of his little girl's innocent troublemaking. Even Josephine Hutchinson, his wife, is all for whisking Shirley out of town when mean-minded gossips gleefully jump to the wrong conclusions about some of her activities. Bob saves everything, however, by sheer integrity. It is Bob, also, who makes the production one for your "must see" list. I'm happy to give him a *Cosmopolitan* Citation for one of the two best male performances of the month.

I give the other citation to Alan Ladd. No two stars could be less alike. Fine as he is, Young lacks the "sock" that marks a star. Ladd, on the other hand, has packed it ever since he hooked up with his first important picture, "This Gun for Hire," in 1941. The main reason I'm giving him a citation for his work in "Whispering Smith" is that he couldn't be cast in a more unlikely manner—and still get away with it. That completely "city" personality of his is here revealed against the wide open spaces of the Rockies.

The story of "Whispering Smith" is several cuts above the average Western, and the whole cast—directed by wily Leslie Fenton—is superior. Robert Preston is Alan's best friend with whom he has finally to shoot things out. Donald Crisp is mighty smooth as an unexpected bad man; Frank Faylen is as spooky a bandit as I ever saw, and certainly a new type of Western wickedness. The only person I didn't care for was Brenda Marshall as the very lugubrious heroine. She is married to Preston and loves Alan, but the way she moped around, I can't imagine either wanting her.

For its "killing" suspense, its beautiful settings, its color, swift riding—and definitely for Alan Ladd—I recommend "Whispering Smith" for an exciting evening's fun. THE END



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## Do You Need a Private Eye? (Continued from page 60)

who made himself most agreeable indeed to Mrs. Argost. She was in her late, dangerous thirties and, since she and her husband were thinking of divorce, the idea of an affair gradually became attractive to her. She felt lonely and miserable over her shattering marriage, and her handsome new friend offered both solace and adventure.

The hotel room in which they met was, of course, wired for sound and peekholed for film. Unknown to poor Mrs. Argost, savoring illicit adventure for the first time in her life, the sights and sounds of the meeting were recorded.

A week later Mr. Argost turned over the evidence to his lawyer, who was unaware of the frame-up. The latter called in the erring wife and gave her a complete, though restrained, version of the evidence in her husband's possession. The attorney went on to say that, although his client was heartbroken by his wife's clearly proven infidelity, he had no desire to leave her completely poverty-stricken.

He suggested a settlement—a fifth of the amount Mrs. Argost would have received under ordinary circumstances—if she would agree to get a discreet divorce in Reno.

Mrs. Argost, in spite of the shattering disclosure, had enough presence of mind to consult her own attorney, who had his wits about him. The details of the affair spelled "f-r-a-m-e-u-p" to him.

He hired a reputable private detective to investigate the backgrounds of the handsome, amorous stranger and the beauty-parlor acquaintance. The trail led right to the unscrupulous detective in the neighboring state and, eventually, to Mr. Argost.

With this information in his possession, Mrs. Argost's lawyer had a long talk with Mr. Argost's lawyer. Angrily, the latter phoned his client and told him to forget all about his wire-recorder and motion-picture evidence unless he was ready to face trial on a conspiracy charge.

Eventually, Mr. Argost got the divorce he wanted, but in the process his wife got a more-than-handsome settlement.

**T**HERE'S nothing unusual about the case of Mr. and Mrs. Argost. (Though their correct name isn't used here, the case is a real one.) Every year a few hundred thousand Americans, like the Argosts, decide that they need the services of a private detective. Most of them will get expert professional services at a fairly reasonable fee, but a significant minority will be bilked,

blackmailed, betrayed, or merely cheated.

In many states today it is easier to go into business as a private detective than it is, say, to vote or get a driver's license. This applies whether the would-be detective has just finished a jail term, is a drug addict, or knows nothing whatever about the detective business.

In addition to the states that have absolutely no reins on private-detective practice there are many others that will license just about anybody who can pay the modest fee.

Florida is a case in point. Besides attracting the new rich and the old rich and the temporary rich, Florida has also been a magnet for the human refuse of other states—the disbarred lawyers, private detectives who have lost their licenses, and policemen who have been thrown off the force. A lot of these unsavory characters decided that the private-detective business was the easiest one to get into in Florida, where the only requirement is the payment of a small license fee. With their shabby panamas as their only offices, many of these self-styled private detectives have undertaken dirty jobs that reputable agencies wouldn't touch.

**A**WARE of the evil reputation the newcomers are giving the profession, a small group of established and reputable agencies in Florida have undertaken a drive to get the State Legislature to adopt a strict licensing and bonding law patterned after that of New York. Led by a clever and attractive woman detective, Freida Rassel, the private "ops" of Florida are making a determined fight to weed out the crooks, blackmailers, and evidence manufacturers.

The desire to emulate the New York State licensing law is a tribute to the fact that the Empire State has made serious attempts to get thoughtful and effective legislation to govern the activities of private detectives. In New York, as in California, Massachusetts, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois, an applicant for a private detective's license must have an unblemished record, plus three years of investigating experience, and he must be bondable by a surety company for a considerable sum, usually between five and ten thousand dollars.

Even with these intelligent licensing provisions, there is ample room for abuses by unscrupulous private investigators. In the past decade, at least twenty-five detectives have lost their licenses in New York State for various malpractices and crimes, including blackmail, entrapment of an innocent

marriage partner in a divorce action, submission of fraudulent reports, and espionage on labor unions. M. B. Krone, for example, lost his license and went to jail for blackmailing the son of a former governor. Noel Scaffa, the famous jewel detective who recovered more than ten million dollars' worth of stolen jewelry, was deprived of his license after a perjury conviction. Harry M. Kohn was found guilty of using annoying decoys and ruses in order to locate persons. The notorious strikebreaker, Pearl Bergoff, was deprived of his license after disclosure of his real activities.

**I**F THESE offenses can take place in a state with a model private-detective law, it would be reasonable to assume that the number of known and unknown malpractices incurred by private investigators in less strict states must be staggering. It is.

Since the turn of the century, when the private detective started to find a foothold in the United States, the profession has been associated indiscriminately with every unethical practice and criminal activity—from murder down.

In 1926 the United States Supreme Court, in a decision apropos of the trailing of jurors in the Teapot Dome oil case by the Burns Detective Agency, bluntly castigated the private-detective business.

"All know," said the Court, "that (private detectives) commonly lack fine scruples, and . . . wilfully misrepresent innocent conduct and manufacture charges."

That the Supreme Court was not alone in holding this opinion may be gathered from the fact that even today many state courts will not accept the uncorroborated evidence of a private detective.

The man who did more than anyone else to give the profession a long-standing black eye was Gaston B. Means, an incredible rascal whom J. Edgar Hoover once called "the greatest faker of all time."

Means had the knack of getting prudent and successful businessmen to believe his pulp-fiction concoctions about Bolshevik plots and counterplots threatening their safety. During his career as a private detective he was charged with and tried for breach of promise, espionage, forgery, murder, illegal opening of bonded warehouses, use of the mails to defraud, bribery to protect criminals, larceny, embezzlement, and conspiracy. On different charges he received sentences totaling eighteen years in jail. In 1938 he died in Leavenworth Penitentiary where he had spent six years of a

long term for fraudulently taking one hundred thousand dollars from the late, fabulous Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean on the pretext that he could find the kidnapped Lindbergh baby.

ONLY a decade ago a responsible editor and writer, Silas Bent, called for the abolition by Congress of private detecting as a business. He cited case after case in which private detectives worked to defeat or pervert the ends of justice.

Many citizens, who already had been aroused by the shocking exposé of the LaFollette Senate Civil Liberties Committee in regard to the use of private detectives as strikebreakers and labor spies, offered their support.

As a crusade it was doomed before it got under way. The private-detective business—in spite of its numerous shortcomings, its shady past, the remarkably few restrictions governing it, the fact that few of its members have had any formal training in investigating techniques—is in the United States to stay. It has become an integral part of our business, professional, and marital lives. Today, the only countries where private detectives are forbidden to operate are Soviet Russia and its satellites.

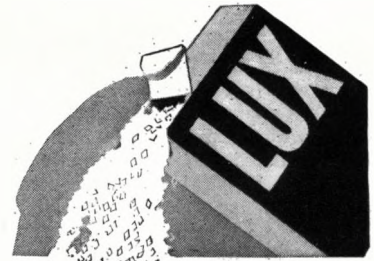
For an occupation so well publicized—and incredibly distorted—on the screen and in novels, the private-detective business remains about the least-known and least-documented in the country. No one knows, for example, just how many private detectives there are in the United States.

Part of the trouble is that the Federal Government and most states don't bother to keep track of them. Further complicating the situation are a dozen obscure and largely unregulated mail-order detective schools which turn out thousands of brand-new graduates every year, complete with shiny badges and "official credentials."

The best guess is that some fifteen hundred private-detective agencies make a living or better at it, while another two thousand merely work at it as a side line. Two of the agencies, the Pinkerton and the Burns, employ operatives by the hundreds; most of the others are one-man affairs, or at best a two- or three-employee operation.

Right now the boom state for the private ops is California, which has more than seven hundred of them licensed and bonded. Many of them, however, do only patrol work.

Although California excels in numbers, New York, with some four hundred private detectives, still leads in quality, variety, and specialization in this field. At the top of the heap are the "Pinks," as most detectives call



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**SCHINDLER** had a knockabout youth as a salesman and a gold miner, and he didn't really find himself until he fell into the private-detective business. The case that made him internationally famous—the brutal killing of ten-year-old Marie Smith in Asbury Park in 1911—became a classic American murder mystery.

A Negro handy man with a criminal record was the main suspect. He had been seen in the vicinity with a hatchet and a bottle of whisky, but a leading citizen of Asbury, Clarence Hetrick, felt that the Negro was not guilty. He hired Schindler to find the murderer. Seven other persons had been in the vicinity, and Schindler eliminated six after elaborate investigations. The seventh, Frank Heideman, was an assistant in an Asbury Park florist shop.

Schindler went to work on Heideman, believing that the only way the man would ever be convicted would be through a confession. Heideman became suspicious and moved suddenly to a third-rate hotel in the German-populated Yorkville section of New York.

Schindler assigned one of his German operatives to gain Heideman's confidence through a skillful technique known as "roping."

The detective allowed Heideman to make the first overtures to friendship. After meeting a few times in the same restaurant, the men began to spend hours together, playing pinochle and chess. The roper accounted for his leisure by explaining that he was waiting for an estate to be settled in Germany and that he intended to invest the money in a florist shop in California.

After two fruitless months Schindler arranged a dramatic "murder." The roper took Heideman for an auto drive up into Westchester. The stage

had been set for the roper to get into a row with a stranger on a lonely road. The stranger drew a knife, and the roper shot him with a blank cartridge fired from a hastily drawn revolver. The stranger fell to the ground, and the roper and Heideman hurriedly drove from the scene. The next day the operative showed the florist a specially prepared copy of a Westchester paper which had a full account of the "murder" and details of the search the police were making for the killer.

Schindler got the roper a steamship ticket to Germany, which the latter kept in a place where Heideman was bound to see it. The roper made it clear to his friend that he was going back to Germany in order to escape arrest for the "murder." The former florist begged to be taken along, but the roper pointed out that, while they were the best of friends, the murder in Westchester gave Heideman a hold over him. After a long argument, Heideman finally blurted out: "If you had a hold on me like I have on you, would you take me?"

In thirty minutes the roper had a full confession. It came none too soon. Mr. Hetrick, who had already spent six thousand dollars on Schindler's investigation, had become discouraged, and the District Attorney of Asbury Park was all set to bring the Negro handy man to trial for murder.

After Heideman died in the electric chair, Hetrick became mayor of Asbury, and Schindler was given credit for "the finest piece of detective work in American history."

Today, he and his brother, Walter, conduct a large, general, private-detective business in New York.

**SOME** of the older private detectives scoff at the increasing use of a number of ingenious electronic devices available to the alert investigator. Most of these gadgets aim at overhearing conversations in the next room or in a house a few blocks away—without wires or wire tapping. Your veteran detective, scorning the gimmicks, maintains that an investigator is worthy of his hire only if he is adept at digging out information, following a person without being detected, and roping to get a confession or key information.

There are times when even these three cardinal principles of private detection lead nowhere. Then applied heckling is resorted to. The procedure is effective only when the person it is to be used against has no legal recourse, because he's either a phony or a crook.

Private detectives hired by the Peary Arctic Club of New York were successful in heckling Dr. Frederick A. Cook, a self-styled polar explorer,

off the lecture platform of America by persistently asking him pertinent but embarrassing questions.

More recently, a New York private detective was able to clear up a case merely by threatening to use a variant of the heckling procedure. A wealthy businessman had lost eighty-five thousand dollars to a cardsharp on a transatlantic liner. Before the ship reached New York the sucker became suspicious and radioed his bank to stop payment on the check he had given the sharper. He also arranged for a detective to meet him at the pier.

The detective had the suspected cardsharp trailed and managed to get a picture of him. The photo tallied with the picture and description of a young man who had spent eighteen months in a Federal penitentiary for using the mails to defraud.

The detective got a copy of the rogues'-gallery portrait and of the sharper's fingerprints. He had enlargements made and pasted on a sheet of paper made to look like a typical post-office "wanted" poster. The detective told the cardsharp he knew he had already disposed of the stopped check to an innocent third party who could sue the businessman for the eighty-five thousand but, unless the check was retrieved, thousands of the "wanted" posters would be placed aboard transatlantic liners, and in the leading hotels of New York, Miami, and Palm Beach, where the cardsharp was most likely to look for suckers.

The latter realized that he was licked.

In two days the fleeced businessman had his check back, and the sharper presumably went on to rook other likely prospects who didn't have the good sense to go to a shrewd private detective for help.

Where do you find these helpful, clever private detectives when you need them? How can you make sure you don't fall into the hands of a crook or a blackmailer?

"The detective business," declared Arthur Train, former Assistant District Attorney of New York County and author of the famous lawyer Tutt stories, "swarms with men of doubtful honesty and morals, who are under a constant temptation to charge for services not rendered and expenses not incurred, who are accustomed to exaggeration if not to perjury, and who have neither the inclinations nor the ability to do competent work . . . In no other profession is it more important to know the man who is working for you."

Although that admonition was given more than thirty-five years ago, the charges are still quite valid, and the warning is still applicable. If you live in a state where private detectives

are regulated loosely or not at all, it might be wiser for you to cross the state line to hire a detective, particularly if a near-by state does have a strict licensing law that will give some assurance as to a detective's ability and trustworthiness. No agency, particularly no reputable one, will guarantee results, nor can they tell you in advance how much a particular investigation will cost.

If you think, however, that an expense account is padded outrageously and that the case is dragging out unnecessarily, you can usually complain effectively to the state bureau that licenses private detectives. If the detective has attempted more serious skulduggery, your protest, if proven, could easily lead to his losing his license to operate.

**P**ROBABLY the smartest and least troublesome way to find a reliable and efficient detective is to give your lawyer the details first. If you really need an investigator, he can probably recommend someone who has done good work for him in the past. But it might well be that you don't need a private detective at all. A considerable portion of the routine cases of private detectives are solved by searching the corporate, marriage, health, business, motor-vehicle, and death records, usually available to anyone, at the county seat or the state capital.

Recently, an excitable businessman asked his lawyer to recommend a good private detective for a quick job. He simply had to locate a woman bookkeeper who had worked for him three years before and had left to get married. He had completely lost touch with her and didn't even know her married name. Now he needed some important tax information from her in a great hurry.

The lawyer smiled and told his client he thought he could get the girl's address and phone number in ten minutes. While the unbelieving businessman sat there, the lawyer phoned the city's marriage-license bureau and gave the girl's maiden name to a friendly clerk. In a few minutes the clerk called back with the name of the man she had married.

The lawyer found the man's name listed in the phone book. He dialed the number, and in a few minutes the ex-bookkeeper turned housewife was talking to her former boss.

When it was all over the lawyer leaned back in his chair and grinned. "All it proves," he said, "is that if you just stay calm and sit and think a little bit, you might not need a private detective after all. When you pay them to do your thinking for you, it runs into a lot of money."

THE END

## LITTLE LULU



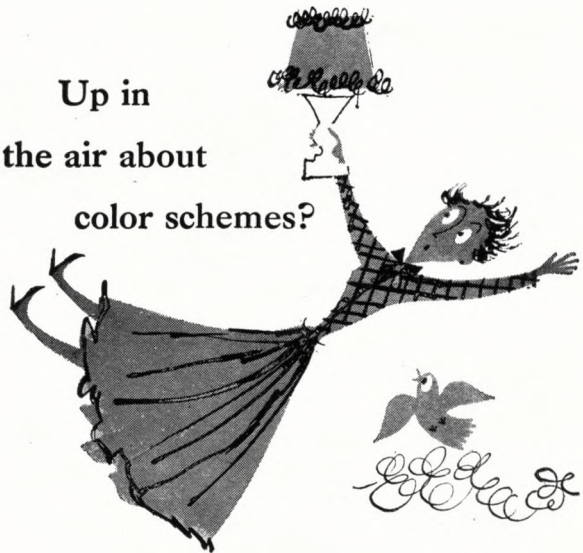
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# Alexander Smith

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## The Greatest Sea Disaster (Continued from page 66)

under-water portion. The Titanic was about to collide below water as the warning was given, although neither the lookout nor the first officer, Murdoch, knew that. The warning—three bells, object right ahead—came down from the masthead, and Murdoch reacted instantly. At his order, the quartermaster put the wheel over; Murdoch himself sprang to the telegraph to put the engines astern. As the Titanic swung around, the ice below water touched the bottom of the ship. It was only a sidelong thrust, hardly enough to heel the ship over momentarily, despite the overwhelming weight of the iceberg. But the fact that it was a sidelong thrust, with the ship swinging, made the collision all the more fatal, for the ice ripped along her side. It opened a gash three hundred feet long; of the sixteen compartments, six were open to the sea, and these were the six largest, including engine room and boiler room. And the publicity people had boasted that she would float even if two compartments leaked!

The moment the reports were made, the captain and the ship's officers knew that the injuries were fatal. The ship—the unsinkable ship—must sink for certain; the only doubtful point was how long she would stay afloat—minutes or hours?

It did not take long for the reports to be made and for the decisions to be reached. It was almost midnight when the ship struck. In less than half an hour, the stewards were awakening the passengers and warning them to leave their cabins. But here was the difficulty. No one could believe there was any danger. Everything was so still and calm. There had been no shock when the ship touched the ice. The ship was sinking fast, but she was hardly heeling at all; her bows were slowly going down, but in a ship that size she would have to be far down by the head for the angle of her decks to appear alarming. Even experienced travelers might notice nothing. There was no obvious danger, and in those carefree days of 1912 people feared no other danger.

For a number of years the world had known comparative security. Nothing ever happened to the sort of people who could afford to travel first class on the Titanic. Bombs that would kill rich and poor alike, wars that would plunge all social classes into mourning, submarine campaigns that would sink half the ships in the world—all were part of the unseen future. Disasters, in the minds of the people on the Titanic, had ceased to occur. To put on dressing gowns and life belts, and to hurry

out on deck into the freezing cold at one o'clock in the morning, was to carry realism too far in any sort of drill or rehearsal. It could not possibly be more than that in any case, for the Titanic was an unsinkable ship. Not many people were responsive to the pleadings of the stewards.

In the steerage, calm and inertia were attained by a different route. Immigrants were known to be excitable, lacking the self-discipline and the fear of becoming conspicuous that should characterize the first class. So that there would be no panic, that part of the ship's company in charge of the steerage deliberately minimized the danger. There was nothing to worry about, the steerage was told. They had been herded about like sheep for many days on their journey from Poland or Rumania—told to go here, told to sit down there. Now they were told not to worry, and they did not. That was why, when the boats were ready, there were not enough passengers to fill them.

It was just before midnight that the ship struck; it was just after midnight that at Captain Smith's orders the wireless sent out its call for help, C.Q.D. 41°46' N., 50°14' W. And at midnight, the wireless operator of the Californian—only twenty miles away, only an hour away—had taken off his earphones and gone to bed! The operator in the Carpathia heard the call, but the Carpathia was fifty-eight miles away—two and a half hours. No one could tell yet how long the Titanic would float, but the Carpathia, duty bound, headed for the wounded ship, with every available man at work in the stokeholds and engine room. More distant ships heard the call, too; so did England and so did America, and newspapers hurriedly prepared editions to tell the public that the Titanic had injured herself by striking an iceberg but was heading for safety under her own steam.

**I**N THE Titanic the boats were ready, but the passengers were not ready to get into them. The Titanic seemed so safe, the lifeboats so frail to be launched into that freezing sea. The ship was new, the crew new to their duties in her; no boat drill had been held, and it was impossible to collect enough disciplined men to force the reluctant herd into the boats. But the order had gone out for the boats to be launched, and orders must be obeyed. If the passengers would not go in the boats, the boats must be launched without them. It was an error of judgment on the part of the officers on the spot, but no more than that; there was no failure of disci-

pline, and no panic. The officers may even have thought that the sight of one or two boats leaving the ship's side would convince the reluctant people that this was the real thing.

The band, playing selections from its repertoire, helped to allay panic, but it also counteracted in people's minds the urgency of the rockets which the ship was sending up in a desperate appeal for help. Neither the rockets, nor the gradually increasing slope of the decks, nor the pleadings of the stewards—not even the sight of the boats on the water—could move the crowd to action. No one took the situation seriously. One woman, actually in a lifeboat, climbed back on board because they would not let her take her dog with her.

Generally, when a ship is sinking, she inclines to one side or the other, and so quickly that half the boats cannot be launched; but the Titanic stayed on an even keel, only inclining slowly by the bows, so that every boat could be safely launched. The lowering of a boat into the sea is a tricky business; frequently the falls at one end or the other jam, causing the boat to stand on end in the air and spill its passengers out. The steady discipline and clear heads in the Titanic prevented any such disaster. Usually, when boats have to be launched, there is a storm raging, and rough seas crush the boats against the ship's side. But on this April night, the sea was almost calm. It was all utterly ironical. Boats were leaving safely but only one-third full of passengers. If Murdoch had not—as he was bound to do—tried to swing away from the iceberg but had instead rammed it bows on, he would have telescoped the small forward compartments; but he would have given the Titanic a better chance to stay afloat. If the lookout had seen the iceberg five seconds sooner; if the crash had been more violent, so as to arouse the passengers; if any other ship than this particular one with her reputation for unsinkability had been involved; if the California's wireless operator had stayed up ten minutes longer—any one of these chances might have saved a thousand lives.

It was more than an hour after the collision that the passengers became convinced of the seriousness of the situation. By then the ship was far lower in the water, so that even landlubbers could perceive the difference.

Below, the stokeholds and engine rooms were flooding which meant that there would soon be no steam and no power for the lights and the wireless. The inclination of the decks was steadily increasing, and people began to realize that the launching of

the boats was not an unnecessary precaution. A place in the remaining boats suddenly became urgently desirable. There was no trouble about filling the boats now; it was a pity that those which had already left had space to spare for several hundred people. In any case, there was no room in the boats for everyone on board. Now the officers in charge of the launching were saying "women and children first." It was then that discipline and self-control asserted themselves. Husbands handed their wives into the boats and stepped back to die. Thoughtful men saw that the women were well wrapped against the cold. There was a momentary panic among the steerage passengers, but it instantly subsided. Mail clerks carried bags of mail up to the deck where there was a chance of their being recovered. The band played on steadily, and the wireless operators continued to send out the call for help. Had the Californian heard it even then, lives could have been saved. Colonel Astor put his wife into a boat with a quiet good-by. Benjamin Guggenheim smiled and joked. Below, firemen and stokers—forgotten heroes—stayed at their work in the face of certain death, maintaining steam for light and power.

Time, which had seemed to pass so slowly during the first hour, seemed

to fly by now. The ship heaved her stern up out of the water and plunged her bows down so that forward the water reached up to the boat deck; people began to climb aft to prolong their lives for a few more seconds. The remaining officers worked frantically to clear anything that might float and support people cast into the sea. Then, suddenly, the ship reared up steeper still, so that keeping a foothold was almost impossible. Funnel and fittings gave way and cascaded forward. Not till then did the sea reach the dynamos, plunging the ship into darkness and freeing the devoted wireless operators from their duty. For two or three harrowing minutes, the darkened ship hung above the surface of the water. Then she plunged down, and from the calm sea a cry arose which none of the survivors ever forgot, as over a thousand people expired in the frightful cold. The water was at freezing temperature; most of those who were plunged into it suffered only a brief agony. A few people—forty or fifty—were dragged while still living into the boats; a few more climbed onto floating wreckage and were picked up.

It had been two and a half hours since the Titanic struck the iceberg. Only a few minutes after she sank, the Carpathia's lookouts sighted a light in one of the lifeboats. But in the

darkness, with icebergs in the vicinity, and the surface covered with boats and wreckage, the Carpathia had to proceed with caution, and it was another hour and a half before she picked up the first boat. Not long after that came daylight, enabling her to quicken her movements, and revealing to survivors and rescuers alike the mountain of ice, unmoved and implacable, which had caused the disaster.

The Carpathia's wireless began to send lists of survivors, but wireless was in its infancy, and the messages were garbled and spasmodic. Imagination had free play.

So it happened that stories began to be whispered about—stories which are not only whispered today, but are told even in print—which had no foundation in fact at all; stories of panic and of disgraceful cowardice as well as of mismanagement and ineptitude. Though there had been mismanagement, there had been too little panic—if such a thing were possible. The people who left in the first, half-empty boats were people who obeyed orders—sensible people who realized the possibility of danger. That there were empty places in the boats was the fault, first of the people who refused to fill them; and, second, of the officers who stupidly allowed them to leave. When the final boats were leaving,

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with every seat taken, discipline and self-discipline were far more in evidence than panic and selfishness. In the two and a half hours that elapsed between the collision and the time the Titanic sank, there had been time enough to have loaded and launched every available boat. Had not a moment been wasted, had not a seat been left unfilled, nearly two thousand people might have been saved, though some hundreds would have died. As it was, only seven hundred lived and fifteen hundred died.

The recriminations and the accusations that were bandied about marked the end of an era. The year 1914, looming up over the horizon, was to dispel finally the smug feeling of security which, for two generations, had rendered the world complacent; the loss of the Titanic dealt the first painful blow. It was highly disturbing to know that millionaires could die sud-

den and unpleasant deaths, that elegant women reared in luxury could have frostbitten feet, that (if the stories were true) the same people who showed their good manners in the foyers of theaters could fight like beasts for their lives. It was also highly disturbing to have it emphasized that man had not yet conquered the elements; that the unsinkable ship could be sent to the bottom in a couple of hours by a floating piece of ice. If the unsinkable ship could sink, then maybe other things accepted as facts might prove to be illusions.

Society, for instance—the manner in which mankind lived. Until now it had been generally accepted that, save for some minor imperfections which time would soon cure, society was as well organized as it possibly could be. But was this really true?

And matter? Eminent scientists had lived and died in a self-satisfied cer-

tainty that matter was an easily understandable affair of atoms and molecules, set in a simple universe of space and time. Maybe they too were wrong; maybe after all there was some truth in these hints of something going on within the atom, of a relativity between time and space that threw in doubt previous notions satisfactory in their rigidity . . .

Now that doubt had crept in, where was it all to end? Maybe it was not inevitable that four fifths of the world's population should not have enough to eat. Maybe the world had not reached the uttermost limits of comfort, as undoubtedly it had not reached the uttermost limits of security.

The age we live in now has its sense of insecurity, but that may not seem so bad when we remember that on the Titanic too great a sense of security cost many lives. THE END

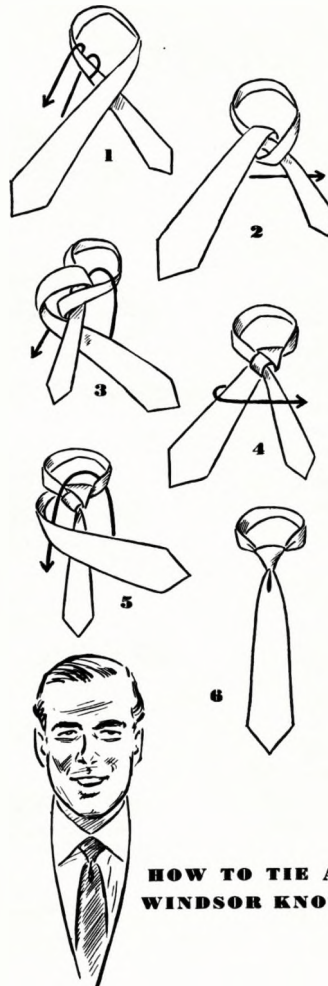
### Dress Rehearsal (Continued from page 6)

usually do most justice to a plaid. With a chalk-striped suit (the stripes spaced from  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches apart), you might wear a striped shirt, provided its stripes are of the hairline variety, set so closely together as to appear almost solid.

Since your hose are well removed from your shirt and tie, the pattern of your suit should determine your choice. With bold suitings, solid shades or very small patterns go best. With quieter suitings, you may wear vertical or circular stripes, checks or figures. Colors may harmonize or contrast. One good idea is to pick up the dominant shade of your tie.

Another thing to remember is this: you can accessorize almost any suit except casual tweeds and shetlands to achieve either a "dress-up" or a "dress-down" effect. Take a classic blue, for example. With a widespread-collar shirt in white or pastel blue, a blue- or gray-checked tie, and solid-color navy hose, you are ready for an informal dinner party or the theater. With a white or off-white button-down collar Oxford shirt, a regimental-striped tie and circular-striped hose, you look much more casual.

With tweeds, shetlands, and the rougher, country types of suitings, your accessories may be woolly in texture too, and you may use bolder colors and patterns. Wool ties, for example, and woolen hose in Argyle, checked, or link-and-link patterns. If the suiting pattern is bold, however, the furnishings should be quiet. When solid colors are called for in tweedy or casual furnishings, you can always relieve the monotony by choosing neckwear or hose with a self pattern in the weaves—a herringbone



**HOW TO TIE A WINDSOR KNOT**

in the tie, or a chain in the hose.

The low-setting, wide-spread-collar shirt has grown enormously in popularity, and with good reason. It is comfortable, and it gives most men a leaner, younger look. With it, the triangular Windsor knot in your tie looks best, because it fills out the collar space properly, and it complements the lines of the collar nicely. How to tie the Windsor knot is still a mystery to so many men that I am illustrating the way it is done.

The essence of dressing well is in the lines of your clothes and the way in which you accessorize them. So remember that whatever you buy should be selected because it combines tastefully with the other elements of your wardrobe. There is no point in buying shirts, ties, hose, shoes, or hats without relationship to your suits.

And don't be a color coward. If you feel your color sense is unsure, watch the displays in the windows of the better clothiers and haberdashers. They will yield lots of good ideas for taking you out of the seemingly safe but dismal rut so many men fall into. Lots of men, for example, are obsessed with the notion that they cannot wear brown. While some shades of brown may clash with your complexion, brown suitings may be had in tones ranging from deep blackish charcoal browns or deep coppery browns all the way to stone browns with a distinct grayish cast. With a choice as wide as this to select from, you may be sure there is at least one shade of brown that is right for every man.

The man who confines himself needlessly to a narrow range of colors misses the fun and the stimulation that can be found in variety. THE END

## You Too Can Dance

(Continued from page 41)

was playing, and I was pushing about with Mrs. Wylie. After tripping five or six times and making half a dozen false starts, I barged into a jewel-stacked matron—like a good blocking back, but not a good dancer.

"Relax," said Mrs. Wylie, with that frosty, social smile wives wear when their men do not look well in public.

This counsel, under such circumstances, drove me to resignation. I led Mrs. W. off the floor and did not dance again.

In the small hours of that same disastrous night my sleepless thoughts went like this: You're forty-four. You don't drink. You've become one of those middle-aged night-club sulkers, a dull jerk who glowers in the corner through every soiree. The death of the party. Face it, Wylie. This is what it's like to grow old.

As I lay there—while Mrs. Wylie slept restfully—those advertisements began to stream before my eyes: "You, too, can dance." It was then that I made up my mind to struggle.

**SECRETLY**, in the morning, I presented myself in the reception room of what we shall call the Jones Studio—a modernistic chamber with a pretty girl at the switchboard. She turned me over to a Miss Smith, who hiked me into a small room equipped with a desk (on which to write checks), a hardwood floor, and a loud-speaker. I told her I wanted to brush up on my dancing, said I was rusty and needed a few lessons. Note those phrases: "brush up," "rusty," "few lessons."

"Let's diagnose you," she said. She turned a switch, and the loud-speaker gave forth with a fox trot. She held out her arms. I gave her a sample.

I had read about these "interviews" and expected to be told that I "danced beautifully" and needed only a "little polishing." This was, according to my reading, the standard sales technique.

What happened to me, however, was different.

"Mr. Wylie," said Miss Smith, "you can't dance at all. You have no rhythm. Your steps are nonexistent. You just wander around the floor. It would take at least fifty lessons to get you dancing."

In the back of my mind had been the idea that I would risk perhaps twenty-five dollars on this project. Fifty lessons, I found, would cost three hundred dollars. I began to perspire—in a psychological way. (The real thing came later.)

"Suppose I didn't like the lessons?" I asked.



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"We'll give you back the balance," she said.

I wrote a check for three hundred dollars and arranged to take the initial lesson at four that same day with a Miss Evans.

Precisely on the dot, Miss Evans—a handsome blonde, with the laughing ease of a college senior at a freshman prom—introduced herself and led me into a cubicle with mirrors on the walls. She shut the door. We were Alone Together. When Miss Evans held out her arms and the loud-speaker began the "St. Louis Blues," I felt as calm and confident as a rabbit in a box trap.

A few minutes later she doused the music. I could see she was shaken. "We'll begin," she sighed, "by practicing posture and balance and simple forward stepping."

The gong finally rang after what seemed like the whole fifty hours lumped together. Soaked to the skin, dizzy, and with every nerve and muscle flashing like an electric sign, I tottered out to the streets of Manhattan. I had done nothing, nothing whatever, but stand and move—backward, forward, sidewise—while trying to avoid lurching, teetering, jiggling.

THE NEXT day at four (I'd made up my mind to cram this effort into the briefest possible period) we went through it again. This time, I was worse; my muscles were congealed with pain. No dancing—just simple, slow, nerve-straining calisthenics. As I recall it, it was only after four of these sessions that we again tried an ensemble.

In dancing, I had by then been told, one continually bears in mind one's toes, heels, ankles, knees, hips, shoulders, head, arms, posture, hands, the beat of the music, the lead, squareness of steps, direction, phrasing of music, all parallel matters pertaining to the partner, other people on the floor, objects (like radiators) in the room, accent of the steps—along with about twenty more items. And this was just for the fox trot and did not include what one bears in mind for, say, the tango!!!

By the end of a week, I was suffering from total confusion, and I realized that learning to walk at eighteen months had been by far the greatest achievement of my life. True, I was now able to lead the gorgeous Miss E. back and forth a little, and to make a few awkward turns. But I knew that really mastering The Dance was an enterprise something like Basic Infantry Training.

For the next two or three weeks, I decided, every morning, to quit. But people of Presbyterian upbringing do not quit easily; and Scotchmen hate not to get their money's worth. So I

slogged on with it. Finally, one day, Miss Evans took me from the comparative security of the private cubicle (where only she could witness my endless humiliations) into the public glare of the studio ballroom. Here were dozens of couples gliding and pirouetting with what seemed to me professional abandonment.

"Nix," I said to Miss Evans.

"But that's what it's for! You dance with other people—not alone with a girl in a room."

"Maybe, in my case, that's all there is to it. Maybe I was born to be just an unseen soloist."

She seized me, and we were off—me with my half-learned few steps. I felt, every time I muffed one and had to stop and start anew, that fifty geniuses of the dance were snickering.

I went home in a state of shock. I was going to give it up—so I confessed to Mrs. Wylie. "Dear," I said at a suitable moment, "I've been taking dancing lessons. I had intended to escort you to some night club and ask you to dance a tango. You were supposed to think I didn't even know it was a tango—and then—wow!"

She smiled. "I know."

"You know!"

"For days, you've been walking with your toes straight and your stomach in. You wait for elevators, standing on one toe and swinging your foot. Balance practice, isn't it? And you whistle the new tunes—not the middle-'twenties numbers you've given forth so long." She fiddled with the radio. "Let's see what you've learned."

Timidly, resignedly. I displayed my wares.

"Perhaps you don't realize it," she said, "but you're really pretty fair—compared to what you were. Honestly, I believe you could get to be a good dancer if you stayed with it."

From this you can see that Mrs. Wylie is a good dancer. And you can see why I went back to the mines.

CHRISTMAS passed and the Presidential birthday.

I was beginning to have—not fun—but some faint assurance. The exercise was doing me good, and I am a sucker for things that do me good. The studio—its personnel and clientele—also began to interest me. I became sufficiently nonconcerned to note that there were other stumblers in the ballroom besides me. Then too, the staff began to vary my teachers: no point in learning to dance with just one girl.

Among my teachers was a debutante. She didn't need the money; she just liked to teach dancing. The daughter of a Southern judge was another instructress; she became a friend of my family and of our friends. I took lessons from a ballet

dancer who had retired to teaching, and from "half" of a night-club dance team. Some of the men teachers were former GI's; some were working their way through college; some were professional exhibition dancers; others were just guys making a living; a few were gigolos; one had been a boxer, and another was going to be an artist.

The customers were just as varied: an English general and his daughters, millionaires and a movie actress, chorus girls, and numberless housewives who liked to dance; businessmen who also liked it, as well as businessmen who were trying to please wives—and, in some instances, young ladies not their wives. There were earnest young gents sent by dance-loving fiancées, and innumerable kids of every age down to ten.

The studio was run with almost painful decorum. Romances between teachers and pupils certainly occurred. I would guess, however, that their incidence was lower than the general norm amongst closely associated people. Something about learning to dance brings out the true nature and character of human beings; illusions which can be maintained in, say, offices, wither under the hard routine of the dancing academy.

**A DAY CAME**, in the late winter, when a black-haired teacher, a Miss Jordan, led me to an unfamiliar room. "This afternoon," she said, "we start rumba."

My head shook decidedly; after all, I was the customer. "Fox trot," I said, "is okay. And waltz. If I ever get to be good at them, I may try a little tango. But no rumba. The rumba is a cooch, nautch, or hula—nothing for a middle-aged author!"

"It's in the course," Miss Jordan answered ruthlessly. "And it's no cooch, nautch, or hula." She turned the switch; maracas began. "The basic step is a box. Feet together. Now—quick, quick, slow! Quick, quick, slow! As you move, your weight follows your feet . . ."

I thought I had passed the stage of horror and despair. How little I knew! The rumba, or son, is performed as if the dancer stood on a frozen lake, extending his foot to test the ice, and only after that, shifting his weight upon it. It requires muscles which Cubans doubtless develop in early childhood and which, I was sure, Americans must lack.

My legs hurt. My joints ached. The basic box step eluded me. I practiced at home. Hours and hours went over the dam. Finally I developed the physical requirements and acquired an ear for the peculiar rhythm which rumba requires. When that happened, Mrs. Wylie said meekly, "Dear, I

think I'd better take some lessons. After all, if you can rumba and I can't . . ."

**I**N THE autumn we told a few friends about our dancing lessons. Naturally, they were incredulous. "Those studios," they said, "are gyp joints. You've probably squandered a fortune to learn a couple of trick steps."

"Turn on your phonograph," we said. And then we danced.

Our performance knocked them for a loop, which encouraged me to such a degree that I doubled my lesson time—from one hour a day to two. There was another reason: Mrs. Wylie was learning faster than I. Indeed, as another winter approached, I had quite a scare.

With some teachers from the studio, we were dining in one of New York's bright spots when the music changed to a tango, and all the dancers left the floor except Mrs. Wylie and her teacher. While they danced the members of a large dinner party at the next table watched breathlessly. When the tango ended, they gave Mrs. Wylie and her teacher a tremendous hand. They thought it was part of the floor show! That became the mark I had to shoot for!

There was another matter. Our friends grew accustomed to our dancing. But several of them, especially the men, found some balm for what, I hold, were merely injured vanities. "Phil," they would say, "you will never steal Arthur Murray's business or get Fred Astaire's pay, but we will admit you can dance. Still, there's one dance we bet you can't do."

I would say, "What?" Knowing the answer.

"Jitterbug."

One day they said it just once too often.

"Can a guy my age, an intractable client like me," I asked my teacher, "learn to jitterbug?"

She grinned and gurgled slightly. "Easy."

It was, too, so help me!

Now, if anybody had told me that I would ever devote myself to the Lindy, I would have called a psychiatrist for that person. Last year, though, the Miami papers carried a picture of an allegedly "well-known author carving a mean carpet." And a short time ago, just for the hell of it, I gave a jitterbug exhibition at a hotel dance patio!

After a year and a half of living in New York, my wife, daughter, and I had repaired to our usual haunts in South Florida. This, being very near to Cuba, is the rumba capital of the U.S.A. Naturally, we checked in at the Gold-Coast-palatial branch of the Jones Studio in Miami. There we found out that the rumba is a dance

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with a history, a hundred styles, a thousand significances and subtleties—and so we had to begin all over. By then, however, we were veterans; we enjoyed the lessons, and nothing caused us to falter or despair. We knew, at last, that the people with the most battered shoes, the most stepped-on toes, are not the beginners, but the professionals—who try the hardest steps and so miss oftenest.

Today, when I get up to dance, nobody laughs—unless laughter is what I aim for. Let the drums talk tango, the maracas and bongoses recite rumba, the fiddles recall old Vienna; let the rhythms of Brazil set the ballroom rocking or boogie beat out a triple Lindy—and Wylie is right in there dancing. All that the ads promised has come true, except—I'm a wallflower still!

That is, I often find myself not dancing. Why? Perhaps it's because I took a hundred or so too many lessons: I am fussy, now!

If I can possibly avoid it, I won't dance with a girl unless she's good. I get the sudden migraine and fainting spells! And I won't dance if the floor is poor: too slippery, as many are; or perhaps, cement—which is not for dancing.

Some bands keep miserable time; I eschew their music. And a great many famous so-called "dance" bands play

for entertainment as much as for terpsichore. These bands feature singers—and merely accompany them. Nobody can really dance when some cooing cluck or throbbing thrush holds a quarter note for a beat and a half.

There's one more factor. The average American male, like the pre-schooled Wylie, is not a dancer at all. If he's a college boy, he stands in one spot, blocking traffic, while he rocks like a moored dinghy. If he's an old grad, he just charges around, bruising strangers. If he's a night-club client, he considers dancing akin to strap-hanging—an art that consists of packing people together so that they hold each other up but cannot take a step to save their souls.

The trouble is that, much as American women (and all other women) like dancing, American men regard the accomplished art as sissy—sailors and George Washington excepted. This is shameful and silly. I defy any male in America to go through what I did—and still call it sissy. Let me cite what I mean.

**SOME** time ago I was summoned, with all able-bodied men in the area, to fight a forest fire on a Carolina mountain. I started up with a bunch of cowboys, ranchers, farmers, and the like. Two kids of twenty-odd and I,

of all our posse, reached the blazing peak. The rest of those he-men and powerhouses were left below, bushed and breathless. Dancing gives you legs—and wind.

Just that alone was worth the price. It is extremely satisfying, also, to leave a ballroom floor with your wife and be asked by a tableful of spectators in what night-club show you appear. This has happened to us. And only those married couples who have made an effort like Mrs. Wylie's and mine will know how much good dancing can be enjoyed during long winter evenings and long, glamorous summer nights.

*Nevertheless . . .*

The next time you see one of those ads that says you can become a ballroom whiz in "a few easy lessons," you might remember this report. It is true that I was a hard case. I started with less than no aptitude—with splayed feet, bad posture, and a few other handicaps. I have seen gentlemen learn to dance better than I can in a quarter of the time—hence for a quarter of the money. And it is cheaper to learn in a class. But having studied dancing, swimming, tennis, and golf, I would say that dancing is more difficult than the others.

For sheer fun, however, it ranks close to eating. THE END

### The Last Good-by (Continued from page 47)

about the foreign situation? There are correspondents all over the lot, aren't there? You told me so yourself. Why you? Why does the News suddenly feel so concerned? Sending somebody all the way from Minnesota?"

Liz uncrossed her legs and leaned over, holding her hands under her knees. "Tommy, you can't even speak French," she said.

"I'm not going only to France. What's the matter with you? They figure a reporter, a guy who's covered everything in town, can do the same over there. They don't want a pundit; they want a guy like me. Just to move around and keep my ears and eyes open."

"You've got the ears," she said, smiling.

"Thanks," I said. I'd had about enough of this needling. "Now why don't you put your bow and arrows away and behave yourself? What do you think I am, Elizabeth, one of your Crocus Hill gentry, that you can snipe at all night?"

"Elizabeth?" she said.

"Liz," I said, and my voice was gentle.

She watched her knees. "We were going to the country Sunday. I bought a skirt," she said. "Plaid. I was going

to wear the red shoes you liked." She bent her head then, put her hands to her face and began to cry softly. I crossed to her and touched her shoulder, but she moved away from me. Then, suddenly, she jumped up, ran out, and closed the door behind her.

We'd planned to drive over to Wisconsin, to Somerset, for some frogs' legs that evening. She liked them, and she liked the hoodlums, detectives, and sports figures who patronized the place. Standing in the library alone, I got it then that she liked whatever I did and wherever I took her. I got it that this one to whom I had no business talking, this one, with the round, lovely face and tanned skin and brown hair, was as much trouble as a worn pair of moccasins. She fit right, this one.

At thirty-two, you understand, you don't look for the first, fatal flush of love. At thirty-two, friend, you've run through a half-dozen lovelies, or they through you. I'd had mine and Liz, now only twenty-eight, had had a husband whom she had married the day he got his wings. She had had a week with him in San Francisco, and had waved him off into the wild, blue Pacific yonder.

You follow me? A week . . . They

sent her the wings and his wrist watch and the identification bracelet she'd bought for him. He was one of hers, you see, from the same league: Montcalm Place and the Yacht Club, the fishing cabin on Lake of the Woods, and St. Petersburg in February.

I'd come out of a late movie four months back, and in front of my car was her convertible. She was behind the wheel, and the smell of gasoline from the flooded engine filled the street.

That's all. I quieted her down, and we waited about ten minutes. Then I started the car for her. I told her my name, and she told me hers. I knew her all right. I'd always wanted to hold the elbow of one of them from Crocus Hill, so a week later I called her and took her for a drive. The next time canoeing on Calhoun. Me, thirty-two, canoeing. Then to the fights; one night to Somerset; and the next time to the fights again, and . . . and . . .

"Tom?" I hadn't heard her come in. She was standing in the open doorway. She'd changed into a cardigan and plaid skirt—I suppose it was the skirt she'd bought for Sunday—and she wore the red shoes.

"Let's take a walk," she said.

"Dinner?"

"Are you hungry?"

"No. I guess I'm not."  
 "We can walk up to Grand, stop there somewhere," she said.  
 "Yeah, all right," I said. I walked toward her then and touched her face. "Nose shiny, lovely," I said, and bent to kiss it. I kissed her nose and her lips, easy and soft. Then I took her arm, and we went out into the foyer. "You'll need a coat," I said.  
 "I'm fine," she said. She grabbed up a kerchief. "I'm fine, Tommy."

CROCUS HILL was still and dark. There were leaves on the walk, and I could smell leaves burning. Up ahead, at the corner, some boys and girls were shouting as they got into an old car with no top.

Liz had her hands in the pockets of the cardigan, and she kicked at the leaves as she walked. "You're really going, aren't you, Tommy?"

"I've got to go, Liz."  
 "Yes." She nodded. "You do."  
 "Well, don't I?"  
 "Yes," she said. "Yes, yes, yes, yes."  
 "Baby, I don't want to go." I just said it. I had her arm then, my elbow touching her elbow and my fingers reaching for hers in the pocket, and I just said it.

She held my hand, and I could feel each finger. I could feel the thumb and the little finger and the forefinger. I guess I could feel her.

"Will we fight the Russians, Tommy?"

"I don't know, Liz. I don't know anything."

"All one hears is war."  
 "Yeah."

"What does McAndrews think? The others? Your editorial writers?"

"The truth?" I asked.  
 "Yes, Tommy, the truth."

"They think any day. They think even before spring. McAndrews said I might set down at Shannon, and find they're already shooting somewhere."

We were at the corner now, and the kids in the old car pulled away from the curb.

"They don't give anyone a chance," she said.

"Who?"  
 She looked up at me as we crossed the quiet intersection. "Yeah. Yeah, Tommy—they."

"That's a fact."  
 "I won't roll bandages again," she said. "I'll join something. There's no home front for Liz to keep alive. No children at Liz's heels, no mouths to feed, no fats to save. My cook saves fats, Tommy."

"Baby, don't."  
 "Oh, I'm not worthless," she said. "I'm in the first, blooming period of middle age."

"Twenty-eight, Tommy. I'm healthy and intelligent and I majored in anthropology in college. There must be



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a crying need for anthropologists during a war. Colonel Elizabeth Ingersoll, Tommy, head of the anthropology section. Look for the skull and bones in the Pentagon. Don't knock, just bat your head against the door three times."

"Very funny."

She looked up at me as we came onto Grand Avenue with its street lights. "What do you want, Tommy—tears? I've already cried for you, old boy. Do you want more?"

"I'm sorry."

She nodded. "I'm sorry too. I'd become very fond of you, Tommy lad."

"Had?"

"Had."

"I'm not dead, baby."

"You're dead on Crocus Hill, old boy."

"Yeah."

"Yeah," she said, aping me.

"One thing about not being a kid,"

I said, "you can dispense with the smelling salts."

"Civilized."

I turned quickly. "I hate that damned word. It's a lousy, crummy word that means cynicism and boredom and being tired. I hate it. I didn't mean that, and you know I didn't."

"Easy, old boy."

"Don't 'old boy' me. I was trying to say something. If you want me to shut up, say so, but don't give me that 'old boy' routine."

"I want you to say something, Tommy."

"What I mean is, you sort of get used to it, leaving a woman—or a man. I remember when I enlisted and—well—with Helen, you know."

"I know," she said.

"Sackcloth. Like that."

"Tommy?"

"Yeah."

"Are you sorry that you didn't get married?" she said.

I shook my head. "It was sort of mutual. When I got back, Helen didn't want me, and I didn't want her. Funny thing, one time you look at a woman, and you can't stop looking at her; you don't want to see anyone else, or anything else. Next time, you don't care if you ever see her again. Nothing personal; you just don't care."

"I'm not sorry about anything, either," she said. "At least I wasn't lonely, Tommy. Do you know how it is to be alone?"

"Do I?"

"Yes. Yes, you know. I loved Marty, though. I'm sure of that."

"The fellow when you were at college."

She nodded. "Golly, but I can talk to you. Do you know, Tommy, talking to you is the easiest thing in the world. Golly, the things I've told you! Every man I ever knew."

"And me, baby? Is there anything

about me—anything—that you don't know?"

"I know what I want to know, Tommy."

"We're a good pair."

"Yes. A good pair," she said.

**WE WERE** at the Macalester College campus now, and I led her toward a sweetshop. "We'll get you a sandwich," I said. "And a malt."

"Yes," she said. "You tell me, Tommy. Golly, but it's good to be told what to do."

I smiled at her. "I'll tell you."

"Just tonight," she said. "You'll tell me no more after tonight."

The sweetshop booths were filled with the gang we'd seen on Crocus Hill. We sat on stools before the high counter of the soda fountain, and I lit a cigarette for her.

"Look at them, Tommy," she said.

"I feel so old."

"You could give them all cards and spades," I said. "None of them here could touch you."

"You could touch me, Tommy," she said. "Why don't you touch me more?"

"I don't know. I wanted everything right with you and me, baby. Wanted no mistakes with you."

I ordered sandwiches and malteds for us both.

"I waited so long for you to hold me," she said.

"I didn't want to hold you, Liz."

"Tommy."

I shook my head. "I didn't want to start anything. I'm thirty-two, Liz. I'm kind of used up. I didn't want any more rides on the merry-go-round."

"Yes," she said. "I felt just that way."

"I guess you can't bury yourself. I guess you never get insulated," I said.

She nodded her head several times. "I'm insulated. After tonight, little old Liz takes to her knitting. Golly, Tommy, I'm twenty-eight."

"You told me."

"I'm twenty-eight," she said again.

"When I think of the men—all the young men. Two years of Marty. Almost three years of Sam Osborne."

"The lawyer in Minneapolis."

She nodded. "I spent a summer moaning for him. Golly, but I've wept for my men, Tommy. After him there was Dexter."

"The golfer."

She smiled. "He would have married me. All he wanted was enough money for a new set of clubs each year."

"He could dance," I said.

She laughed. "Tommy, you'll have to write my memoirs. How do you remember?"

"I remember lots of things."

She reached for her sandwich and removed the lettuce. "I remember you yelling at the fights," I said.

"I loved the fights. Tommy, will you

take me to the fights when you get back?"

"Sure."

"No, you won't," she said. "You won't take me anywhere. You'll forget me, and I'll forget you."

Wasn't she right? Didn't I know she made sense? You understand, I couldn't talk pretty to this one, tell her what I didn't believe. I'd write to her on the plane going over. Write her from Newfoundland, write her from London, again from Paris. Go back to the hotel after dinner every night for a week or two, maybe a month. Then it would get lonely; the walls would start to close in . . .

She? Was she fool enough to sit in the house alone night after night? There was the Yacht Club, the Minnesota House—her grandfather had helped found *that*—and maybe it would take her a month. Maybe.

"Do something for me, baby. Give me a picture when we get back to your house."

"No."

"A picture, Liz," I wanted it.

"No, Tommy. Pictures don't mean anything. I've given a half-dozen pictures away. Signed them all. I meant what I signed too."

"Yeah." The bread was stale. I dropped the sandwich and sipped at the malted.

"You don't want my picture, Tommy," she said.

"All right."

"It was nice of you to ask," she said. "The old girl is touched."

"For heaven's sake, Liz, all right." Why did we have to keep on with this talking? Why didn't I just take her home and forget about it and leave? "All right."

She touched my wrist with her forefinger. "Such beautiful hands. Did you know you have lovely hands, Tommy?"

"Nope."

"Well, you do. Lovely, lovely hands—and strong."

I was uncomfortable. "Yeah."

She lifted my hand in hers, turned it. "They would have had your hands," she said.

"Who?"

"Our children, Tommy. Your hands and your eyes—I hope."

"Your nose—I hope," I said.

"Your hair—I hope."

"Your hair, baby." I was whispering now. "Your hair." I wanted to tell her how her hair looked to me, and I couldn't.

"Your hair," she whispered, and I could feel her breath on my face.

"No. Yours."

"Anything else?" This from the soda jerk.

Liz released my hand, took one last sip of her malted, and reached into her pocket for her compact. I shook

my head at the soda jerk and handed him a bill.

"You didn't eat your sandwich," Liz said.

"Bread was dry."

"You don't eat enough, Tommy. I've made you eat, you know. Who'll make you eat over there, Tommy?" She looked up at me, and there was no bow and arrow now. "Who'll make you eat, and who'll button up your overcoat?" She turned away, and I followed her out of the drugstore.

She tied the kerchief on her head, knotted it once under her chin, then slipped her hand into mine. "Take me home."

"You want a cab, baby?"

She shook her head, holding my arm with her hands. "No. Walk," she said. "The last mile."

To hell with it! I wasn't going to stop her. She wanted to eat herself up, let her. I wasn't going to stop her.

**WE** **CROSSED** Grand and went down to Lincoln, which led to Crocus Hill. "I'm going away," she said.

"Where?"

"Mexico. South America. Somewhere."

"No, you're not."

"No, I'm not," she said. "I'll stay. I'll knit and go to the hospital Tuesdays and Thursdays like a nice girl . . . woman."

I lit a cigarette for her and one for myself.

She dragged deep and, exhaling, she said, "Do you know what's the matter with us, Tommy? We're too old."

"Old?"

She nodded. "Too old and too cautious and too beaten down. We think this is the way it must be, that always we'll be shortchanged." She looked at me. "You taught me that word," she said.

"Yeah."

"People should be married at twenty. One has the nerve for it at twenty—and the stamina. One should get married when one is still driving cars at ninety miles an hour, swimming at midnight, breaking stallions to the bit."

"No poop left," I said.

"Poop?"

"Gas. You run out of gas," I said.

"That's it, Tommy. We've run out of gas."

"Couple of old dogs."

"So we are, old boy. Two old dogs."

"You're a pretty old dog, Liz."

"I do have something, now don't I, Tommy?"

"All I want."

She wagged the cigarette at me. "Uh-uh, old boy. Let's be gay."

"I don't feel gay, damn it."

"No."

How'd we ever get started on this? "Liz—you and me—well, hell, you and

me, like two different worlds," I said.

"Yes."

"Look, it isn't just my going abroad. Even if I didn't go over—I don't make enough to keep those cars running."

"Trolleys," she said.

"What?"

She smiled. "I like trolleys."

"All right. Trolleys. The life you have. That's not for me. Dinner jackets and that."

"That's an old saw, Tommy, and never valid."

"I couldn't even buy coal for that house." We were on Lincoln now.

"Look here, old boy," she said. "I'm not asking you to marry me, you know. I'm not at your feet, Thomas, my lad."

"I'm sorry, baby."

She patted my arm. "I'm sorry, too. But those reasons, Tommy. Good grief, do you really believe that drivel?"

"Certainly, I believe it," I said.

"Then you're a fool."

"You'll get no argument from me there," I said.

We walked two blocks in silence. "There's a chance of war, the way things are shaping up," I said.

"Yes."

"Look, we've both had that. We both don't want any more of that hit-and-run stuff."

"You didn't have it, Tommy."

"Damned near."

"You didn't. At least I did it. I married. You had no guts, old boy."

"All right. Now let's go home. Let's get you home and stop this. You've got me bleeding from a thousand wounds," I said.

"I shouldn't have said that," she answered. "I don't know what's the matter tonight. I seem to delight in hurting you."

"Ah . . . forget it. You're right. I didn't have the guts. Maybe it would have worked with Helen; maybe it wouldn't. I'll never know. I guess."

"Don't carry on, Tom."

"You only get one shot at that," I said. "You're only entitled to one."

"Tommy!"

"I never did have much guts that way." I said. "Or any other way."

"Tommy, don't!"

"It's true." I turned to her. "It's true, baby. I'm not kidding myself. I should have married her. I should have done a lot of things."

"Stop it. Stop it, I say!"

I was finished then. Looking at her, I was all done. "I'll stop," I said.

**T**HERE was a fire of leaves smoldering on the corner of her block. We crossed the intersection diagonally and came onto the walk before her house.

My car was parked under the street light just beyond, and we stopped at the steps which led to the porch.

"Tommy." She stood on the steps, looking down at me.

"Yeah." My throat was dry, and I needed a drink. I wanted to sit down.

"Tommy." She twined her fingers in my hair. "I don't want you to come in," she said.

"I don't know when I'll go." I said. "I'll call you from the airport here."

"No. No, don't. Don't call me, Tommy. Don't call, and don't write." I took her hand from my hair and brought the palm to my lips and kissed it. She pulled it away.

"Please go now, Tommy."

"Liz."

"Go, Tommy, go. Leave. Tommy. Won't you please, please, please, please, leave now?" She ran onto the porch, and I heard her opening the door, slamming it shut.

All right. Finished, damn it. That was enough. Hell, I couldn't have another one of those. I got into the car and started the motor. I looked once at the house, but there were no lights. I pulled away from the curb.

I'd be busy over there. There'd be things to keep me busy. I turned off Crocus Hill and drove towards Grand.

Christ, there was a war coming, the way things looked! How could I get bollixed up now?

Dear God, but she was lovely!

No guts. Who was she to tell me I had no guts? How about her buried in that pile of a house?

No guts!

She had looked so alone there on the steps.

I'd pack tonight. What did I have in the hotel anyway? A trunk, a box of books, two suitcases. Not much to show for thirty-two years, I guess.

That poor child.

No guts.

What did she mean, no guts! For Christ's sake, who got married when he was going abroad and God knows what all?

She could come. She could get a boat and meet me. She had guts.

I couldn't go back to the hotel. I didn't get any signs there on Grand Avenue, didn't see a blinding flash, or any of that out of the books. I just turned around. Right in the middle of the block.

We'd see who had the guts, damn it! Right now. Drive to Somerset tonight. We'd see about guts all right. She was so lovely, my baby.

I cut over to Crocus Hill.

What if she wouldn't come?

She'd come.

God, I was scared!

There was a light burning upstairs in her house. Holy mackerel, but I was scared!

I got out of the car and started up the walk. I couldn't swallow. . . .

I'd never even told her I loved her.

THE END

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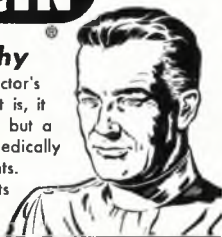
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**How to Remember the Cards** (Continued on page 21)

general opinion being that it was harder to remember the system than to remember the cards.

Many mechanical devices have been put on the market to assist the faltering memory. A patented bridge table was built with a row of buttons, representing the fifty-two cards, in front of each player. Every time a card was played, you pushed down the appropriate button; the buttons that remained unpushed told you the cards that hadn't been played. Another gadget was similar to one used in the gambling game of faro, where a "casekeeper" is employed to keep track of the unplayed cards. And very recently a firm has marketed, under the name "Bridge-eze," a set of extra cards that you add to your hand and arrange so as to aid your memory.

But, alas, all these devices are illegal. This fact was established some years ago when Mrs. James Lemon, of Washington, created a test case in a national tournament. She was playing a grand slam. She saw a chance to make it by a complicated squeeze play—if she didn't lose track of the cards. So she took a pad and pencil and began to jot down the cards as they fell. The committee in charge ruled that she couldn't do it.

Besides, the average player doesn't want to go to so much trouble. He wants to remember but, if it's going to be an unconscionable chore, he'd rather forget. Nor is he concerned with remembering all the spots so he can execute a complicated squeeze play. He will be satisfied if, without too much mental torture, he can recall how many trumps are out . . . if anyone else has another heart. So he asks, "Is there some secret formula the experts know and I don't?"

There's no short cut, but there is a way. You can follow the same system the experts use; oddly enough, the system makes it fairly easy. It won't cost you forty dollars, or even a guinea.

The expert economizes on mental energy. He does not try to remember individual cards that have gone before. He merely keeps himself aware of what is left—always in relation to the cards he still holds in his hand.

Thus: He picks up the ten, eight, and three of spades. At first he pays no attention; his chance of winning a trick with the ten is too remote. But the first trick includes the Jack, Queen, and Ace of spades. Now he does note that the King is the only spade that will beat his ten-spot. He notes also that if the nine is led, covered by his ten, and won by the King, his eight-spot will be high. This system of remembering is obviously less effort, and, at the same time, it

keeps the players thinking ahead instead of thinking back. He always knows whether his eight-spot is high, or what must happen to make it high.

When the expert says he "counts," the word doesn't mean what it usually does. The first step comes when you pick up your hand; you fix in mind its pattern—that is, the number of cards you have in each suit. You consciously repeat to yourself, "I have five hearts, four diamonds, three spades, and one club—five, four, three, one." You need this information as a guide in bidding; you remember it in play. When the dummy goes down, you count its pattern the same way.

Since bridge is a follow-suit game, the expert counts in terms of tricks—not eight spades, but two spade tricks—and keeps track of breaks in this pattern when someone discards or someone trumps. A failure to follow suit stands out because it is different.

Suppose you have lost track of the diamonds. But you do remember that you held four diamonds originally, and now you have only one. You don't recall anyone's trumping a diamond; you don't remember discarding one; ergo, diamonds must have been played three times, and the one you have left is probably good. By such thinking, George Arliss might have led that three of diamonds and won the rubber.

The seemingly phenomenal memory of the serious bridge player does stem partly from another cause—his keen interest in the game.

Bob Feller, or any other big-league baseball pitcher, after working a game in which he threw the ball anywhere from 125 to 150 times, can tell you in consecutive order every pitch he made, why he selected it, and precisely where the ball went. For that matter, your twelve-year-old son can probably tell you Joe DiMaggio's batting average and how many home runs Babe Ruth hit. It means so much to him, he remembers it. It is the same with a bridge expert and cards.

**NEXT** time you play bridge, try the experts' way of remembering. Concentrate first on the suit pattern of your hand. "Promote" your cards as higher ones fall. Look twice at any trick where someone fails to follow suit, and trust to visual memory to recall that trick if you have to. By burdening your mind with less, you will actually remember more.

One thing more: Don't try to memorize the cards, but don't fail to notice them. Milton Work, leading bridge authority of his era, once put this principle very succinctly. Said Mr. Work, "You can't remember a card you didn't see." **THE END**

## A Table Near the Band (Continued from page 35)

Marcia lives in a highly polished flat in Sloane Street. The economics of this flat are something of a mystery; I mean to me; not, of course, to her. Indeed, the economics of Marcia's whole life are a little mysterious. She has a father and a mother. Casual references to one or the other of them keep me in touch with their continued existence, but I have never seen them, nor do I know where they live. I gather, however, that the father is, or was, in some unnamed profession or business which permits him to give his daughter a quarterly allowance; while Marcia herself earns part of her living in some confidential relationship to a firm in Richmond. I know this, because on one or two occasions, when she has had to cancel a date with me, it has been some sudden need of this firm which has so untimely compelled her. "You seem to forget, David darling, that I am a working woman," she has said reproachfully. Looking at her, one has, of course, been inclined to forget it.

In addition to this, one must remember that the flat is not actually her own, but has merely been lent to her by a friend, referred to sometimes as Elsa and sometimes as Jane. Doubtless this friend has two Christian names, like most of us. Elsa (or Jane) is either on her honeymoon or exhibiting new dress designs in South America; or, possibly both. I understand that she is likely to be away for some time. One of my delightful discoveries about Marcia is that she has almost as many women friends as men friends; and they all seem eager to lend things to her.

It will be seen, then, that with all these resources Marcia is well able to afford the Sloane Street flat. I am not sure now why I suggested that there was anything mysterious about it. For all I know, she may be a rich woman in her own right, with money inherited from an ancestral brewery or a doting godfather. She has not mentioned that this is so, but it may well be. In any case, it is no business of mine. All that matters to me is that she is a delightful person to give lunch to, and this is what I was doing at the Turandot one day last week.

AT THE moment, we weren't lunching; we were sitting in the lounge drinking cocktails. They were doubles, of course, because in these days one is apt to mislay a single at the bottom of the glass, and one can't afford to do that. We raised our glasses to each other and murmured compliments. One of the things I like about Marcia is that she doesn't expect all the

compliments for herself. She is the only woman who has told me that I remind her of Robert Montgomery. She will say, "You look divine in that suit, darling. You ought always to wear brown"—or whatever it is. This is a very endearing habit of hers, and one which none of my female relations has fallen into as yet.

Marcia took the mirror out of her bag—I suppose to see if she looked as lovely as I had just said she did. She has beautiful hands, and, possibly for that reason, made a good deal of play with this bag, so that I felt impelled to say, "Hello, I haven't seen that before, have I?" This is a fairly safe line to take with anything of Marcia's, and it often gets me credit for that habit of "noticing" which all women expect from their men.

"This?" she said, holding up the bag. "I shouldn't think so."

Some comment was called for. Unfortunately bags do very little for me. I never know what to say to a new one. "It's charming," was the best I could do.

"David!" she said reproachfully. "This old thing? Oh, but I oughtn't to say that. Let's talk of something else. Wait a moment." She opened the bag again, seemed to be looking for something, and then, realizing that she wouldn't find it, snapped the catch and murmured, "Of course! I was forgetting."

I took the bag off her lap. I considered both sides of it and put it back. I saw now that it wasn't new.

"Mother lent it to me," she explained. This, as it were, gave her mother another six months of life. She had last been heard of sometime in the spring.

"But why?" I asked. I felt that she was using up her mother unnecessarily. A bag is as essential to a woman as braces to a man; one doesn't have to explain how one comes to be wearing them.

"Just motherly love, darling," she smiled.

"Yes, but—"

"Oh, David, don't go on about it, or I shall cry. If I've got a handkerchief," she added, opening the bag again.

"Marcia, what is all this?"

She looked at me pathetically, and her eyes glistened as though she were crying already.

"I didn't want to tell you and spoil our lovely lunch together, but the most tragic thing has happened." She emptied her glass, as if to give herself courage to look back, and said, "I lost my bag yesterday. With everything in it. Oh, but *everything!*"

"Clothing coupons?" I asked in

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horror. It was the first thing I thought of.

"Of course! The whole ration book. How do you think I'll live?"

Well, I didn't know. But thinking it over, I did see that she might want a ration book for breakfast.

"Everything," she went on quietly. "Identity card, ration book, driving license, money, latchkey, flapjack, of course, and lipstick—everything." And she added, "My cigarette case, too."

I knew that cigarette case. It was in gold and platinum with an "M" in little diamonds. Desmond had given it to her just before he went out to Burma, where he was killed. She was to have married him as soon as the war was over. He wouldn't marry her before; he said it wouldn't be fair to her if he were missing.

While I was wondering what to say that wouldn't sound either callous or sentimental (after all, he died three years ago), she added in a smiling voice, "I felt absolutely naked when I discovered what had happened."

This took us off the emotional plane, and I asked the obvious question, "When did you discover it?"

"Getting out of the taxi last night. I'd been down to Letty's for the week end. The porter paid the man and let me in. I rang up Victoria at once, of course, but it was one of those trains which goes back and forth all day—darling, what a life!—and it was now on its little way to Brighton again. With my lovely bag on it. Of course, somebody has just taken it."

"No news of it at Brighton?"

"No. I rang up again this morning."

"But Marcia, darling—wait a moment; we want some more drinks for this." I caught a waiter's eye and ordered two more doubles. Marcia gave me her loving, grateful smile. "What I was going to say was, however does a woman leave her bag in the train? It's part of her. I should have thought you'd have felt absolutely naked as soon as you got onto the platform."

"That was the idiotic part. I'd been reading a magazine in the train, and I'd put my bag down, and then I put the magazine under my arm—oh, David, I know I'm a fool, but it's no good saying it."

"I wasn't going to, darling. I'm terribly sorry, and I wish I could help."

"I know. You're sweet."

"How about all the things you've got to renew? Ration book and license and all that? Can't I help there?"

"It's lovely of you, David, but it's all what they call 'in train.'" She laughed and added, "Like the bag, unfortunately. I've been rushing about like a mad thing all morning."

"Was there much money in it?"

She shrugged and said, "About ten pounds, and quarter day a long way

off. I shall have to go carefully for a bit. But, of course, that's the least of it. It's everything else." I felt uncomfortably that she was thinking of Desmond again. She must have realized this—she is very quick, bless her—because she said at once, "I mean the bag itself. It's so hateful to think of my lovely, lovely bag being used by some horrible woman in Brighton, or wherever she is."

"Do I remember it?"

"Well, darling, you ought to, seeing that it's the only one I've got. Only I haven't got it."

I always thought that women had lots of bags, but I suppose it's like men with pipes. We have half a dozen, but the others are always the ones we can't smoke at the moment.

"I seem to remember a black one," I said tentatively.

"Of course, darling. I always carry a black bag—when I have it. But never mind my silly troubles; tell me about yourself. You wrote that you were spending the week end with your married sister. How was she?"

Marcia has a very sweet way of taking an interest in people she has never met. I told her that Sylvia was well, and then we went in to lunch. It was, for these days, a very good lunch, and we chattered and laughed and said no more of the bag.

AFTER lunch I took Marcia to where her car was parked, and she went off to Richmond or somewhere, on business for the firm, I suppose, as otherwise she wouldn't have had the petrol. I wasn't sorry to be alone, because I had something I wanted to do.

I had thought of it almost at once, and now I thought of it again; and the more I thought of it, the more I felt that it was up to me to replace that bag. No doubt it was the cigarette case Desmond had given her for which Marcia was really grieving, but I couldn't do anything about that. Nor could I have afforded to do anything about it; the economics of my life don't include platinum-and-gold cigarette cases. But I thought that they did include a bag on an occasion like this for a very attractive and much-to-be-pitied young woman. After a few inquiries I wasn't so sure. However, I was committed to it by that time, and in the end I felt fairly satisfied with the result. Bags, as I think I have said, all look much the same to me; but this one was certainly black and certainly expensive, and presumably, therefore, just what Marcia wanted. The girl in the shop was sure it was. She said "Moddom" would rave about it.

And, in fact, "Moddom" did . . .

I spent the week end at Waylands. I am thirty-six, and what is called a commercial artist. No doubt you have

seen me among the advertisements: represented, as often as not, by an athletic young man and a superb young woman in very little on the beach. This can call your attention to anything, from your favorite cigarette to a soft drink; from National Savings (the holiday you can look forward to, if you save now) to pocket cameras (the holiday you can look back upon afterward). Altogether I don't do too badly, and the only reason I am mentioning this is because a bachelor of thirty-six, who is understood not to be doing too badly, gets invited to houses a little out of his social and financial class. It was in this way, and again this week end, that I met Maddox.

He is, I suppose, about fifty, and something pretty big in the City. He has known Marcia longer than I have, and he talks to me about her whenever we happen to meet; as if I were waiting anxiously for him to talk to me, and this was the only subject of conversation which could possibly interest us both—as, indeed, it is. Then, having put me at my ease, he leaves me as soon as possible for somebody richer or more noble. He has this natural flair for putting people at their ease. If he had met Shakespeare in his prime (Shakespeare's prime), he would have asked if he were doing any writing just now—thus proving himself to be in touch with the literary fashion of the moment—and then drifted away.

He is not in the least jealous of my friendship with Marcia. The fact that I am a bachelor assures him in some way that there can be no rivalry between us. He himself is married, and the only thing which has prevented him from marrying Marcia (so she tells me) is this wife of his. Either she is a Catholic and won't divorce him, or she is in a Home for Incurables, and he can't divorce her. I forget which, but I know that it is all very hard on him—and, of course, on his wife.

ON THIS occasion Maddox and I saw more of each other than usual, because we traveled down together. I stepped into his carriage, and it was too late to step out again. He went through the usual drill of seeming surprised to find me in such good company.

"Hello, young fellow. You?"

I admitted it.

He nodded, as if to confirm my admission, and gave himself a moment in which to place me. Then he asked if I had seen the little girl lately.

"Marcia?" I asked coldly.

"Who else?"

I said that I had seen her fairly lately.

"You didn't hear what the little idiot

had done? No, of course, you couldn't have!"

"What's that?"

"Left her bag in the train, with twenty pounds in it."

"Good lord!"

"And, of course, everything else. What's really worrying the poor girl is the cigarette case."

"Cigarette case?"

"A beauty. Platinum and gold. But the tragic thing is that it's the one Hugh gave her."

I wanted to say, "Who's Hugh?" because I had never heard of him, but it didn't sound right somehow. It was no matter, because Maddox went on, "The fellow she was engaged to. You wouldn't have met him; you've only known her for the last year."

"Two years," I corrected.

"Poor kid, it was a tragedy for her. Hugh was in the Air Force, and they were going to get married as soon as he got a ground job. And then, just at the end of his last tour, on his very last operation, he was shot down over the North Sea. That case was all she had left of him. Tough luck for Marcia."

"Very tough," I said. "I remember the cigarette case, of course, but she's never told me about Hugh. I suppose she wouldn't like to talk about him."

"That's right. Naturally she told me, because—well, that's different."

"Naturally. No hope of getting the bag back?"

"Well, hardly—with all that in it. Of course, one would gladly give her a cigarette case to take the place of Hugh's, but"—he gave a little shrug of his shoulders—"one can't, can one?"

I saw that he wanted to be admired for the delicacy of his feelings, so I said, "Too expensive nowadays, with the purchase tax."

He almost decided to leave me then. He said coldly, "It's hardly a question of money. I shall certainly give her a cigarette case at Christmas, but that's different."

"I see what you mean," I said quickly. "You're quite right, of course."

That soothed him, and he felt that he could take me into his confidence again.

"All the same one had to do something at once. I mean, the poor girl was in tears, and I don't wonder. So I've given her a new bag. Apparently she had only the one, poor kid. She'd actually had to borrow one from her mother. And then, losing twenty pounds like that and quarter day such a long way off, I felt it was the least I could do."

"It was extremely generous of you," I said warmly. "And just what she'd want. I suppose you know all about these things. I mean you would know the sort and the color and all that."

"That's right. Well, I had to ask about the color, of course. Naturally

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she'd want it to be the same color." He gave a little chuckle of self-appreciation. "But I did it very tactfully, so that she couldn't guess anything."

"I am sure she wouldn't guess. It will be a tremendous surprise. What color was it? I should have said black, but I never noticed bags very much."

He shook his head with a condescending smile. "No, no, not black. I knew it wasn't black. Green. As soon as she told me, I remembered. She always carries a green bag."

A DAY or two later (which is how these things happen) I was sitting in the smoking room of my club when young Hargreaves came in. With a shy smile and an apology, he leaned over me to ring the bell.

"I've just rung it," I said. "Have one with me instead."

He said, "Oh, I say!" and then, "I say, that's very decent of you. I'll have a sherry, but look here, these are mine." And, as the waitress came in, "What'll you have?"

I waved him down and said firmly to the girl, "Two large sherries, and put them on my luncheon bill." As she went, I said to Hargreaves, "I spoke first; you can't get away from that."

Hargreaves is very young; at least he seems so to me. He has only just joined the club, and as I am ten years older and have been a member twelve years longer, I feel a world-weary veteran when I talk to him. Like so many young men these days he passed straight into the Army from school. On demobilization he went up to Cambridge, cramming what should have been three leisurely years of graduation into life into a hectic twelve-month struggle for a book-learning degree. Then he was free to earn a living. Luckier than most, he had a family business to go into, with money to come (I get my gossip from the secretary); so we need not feel too sorry for him. But, like all these young people, he is a curious mixture of experience and innocence. He has seen half the world, met people of all countries in every class of life, had adventures of which, at his age, we knew nothing. Yet, in many of his contacts with civilian life, he still has the naïveté of a schoolboy.

We sipped our sherries and talked about the weather. The conversation came to its natural end. He pulled out his cigarette case and offered me one. I called his attention to the pipe I was smoking. He said, "Oh, sorry," and lit a cigarette for himself. With this to give him confidence, he began, "I say, I wish you'd tell me something."

"If I can."

"I don't know London very well—I mean, I don't know the best places to go to, and all that. What would be the best place to get a bag?"

"What sort of bag? Dressing case?"

"No, no, you know, the sort women carry about."

"Oh, that sort!"

I gave him the name of the shop at which I had bought Marcia's bag, and mentioned one or two other places.

"That's grand," he said, and made a note of them. "Thanks very much."

"They're expensive, you know, at shops like that. I'm assuming that you want a really good one."

"Oh, I do." He hesitated and said, "Er—about how much?"

"Ten to fifteen pounds."

"Oh!" He was more than surprised; he was taken aback.

"Of course," I said quickly, "you can get them much cheaper at some of the big places—well, obviously it depends on the bag."

"No, it must be a good one, but—" He gave an awkward little laugh. "I mean fifteen pounds is all right by me, but would the girl—I mean, I've only just met her, and it isn't her birthday or anything, so would she feel—I mean, it's quite a present, not like flowers or chocolates or taking her out to dinner. What do you think?"

"I should think she would be delighted," I said with some confidence. "I shouldn't worry about that."

"Oh, good. Then that's all right. And anyway, it is rather special. I mean there's a special reason for it."

It was clear that he wanted me to ask what it was, so I asked him. Besides, I was suddenly interested.

"Well, you see, she left her bag in the train, with everything in it, and there's no news of it, and it's been a frightful shock for her. Apart from everything else, she'd just cashed a check for fifty pounds—"

"I shouldn't do anything about that," I put in quickly.

"Well, I could hardly offer her money," he said with a delightful man-of-the-world air. "Actually there was something even worse—a gold and platinum cigarette case with her initial in diamonds—heaven knows what that cost, but of course it's the sentimental value which made it so precious to her."

"Of course," I said. I wasn't surprised.

"You see, she was engaged to a man who was killed just after D-Day. He was in Commandos, and he was dropped behind the lines with the Maquis, you know—"

"I know," I said. "So was I."

"I say, were you really? I was in the Burma show."

"So I heard. Sooner you than I."

"Oh, it wasn't so bad. I should say your job was a much stickier one."

"I'd lived in Paris for a good many years. I spoke French. That was all there was to it. What was this man's name? I may have come across him."

But I didn't think that it was very likely.

"She just called him John. I didn't like to ask his other name."

"Quite right," I said firmly.

"This was his engagement present to her. They were to be married on his first leave, and then—pretty bloody. And now she has lost all she had left of him." He was silent for a little, contemplating life. Then he threw his cigarette into the fire and said, "Well, of course I couldn't do anything about that, but I thought I could at least replace the bag."

"A very nice thought, if I may say so; and one which I'm sure she will appreciate. What color did you think of getting? They'll help you in the shop with all the rest of it, but you must be able to tell them the color. Most women have their own special color." Or, of course, colors.

"I know. So, to be quite safe, I'm getting one exactly like the one she lost. Luckily she happened to describe it—it just came out accidentally—but I was on to it like a shot. I mean in my own mind, of course. It was yellow."

"And a very pretty color, too," I said.

THIS should have been the end of it, for other people dropped in, and the conversation became general. But he came up to me again, hat in hand, as I sat alone in the lounge after lunch, drinking my coffee.

"Thanks very much for that address," he said. I thought it was nice of him to seek me out, as he was leaving the club, to thank me for so little. But apparently he had something else to ask.

Very casually, as if he knew the answer and wanted to see if I did, he said, "I say, I suppose there's nothing much to choose nowadays between the Berkeley and the Ritz? I mean for dinner."

"Nothing," I said. "You'll be perfectly safe at either."

"That's what I thought." He turned to go.

And then I wondered, a little anxiously, if he would be perfectly safe. He is a thoroughly nice boy, and he is going to meet a thoroughly nice girl one day.

"Just a word of advice, if I may," I called after him.

"Of course." He came back to me eagerly.

"Get a table near the band if you can."

He looked surprised, as well he might be. "Why?" he asked, very naturally.

"It's safer," I said . . .

All the same, I still think that she is a delightful girl to take out to lunch.

THE END

**"I'll Be Right Home, Ma"** (Continued from page 59)

it was over, I just thanked God you didn't get hurt."

He turned slowly. "You didn't hear what I said."

"I heard." She sat on the divan looking up at him. Her face was calm. The brown eyes seemed to reach out to him. There was no scorn in them.

"Three or four more fights, and Packy'll match me with the Champ. How can I fight the Champ and be afraid? Suppose I win? I'll be a champ who's afraid all the time. Someday they'll find out"

"Then why do you do it, Danny?" He studied her face. He searched it.

"Why are you looking at me that way?"

He didn't answer. He felt a chill run through him.

"Danny, what's the matter? Tell me, please."

"Nothing. There's nothing to tell . . ." He slumped down on the divan. His hands covered his face.

"What is it?" Her question hung in the air. It waited for an answer. The silence closed in on it slowly.

When he took his hands away from his face, they were wet. Drops of perspiration showed on his face. There was a streak of wetness above the scar near his right eye.

She reached up to wipe it away with her finger tips. Danny shuddered. She tried to withdraw her hand. He caught it, held it in his own.

"The first time. The very first time I was afraid. I was going to quit. Right there in front of all of them. But Packy wouldn't let me. Besides, there was a reason for it then. But no more. No more." He looked away from her toward the window. "Don't talk about it," he said. "Please don't talk about it."

"All right," she said. Then she added slowly. "But I don't like to see you feel this way."

"All my life . . . all my life . . ." he said in a hoarse voice.

They sat that way for a long time. Finally she got up. She went behind the screen to the kitchenette. He heard water running. A pot scraped the stove. After a while he smelled coffee. She moved out a little table. She laid a cloth and cups and saucers. When the coffee was ready, she poured it.

"Why do you do it, Danny? There's no sense of going on, the way you feel."

"What's the idea of saying that?" he shouted hoarsely. "You think my father . . ." He looked at her. Her face was suddenly white.

"Danny, Danny." She shook her head.

His throat was dry. "I'm sorry I

was rough with you. But don't ever say such a thing."

"You could quit. Who could stop you?"

"Quit? Is that what you meant?" "Sure, Danny. What else?"

What else? Thank God she didn't know what else. But he could remember . . . it wasn't something you forgot . . . not even if it happened so many years ago.

"TOMORROW a man's coming about the compensation," his mother had told him. It was only two days after his father was buried.

"Compensation?"

"Your father's insurance. He'll ask a lot of questions. But you don't know nothing. You're a dummy, see?"

"What'll he ask?"

She waited a bit. "He'll ask maybe . . . well, he might want to know if your father and me . . . if we ever had fights."

"Why should he ask?"

"Because he might, that's why. And you don't know nothing. See?"

"But the night before, Pa . . ." "You want to starve?"

"All right, Ma."

The next day Danny stayed home from school. When your father died, you stayed home for a week.

The man came in the afternoon. Danny's mother led him into the front room. He laid his brief case on the table and took some papers out of it.

"Now the names . . . wife . . . Margaret Callahan . . . son . . . Daniel . . . right?"

His mother nodded her head.

"How long had you been married?"

"Fourteen years."

"I see." He wrote on the form.

"Your age?"

"Thirty-two."

"And the boy?"

"Thirteen."

He wrote some more. Then he asked suddenly. "Did your husband ever suffer vertigo—dizzy spells?"

"Oh—well—everybody gets dizzy—sometimes—don't they?"

"I guess so." He pulled at his mustache. "Did he have any trouble with his heart or his lungs?"

"I don't know. I don't think so."

"I see. I see." He made broad black strokes with his pen. Danny's mother twisted her handkerchief. She strained to look across the table as he wrote, trying to read what was being put down.

The man looked up suddenly, and Mrs. Callahan dropped her eyes.

"Tell me, was your husband happy?" "Happy? Sure. Why not?"

"H'mmm. Did you ever quarrel?"



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"No. We got along very good." "Come now, you mean you never quarreled?"

"I didn't say 'never.'" "Well, how often did you quarrel?" "I don't think we quarreled more than most."

Danny squirmed in his seat. He stared down at the table. The man wrote something. He put the cap on the pen and screwed it closed. "This is a strange case. You know, I handle a lot of these scaffold cases for the department. It's my specialty, you might say. And this is a strange case."

The man put his pen into his vest pocket. "You see, usually a rope breaks or a knot slips. But this scaffold was in perfect shape."

"So?" "It's strange that your husband fell off."

"He could have slipped." "He could." He turned to Danny and smiled. "Tell me, son, you wouldn't tell a lie, would you?"

Danny looked at his mother. "Go on, Danny, answer the man." "No, sir. I wouldn't tell a lie." "You liked your father, didn't you?" Danny looked at his mother. "Don't be a dummy. Talk to the man."

"Yes, sir. I liked him. Very much." "That's a good boy." The man stared at him for a moment and then asked sharply, "Tell me, Danny, did your mother and father quarrel right before the accident?"

Danny stiffened. He turned to his mother. He could see the blue veins under the white skin of her temples. They jumped nervously. The look in her eyes said, "Do you want to starve, Danny?" Her voice was strained. It said, "Go on, Danny, tell the man."

Danny looked down at the table. "No, sir. They didn't."

The man looked at Mrs. Callahan. His upper lip quivered slightly. Then it became a weak smile. "That's fine. You'll be getting your check in the regular course."

His mother showed the man to the door. Danny went back into his room and sat on the bed. On her way from the door, his mother stopped at his room. "You're a good boy, Danny."

Danny twisted his cold hands together until they hurt. Inside his chest there was a pain.

What did the man mean about his father, about the scaffold? He turned and fell across the bed. His eyes were burning. He gasped. It was hard to breathe. Then the tears started. The first tears since his father had died. It felt good to cry . . .

**LUCY** got up. She went to his side and put her hand on his shoulder. His arm went unsurely around her waist. He drew her close to him. His

head pressed against her small breasts.

He got up and held her in his arms. "Lucy . . . I . . ." He stopped speaking. The first time in his life he found himself wanting to say it to anyone. It should be a simple thing to tell someone how you felt. But he couldn't. He only held her tighter. He heard her say, "I'm not afraid, Danny." He felt her body shudder. He lifted her face. Her eyes were wet.

"You want me to say it?" She didn't answer. "I—I don't know how. I never said it before."

"Don't say anything, Danny." She was shaking her head, and it rolled back and forth on his chest.

"What, Lucy?" She kept shaking her head. "I thought you would kiss me."

He bent to kiss her. But he couldn't. Instead he pressed his cheek to hers.

Inside he burned again. He'd disappointed her too. It was a little thing. To kiss a girl. Other men must do it often. To girls they hardly knew. He'd heard the boys at the gym talk. To meet a strange girl and go to bed with her. Something to talk about afterward. But he couldn't even kiss a girl. Not even Lucy.

His arm released her. He stepped back so that their bodies no longer touched. Then he said, "Tomorrow. Tomorrow, I'll quit. I'll tell him. I'll tell him once and for all."

**WHEN** he came into the gym the next afternoon, they all crowded around him. They spoke of his one-round knock-out of the night before. Danny stared at them. Slowly their smiles faded. Their enthusiasm dissipated. He pushed his way through them. Silently. He reached the ringside and looked around for Packy. Finally he found Al working out a new boy. "Where's Packy?"

"Over at the office." "The Garden?" "Where else after last night? But he'll be here later."

Danny waited a long time. Finally he saw Packy's face in the doorway. Packy looked around quickly, saw Danny. He walked over.

"Hya, Danny. Where were you? I been calling your home all morning."

"I was here. I want to talk to you, Packy."

"So talk." "Not here."

"What do you mean, not here?" Packy said. He rubbed his forefinger around his lips. "What's the matter?"

"Let's get out of here," Danny insisted.

"Okay, kid. Don't get excited." When they were outside, Packy led the way to a little bar half a block from the Garden. The place was empty except for the bartender.

Packy and Danny went to the back of the room. Packy pulled two chairs away from the table with quick movements of his foot. "Sit down."

Danny sat down. Packy lifted his foot to the other chair and leaned forward. "Well, kid?"

Danny looked away. "Packy . . . Packy, I want to quit."

"Quit?" Packy looked at him. The dark eyes seemed almost to push out of his head. "What do you mean, quit?"

Danny felt the pressure inside his chest growing so great he feared it would burst out of him. The little man wouldn't believe. He wouldn't believe. "I'm through."

"Through!" Packy's hand reached for Danny's shoulder. Danny jerked away. "Listen to me, kid," the little man said.

"I don't want to listen."

"You're saying that to me? To Packy Cohen?" The little man was tough. His voice was like the voice of a big man again. "You got something on your mind, spill it. But don't give me no more talk about quitting. Look at me, kid." Danny looked at him. "Now go on. Talk."

"I can't fight any more. I can't."

"Why? Why?"

Danny couldn't tell the little man. He couldn't tell anyone except Lucy. Somehow he could talk to her. She'd said, "They can't make you fight if you don't want to." He hoped she was right.

Packy spoke again "Kid, know where I was just now?"

"Al told me. The Garden."

"Right. Know why?"

"No."

"The Old Man called me in." Packy paused a moment. "He wants to give you a shot at the title."

Danny felt the sweat begin at the back of his neck. The thing he feared most. The title.

"Yeah, kid. After last night you can have it any time you want."

"Gee!"

"But don't worry, I said no."

"Good."

"Sure. You got to have three or four more fights before you're ready for the Champ. He's old, but he's smart. Very smart." Packy laughed. "You should have seen the Old Man's face when I said no. He thought I'd jump at it. He thought I'd kiss his fanny. I as good as told him we'll take it when we're ready. Then he started saying things about it was now or never. About how he'd fix it so we'd never get a shot at it or another main event in the Garden again. But I ain't worried. Not after last night. I laughed at him. Me, Packy Cohen, from the East Side. I stood in the office of Madison Square Garden, and I laughed at the Old Man. And why?"

Because you're the greatest fighter I ever saw, kid. I believe in you. So I could laugh at the Old Man. Besides, the dough he offers. Ridiculous."

"Jesus, Packy."

"What, kid?"

"Can't you understand? Don't you believe me? I want to quit."

"Go home, kid. You'll feel better tomorrow."

"No, I'll feel the same. I'll always feel the same."

"Did you feel that way last week, last month, last year?"

Yes . . . yes . . . yes," Danny said in a low hoarse voice.

"Why? What is it?"

DANNY looked away from him. This time Packy didn't put his hand on him. He didn't say, "Look at me." He only waited.

Finally Danny said, "Packy . . . I'm . . . I'm afraid."

Packy's voice was suddenly sharp and strident again. "Afraid of what?"

"Just afraid."

"All of a sudden he's afraid," Packy said as though to a third person. He reached across the table, turned Danny's head so he could look into his face. "I asked you, what's to be afraid?" Packy stared at him, waiting. "Go on kid, tell me."

"I'm afraid, Packy. All the time."

"In the ring?"

"Yeah."

Packy smiled. He patted Danny on the face. "Goyishe kup. Who ain't afraid in the ring? Who don't ever figure what could happen? But does it? No, a kid handled like I handle you don't get hurt. From the first fight, the very first fight on, I pick every opponent for you like I'm picking a wife."

The little man breathed hard. Short jerky breaths. His face was shining from the perspiration. He waited. Danny wished he'd go away. Wished he'd stop talking. The little man was hurt, and he hadn't wanted to hurt him.

"Take a week off, kid," Packy said softly.

"Packy, don't you understand? It's not just a week."

Packy shouted and pounded the side of his head with his clenched fist. "Since they told me I was going to die, I ain't heard such a thing. What is it, kid?"

"Please, Packy don't ask me any more."

"Don't ask him! Danny, I'm beggin' you. What is it?"

"I'm scared. Just scared."

"That's not enough."

"I just don't want to fight any more."

"Still not enough," the little man said sharply.

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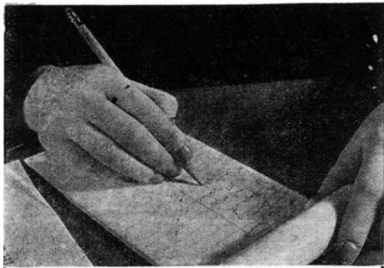
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Danny said, and he turned away.

"You don't want to talk about it?" the little man said breathlessly. "Well, I want to talk about it. And who am I? I'm the guy who bought you fresh, clean equipment when all the other kids were using dirty old stuff. I'm the guy who, for the first fight, got you a made-to-order mouthpiece. I'm the guy who went with you to that first fight. You seen other good managers do that? I'm the guy who stayed up nights figuring and planning for you. I'm going to make you a champ. I'm going to make you one of the greatest fighters of all time. I'm so excited about you I can't sleep. I can't eat. Goldie sits up with me till three, four o'clock in the morning, just waiting till I go to bed. And she don't mind, because she knows I believe in you. She knows I got a champ. That's who I am. And I want to talk about it." He pounded the table.

The bartender walked back to see what was happening. Packy looked at him. "Go back up front," he said harshly. The bartender left them alone again. . . "Well, kid, I want to talk about it."

"Please, Packy, please."

"Kid, you don't throw away a fortune, a career, a title, with just a couple of pleases." Packy gripped Danny's right hand. He massaged it gently. Then he looked at it. "A million dollars . . . a million dollars . . . a million dollars . . ." He kept repeating it over and over.

Danny wanted to withdraw his hand. It would have slipped easily out of the little man's tender grasp. But he couldn't draw it away. It would have felt like stealing.

"They give me a hundred thousand dollars right this minute," the little man said as he stroked the hand. "I don't take it. I take this." He tightened his grip on Danny's hand. He sat there holding the hand and looking off into space. Then he shook his head as though talking to himself. Danny waited. He was trying not to breathe. The little man who was talking to himself would be disturbed by his breathing.

"No, kid," Packy said, "you can't do it." He pressed Danny's hand down on the table suddenly. It was a decision. He moved his chair back.

Before he could get up, Danny said, "Wait, Packy."

Packy looked at him. His face was set in hard creases. "You got something to say, kid?"

"Yeah."

"Well, shut up!" the little man said fiercely. "I'm sitting here thinking. All of a sudden it hit me. What's wrong? I know what's wrong. You're telling me what to do. It can't be like that. All the time I should be telling you. So now I'm telling you. You're

going to fight. I don't put five years in a boy he should walk out on me. I don't work and plan and stay up nights for nothing. You're going to fight. Come on."

Packy got up. He waited for Danny to rise. Danny remained seated. "Come on," the little man said. His voice was sharp and authoritative. Every ounce of force and belief and dignity he could muster was in it. Danny could tell from Packy's face that if he didn't get up the little man would burst into tears. To spare him humiliation, Danny got up.

"Come with me!" Packy walked out of the bar. Danny followed.

When they were out on the street Danny asked, "Where we going?"

"To the Old Man's office."

"The Old Man? But Packy. . ."

"No buts, kid. You fight. That's the way it's got to be. You done all right so far. Now you fight again. Now you fight the Champ. You win the title. I'm entitled to at least that much after what I been through for you. Come on."

Danny started walking slowly. He knew it was too late. Too late to quit. The little man wouldn't let him.

**T**HEY went to the Old Man's office. Packy took off his hat and knocked on the door.

"Come," a voice said from within.

Packy opened the door. Danny saw hundreds of pictures of prize fighters hanging on the walls. There were two huge corner windows that looked out on Eighth Avenue. Before them at an angle was a large desk. Behind the desk sat a bald, fat man with a cigar in his mouth. His coat was off.

Packy advanced toward the desk. The bald man looked up at him inquisitively.

"This is Danny Callahan," Packy said.

The man moved his head slightly in Danny's direction. A little smile broke through to his lips. "Hello, boy."

"Hello," Danny said. This was the Old Man. The guy who told everybody when to fight.

The fat man chuckled a little. "You were giving me such a sales talk this morning." He sucked at his teeth as though tasting a particle of food that stuck in them. Packy smiled nervously. He turned his gray hat around in his hands. He waited for the bald man to speak again.

The man made a gesture with his hand. It meant for them to sit down. Danny sat. Packy kept standing. He moved a little closer to the desk.

"It was just talk. You know," Packy said.

"That's better," the man said. He leaned back in his swivel chair. It creaked under his weight. He put his thumbs in the waist of his pants. He

drummed his fingers on his bulging belly. "I don't like it. Don't like it at all. If I thought you were serious, I'd never let you come back in here."

"Sure, I know," Packy said. "Well?"

"I ain't through yet," the bald man said. "I don't want it to happen again. I like to deal with reliable men. I don't like temperamental managers." He turned to Danny. "I don't like temperamental prize fighters neither." He sucked his teeth again. "Understand?" He stared at Danny. Danny felt his face growing red. "Understand?" I said."

"He understands. He understands," Packy said quickly.

"Okay. Now that we all understand each other, let's talk. First thing, he's got to fight his next six fights for me." He pointed at Danny and looked at Packy. "Longer if he keeps the title. Right?"

Packy nodded. He pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his forehead and his right cheek.

"All right, then. Let's talk." The bald man sucked his teeth again. Then he said, "Ten percent."

"Ten percent of the gate?" Packy asked. "That's nothing. It should be twenty. Even more."

The Old Man looked at him without saying a word. Then he turned and looked out of the window. "I'm a reasonable man. Talk."

Danny started to get up. Packy motioned him to sit down. "Have a heart," he said to the Old Man. "Ten percent is nothing. Figure training and expenses and my cut. The kid winds up with nothing."

The Old Man swung in his swivel chair. "Nothing? He'll clear ten thousand net. I wish somebody would pay me ten thousand dollars for an hour's work. How many people in the whole country make ten thousand dollars or more in a whole year? And he'll get it for an hour's work. You're going to tell me that ain't good pay?" The Old Man had a hurt look on his face. Then he added, "Besides, if he wins the title he can defend it outdoors twice, once in June, once in September. That's two big gates. He can make a hundred thousand dollars in three months. Ten percent." He stared out of the window.

Packy drummed his fingers on the edge of the desk. "Twenty?" he asked softly, but his voice was hoarse.

The Old Man thought awhile. He scratched his bald head lightly with his thumbnail. Then he turned around. The swivel chair squeaked as he moved. "Fifteen."

Packy waited for the words to sink in. When he was sure, he smiled. He turned to Danny. Danny was clenching his fists. His face was red.

"It's a deal," Packy said.

"Good." The Old Man reached

across the desk and held out his hand. Packy shook it. "It'll be the twenty-third. Fifteen rounds. Take care of that boy." He pointed to Danny.

Packy nodded his head.

"Oh," the Old Man said as though it were an afterthought. "Hansi gets twenty percent of your boy's share."

"Hansi? Twenty percent?"

"That's right. Hansi ain't laying his title on the line for nothing. If your boy wins, Hansi gets twenty percent of everything he makes as long as he's Champ."

"That's rob—" Packy checked himself. "Is it legal?"

"Who knows? It's good business. It's how I protect boys that fight for me. I'm doing it now for Hansi. I'll do it for your boy too. Figure it this way. If your boy wins, he pays off to Hansi. When your boy defends his title, he gets the same deal—twenty percent from the guy who beats him."

Packy's face looked thinner. The cheeks were more sunken. He said in a low voice, "All right. It's a deal."

"Good." The Old Man pressed a buzzer. The door opened. A girl was standing there.

"Get me the contracts," he said. The girl disappeared. She returned with the papers. She handed them to the Old Man and left. He motioned to Danny. Danny got up and came over to the desk.

"I like it in writing at the start. You'll sign for the newspapers next week." He picked up a pen and held it out. Danny looked at Packy.

"Sign, kid."

**DANNY** took the pen. He held it a moment. Then he said to Packy. "You're not even going to read it?"

"Easy, kid."

"Jesus," was all that Danny could say. He leaned over and signed his name alongside the Old Man's thumb. When he finished, the Old Man took the pen out of his hand.

"Sign," he said to Packy. Packy signed. The Old Man blotted the signatures. "You'll get a copy later," he said. He folded the papers. "Take care of that boy. I don't want nothing to happen to him."

"He'll be okay."

The Old Man put his hand on Danny's shoulder. "You'll make plenty of dough, kid. Save it. Take care of money. It's a prize fighter's only friend."

Danny jerked his shoulder free of the Old Man's hand.

"What's the matter, kid?"

"Nothing, Nothing, except I don't like people touching me." He started toward the door.

"I told you," Packy said to the Old Man. "You didn't believe me. But I told you he's temperamental."

The Old Man shrugged his shoulders, and Packy and Danny walked

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out. They went through the door. Down the stairs. On the sidewalk Packy paused. Danny waited.

Packy said half aloud, "It was going to be so different. All my life I planned it so different. So I was like an errand boy." He bit the inside of his lips. "This morning I as good as told him to go to hell; then I had to eat bitter bread."

"It was my fault," Danny said. "No, kid. Forget it." Packy patted him on the shoulder.

"I can't understand it, Packy. It don't make sense."

"It works his way. It always works his way."

"But the papers. You just got done talking about it, and the papers were ready."

"They were ready since last night. Before you took your shower last night, he was drawing up the papers. And it don't do no good to read them. There was only one way we could make him change them. We should take less. More he never gives."

Danny walked beside him. When they got to Stillman's, Packy stopped. Danny started to go through the dark entrance.

"Not today, kid. You had enough for today. But tomorrow morning be here early. You got a lot to learn about Hansi. A lot. Be here early." Danny turned to go. Packy held his arm. "Listen, kid, I know what you must be feeling now. I know how I feel." Then he added softly, "And it was going to be so different."

"HE WOULDN'T believe it," Danny said. "He just wouldn't believe it."

Lucy held his hand. They looked out over the black water of the Hudson River.

"Somehow I knew all along it wouldn't work." He watched the sign that told them the time. "Maybe it's better this way. I don't know anything. I can't do anything."

"You're young. You could learn." "I'm sorry, Lucy. Sorry."

She lifted his hand and kissed it. He drew it away, embarrassed.

"Maybe Packy was right. Maybe they're all scared, just like I am. But I had to give Packy a chance. I had to. All the time he's wanted a champ."

"Will you win, Danny?" "I don't know. Packy said I should have had three or four more fights first. Now I won't. The Champ's good. Plenty good. Maybe if I lose . . ."

The sign blinked 9:57. "We better go," Danny said. They walked back to the house.

When they got upstairs Lucy opened the door. She said softly, "I got a job today."

"You did? Good." But Danny's voice was unsure.

"It's funny," she said. "You get a

chance to be Champ. I get a job. We ought to be happy now. But we're not. Are people ever happy? I wonder." Tears shone in her eyes.

"Don't," he said. "don't cry."

"But it isn't right," she said.

"Nothing's right. And there's nothing we can do about it. I tried to tell him. But I couldn't."

**WITHIN** a week Packy took Danny over to the Old Man's office to sign the contracts for the newspapermen and photographers. Five times he went through the motions of signing. The flashlights popped. Photographers shouted advice. "Smile . . . look tough . . . glare at Hansi . . ."

Hansi Shultz went through the proceedings with the calm of experience. He was Danny's height, slightly bald, with a flat nose that seemed made up of two parts—the bone that was fixed in his head, and the misshapen fleshy part that was left over from the beatings he had taken.

Danny did as he was told, eying Packy who stood in the background nodding and gesturing to him. The whole thing seemed unreal.

The reporters crowded around him. They asked him questions. Pressed him for a statement. "Do you think you'll win the title? . . . Will you knock him out? . . . Can you take him?"

Danny looked around for Packy. He heard his voice right behind him, "Tell them, Danny."

Danny hesitated. He remembered O'Neil in Boston. "I'll win," he said. The crowd around him laughed. One of them asked, "Is that all?"

Danny looked at him. "That's enough, ain't it?"

Everyone laughed. One of the reporters said, "Smart answer, kid."

The Old Man called out, "Drinks." There was a rush for the door. Danny felt a hand on his back. "I better go with them," Packy said. "I'll make talk. It won't do no harm."

Danny found himself in the suddenly quiet room with Hansi. He looked at him. Hansi smiled. Danny turned away.

"Nervous, kid?" Hansi asked and walked over to him. Danny didn't answer. Hansi slapped him on the arm. "I know how you feel, but you got to smile at them. Twice they marked me down for a has-been. Twice they wrote I should retire and go back to Pittsburgh. I'm through. Then the Old Man gets stuck for a title contender. He picks me. He don't care. No matter who fights, he makes dough. I'm a pushover, these vultures say. So I cut the guy to ribbons. They stop the fight. One day I'm a bum. The next day I'm a champ. The vultures are hanging on me everywhere I turn."

He reached down and pressed Danny's right hand. "Well, take it easy. I got to call my wife now. Every day I call her in Pittsburgh. No matter where I am. It's the only thing I got out of being Champ. I can call my wife long-distance every day. That, and I got a trust fund for my kid."

He smiled and shook his head, "No kid of mine is ever going to get beat up for a few crummy bucks. He's going to college. Well, I'll see you the night of the fight, Danny. Take care."

Danny said, "So long." Hansi patted him on the shoulder and walked out of the room. Danny waited there alone. He looked around the room. He examined the pictures of the fighters on the walls. They were all great fighters, legends: Benny Leonard, Jack Dempsey, Jimmy McLarnin, Harry Wills, Jack Delaney, Fidel La Barba, Harry Greb. He saw a picture of Gene Tunney. He examined it closely, for a long time. Tunney had quit. No one could make him fight when he didn't want to.

**P**ACKY came back and took him over to Stillman's. He took a routine workout and, when he was finished, Packy led him over to the wall. "Start punchin', kid."

Danny shot hard rights and lefts against the wall. Packy watched carefully and stopped him as soon as he tired a little.

He led the boy downstairs to the ring where he put him in with a fast colored boy for six rounds. Then he motioned Danny out of the ring.

"What's wrong?" Danny said.

"Time to quit."

"But I've only gone six," Danny said.

"Never mind. Take a shower and get dressed. I'll wait for you."

When Danny reappeared, they left the gym and went to the Y. M. C. A. on West Twenty-third Street. Packy took him into a small locker room.

"What's the idea?" Danny asked.

"You got plenty to learn. Everything you should be learning in the next three or four fights, you got to learn before this one. Get into these clothes."

When Danny was dressed, Packy led him into a dark gymnasium. A heavy-set man with gray hair waited. He wore gray flannel pants and a gray sweat shirt with a big "Y" on it.

"This is the kid, Chris."

Chris said, "Hello." He held out a pair of boxing gloves for Packy to take. Packy took them and slipped them on Danny's hands and tied them tightly. Then he adjusted Chris's gloves. When they were ready, Packy said, "Take it easy, kid. Chris ain't so fast, but he'll learn you plenty. Just take it easy."

They squared off. Chris led his left,

# What you don't know can hurt you

BY BERNARD GEIS

**If caught in a burning building,** remember at least two things. First, do not walk upright. Crawl, because the nearer you are to the floor, the less the smoke and fumes. Secondly, use caution in opening a door, especially one leading to a hall or stairway. A searing blast of overheated air may rush through the suddenly opened doorway and prove instantly fatal. Touch the door. If it is hot, keep it closed, and seek some other way out of the building.

**Old age has its compensations.** From the viewpoint of health, older people generally enjoy better resistance to many infections. Migraine headaches often become things of the past soon after middle life. Certain cancers are likely to progress much more slowly in the old than in the young, and diabetes is commonly less severe in old age than in youth and middle age.

**Oatmeal is probably the most nourishing** of the common foods known to man, penny for penny and pound for pound. Adults who don't care for milk and wish to avoid fattening cream may profitably garnish their oatmeal with syrup. Dieticians will tell you that a bowl of oatmeal, properly cooked with salt, and then fortified with natural honey, truly constitutes "a meal in itself."

**If you hesitate to bathe your dog** because of some health condition or because of the weather, you can give him an effective dry shampoo by brushing his coat with fullers' earth. This is recommended particularly for house pets and lap dogs, who must, of course, be kept reasonably well groomed at all times. (Needless to say, this treatment should not be given if the dog has any cuts or open sores. And if the skin of your hands is broken anywhere, make sure you wear rubber gloves to protect them adequately.)

**Sufferers from insomnia** make the big mistake of worrying about it too much. They have a tendency to toss and keep themselves awake, wondering just how terrible they are going to feel the next day. Actually, chronic insomniacs can derive considerable comfort from what experts have to say on the subject—that you can get a fairly good night's rest without closing an eye, literally. In other words, body rest is the important thing, and energy can accumulate almost as fast when you are lying down quietly as when you are asleep. Besides, the less you worry about falling asleep when you go to bed, the sooner you are likely to achieve that desired state.

**If you must gamble,** and if roulette is your particular weakness, try to find a wheel with a minimum of zeros. The renowned Casino of Monte Carlo has done very well with its classic wheel, which has only one zero. But many establishments elsewhere have two—zero and double zero—and some operators push the spirit of free enterprise so far as to add still another gimmick, generally known as an Eagle. This means that there are thirty-nine numbers instead of thirty-seven, while the pay-off remains at thirty-five to one for a direct hit on a single number. What is much worse, however, is that your bets on the so-called even chances are shakier in the presence of additional "neutrals"—the zeros, Eagles, and such, being neither red nor black, neither odd nor even, neither high nor low. They are, therefore, the curse of the "system" players in particular, and all players in general.

and Danny brushed it aside. The man had no power. Danny pushed a light left forward, but Chris ducked away. They moved slowly back and forth—feinting, jabbing. Finally Chris seemed winded from moving. He lunged forward into a clinch. Danny let him hold on. Packy yelled, "Break." Danny tried to back away. Chris held on with both hands. Danny relaxed. But Chris's arms were tight around his. Suddenly Danny felt a sharp jarring blow on the chin. His head rocked. He stepped back. Chris followed up with two light lefts and then stepped back and dropped his arms.

"That's it," Packy shouted. "Now, come here, kid."

Danny walked over. He rubbed his jaw with the back of his glove. Chris came over. He said, "Sorry, kid," so softly it didn't intrude on Packy's command of the situation.

"Get back in the clinch," Packy ordered. Chris and Danny assumed their pose. Packy stood close to them. "Watch, kid . . . Okay, Chris."

Chris suddenly jerked his head upward until it met Danny's chin. But this time it was done easily. It didn't hurt.

"See that, kid? That's what you'll get from Hansi every time. But he won't be after your chin. He'll be after that scar on your right eye. It's a come-on for him. If he opens it in the first four rounds, you're licked. He'll make it bleed bad, and they'll stop the fight. So watch it in the clinches. Watch when he breaks and tries to butt you with his head. Got it?"

Danny nodded.

"Now try it again. Keep your head away if you can. Now go ahead."

Chris took his stance. Danny fell in, and they began sparring easily. Light blows were thrown. Few of them landed. Chris fell into a clinch. Danny watched him closely. Packy yelled, "Break." Danny pushed Chris away from him, holding his own head clear. Chris smiled. He moved in again. He shot a left that missed Danny's face. But he brought it back quickly so the side of his glove scraped across Danny's face. It burned, as though a piece of hot lead had been drawn suddenly across his face. Danny moved in. Chris missed with his left again. Danny realized it was intentional. Then the backhand caught him on the left side of his face again.

"Hold it," Packy called out. Danny walked over to him.

"Understand, kid? It's a backhand. Illegal? Sure. But Hansi will pull it and get away with it. So watch it coming and going. Use your head every second. Now get back in there."

They started again. Chris moved slowly. He ducked and shifted faster than his speed afoot seemed to allow.

He threw lefts swiftly. Danny caught them on his gloves and his wrists. He ducked away from others, but he took some on his face. Then Chris began concentrating on Danny's right eye. He shot one that missed. Then another that landed high on the head. A third landed lightly on the eye, but Danny felt a sudden stinging. He blinked his eye. Everything seemed red through it. Chris stepped back.

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Packy called out, "What's the matter, kid?"

"My eye."

"Come here."

Danny walked over. Packy looked at it. "Not bad. But when Hansi Shultz does it, it'll be plenty bad. That's the thumb. Watch it, kid. It can blind you. Now go to it again."

**D**ANNY boxed with Chris for what seemed like a long time. There was no bell that rang every three minutes. They kept working. Danny was breathing hard when Packy finally called out, "Okay!"

They relaxed. Danny felt relieved that it was over. It was one of the toughest fights he'd ever had. Chris smiled and patted Danny on the back. "Nice going, kid. Sorry I had to do it." They walked over to where Packy stood.

"Thanks, Chris. How do you feel?"

"Okay." He put his gloved hand under his arm, locked it there and pulled his hand out.

"We'll be back tomorrow."

Chris waved his hand and walked away. Packy untied Danny's gloves. "Go take a shower, kid."

When Danny was dressed, Packy took him to a restaurant on Twenty-third Street. While Danny sipped his milk, Packy talked.

"You see, kid? That's what you'll be up against with Shultz. When you read in the papers he's 'crafty' or

'ringwise,' that's a way of saying he's tough and dirty. You been fooled before, but never like Hansi can do it. You been fighting a long time in those tank-town clubs. The guy Hansi won the title from is fighting today with one bad eye."

"Gee, but he seemed like such a nice guy," Danny said.

"Nice guy? You talked to him?"

"Yeah. In the Old Man's office. He told me about his wife and kid."

"Even a murderer likes his own kids. Listen to me. He's mean and tough and dirty as they come. He fights with everything he's got. So every day from now on you do your offensive boxing at Stillman's. But for defensive work you come down here with me. Chris'll teach you. He knows. One of the best boxing instructors in the business. He'll teach you what to watch for. How to protect yourself against it. I ain't throwing you in to get cut up like hamburger. You'll be ready as I can get you. Remember that, kid."

Danny nodded his head. He sipped his milk, scowling.

"What's the matter, kid?"

"Nothing."

"It won't be long." Then Packy's voice softened. "You win the title and defend it half a dozen times, and then you can quit. Okay?"

Packy looked at Danny over the top of his coffee cup. His eyes were waiting anxiously.

"All right, Packy."

The eyes seemed relieved. Packy tilted the cup and drank.

**T**HREE days before the fight Packy took him to the Y for the last time. When they left, Packy said, "Go uptown and pack enough clothes for a few days."

"Clothes? What for?"

"You're going to stay in a hotel with me and Al until the fight."

"Hotel? Why?"

"The last three days I don't want you to talk to nobody. I don't want you to see nobody. Go home and pack."

"But my mother. . ."

"I'll talk to her. It'll be okay."

"It's not that. She'll . . . she'll be alone."

Packy smiled. "Never saw a guy worry about his mother the way you do. You sure love her, don't you?"

Danny felt his throat grow tight.

"Nothing to be ashamed of, kid. It's a nice thing a kid should love his mother. But don't worry about her. Three nights she can be alone. You can call up a couple of times a day. It ain't forever. It's only three days."

"Do I have to?"

"Yeah, kid. I don't want you upset by nothing right before a title fight. So go home and pack. Meet me at the

Park Central at eight. And don't eat. We'll have supper together."

Danny went home and packed. His mother watched him.

"Where you going, Danny?"

"I got to live in a hotel till the fight."

"Oh."

He looked up at her. The "oh" had a peculiar sound to it.

"Why don't you call somebody—maybe Mrs. Malloy—to come and stay with you while I'm gone?"

"It's a good idea."

He closed his suitcase and swung it from the bed to the floor. She stood in the doorway.

"Do you think you'll win, Danny?"

"I don't know. Packy says I got a good chance."

"How much will you get, Danny?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand?" She looked at him. There was doubt in her eyes. "For a championship fight? I thought they got more. A hundred thousand maybe."

"No. Only fifteen thousand. And Packy gets a third." He picked up his bag.

On the way downtown he stopped at Lucy's. She wasn't there. He waited a long time on the front steps. Finally he saw her coming down the block. She ran to meet him.

"Danny! What's the matter? Where are you going?"

"I'm going downtown to a hotel. Packy says I got to stay there till the fight. I won't be able to see you. I'm like a prisoner. I'm so valuable now I can't go out."

"Come upstairs, Danny."

"I don't have much time."

"Come. Please, Danny."

They went upstairs. She opened the door. He went in, put down his bag, and put his arms around her.

"Danny, Danny," she kept saying.

"It's only for three days. I'll be here right after the fight."

"Suppose something happens?"

"Nothing can happen."

"They say he's too good for you. I've been reading all the papers. They say he's got too much experience. That he's too crafty!"

"Who says?"

"All the writers. Is it true?"

"I don't know. Packy says I can win."

"Don't get hurt, Danny. Please."

"I'll try not to."

"Danny, if anything happens to you, I don't know what I'll do."

"Nothing will happen."

"Can I go?"

"No. I don't want you to. You—your won't like it . . . It could be—not so nice."

"But I'll be worried."

"You can listen on the radio. I'll be here right after the fight. You wait

for me right here, Lucy. Will you?"

She reached up and ran her fingers over his face. They moved along his jaw, over his nose, and up to his hair. "Oh, Danny, Danny," she said.

He kissed her on the head. She raised her face. He kissed her on the cheek for the first time. "I love you, Lucy." He said it—for the first time. Then again, as though by repetition he could make it mean what he wanted to say.

THE morning of the fight, Packy and Al took him downtown in a cab. They went to the State Building on Centre Street. There was a crowd near the entrance. When Danny stepped out of the cab, they cheered and yelled. Uniformed guards rushed him to a waiting elevator inside the building. They went up. Packy led him to a room. It was full of reporters and photographers. Flashlights went off as Danny entered.

Packy told him to strip down to his shorts. He did. Doctors examined him. His heart, his blood pressure. They put him on a scale and weighed him. There was a big stir of excitement. Hansi Shultz had walked in. The reporters and photographers left Danny and crowded around Shultz. Hansi smiled and waved his hand. He clasped his hands over his head. Flashlights went off.

He came over to Danny. His face was thin and smiling. The whole thing seemed like a big joke to him.

"Hello," Danny said.

"Hya . . . gee, I forgot your name." He laughed. Everyone in the room laughed. Danny felt his face get red.

"Danny Callahan," he said.

Everybody laughed louder. It seemed like a bigger joke. Flashlights went off again. The doctors examined Shultz. He kept talking and laughing all the while. Danny moved back into the crowd to watch. Packy stood beside him. "Easy, kid. Don't get nervous."

A voice called out, "Where's Callahan? Get them together at the scale."

Packy pushed Danny forward.

"Look at the scale as though you're interested in what Hansi weighs," a voice suggested.

Danny looked. He couldn't see. The figures appeared blurred. The flashlights went off. Shultz stepped off the scale. He took a fighter's pose. Someone called out, "Go on, Danny." Danny fell into a pose with him. He looked into Shultz's face. It seemed like a skull. The bald forehead. The flat nose. The long sharp jaw. Only the reddish color of the tight skin and the hard eyes kept it looking alive. The flashlights went off again.

Danny felt a hand on his shoulder. It was Packy. "Get dressed, kid." Danny put on his clothes. Suddenly he heard Shultz's voice call out, "See

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you tonight, Danny?" Everybody laughed again.

A voice beside Danny said, "A clown. That Shultz is a clown."

They went out the door and to the elevator. On the street they called a cab and went back to the hotel.

There Danny went into the bedroom. He lay down on the bed. He tried to sleep. Every time he closed his eyes he saw Shultz's face. The gaunt skeletonlike face, the flat nose, the long bony jaw. Hansi's kid would go to college because Hansi's nose was flat. It didn't make sense.

Danny held his arm over his own eyes and shook his head slowly. In his stomach was the hard knot of fear. It was crazy fear. All mixed up. His mother and Shultz and Al's glass eye. All rolled into one lump. He turned over and buried his head in the pillow . . .

He woke up when he felt Packy's hand shaking him. "Come on, kid."

Danny looked up. It was dark outside. "What time is it?"

"After six. You got to eat now."

Danny got up.

"You had a good sleep, kid. That's the best thing."

Packy led him into the sitting room. There was the small movable table from which they'd eaten all their meals for the past three days. It was covered by a white tablecloth. The silverware and the dishes were neatly laid out. They sat down. Packy portioned out the food, carefully considering every piece that went to Danny. They ate silently. When they finished, Packy made Danny sit down in the easy chair. Packy and Al played cards. Danny picked up a magazine. After a time he laid it aside. He got up and went to the window. The lights of Central Park were strung out in winding patterns in the darkness.

Packy tugged at the knot of his tie. "Well, kid, it's time to go."

Danny felt the words in the pit of his stomach. He grew tense. He was suddenly touched by a cold hand in the groin. He wet his lips. "Okay."

He walked to the door, stopped. "Just a minute." He went to the telephone, gave the operator a number. He waited. A voice answered. He asked for Lucy. Finally he heard her voice.

"It's me," he said.

"Oh, Danny."

"I'm going now."

"Take care, Danny."

"Sure."

"Good luck. I'll be waiting for you."

"Yeah. Thanks."

He hung up and turned to Packy. "Okay."

**THEY** arrived at Madison Square Garden and were led directly to a dressing room.

"Remember this room, kid?" Packy asked smiling.

Danny nodded.

"Same one as the night you smeared Taylor in the first. It's for good luck. Start undressin', kid."

A man came in with the tape for Danny's hands. He handed it to Al, but Packy pulled it away. "I'll do it." He turned to Danny. "Hold out your hand, kid."

Danny held out his right hand. Packy began winding the white tape around it carefully. "Too tight, kid?"

Danny shook his head. Packy kept winding. He finished. Al stood by with a piece of adhesive. He stuck it on to hold the tape firmly in place. "The other one."

Danny held out his left. Packy wound the tape carefully around it. "Too tight, kid?" Danny shook his head again. Al stuck the adhesive on. The little man who had brought the tape looked at Danny's hands. He felt the tape. "Okay," he said.

"Try them, kid," Packy said.

Danny flexed his hands. The tape felt right.

**PACKY** motioned to Al. He picked up the water bottle and Packy's bag and went to the door. He stopped there. "You'll be okay, kid." He stepped outside.

"Lay down, kid."

Danny rested back on the table. Packy began massaging his body. He worked on his stomach and his arms and legs. As he worked he talked. "A long way, kid. A long way since the first time. Remember?"

Danny nodded his head.

"You can take him, kid," Packy repeated slowly. "You can take him." Danny felt Packy's hands dig into his shoulders as he said it. Danny shivered. "What's the matter, kid?"

"Nothing," Danny said, and he breathed deeply.

"What the sports writers said. It's a lie, kid. You ain't overmatched. Sure Shultz is smart. He's older. But you can take him. You got power and youth on your side."

Packy stepped back from the table. He smiled, but his eyes didn't change. They were hard. "I spoke to Goldie today. She said to tell you she wishes you *mazel*. Remember, kid?"

"Yeah, I remember. It means luck."

Danny rolled over on his stomach. Packy worked on his back muscles. He concentrated on the hard clot of muscles under his right arm. "Good, kid. Very good," he said as he massaged them. He was silent awhile.

"Kid . . ." His voice sounded different. It had an urgency about it that it hadn't had before. Danny felt the little man's hands grow tense. He stopped breathing. He waited, listened.

"Nobody ever knows what the right

time is. It could be tonight or next month. It wasn't like I had a choice. All that talk about quitting. Christ, kid, it didn't give me time to think. But that don't mean tonight ain't the right time. You'll never be stronger. You're at your peak now. Smarter? Maybe. But not stronger. Never."

The little man was silent for a while. He worked methodically on Danny's back. Danny heard him breathing hard. The little man wasn't sure. For the first time since Danny had known him, Packy wasn't sure. It reminded Danny of a night not long after his father died. He had awakened wet from sweat. After a bad dream. He'd been afraid. He started out of his room to find his father. To crawl into bed beside him. Then he remembered. His father was dead. Lying in a sack in a coffin in a cemetery in Brooklyn. He'd felt alone.

Now that Packy wasn't sure, he felt the same way. Alone. He shivered again. Packy's hands pressed into his flesh, but they couldn't warm him. The little man was growing fearful. Danny felt sorry for him. He tried to look up. Packy's hand held his head down.

"Relax, kid." But Danny felt the hard lump in his belly. He wondered if it had grown harder and tougher as his muscles had grown.

"Whatever happens, kid, I did my best. I never sold a boy down the river. Not for money or nothing. If you didn't have a chance, I wouldn't have made the match. Not for anything in the world. You can win, kid. You can win."

Danny listened. The little man was talking strong words, but his voice was pleading. It was asking for something. Danny couldn't answer. Packy went on working.

There was a knock on the door. Packy's hand grew rigid on Danny's shoulder.

"Okay, it's time." It was Al's voice. Packy patted Danny on the shoulder. Danny got up slowly. Packy threw the blue robe over his shoulders.

"Okay, kid?" Packy's voice was still asking. Danny started for the door. "Turn around and look at me," Packy said softly. Danny turned around. The little man's face was drawn tight by the tortured feelings he carried. "It's all right, kid?"

Danny looked at him. He wanted to speak. But he couldn't.

"Any other boy, I wouldn't mind so much. But you. You did what I said. You believed me. You didn't argue. You didn't talk back. You didn't fool around with dames. And all the time you kept quiet. You didn't say nothing. If I only knew what went on inside that head of yours. Speak. Say something."

Danny shook his head slowly.

"Jesus, what can I say? I'll try. I'll try to win."

"It ain't that, kid. That I know. But me? What about me?"

"Jesus, Packy, if I lose I won't blame it on you. No matter what—I won't blame you."

"Honest, kid?"

"Yeah, honest. You did the best you could for me. It's not your fault, Packy. It's not your fault."

There was another knock on the door.

"Yeah. We're coming." Packy said hoarsely. "Then it's okay, kid?"

"Yeah, Packy. It's okay. I don't know how to tell you. But you're my friend. I feel you're my friend. Honest."

Packy came over to him. He put his arms around Danny and held him tightly. "You can win, kid. I swear it on my mother's grave. You can win."

Packy released him, went to the door and opened it. "Here we go, kid."

They went out. Packy slammed the door behind them. It had a lonesome sound as it echoed through the concrete corridor.

Al fell in alongside him. Packy on the other side. They walked along together. Danny looked down at Al. He saw the glass eye staring ahead. He looked at Packy. The thin face was tight. The mouth twitched. The little man held on to Danny's arm and pressed it in rhythm. It felt like a pulse beat in his elbow. He hoped the little man wasn't as tortured now as he had been before. They kept walking toward the opening straight ahead where lights shone, and a haze of smoke hung like a moving veil.

THE FACES rose and shouted as Danny stepped into the ring. "Wave your hand, kid; wave," Packy said.

Danny waved to the crowd and dropped to the little stool in his corner. Packy began rubbing his stomach. Danny looked up. Packy winked.

"You're a good kid. A good kid," Packy said. Then he was quiet. Danny could hear the monotonous clicking of telegraph instruments. He could hear the babble of voices.

From one side of the arena a shout began to roll in. Danny looked across to see Shultz's half-bald head bobbing down the aisle. Shultz waved as he walked. He climbed the steps. The shout grew louder.

Someone threw a towel over Shultz's head. A fat man slipped into the ring carrying two sets of boxing gloves. He went to Shultz's corner. He waved to Packy. Packy went over. He was there for a few minutes.

Then Packy led the man and Shultz's manager over to Danny's corner. The manager examined Danny's hands and the bandages. The fat man held the gloves. The manager felt them

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thoroughly, examined the seams, the laces. Packy put the gloves on and tied them. Shultz's manager examined the laces again. He was satisfied. He went back to the other corner.

A stocky little man in a Tuxedo stepped into the ring. A shiny metal disk the size of a man's fist was lowered from the ceiling. The man spoke into it in slow exaggerated syllables. He introduced a dozen fighters who had been sitting at the ringside. Then he said, "And now, the fee—ture—att—traction—fifteen rounds of boxing—for the—world's—light—heavyweight—cham—peen—ship."

He introduced Danny. There was a great shout. Danny got up and turned around in a complete circle waving to the crowd. He tried to smile. It came out a weak grin. He sat down.

The man in the Tuxedo talked on. His words reverberated around the arena. There was another great shout. Shultz got up. Smiled. Waved. Trotted out of his corner and danced around. A laugh rippled through the arena.

The stocky man introduced the officials, ending with the referee. A man in gray stepped into the ring.

The man in gray gestured. Packy slapped Danny on the shoulder. He sprang up. Together they walked to the center of the ring. Shultz and his manager joined them. The referee instructed them on clinching, breaks, fighting clean, knockdowns, and neutral corners. Then he said, "Shake." They slapped gloves together. Danny turned and walked back to his corner. He flexed his legs and rotated his shoulders. Packy stood beside him. "Remember, kid. Watch out for the head. Stay away from him. Can't do no harm to make him chase you. His legs ain't what they used to be. So keep on the bicycle the first couple of rounds. And stay out of clinches." Everything grew still. Only Packy's voice sat in his ear and talked. "You're okay, kid. Okay. You can win. Do what I said. Do what I learned you for five years, and you can win."

The buzzer rasped. The bell clanged. There was a shout. Packy slapped Danny on the back and sent him to the center of the ring. He moved in cautiously. Shultz came at him. He threw a left. Danny blocked it and moved back. Shultz followed. He stabbed out with lefts. Danny caught a few on his glove. He ducked under the others. One got through to his eye. It was light. It didn't hurt. It wasn't a thumb. Danny felt better. The tension went out of him with that blow.

He kept moving back. Shultz followed him, throwing lefts. Danny blocked. He countered with rights. Shultz ducked away, and the blows went over his half-bald head. Danny caught a glimpse of the face. It was smiling. Danny felt foolish.

He caught a left on the eye again. It hurt. Then came another. He ducked. It swept over his head harmlessly. He moved away. Shultz followed him. Danny swung out with his left. Shultz ducked away low. Danny saw his face again. It startled him. It was no longer skeletonlike. It was flushing from exertion. It was red. It disturbed him.

He tried to concentrate on Shultz's hairy chest. Suddenly Shultz's left came at him. He blocked it and landed a left of his own. Shultz fell into a clinch. He pinned Danny's arms close against his body and threw two short right hooks into his kidneys. The referee broke them. Danny moved back quickly. Shultz didn't try to butt him. The bell rang.

Danny went back to his corner. Packy forced him down to the stool. "How do you feel, kid?" Danny nodded. Packy placed a wet cold sponge on his head. He looked at the eye. "He got to the eye, kid. No trouble yet, but watch it. And don't clinch. I thought he'd let you have it that time."

Danny shook his head. "Didn't even try."

"Shut up. Don't talk. Keep fighting him the same way. Let him lead. Look for an opening, and then cross with the right. Understand?"

"His face—Packy . . ."

"Don't talk. What about his face? It looks okay."

Danny tried to answer, but Packy put his mouthpiece between his lips. "Take it easy, kid. And don't bother about his face. Don't look at his eyes. Fight your own fight. Wait him out."

**T**HE buzzer sounded. Packy stepped out to the apron of the ring. The bell clanged. Danny jumped up and moved to the center of the ring.

Shultz came out faster this time. He shot hard lefts in rapid succession. Danny kept moving back, ducking, blocking. Danny shot his right. It landed. Shultz pulled back, hurt. Danny moved closer. He tried another right. Shultz ducked under it and fell against Danny's body. Danny tried to shake him off, but Shultz hung on. Shultz's head rested on Danny's shoulder. The Champ was breathing hard. The referee slapped them on their backs. Danny relaxed to step away. Suddenly he felt a hard knock under his eye. Shultz stepped back. Danny felt a warm wet patch near his eye. The eye was bleeding.

At the bell Packy was waiting for Danny, his mouth a pin cushion of applicators and styptic pencils. He forced Danny down on the stool. Al wiped his arms and his chest. Packy worked on his eye. He talked quickly. The white things in his mouth jumped as his lips moved.

"He got you. I told you to stay out

of clinches—he's dirty. And watch that eye. He'll work on it till they stop the fight. You ain't hurt, kid. But stay away from him. Watch that left. Shoot your right."

Danny nodded. The cold water dripping down from his head felt good. But he kept thinking of the face. Shultz's face. Red and strange. He looked across the ring. Shultz was blowing a spray of mist out of one of his nostrils. Then Packy's face blocked Danny's view.

**T**HE bell sounded. Danny went in slowly. Shultz came toward him with his left pawing at the air. He fainted and landed a left to Danny's stomach. Danny moved back. Shultz followed him and hooked another right to his stomach. Danny kept moving back. The half-bald man with the flat nose was too quick, too clever for him.

Danny felt alone, helpless. Shultz moved in, throwing another right hook to Danny's stomach. Danny dropped his arms to meet it. Shultz followed with three quick lefts to the head. One of them landed on the eye. Danny shot his right in return. Shultz ducked under it. Danny saw the face again. It seemed to hurt more than the hard lefts. But before the thought could set in his mind, the left came in again. Danny could feel the blood trickling down his face.

Another left came at him. Danny blocked and shot his right. It landed high on Shultz's head. The Champ started to move back. Danny knew he'd hurt him again. He tried to follow him, and Shultz stuck out his left and caught Danny coming in. Shultz had tricked him like a novice. Danny glanced at the face again. There was a faint smile on it. It was confident. Hard. Red. It seemed like another trick. Something to get his mind off the fight. To confuse him. He shook his head to clear it. Shultz moved in on him. The left came again. It landed. The bell rang.

Packy came out of his corner to meet him. Al slipped the stool under him. He forced the mouthpiece out of Danny's mouth and held a bottle of water for him to drink. Danny took a mouthful. He spit it into the funnel that drained it away.

"Hold still," Packy said harshly.

"It's a trick." Danny said.

"Hold still. What's a trick?"

"His face."

"It's no trick. Shut up."

"It looks different."

"It's like he always looks. Please, kid, don't talk. It's important."

"I can't help it. I—"

Packy held the mouthpiece up to his lips. Danny brushed it aside.

"Jesus, let me talk, Packy. Let me talk."

"Easy, kid."

"His face. Why does it look so funny? What's the matter? Tell me."

"It's nothing, kid. I don't know what you're talking about."

The buzzer sounded. Packy and Al stepped out of the ring. The bell rang. Danny felt Packy's hand on his back pushing him upward . . .

The left came. Danny moved back. It caught his eye again. It burned. Danny waited for the feel of the blood oozing. He felt it. Warm. Wet. Maybe they'd stop the fight. Let them stop it. Then he could see the Champ's face. It was crazy. Danny was cut and bleeding, but all he wanted was to see Shultz's face.

The left came again. It stung hard. Danny's eye blurred. It was the thumb. He couldn't see Shultz. He felt another left. He lunged forward. It felt good to touch Shultz's wet body. He hung on. It allowed him to rest for a few seconds. He felt the referee's slap. He tried to step back. He felt the sharp shock from Shultz's head. Then suddenly he was free to move back.

Shultz followed him. The left stuck out, moving in a rotating motion. Always forward. Danny looked past it. The face. Hard, bony, red. The left came again. Danny half blocked it. It landed high on his head. Danny moved back a few steps. The bell rang. Unconsciously, he turned in the direction of the sound. A gesture of thanks. Then he turned back to find his corner.

Packy came out to meet him. He led him back. Danny slipped down to the stool. Packy took the mouthpiece from between his lips.

"The face . . ." Danny said as soon as his mouth was free.

"Shut up, kid. We got work to do." Packy took a towel from his shoulder and wiped Danny's face quickly. He used the styptic pencil. Over Packy's shoulder Danny could see a dark figure. He looked up. It was the referee.

"Let me see," he said.  
"He's okay," Packy said, still working on the cut.

"Let me see," the referee said and made a gesture with his hand to someone outside the ring. Packy kept working. Another figure appeared over his shoulder. The referee said, "Better have a look at it, Doc."

Packy stepped away. "Make it quick," he said. "I got work to do."

The doctor leaned closer. He examined the cut under the eye. He pressed his lips together. "One more round," he said, "and that's all."

The doctor's appearance in Danny's corner was the promise of victory for Shultz. He moved in faster than before. He threw a series of lefts to the eye. One landed. Danny didn't feel it. The eye was numb. Shultz followed him. His left stabbed through the air. He was trying hard to make contact

with the eye again. Danny blocked and ducked. He kept moving backward. He backed into the ropes. Shultz lunged at him. Danny sidestepped and moved out to the center of the ring.

Shultz came at him. He shot a left. Danny blocked. Another left. It landed. The wound seemed to burst open. Danny felt the blood.

Shultz swung with a wide left hook. Danny ducked under it. He came up quickly. He saw the side of Shultz's red face. It was not lodged behind the protective shoulder. It was in the open, the side of the red face. In that instant Danny knew he had to destroy it. Instinctively, he threw his right. His whole body was behind it. It landed.

Danny stepped back. He knew he should have followed up. But he stepped back. Shultz hung there in the air for a brief second. Then he slumped slowly to the floor. Danny watched him, fascinated, relieved, horrified. The referee waved him to a neutral corner. Danny stood watching. The referee seized Danny's arm and pushed him to a corner. Then he began counting.

**DANNY** stared at Shultz's face. The mouth was open. But the face was no longer red.

The referee made a sweeping motion with both his hands. The fight was over. Shultz's manager and handler leaped into the ring. They picked him up by the shoulders and dragged him back. They placed his limp body on the stool. Danny stood still. Watching. Packy tugged at his arm. Danny watched. Shultz slumped on his stool. His head hung down limply. The mouth gaped. The eyes stared blankly.

"You did it, kid; you did it," Packy shouted above the crowd's roar.

"Jesus, don't say that," Danny whispered hoarsely. His voice was not heard in the din. Packy led him back to his corner. Al threw a robe around him. The bell clanged continuously to restore order. The man in the Tuxedo climbed into the ring. The microphone was lowered.

Packy pushed Danny forward. Danny didn't move. He kept staring at Shultz. And wanting to hide. The doctor came into the ring. He went to Shultz's corner. Danny looked at Packy. Packy's face grew white. Sweat stood out on it. He patted Danny on the shoulder monotonously, meaninglessly. But he said nothing. The little man couldn't find words to say.

The crowd was quiet. The man in the Tuxedo made his announcement. "The winner and new world's lightweight champion by a knockout in one minute and fifty-two seconds of the fifth round—Danny Callahan." There were no cheers. The faces stared dumbly in the direction of Shultz's

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corner. Only the talking face moved. It came close to Danny, pressed the shiny microphone on him. Danny spoke into it, all the while looking past it at Shultz's corner. "Hello, Ma. It was a great fight. I'll be right home."

The doctor, the referee, and several other men stood clustered around the corner. Danny watched. All he could see of Shultz was his left hand. It hung down, still encased in the purple glove. It moved when someone brushed against it. Then it hung limp again.

The referee broke away from the circle. He came across the ring toward Danny's corner. Danny held his breath.

"Better come with me, Packy," he said. "Bring Callahan, and don't touch his gloves. Come on."

Packy led him from the ring. They followed the referee down the aisle. Between two walls of faces, silent, gaping. They went through the doorway into a concrete tunnel. They walked along the tunnel to a door. The referee threw it open and snapped on the lights. It was a small office.

"What happened?" Packy asked. His face was pale and set.

"We got to wait," was all the referee said.

The door opened. The doctor was there. He appeared frightened. Behind him were the boxing commissioners.

"For God's sake, what is it?" Packy asked.

The doctor wiped his flabby face with a handkerchief. "Dead . . . he's dead. Broken neck."

Packy bit into his lower lip. "Holy God." He seized Danny's right arm and held on tightly. Danny stood still. Inside was a stab of pain. He hardly breathed. Somehow it was no shock. He felt he'd known it all along.

One of the commissioners came over and examined Danny's gloves. He untied the laces. He removed the right glove. He pressed it thoroughly, all over. Then he laid it on the desk. He looked at Danny's hand. He unwound the bandage. He piled the tangle of white bandage beside the glove.

Another commissioner came over. The first one shrugged his shoulder. "Nothing," he said. He turned to Packy. "You can go now. But stay right in New York. There'll have to be a thorough investigation."

"Yeah," Packy said. He turned to Danny, "Come on, kid."

A guard led them back to the dressing room.

The door was open. As Danny approached it, flashlights went off. There was a roar. The room was full of reporters and photographers. Questions poured out of the faces. Danny turned away. But Packy's hand checked him.

"Come in, kid." He stepped into the

room. He was surrounded by faces.

"Hold out your right, Danny," a voice called out. A hand reached for Danny's right and held it up. Danny jerked it away fiercely. But the light had gone off.

"How did you get him, Danny?"

"Did you know how hard you hit him?"

"Show us how you did it, Danny. Come on, show us."

Danny turned away from the questioner. But the faces were all around him. The questions were everywhere. The lights kept flashing.

"Get out!" Above the voices he heard Packy. "Get out. Leave him alone." Packy was tough and strident. The little man shouted and pointed to the door. "Get out!" he commanded.

"A statement. We want a statement," a voice said.

"You'll get a statement tomorrow. Now leave this kid alone. Get out!" He began pushing them toward the door. They left. Packy slammed the door shut.

Danny stood still. He was wet all over. His robe stuck to his shoulders. He didn't move. Al took his hand. "This way, Champ." Danny pulled his hand away. Packy jerked his head toward the door. Al shrugged his shoulders. He walked out.

**P**ACKY put his arm around Danny's waist. He led him to the table. Danny sat down. Packy pulled the robe close around him. He opened the little black bag. He began working on the eye. Danny stared straight ahead.

"The eye's okay, kid," Packy said. "Dead . . . dead."

"Yeah." Packy reached for a bottle. It slipped from the table and crashed to the floor. It shattered.

Danny's chest began to jerk spasmodically. The tears started down his face. They flowed over the cut and burned.

Packy took him in his arms. He stood there and rocked him gently back and forth. Soothing him like a baby.

"Dead . . ."

"Easy, kid."

"I knew it. I knew it all the time."

"Easy, boy."

"Killed him. I did it."

"You couldn't help it. It's not your fault." He kept rocking him.

"They didn't cheer. I won a title. I'm a champ. They didn't cheer. Nothing ever happens right to me."

"Shh . . . please, Danny."

Packy put his head next to Danny's. Their heads rocked back and forth together in unison.

"Danny," Packy said softly, "Dannyboy."

Danny's body shook. The tears rolled down his face in a fresh stream.

(To be concluded)

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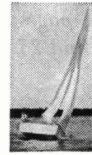
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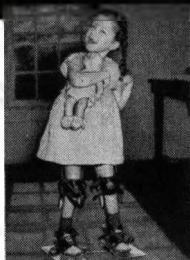
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(see answer below)



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## "Always Thine"

(Continued from page 63)

the place of the people who have meaning for you.

Man's world is in his own heart. Or it is nowhere. You can't possibly store treasures of gold or houses or stock certificates in your heart. Nothing can be carried there except the love you have for people. If your heart is empty of that, then your life is empty of everything except a mocking clutter.

The world without its people would be a dead planet; your private world without love is just as dead. Only love can keep it alive. Not just love for one or two or three, but love for everything that lives—good will for people you've never even seen . . . This is what makes earth feel like home.

It says in that Book which belongs to all of us: "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

We keep our hearts by giving them away. By spending them on everything good we see. By caring, and being glad we care.

So give your heart today. Send it in valentines; that's a good way to begin. And in letters, and in every casual meeting with another human being. That's the only way you have of ever being rich or happy or beloved. That's the only way you're sure you are alive.

This is what they learned, those four-year-olds, that first morning they were exposed to being educated. *Nothing matters except people.* It didn't seem too early for such a lesson. It is, in fact, several generations late to be straightened out on such a fundamental point. If the world had been clear about it, we wouldn't all be war-scarred and peace-stunned at this moment. We'd be what we were created to be—a frisky, happy race, loving one another and enjoying the best in one another. For the good things in us grow only in a climate of love. We'll never be quite at home on earth again until we find that climate—in ourselves.

IT'S TIME we sent valentines once more. The calendar says so. But louder than that, the world's heart says it's time. And half past time, when all of us must hurry, before it is too late.

So send yours now. Not just for one day, but with every thought you have. And back from everywhere will come to you a wider wealth of meaning. The world will give back to you its own self, a valentine that says, for only you to read, "Always Thine."

THE END

Probably not again this year will there be another novel to stir up so much talk, prompt so many questions, leave readers quite so overwhelmed



By MacKinlay Kantor



They loved each other very much,  
but their dream of happiness lay  
delicately poised between two worlds

Here Martha Barden sat once more. Here she was back in Dr. Fray's office. It was the second time she had sat in that venerated mahogany chair beside Dr. Fray's desk, where papers and note pads and folders and medical journals were all piled, each in its proper, separate stack.

Outside there lived the breath of June, swelling at times into a warmth authentic to a later month, shrinking again to the coolness of early May when wind and morning clouds and building shadows played their tricks with the sun.

Martha Barden moved her head slightly in its helmet of blue felt; then her frightened, searching eyes could seek away and through the bars of this basement office apartment. She could find ill-tended geraniums and a few petunias in a low box outside. She leaned her failing strength upon their beauty.

This was not the way she had thought it would be. She had thought that They would be ready for her—that she would be marshaled away behind the thick starched shape of Miss Tempelhoff, and taken to a little private room perhaps, or directly into a frightening den where the instruments and machinery awaited her.

She did not know what They would do. She did not know the manner of procedure in this destructive surgery that awaited. She might only *depend*. She might only trust in alien individuals and in a process foreign to her affection, hideous to her basic instincts.

This was a thing that had to be done.

She thought of Larry, and of the things he had told her about the War . . . a thing that had to be done. "Oh, why?" she had cried out once, in the eager revolting fury of her nineteen years. This was the month in which she first loved Larry Barden; he had told her about the Somme. "Why did all the men go on? You said they knew it wouldn't work. Why did the officers order them on? And you . . . why did you go?"

He hesitated for a time. She did not know what he was thinking about. Perhaps about people he had known, now decayed into soil; perhaps, more person-

ally, he was thinking of the knot of scar tissue and the tiny pinkness of painful nodules still there in his thigh. Then at last he had replied, almost weakly, "Well, you see, it was something that had to be done."

Now this had to be done, too. It was twenty-four months since she had first loved Larry, more than a year since she'd married him, and many weeks since the miracle occurred, the thing that disputed what the doctors originally hinted about Larry, about . . .

The weeks now departed, in which germ cells had joined and lived. The later time of doubt, then frustration, then all-pervading fear. Those were all gone, and yesterday was gone too; though she relived yesterday, even in the presence of Dr. Fray and the little song he made as he picked up the white index card which Miss Tempelhoff had filled out on Martha's first visit.

That was yesterday . . .

"Your name?" the nurse had asked.

"Martha Barden. I mean—Martha Louise Barden."

"Age?"

"Twenty-one."

"Are you married or single?"

And when Miss Tempelhoff asked that, Martha caught her breath. "I'm married!" she cried, almost savagely.

Miss Tempelhoff had not even turned her small brown eyes toward Martha; but there was disgust at this passionate resentment in the very rustle she made . . . her heavy body prim and stolid in the doctor's chair . . .

Martha sat back weakly. No, no—she mustn't object to this. Probably a lot of the girls who came to Dr. Fray weren't married at all. They had no Larrys. The men who had touched them were gone chuckling or aloof into that hollow anonymity that claimed all transient loves forever.

"Your husband's name, Mrs. Barden?" Angrily Miss Tempelhoff emphasized the *Mrs.*

"Lawrence S. Barden."

"You live together?"

"Yes!" Martha replied tersely, almost resentfully.

"The address?" snapped the prim Miss Tempelhoff. "Two-fourteen Milledge Street."

"Your husband—employed by whom?"

Stumblingly, Martha told her. "Well, he's not—actually employed right now. I mean—he did work for the Greensby Foundation. He was in the research department. But the grant expired. That's how he lost his job."

This time the cruel little eyes showed once more beneath the big woman's bushy brows. In an instant they were all over Martha, taking in the bright blue of her little felt cloche, the pathetic riot of color on her cretonne coat, and the worn pumps, beige stockings, old beige purse grasped in her weak hands, and one finger showing the depression from which the engagement ring was gone . . . The wedding band was still there. It could not fill the groove left by the twin pressure of two rings.

"We must ask you this: by whom were you recommended to Dr. Fray?"

"She said I mustn't tell."

"Was it a friend?"

"Well, in a way." Martha was horrified suddenly at the ghastly titter that stole from her own throat. She wanted to cry aloud, "Oh, for the love of anything that may be holy to you, you nurse, you witch, you Miss Tempelhoff, you monster—for the sake of whatever tenderness you don't possess—grant me at least a pretense of sympathy. Don't ask me all these things . . . I'll tell you. I'll cry it all aloud if only you'll never ask. It was the receptionist at Dr. Steelson's . . . Why, Dr. Steelson's always been like my family! We all used to go to him—my mother, when she was alive—and he's just wonderful. But naturally, I knew he couldn't have anything to do with a thing like this. He's *reputable*. Well, of course—I don't mean to say that the man you work for—this smug, bald, toadlike man whom I saw polishing his glasses in the hall when I came in—no, I guess you couldn't call him *reputable*. But he's good. The receptionist said he was. She whispered to me. She's known me quite a while; I've known her. Once we had lunch together . . ."

She managed to say, "It was a girl on the staff of a doctor's office."

"Did she tell you anything about the fee?"

Martha pressed her hands tightly on the bag in her lap. It was in there: a fold of twenty-dollar bills.

"She—she said it would be a hundred dollars."

"Do you have the money with you?"

"Yes."

"I mean cash. We could not accept a check."

"Yes, it's cash." She paid.

(Oh, bright thin blaze of white gold! Oh, good-natured diamond with all the light and fire of the dawn! Not the biggest diamond in the world. But it was more than a

chip, and some girls got only chips. Larry had grinned quietly when he offered it. "Oh, Larry, it's too *big*. Oh, darling, you shouldn't—" "Well, what the hell! You had to have a ring, didn't you?")

"Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock," the nurse said. "Don't eat any breakfast."

"But I—I thought maybe—today."

"Tomorrow morning at nine, Mrs. Barden."

"Yes," she whispered. She had risen and gone home.

Larry was there, lying on the one bed they rented in the one room on which they hadn't yet paid this week's rent. He had been working for a while: his notes and astronomical brochures—they were lying beside him. He had left off working before Martha returned. And his right leg—the one which pained, though he seldom cried aloud about it—that long, aching right leg was hooked up over a couple of pillows; and with a rubber band Larry was shooting little wads of paper at the wall-bracket light fixture in the farthest corner of the room.

He left off this target gunnery when Martha came in. His arm fell across his face and half concealed it . . . only one eyebrow and part of an eye leering at her. Then he had pulled her down beside him.

"Let's kiss," he whispered, and they did.

"Well, I went," she whispered.

"And?"

"The verdict was affirmative."

He lay motionless for a time. The pressure of his arm around her did not increase, but neither did it relax.

"We *can't*," he groaned. "Oh, *God!* We can't, honey."

"I know."

"So?"

"So—Gretchen—that's the office girl at Dr. Steelson's—she told me about a Dr. Fray. So I went to him."

After a long time Larry asked, "Did you see him?"

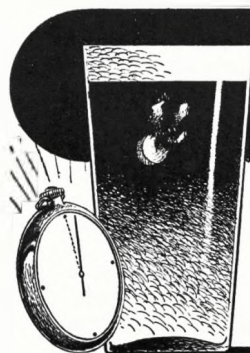
"Yes, just for a minute. Then I talked to the nurse. It's—it's to be tomorrow morning."

He had drawn his arm away then. She didn't want his arm to go away from her. She wanted no part of his body or his fine, clear, imaginative, decent spirit to leave her. Yet it seemed that something of that spirit had gone, too, of necessity.

The girl lay there, her hat still pushed askew over the honey-brown waves of her hair, her lids closed over the earnest gray-green eyes. She lay, a small crumple of cretonne and skirts . . . Larry had rolled away from her.

There was a little sound, a rustle, a crackle, more mincing of paper: then the thrumming of the released rubber band repeated at intervals, punctuated finally by the clink of the paper wad striking its glass target.

"Got it that time."



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Martha sat up. "Larry. You won't hate me?"

"Oh," he sighed. "I guess what must be, must be. It seems like an awful shame, though. If that Greersby money hadn't run out—"

She wailed, "And if we had a decent place to live and a decent future and if we had some money and if we had some hopes! . . . No, no, no, I didn't mean that." She was sobbing at last. She had not been able to cry before, but now the tears were melting and fast. "I didn't mean that, Larry. We've got hopes. Oh, darling, I believe in you, and you believe in you. That's all we need!"

She saw him through the hot fuzz of her weeping. With one hand he was twisting the ragged scrap of his little mustache; the other hand was half closed around her ankle. "Not all we need in order to have a baby, I guess," he said. "But—one thing. Who is this Dr. Fray? Is he good? I'm not going to let you take any chances."

She told him what Gretchen had told her: that Dr. Fray was—well—very good, indeed. He had taken care of a girl that Gretchen knew personally—a friend of hers. And he was very—well—skillful, and hygienic, and all that. It wasn't like some of those awful things you read about in the papers. It wasn't a mill.

Larry said sadly, "I guess it is a mill, just the same." Then he fell silent, and Martha knew that, once again—as he had many months earlier before he got that Greersby Foundation job—he was thinking about money. How would they get it? What could they sell? How might they borrow? He had his monthly check, his disability check: that wasn't much.

She whispered, "Larry. I got it."

"You got what, baby?"

"The—the money. I've already paid it."

"How much?"

She told him.

"But where on earth did you get it? You didn't"—and then he rose up beside her on the bed, once again angry in his tall pride—"you didn't *wire your sister?*"

"No. I promised you I never would again. I'm sorry about that other time. I know it hurt you to have me do it. It hurt me, too. No. This had to be on our own."

"But—a hundred dollars?"

Silently she extended her left hand and let him read the message there, close to that little plain wedding ring, the message in her skin. She had feared that he might upbraid her; but he knew their desperation as well as she did.

All he said was, "I wish it hadn't been necessary, baby, but I guess it was."

She asked him later about the job he had sought on that same day, and he told her. Same old story! It seemed that there were too many bookkeepers in the world. Or at least people who could keep books.

But Larry had a new lead. There was a chemical company—a friend had told him about it. There might be a job there, better than Larry had ever hoped for, but it was a long chance. The local branch manager in that town, it so happened, was a C.E.F. veteran, and so was Larry, and in some vague sentimental way that might help. It was worth looking into.

They took food from their window-ledge ice chest—leftover peas, leftover soup . . . Larry went down to the corner for two fresh chops and some celery, so they ate well. Martha mourned that she must eat nothing for breakfast.

In their desperation they could not settle down. Larry tried to work on his calculations for a while. It had something to do with Saturn—Martha knew that much—and Saturn's relationship to the sun in our own solar system. But at last he cast the slide rule aside. He

leaped up and counted the coins in his pocket. He said, "Let's go to the Imperial," and so they went. They snuggled together in the balcony; he played with her hands; he had his bony knee against hers, and his breathing was sweet beside Martha's soft little hair-swaddled ear. They watched Colleen Moore; they watched Chester Conklin and Crazy Kat; they squealed with laughter. They came home, and Larry actually whistled through the dark street; and his wife understood why he was whistling.

He was so relieved; and in one moment she was almost as relieved as he, and she came near whistling or humming herself. But she was prevented by terror of the morning to come . . . They went home; they loved.

Now here she was again, and Dr. Fray was examining the record card which Miss Tempelhoff had filled out only seventeen hours before, but it seemed like seventeen years; and he, too, was murmuring a faint song to himself, although tunelessly. Then he looked up, his eyes watery behind thick rimless spectacles.

"You're satisfied that you wish to do this?"

Martha nodded dumbly.

"I always ask," said Dr. Fray . . . He muttered something to himself that sounded like, "It's about all I can do," or "It seems like the best thing to do." Quickly she felt the generation of a sympathy from Dr. Fray, such as the nurse had never awarded her. Martha saw him, young and long ago, entertaining dreams of the good feats he would perform, the successful surgery he would render . . . and then beaten down by circumstances she could never imagine or understand, allowing the ease of failure to seep in and color his existence and twist his fine clever hands away from the task originally appointed.

Now he sprang up briskly for so plump a man. He said sharply, "Very well," and he had rung for Miss Tempelhoff, who marshaled Martha away . . . She was furnished with a surgical nightgown and a longer robe, stiff with starch, in which to wrap herself. The coarse edges of the fabric pressed into her skin . . . woefully she was hungry: she had had no breakfast. She had been afraid even to drink water, although now Miss Tempelhoff came with water and vials on a tray.

"What—what is this medicine, Miss—?" Martha had to fight to get the question out.

"Something the doctor wishes you to take first." She held a colored capsule ready. "Preliminary to anesthesia. It won't hurt you."

Martha swallowed the capsule . . . the water did not taste good to her; it was tepid.

"Lie down here."

The pill caused a humming in her ears, although probably that was only imagination. She obeyed; she lay flat on the cot; she kept her eyes tightly closed.

"It will be a little while. Just take it easy." The door opened and closed, and Miss Tempelhoff was gone.

Gone, too (Martha Louise Barden thought now) was some purity, a goodness akin to the virgin's state. Gone soon, going soon . . . to be scraped away from her forever. She opened her eyes. This was an inside room; there was a window . . . dark, dark behind it . . . the deepest well of an airshaft, but the shade was tightly drawn to mask the ugliness outside . . . gone was some goodness.

Her pulse began its ticktock in her ears. The walls of the room were of pale yellow plaster—but clean, clean, only lately calcimined. Oh, she thought, there were many other places in this city where even now women such as she lay tense, fighting against the drugs that were given them, their little bones and sinews knotted

into tight fists, and their souls fairly knotted as well.

Where, oh, where, was the steel—the sharp, bright little knives? Where was the hiss of steam in the sterilizer, and all the sponges and antiseptic clothes and paddings? Where was the wave of ether to drown her in its humming sweetness? Not here. No. They would take her away to another room.

Miss Tempelhoff would come back. She would say, "We're ready now! Come! Get up! Walk." The nurse would have a trident gripped in her big scrubbed hand: it would be such a fork as devils used, and its barbs would sting at Martha's back. She would walk, walk, walk, with the ferocious assistant bayoneting behind her. Or perhaps she would be collapsed and inert when they came to bear her away. There would be men and women both; they would pitch her upon their cart and, humming, the rubber-tired wheels would whizz, and the hall itself would tilt into an incline, polished . . . down this sluiceway Martha would go on her cart, no matter how she squirmed and tried to cry against the indignity . . . Wheels increased their speed, the demoniacal laughter of the nurse and all the rest would ring and clang and patter behind her . . .

Again the girl closed her eyes, again she opened them, and her whole body quivered at even this slight exertion. She heard a laughing sound, but it was not the ho-ho-ho of any artists in mayhem who planned to see her carved. It was laughter pleasanter than that, and the buzz of conversation was with it.

Oh, silence now! . . . the room must have become a church, and in it the solemn voice of a man was asking, "Do you, Marvin, take this woman to be thy lawfully wedded—?" And why was "Marvin" spoken there? Who was Marvin, and who was to be wed? It might have been the voice of the Reverend Herbert L. Lundquist, who had married Martha and Larry . . . or maybe . . . Marvin? She didn't know.

Fog was thicker, and a boy's voice whispered, "Please don't try to get me out. I think Dad will understand . . ." and who was Dad, and what was wanted—what understanding was sought or desirable?

The little thinner laughter: she heard it, and now some children fought and snarled. She could not see them in their wretched encounter; perhaps they were in the airshaft. And one had burst into tears; and then a doctor's voice—she was sure it was a doctor but never Doctor Fray—he was saying, "I'm afraid the arm is broken, but it's not a bad fracture and—"

Fog was studded with geraniums and petunias (perhaps the very flowers Martha had witnessed when she sat beside that outer desk) and there was the ringing of a bell, and many children's voices now; and so they chanted, "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you,

happy birthday, dear Kathy, happy birthday . . ." and most certainly Martha could smell the odor of a fresh-baked chocolate cake; and it seemed that she heard Larry speaking to her, and he too was laughing; it was good to hear him . . . Somewhere a baby cried.

Martha sat bolt upright upon the cot. She heard a voice speaking more firmly, with greater dignity than the jumbled tones and caterwaulings that preceded. She answered, as if to a question, "My child?" She asked this other question in answer to the one that had been projected against her; she said aloud, "My children?"

Her bare feet had found the heavy brown linoleum, that clean-swept, clean-scrubbed area beside the cot.

Her clothes. The locker over there. If Miss Tempelhoff came back . . . ah, she would seize and strangle . . .

Engines and the scampering feet: they busied within Martha's ears. But she was saying to herself automatically: "Stockings—here; garter belt—here. Where's my bra?" And she was fitting the fabrics on her body. Yes—shoes. Her dress rustled as she pulled it down over her hair. They'll never get me now, she thought.

But wait; they *might* . . . the hall, the hall! Her arms were far away . . . remote and flabby things . . . resolutely she stuffed one of them into the sleeve of her little cretonne coat, and then she was out into the hall.

A figure blocked her way: a man or woman, she could not tell. She bore down upon them, upon him, upon her; she came like a charging little beast, and the body or bodies stepped aside in amazement.

Again the smells, again the flash of tight-closed doors along the way. Once more the open reception room, and there were women waiting . . . her feet cumbersome, her heels tapping, she found the concrete stairway outside and then she was on the sidewalk, and she was running: the inevitable running of the untrained woman who tries to sprint, whose pelvis will not let her spring as she wishes. Martha ran, throwing her legs wide, stumbling as she skidded . . . Milledge Street—only a few blocks away. Soon she would be home. Perhaps Larry would be there; but if not, she would lock the door, and he would come soon . . .

He was there before her, tie in hand, old stiff collar clamped against the tie. He hated stiff collars, but he liked to make a good sedate impression when he went job hunting.

"Baby. What—?"

Martha's face was muffled against the bed where she had flung herself. She groaned. "I couldn't do it, I couldn't do it!"

Dr. Steelson was a good-natured man of fifty-odd with a forehead deeply seamed; he always looked to Martha like a worried farmer. There was a rustic, almost sham-

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bling air about Steelson's pace when he moved in his examination room or came hurrying to attend a patient at the patient's home. Martha did not know how much Gretchen had told the doctor about the advice given. Perhaps nothing . . . but his eyes seemed to suggest that he knew, he knew.

Nothing was said about payment. He would send a bill sometime. He knew Larry was having difficulties.

On the last day of June, Larry came pounding noisily up the stairs, and when Martha heard him she clenched her hands into fists. Sometimes it hurt Larry to move so rapidly, but he was inured to the pain, inured to the leaky hip that was his (inured to the seventeen operations he had endured), inured to the revolting memory of white, hot metal which had punctured his body on a rainy day in 1916.

He closed the door quickly behind him. His face looked as if he might be expecting to yell in triumph and yet his very discipline, his failure to yell, made that strained whisper all the more exciting.

"Baby, I've got a pretty good job."

She clasped her hands; she could not speak.

"You know that big cafeteria across from the Square? Brice's? I just stopped there for coffee on the way home." He'd made another fruitless visit downtown. "And I walked up to the cashier's desk in time to hear the manager fire the cashier. They had been having quite a row when I came in. People were looking at them, but I didn't pay much attention before. Well, anyway, it's the cashier's job *and* the books."

All the time he talked she had been delighting in the shine of his thin face, in his long, well-modeled nose.

She hadn't thought about the money. Now she wondered. Her mind was assembling figures, adding ciphers to them, rejecting the figures. She could not speak her question, but Larry drew her close. He lifted her with those bony arms which were amazingly strong at times. He whispered the salary. It was ten dollars a week more than she had imagined. Martha shrieked aloud.

She was a little late in experiencing the unpleasant morning symptoms which commonly mark pregnancy; but then they took hold in full force. She was miserably ill at times. She resented being ill because it always worried Larry, though they had been assured by Dr. Steelson that there was nothing to worry about . . .

There was the matter of lettuce. Wasn't it funny? They laughed about it at times; Larry was certain that it was merely something she had dreamed up in her mind. He even became truly annoyed once, when they were dining in a cheap Italian restaurant; and Martha rose abruptly, staring at the salad on his plate so close to hers, and hurried away . . . Lettuce. That was odd. All sorts of gooey things—cereals and gravies and puddings, spaghetti and beans, even the chili that they ate at a white-fronted sandwich place sometimes—these didn't bother her at all. But lettuce, and the smell of tobacco smoke, those were bad . . . And then in normal process those were forgotten; she became healed by the very growth within her body.

They moved to Second Avenue in September. It was a far different part of the city than they had ever lived in before. It wasn't too pleasant a neighborhood: there were speak-easies in the block and gangs of idle young men clustering. Once some of the boys laughed as they stared at Martha when she went past, and she was in a fury. She had not expected to be so large so soon.

On Second Avenue they had a kitchenette apartment at the rear of a dim second-story hallway. It was a kind of rooming house, such as they had lived in on Milledge

Street, but the Milledge Street place didn't have any apartments at all, and here they had to pay only two dollars more per week than they had paid for the bedroom with its single-burner gas plate. This was really keeping house. Not so nice an apartment as they had had briefly when they were first married—but there was a catalpa tree just outside the bedroom window. You could imagine that you were off in the country somewhere.

Bedroom, living room with a curtain around the sink; and then, just around the corner, made over from a huge closet, was a kitchenette with lots of shelves, two good-sized cupboards and a gas plate with three burners instead of one. The bath was down the hall. They had to share the bath with three other tenants, but two of those were gone all day.

It was home; it was better than being in one room. And they had a little back porch all their own—at least the south half of it was. Larry would drag chairs out there in the evening (evenings when he didn't feel that he had to work under the living-room light), and there was a low wicker rocker with high arms and a comfortable padded seat. It was just right for Martha.

Sometimes Larry would sit beside her, having spread the tattered tartan blanket which he had had at college; he would sit beside her, and her fingers would trail in his hair, and they would sing softly together. Neither had a "trained" voice, but they made very good harmony, or thought they did. Larry taught Martha some rollicking songs from the war, which he loved to sing once in a while when they blew themselves to a pint of bootleg red wine. Larry insisted that red wine was good for pregnant women.

Over all there was, of course, the pervading danger and fear of the future. It seemed that you might never escape it. Hospital, hospital, doctor, doctor, and the clothes, the baby bed, and other things . . . There was a rumor at Brice's that the present manager would soon be replaced, and then what about Larry's job?

But not long after their move to Second Avenue, Martha was ill for a few days. This immediate worry upset them more than any fear of the future; and the longer the toxic condition continued, the more Larry was worried, the more toxic she became.

Dr. Steelson examined the specimens. He looked graver than was his wont . . . Still, the laboratory report was not too alarming. He asked Martha to come in on Friday for another examination if she felt like it, and she did feel like it, and then the doctor took an X-ray.

Twins!

Martha could scarcely believe it, all the way home. Yet the doctor had pointed out calmly that he was certain, and why. He had wondered about the strain on her kidneys, and the remarkable speed with which her body demonstrated this pregnancy. Now he was relieved, he said—because this was all quite normal—apt to happen where twins were concerned.

Martha walked slowly, imagining the twins as she strolled . . . she saw them running ahead of her: they were three years old; they were little girls; she had them dressed just alike in blue. She saw them again, in white dresses . . . She saw two little boys. They also walked hand in hand, and both of them looked just like Larry; and then they turned and smiled at her.

Martha caught her breath; then she began to laugh. Finally she had to stop and seek support beside a doorway for a moment, and people were staring at her curiously. She felt their stare, but she didn't mind at all. It was killing . . . she drew her handkerchief from her bag, and wiped away the tears. Because . . .

She had seen those two tiny twin boys turning to smile

gravely back at her, and they were each wearing a mustache just like Larry's.

Her mirth could have sprung reacting from the black depth and velocity of future fear. The hospital would be more expensive now. Certainly they charged more for two babies than for one, it would seem, and there would have to be two beds . . . she could fix up clothes-baskets; they didn't need beds right away.

But when you had twins, did you have to have two high chairs, or could you alternate the twins in one high chair? And two little toilet seats? . . . She thought of the clothes. She saw an avenue extending down the distance of the moons ahead; the avenue flapped with diapers. Diapers made a white wall, hanging from their endless lines on either side . . .

Larry's reaction was so typical when she told him. He was a man who generally comported himself with the greatest dignity in public and who, in intimate encounter, in the trivia of domestic existence, was about as dignified as a cocker pup. He lay right down on the floor in the living room, closed his eyes, lay rigid as a corpse, then slowly extended his left leg in the air and kicked it vigorously.

That night, strangely enough, the disability which had caused Martha's and Dr. Steelson's first alarm seemed to be vanished miraculously.

There was some wine left in the bottle. They finished that. They talked of naming the twins.

"Maybe Lawrence and Florence. How's that?"

She giggled, "Lawrence and Torrents."

"Terrence and Torrents!"

They went on with their play. Eventually it simmered down to Castor and Pollux. Those were stars, Larry said; they had been gods before. He always referred to the twins, before they were born, as Castor and Pollux; and Martha adopted the names, too.

Larry walked more rapidly through his world. He held his head high, even when the pain was all around the socket of his hip, even when he limped. He seemed to be recapturing a certain jauntiness and swagger.

This was in many ways a miracle; they both knew it. The whirling hot shrapnel had not only shattered the femur in Larry's leg; it had done other damage. The doctors had their fingers crossed . . . there was no impairment of vitality, understand . . . no shrinkage of his normal ardor, but . . . That was a very big word. He might never be a father. The doctors had told him that.

They had voiced their sincere doubts, and Larry had not been too impressed. A young man seldom contemplates parenthood as a concrete delight of his future. Larry, the veteran, turning into a man in the years before Martha knew him, had not been too fond of children.

At the time of their engagement he had told Martha about his wound. He always went into clinical descriptions and, since she had been only nineteen and very unsophisticated, she had shuddered to the point of nausea . . . still, she wanted Larry. She wanted children, too, but—well, there was a chance. And that was another reason she had carried lead in her shoes when she walked to Dr. Fray's office in June.

Somehow they did not see themselves proudly possessed of the twins in that second-floor apartment on Second Avenue. There was the bright hope . . . they would move; they would be financially able to move. A better job was waiting somewhere, and Larry combed the ads to find it.

Finally a job was promised him, or almost promised. His mathematical accomplishments had stood him in good stead: there was the certainty (an almost certainty) that he might secure employment with a firm which specialized in complicated audits. He and Martha had a premature celebration, complete with a lobster dinner and balcony tickets to "White Cargo," and then two days later the job had fallen through.

They had financial downs now; there never seemed to be any ups. The manager of Brice's was replaced the first of the year, and Larry and five other employees were fired within the week; but luck would have it that he got another job the same day, also keeping books but not cashiering. It was with a printing company. His salary was seven-fifty less than it had been before—seven-fifty per week, that is—but there was a better chance for advancement, so the Bardens tried not to be too downhearted. Also, the hours were not so long.

Larry was able to spend more time at the library, or going over equations and personal data at home.

Martha had set up a cheap card table for him, and there he assembled the tools of his passion . . . It took a very long time to be sure about a cycle—Martha learned that much, though she was never capable of becoming even an assistant meteorologist. He had mimeographed bulletins from various colleges and institutes, little booklets without end . . . the planetary influence on the weather, on the earth. Martha was sure that no one had ever thought of that before Larry came along; although he assured her that good and able men had bumped their heads against the wall of mystery and stars and tides and winds, long before he was born.

But he had some planned ambition to collect the findings of these other men, and mix their accumulated wisdom with a fresher knowledge that he might assemble. It was as simple as that, he said. The graphs, the columns of figures—they did not look at all simple to Martha; nor did the stars when she walked with Larry



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in the wintry park and looked up and saw that twinkling crust—their light dulled, their song muted by the humming glow of the city round about, and yet alive with a tingling and a promise and an impenetrable challenge.

She saw the stars, and wondered which one of them would light the future of her twins. Astrology? And Larry would throw back his head and laugh uproariously at the idea, and would explain why it was completely impossible for stars to ordain or even color a future. Martha kept quiet. She herself believed very firmly in astrology, and for a while it looked as if it might be Capricorn for the twins. But it wasn't; it was Aquarius.

Things seemed to be starting up on a Thursday night. They sat in the apartment, and all of Larry's impedimenta were removed from the card table and stacked on the old false mantel, that mantel surmounting a fireplace twenty years closed up (to the chagrin of the young Bardens). They played cards. Two-handed pinochle was their favorite, and Martha was sometimes very lucky at this, though she could not remember which cards had been played as well as Larry could. He had that kind of photographic mind; he could remember everything: telephone numbers, the licenses of cars parked at the curb, even the serial numbers of friends in the Army.

They played pinochle; he kept inquiring anxiously about how she was feeling. Twice they reported to Dr. Steelson on the telephone, and shortly after midnight the doctor said to Larry in his reassuring drawl, "Well, I think maybe you had better take her to the hospital."

Martha was frightened by the very appearance of the big hospital, frightened by its smells and the cold, almost brutal, impersonal I-don't-care attitude of the woman who admitted her. They had arranged matters as best they could, a week or two before; it would be a break for them that Dr. Steelson ranked so well at this hospital. He was able to pull a few strings, or at least hoped that he could. A ward . . . all those other women in the room, the long rows of beds . . . Larry said he couldn't stomach that, no matter how drearily Martha talked about the expense; he even talked of pledging future installments of his Canadian pension check in order to borrow money.

The room in which Martha finally landed was called semiprivate, but it had two other beds in it; on one of these reclined a dull, coarse woman with a swollen red face.

It was not a pretty room. It was dull, soulless; the window looked out on a delivery court . . . there were always trucks, even at night; and the room cost more than they had planned, even for a semiprivate room.

Then everything stopped.

Just stopped, like that. Larry waited around, and Dr. Steelson was there, and nothing happened. Finally the doctor told Larry to go home, and he did so; but he took the next day off, though it meant that he would be docked—he would lose a day's salary, or feared that he would. He stopped at a stationery store and bought a book of games. Martha was tired of pinochle, and she whined and pouted and was petulant, and every now and then burst out, "Why can't I go home? Why?" Nothing all that day. Nothing all evening, and Larry went home again. Then he was called back to the hospital, and he waded through snow at five o'clock on the morning of February sixth.

The twins were already born when he got there. They were really huge for twins, the nurse said—just huge. Of course they weren't Castor and Pollux. They were Christopher and Katherine, and Christopher weighed five pounds fourteen ounces, and Katherine

weighed five pounds seven ounces, and their faces were misshapen, and so ugly that Martha couldn't help laughing in all the haze and throbbing and wonder of her weakness.

"Aren't they funny?" she kept saying drowsily . . . "Aren't they funny?"

She woke once, hours later. Larry was gone. He told her afterward that he went to the telegraph office to wire her sister and her aunt; he had no close relatives of his own. Then he just walked around the streets for a while before going to work. People were nice to him where he worked, and Mr. Williams (to whom he was directly responsible) told Larry at noon that he needn't come back after lunch, though this was a Saturday, and almost everybody worked there at the plant and in the office on Saturday afternoons. Christopher and Katherine were Saturday's children, all right. They probably would have to work for a living.

Larry had a nap and came again to the hospital before four o'clock. There shone a glamorous Martha; the nurse had put two little ribbon bows in Martha's hair, a pink one and a blue one, one for Katherine, one for Christopher; she put lipstick and rouge on Martha, too, and Larry just howled. He went and peeked at the children. He came back and reported that they were monsters, both of them; then he and Martha tittered, and then they just held hands. Martha's hand was soft in his, his hand was hard on hers . . . She slept again, wearily but gratefully, and the stars buzzed in her brain as she lost consciousness, and Aquarius was the most remarkable star of all . . .

For a time it appeared that Kathy and Kit were doomed to an eternal second-story babyhood. One thing—the landlord didn't hate children and made no fuss about the babies' coming. He had grandchildren of his own; he was a genial old Russian Jew with a seraphic countenance and a dead-tired mustache. He learned of Larry's mathematical erudition, and admired him for it, and always called him "Mr. Barden, sir."

Larry had thought that perhaps both babies might travel in one basket. Martha jeered at him, so he brought both baskets to the hospital. He had prepared the baskets comfortably, safely, and soundly under Martha's long-range planning and as a result of her preliminary labors. They were the medium-sized clothes-baskets, not the great big ones, and each had two wooden handles for safe carrying. Larry had tied on bows, one blue and one pink—they were lopsided and rather ratty bows, but Martha thought they were darling.

So they were home. Larry had everything arranged. He must have worked all night to do it. He insisted on leading the quaking Martha on a tour of inspection of the whole apartment. It didn't take long, but he persisted in going all around the edge of the living room into which the front door opened, then peeking out of the rear door at the spotless porch from which he swept the snow, then on into the bedroom with the bed blocking almost the whole of it. (Again they would be sleeping together, thank heaven. And soon—!) Then back into the living room. Larry opened closet doors to show her how orderly he had made things for her return. And then into the kitchenette, where, on the table, there was a chocolate cake.

Martha was crazy about chocolate cake and lamented that she dared not eat all that she wanted because of her figure. Now she would have to take exercises and rub herself with cocoa butter and do all sorts of strenuous things. She didn't want to grow flabby, she wanted to be as girlish as before . . . Yes, there was a

chocolate cake, and of course Larry hadn't baked it himself; he didn't know how; but he had bought it at a shop, and in fancy scrolled paste on the frosting it read: "Welcome Home, Martha, Kathy, Kit." Thus the twins were named. That was what they always called them afterward, easily and naturally.

Forever there were the formulas, the hot, bubbling kettle in which bottles and nipples seethed . . . She tried to nurse them both, but they needed more food than she could give. In after years, Martha needed only to close her eyes in order to see Larry, tense and serious, his thin shoulders slouched as always, his old blue cotton shirt open around his long neck, a wad of papers funneling out of his hip pocket, and his entire attention concentrated on the task of filling the bottles.

Kit yelled constantly after feeding; he shrieked as if he were dying. His little tummy was round and taut, and Martha hadn't known a thing about this in the hospital. When she had heard him shrieking, the nurses blandly told her that it was another baby . . . Now the pediatrician (his name was Dr. Stiner, and he lived and officed three blocks away) said Kit had a spastic pyloric valve—it was colic, really—food actually hurt him.

They had to do something to relax that pylorus, and they did it with atropine sulphate solution. Again here was something to be measured drop by drop—one drop in the formula the first day, two drops the second, three the third, and so on, until he got to the maximum prescribed dose of nineteen drops; then the slow descent, drop by drop and day by day, to unadulterated formula again. It took a long time, but it worked.

Meanwhile Kathy absorbed her meals like a fatuous little gentlewoman, slept soundly, never yelled except when she was wet, and in general was the immaculate model which Kit certainly was not.

Diapers. It had been an accurate vision, no exaggeration at all, when Martha had imagined herself strolling down that white-walled lane of the future. Larry arranged tight clothes lines at proper distances on the porch. The white squares hung and froze even as they dried, and had to be thawed out carefully again inside the apartment so that the fabric would not be snapped in two. As spring came on and warmer weather behind it, there were days of fog, days of rain and gusts when it was impossible to dry the babies' wash out of doors. The living room became a laundry. There were the pails under the sink, the dishpans on it, the gay colored curtains pushed aside; and temporarily arranged cords and clothes lines fastened to door hinges, pipes, anything that would hold them.

They tried to leave open tunnels through which they might walk conveniently, but it was a tough job.

Larry rented a typewriter for a while, on which better to correlate his statistics, to tap out cryptic summations of what he had learned and was assembling. The rent was too much for them; they had to send the typewriter back; but Martha's sister fortunately offered an old portable abandoned by someone in the family, and once again Larry would work of an evening. The babies were carried away in their baskets to a quieter state in the bedroom. Larry worked, ducking his head, diapers flapping in snowy folds over his head and shoulders whenever he got up to move the floor lamp or to hunt for tobacco . . . Yes, and under those same clean bowers they made their love at times, on evenings when both of them were tired, and yet could find the eternal bliss and passion they needed, the maddening stimulation born of their shrill affection . . . They mingled their devoted lust, entranced, forgetting the canopies overhead. Those might have been palm fronds, on an early summer evening when insects buzzed in the few catalpa trees; the Bardens might have been enjoying a luxurious and moneyed sloth in some tropic place.

In May they got sadly behind with their rent for a few weeks. The old landlord still beamed quietly and never said a cross word, but his wife went out of her way to make catty remarks. She expressed admiration for Mrs. Barden's shrewd economy, which made possible, apparently, the purchase of certified milk instead of ordinary milk. My, she said aloud as she witnessed the daily delivery, that certainly was wonderful for Mrs. Barden to buy her babies certified milk when you thought what it cost—it was terrible. *Her* daughter could not afford such expensive milk for *her* baby . . . Larry got an extra job, working nights for a while, keeping books for two businessmen. The Bardens got caught up on their rent again.

**F**raternat twins, the children were. Kit was auburn gold and Kathy blond as her mother had been when she was tiny. Probably her hair would deepen into that same rich pale maple; at least Larry hoped it would.

They looked alike, and yet they didn't: there was more of Martha in Kit and more of Larry in Kathy, though both had their father's round, cool, gray gaze.

Martha was proud to bursting on the June day when she first wheeled them into the park in a wide shiny brown wicker carriage especially made for twins. Before that, they had only an old secondhand crate bought from someone in the building. It was good enough for the back porch, but shameful to be wheeled abroad. Larry asked for a slight raise, and got it. He bought this big carriage on time.

Stepping grandly, they moved down side streets toward the park entrance. Larry had just cleaned his

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old Panama hat and Martha had put a new band on it. She had new shoes, new beige silk stockings, a fairly new little dress of tub silk; she wore the same hat she had worn to Dr. Fray's office a year before.

"Larry."

"Yup?" He drew on his eternally wet pipe.

"Larry, I was just thinking about Agnes."

(Agnes was Martha's sister. She lived in Toledo where she had a husband—much older than herself—in the wholesale grocery business, a membership in a country club, a big green sedan, a grand piano which she didn't know how to play, and a fat diamond ring which she was afraid to wear. Agnes and her husband had come to town a week before; Agnes popped in to see the twins several times, and one night she and Lloyd had taken Martha and Larry out to do the town.

"What were you thinking about Agnes?" Larry seemed suffering again the well-mentioned but empty chatter of his sister-in-law.

"Well, the last day she came to the apartment I was at my wits' end. The scales had upset when I was giving the twins their bath, and Kathy fell right on her head, and I was sure that she'd injured her soft spot and would grow up to be an idiot or something; and Kit chewed a lot of cotton tufts off his blanket and then he threw up. Oh, it was awful! And you were at work, and I hadn't done my washing yet or anything. Everything was just at sixes and sevens; and then Agnes rolled up her eyes and said, 'You don't know how lucky you are to have two darling little babies like this.' and I—well, honestly, I yapped at her, and I said, 'Darling little babies, hell! Sometimes I'd like to throw both of them right out of the window!'

"And she started in, and went on and on for about ten minutes about how I shouldn't talk like that because unconsciously I would injure my children's subconscious clavicles, or something. She had a whole lot of that twaddle. Well, I just couldn't say a word. But I was thinking, and how! I was thinking: Who are you to talk? What do you know about it? You could go and have a lot of little darling babies yourself if you weren't too lazy and too spoiled! That's what I *thought*, Larry. But I didn't say it."

Serenely now she contemplated the handsome cheap-suited man who walked beside her with only the slightest limp—his good weather limp, they called it—because the sun was being good to him; and she contemplated the gleam, the varnished straw of the vehicle that rolled so smoothly under the pressure of Larry's hands. She thought of the round pink faces shaded by the broad top; she heard at times the little growling animal sounds they made because they liked to be wheeled abroad. Tears were in Martha's eyes . . . she was more pitying in her thoughts of Agnes, more pitying to all the world. She opened her heart; she shrived and forgave and pitied and loved all women, everywhere, who did not hold the treasure that was hers.

The twins were enjoying the third year of their lives when the family moved to Ridgeport.

It all came about suddenly, this move. The Bardens' city existence, by no means satisfactory as yet, but sustained and complicated and brightened and charged and fed and ornamented by their children—this was terminated abruptly. They found themselves in a new world they had not dreamed of approaching.

It started down at the printing company, in March. By that time Larry's duties and his salary had both expanded; the employers found that he was able to make

more accurate estimates more rapidly than anyone else; and this surprised the proprietors, whose name was Neustadt, very much, since Larry had no previous experience in the printing business. He was called into service a few times when the man who ordinarily prepared the estimates on printing jobs had gone to lunch, or was home sick, or something. Very soon that man was transferred to other work . . . in addition to his book-keeping, Larry now had to prepare the estimates on most of the jobs. It meant that he had to work many evenings in order to get caught up on his books, and thus his own private ambitions suffered. The brochures from the United States Weather Bureau, to which he subscribed, came in their government envelopes, and lay on the mantelpiece unread and untended.

Kathy, on one of her first tottering unsupervised expeditions to the back porch, carried Larry's precious slide rule with her and dropped it through the banisters to destruction on a pile of iron pipes.

Larry said late that night, grimly enough, that this must be a kind of symbol: the infant Kathy had acted with more wisdom than she knew. He was destined for nothing better than the life of a grind, a cog in the wheel, a yes man, a no man, a human calculating machine at Neustadt Brothers. Best to forget about planetary influences on the weather.

"Darling, how can you *talk* that way?"

"Well, I mean it. What the hell? I've been fooling with that stuff for years, and getting nowhere."

"But, darling, you are getting somewhere. You *are*! Just think what you're making now, compared with our income a year ago. Just think—"

"What's the difference? We don't get ahead. It all goes out . . . food and doctors and clothes and cribs." He sighed. "Oh, don't mistake my meaning, Martha." (He seldom called her Martha, except in moments of solemn tribulation.) "I'm glad to be able to do it."

At last the little grin she loved was fleeting once more on his mouth. "It's wonderful to be able to do it for the kids. You know, it's queer and elemental—the normal development of paternal instincts, probably—but I love to do it for them. I walk down streets, and I see kids not properly cared for—dirty and miserable—and I can shove my shoulders back, and realize that even if it is a social injustice, at least *my* kids aren't like that . . . We've got a pretty good family, haven't we?"

Martha whispered, "Yes, darling, we've got a good family." She shook her nightgown down over her head (they were preparing for bed as they talked in whispers); and then she ran her hands through her rich hair and stood smiling up at her husband with invitation in her face. A fresh spark of his desire for her shone immediately in his eyes, responsively as always.

"You do understand how I feel, don't you, honey?"

"Yes, I understand."

"It's just that I resent being a drudge—not on their account, but on my own. I want to do something *important*."

Martha thought, but not for long . . . this seemed the simplest thing . . . "Why don't you buy a new slide rule tomorrow?"

He muttered, "I guess I will. That's a good idea . . . Now I know another good idea." Then his arms were around her and there was no more talk of slide rules.

Less than two weeks later the break came. Ridgeport was a middle-sized, fast-growing city some hundreds of miles distant, and the superintendent of schools was sent from Ridgeport to a convention; thus he landed at the printing office to seek some estimates on a number of jobs; thus he had a long conversation with Larry.

Ridgeport, as explained by Superintendent O'Connor, was revamping and expanding its entire school system, and that meant a lot more outlay than would be occasioned by mere printing bills. But the taxpayers were providing the money—and handsomely, too. In earlier years there had been a good deal of graft; the big local printing plant had contrived, along with officials now ousted, to milk the taxpayers. That was the reason Mr. O'Connor had instructions to seek out-of-town estimates.

A new high school would be completed the next autumn. The school board had asked Superintendent O'Connor to get estimates on stationery, report cards, office filing cards, and all other such necessities.

Well, it turned out that Superintendent O'Connor had been educated at the same university as one of Larry's former professors—he had been a classmate, in fact. O'Connor invited Larry Barden to have lunch with him.

When Larry arrived home that night he was more excited than Martha had ever seen him. . . .

He might have a job in Ridgeport, if he wanted it. Not just as secretary to the school board—that would be part of his duties—but the board was contemplating the hiring of a full-time financial secretary as well.

Martha sat goggle-eyed between the twins in their high chairs. They were having their supper before being put to bed. Kit had pureed apricots on his face; Kathy had egg all over hers . . . these small creatures seemed to feel the excitement and promise of the news their father brought. They stared and grinned quietly.

"There's just one joker in it, baby: I'll have to go to Ridgeport right away. O'Connor says it would be better if I went back with him on the train when he goes Friday. They wouldn't let him buy a pig in a poke."

Martha felt dizzy as she contemplated a change. She had never lived any place but in that same city. The world outside, the smaller town, the greener leagues—they might be fraught with unknown perils.

Suddenly she felt very tired. The children had been rampageous all day; the landlady had complained about their noise; the landlady had hinted, in surly fashion as she often did, that the Bardens and their children might be happier in another apartment somewhere else . . . To move away hundreds of miles, to pack all those things: the high chairs, the cribs, all their little things. She imagined a moving van piled high with boxes and cartons . . . all their possessions . . . and that was silly, too, because all their possessions would not fill even half a moving van.

"But Larry. It would be terribly expensive moving. Do you think we could find a furnished apartment?"

"By gravy," said Larry, "we'll find a house!"

"But we haven't any furniture—I mean—just the babies' things—"

He walked restlessly about the room, his dead pipe in his mouth. Yes, he admitted it: there were a lot of angles, a lot of things to be considered. He would have to estimate rail fares, moving costs, rent, perhaps the purchase of furniture on installments.

"But just think, darling"—and when he had filled and lighted his pipe, the puffing of smoke seemed to give him courage to support his eagerness—"we'd be out somewhere nice. There might be a yard for the babies. I don't mind telling you: O'Connor seems really sold on me, and if the school board—well, it sounds silly, but I don't think he's giving me any applesauce. He said—I mean—I think he meant it—"

It took some pulling and hauling to get out of Larry what it was that Superintendent O'Connor had actually said; but it was beautiful, if true. "Mr. Barden, I would like to tell you that to my notion you have one of the most brilliant—congenitally brilliant—mathematical minds I have ever encountered."

"Of course you have," said Martha softly. "Anyone would know that." And for a moment she couldn't see Larry. Room and furniture swam before her gaze.

Larry returned to Ridgeport with Superintendent O'Connor on Friday night. It was the first time he and Martha had ever been separated even for a night—except when she was in the hospital with the twins.

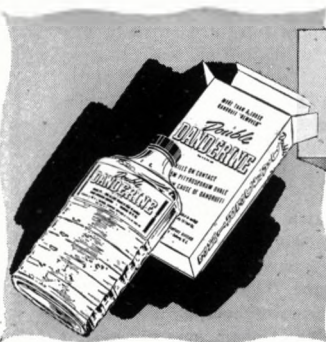
Monday noon came a telegram from Larry:

RIDGEPORT OFFER NOW DEFINITE. HAVE ACCEPTED. WIRED NEUSTADTS COULD NOT BE THERE TOMORROW SO DON'T BOTHER TO CALL THEM. ARRIVE HOME LATE TONIGHT, DEAR.

Monday afternoon—all those hours until Kit and Kathy were in bed and asleep—expanded into a century. Late tonight? Martha went down to the telephone and tried to find out about trains. There was one that got in at eleven; but Larry would have had to leave Ridgeport early in the afternoon to catch that train.

Martha did everything she could think of: she even put on her old winter coat and sat for an hour, huddled on the lower steps of the wooden stairway that led up to the third-floor porch. She tried to think; she tried to see the stars, but there was too much city glare. She tried to envision Ridgeport, and feared it utterly. She imagined the twins stampeding around a touselled, bushy yard where unknown terrors lurked in the shrubbery. In her foolishness she envisioned Kathy being bitten by a rattlesnake, Kit being drowned in some strange wild river . . . and all the moving, the packing . . . Where would they get the money to move?

It was long before a calmness came over her . . . This must be better, this would be better, because it seemed foreordained. Why had Superintendent O'Connor



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nor selected Neustadt Brothers from all the prating shops in town? He could have gone to the Acme Company, he could have gone to Riley's or the Eastern Continental, or any other of those rival establishments Larry talked about. There must be a reason why he had come, and why he had met Larry.

Serene at last, Martha went quietly into the apartment, she adjusted the window; she looked at the sleeping twins and fixed their coverings. It was weird . . . they were so much alike: the way they slept, both of them like little ballet dancers, their arms stretched and bent above their heads, their faces turned to the side. In looking at the babies she felt suddenly powerful and ardent, able to cope with any emergency. She felt somehow worthy of Larry, as if she had not been worthy of him before. And, too, she knew she had a power over him; and she would use that power for his good and for the children's, and for all the joy she might have with them, and for all the secret delight which she and her husband would savor together and which would make them mutually assertive and resourceful in the years to come.

Now Martha felt like a bride. She undressed, she took her old corduroy robe (it needed cleaning very badly, she feared, and so she must clean it the very next day); she went to the bathroom and bathed, hoping—yet fearing, too—that Larry would come before she was prepared to receive him.

She brushed her hair; she used the perfume he had given her for her birthday. Privately she thought the scent a little too heavy for her, but Larry loved it.

She had an idea, too, while she was in the bathroom. Coming back, she took from the bedroom the things she wanted, and clean pajamas for Larry also; then, as gently as possible, she wheeled the two little cribs into the bedroom. Neither child awakened; they slept peacefully, jammed up against the old double bed.

Martha made of the crowded living room a joy and a haven. She found candles: they were red, they were left over from Christmas, but they looked well in sticks of dime-store brass. She set the center table; she made little sandwiches. She hunted about under the sink . . . yes, there was some wine too.

All these beauties and childish creature comforts she assembled. There were no flowers . . . she wished she had flowers; she wished that she had an attractive negligee in which to greet her returning lover. Instead she had put on her dress-up dress. It was fairly long and of black chiffon, or something that looked like chiffon, and Larry loved it. He loved her dark hose, too.

He came at last, at two o'clock, only fifteen minutes after she had completed all the arrangements. He stood there in the door for a long moment, his bag in hand.

"Baby! What have you gone and did?"

"It's a party," she said. "Remember the time I came from the hospital, and you had a chocolate cake for me? Tonight I didn't bake any chocolate cake, but—let's have a celebration."

"Where are the kids?"

"Fine and dandy. Asleep in the bedroom."

Then Larry closed the door and locked it decisively, barring out all ills and woes and problems. Even while he still wore his old tweed topcoat, he dropped his bag and put his arms around the woman he loved.

"Oh, baby," he said. "everything's wonderful."

Through obliging and generous action by Superintendent O'Connor, and by members of the board whom Larry had impressed with his qualifications, the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars was made available for

moving and resettlement expenses. Larry was a little reluctant at first to accept the check; but it was explained to him that such procedure was not uncommon.

It seemed at first like a great deal of money, and the Bardens celebrated its receipt—lobster again, and the Polish woman to look after the babies. But eventually they had to borrow another two hundred and fifty dollars. Martha wanted to write to her sister. But Larry refused. He went instead to a loan office and, though the interest was high, they managed to pay off their debt within six months.

The Ridgeport house was not their dream house, not by any means. It was a kind of bungalow put up years before, during the first rush of the town's industrial growth; already the paint peeled into unseasonable autumn leaves on the ceiling of the porch; already the foundation had sagged until winter winds might sweep in across the downstairs floors in the worst weather.

But the rent was only fifty dollars a month; and though the old hot-air furnace fairly gourmandized on coal, though the plumbing was leaky and screen doors needed immediate patching—even with all these ailments, the house became a pride. It was a castle, a bower, a boudoir, a safe port for the babies.

Indeed this ugly place partook of pastoral beauty in the warm-weather month when they first moved in. There were peony bushes around the yard, huge blooms bending their stalks almost to the ground; and there was a little rock-paved pool down the hill in back: very shallow, no deeper than a tub, and it had to be filled by means of the garden hose. But it was a wonderful place for the twins to paddle.

Martha would work in the kitchen, thrilled with her new electric iron—one of the trophies resulting from a farewell party given them by employees at Neustadt's—and she would hear the twins conversing gravely as they splashed in the pool and poured water over each other.

The children had walked almost simultaneously; almost from the first inception of their vocal ability they possessed a cryptic, mysterious, linguistic interchange of their own. There were really words in it, too; but the other sounds they made . . . Larry used to wonder aloud whether perhaps the children were really his, or whether a Choctaw Indian had visited Martha on Milledge Street in that faint and fading spring of 1925.

Kathy soon graduated into the ranks of the English speakers. Kit lagged far behind; he used grunts and gestures.

"I am glad," said Kathy, aged twenty-eight months, "glad we moved to Widgeport. Kit's glad, too."

"How do you know, Kathy?"

"Oh, he told me so."

If he had told her, it was probably with growls and handwavings. Even by the time they were installed in their new home and surrounded with unfamiliar new and secondhand time-installment furniture—even in this later month, Kit would only shrug and champ and utter but occasional articulation.

Then, of a sudden, just before he was three, the miraculous wonder of Santa Claus and Christmas toys initiated it. By the beginning of 1929 Kit was fairly orating—in pretty good English, too.

That first queer year was in many ways a nightmare to Martha. There was so much to do, so little to do it with. She found both her fears and hopes realized. Larry's position in the new environment was one of responsibility and importance. The Bardens were socially acceptable in church and school circles alike—yea, even socially desirable. That meant no end of

trouble with her wardrobe. Agnes sent her things from time to time; but Agnes was heavier than Martha, and that meant endless adjusting. Martha had never been a particularly adept needlewoman; now she had to be.

Larry moved through the new life with calm, determined intensity. He had agreed to this; he had burned his bridges behind him; he would make a proper place for his family, for his children, or know the reason why. You could see it in his eyes.

The work did tire him, and his hip flared up again. The tiny wounds . . . sometimes there was one open fistula, even two or three . . . the skin would grow over them in a false healing. But that had happened before: Larry knew what that meant. It meant a stiffened knee, a swollen hipjoint, and mounds among the knots of scar tissue to be sliced eventually by a surgeon's knife.

But people in this new place were generous, agreeable, sympathetic. They knew that Larry had been wounded in the war, and many of them had served in the war, too. He had perforce to join the American Legion.

No one complained on those occasions when Larry was absent from his office for half a day, or even two days at a time. He would work at home, his right knee supported by the eternal hump of pillows; he would type letters, assemble his columns of numerals. He even prepared figures for the new school-tax bill which was to be submitted during that never-to-be-forgotten week when he was having leg trouble, when the twins both had chicken pox, and when Martha slipped on the back steps and sprained her ankle—and when, worse, all the school salary checks were held up by litigation growing out of the case of a defunct bank, and the installment collectors grew grim and purposeful.

In the spring of 1929 the frail young man who taught algebra and geometry in the high school became ill of pneumonia, and died promptly thereafter. Through this tragic time Larry Barden was requested to serve as substitute teacher until a successor could be found. The obvious results obtained by Larry in the classroom, the comments of students back to the superintendent via the community grapevine—Superintendent O'Connor's own observation as well—these brought a momentous interview, within fourteen months after Larry had first heard of Ridgeport.

He came home and told Martha . . . there was considerably more salary involved, and even that could be increased if he were able to handle certain details of school finances on the side.

But it posed many new problems. It was not a thing to greet with glee alone, to dance about.

"Larry. Do you really want to teach?"

"I don't know, frankly. I'd never thought of teach-

ing before. I did a little tutoring in college, but—"

"But he says you're good, Larry. And all those things the kids—the high-school students, themselves—they liked you, and they said they learned more—"

Larry shook his head. "It's a lot of responsibility. It entails dealing in personalities, too, directing them; being an executive, in fact, as well as a teacher."

"I think you could do it," said Martha, and her eyes were luminous. "I don't think it's ever happened before—in Ridgeport, Larry, or any town like this. I don't think they usually have one man to head the entire mathematics and commercial departments in a school."

"There's something else I didn't tell you. Mr. O'Connor said if I made good in this, they might talk about the science department later on. Baby, do you like Ridgeport? Do you really want to stay here? If I took this, we could get a better house next year; we might get some new furniture; we might even get"—his voice broke in holy wonder—"a car!

"Well—of course, it entails something else too. My scholastic background is adequate, they say, but there's a lot of form about a teacher's license, for a regular job. I'd have to go to State Teachers' College this summer and pass an examination, and a lot more hooley. Damn it, I couldn't have you and the twins down there with me. I could just get home week ends."

It was between two of these very far apart week ends—it was in July—when Martha suffered the severest panic she had ever known.

The twins were out in the sunny yard. It was around ten o'clock when Martha saw them. They kept coming in for crackers to feed the Pearsons' old collie dog, who ate dutifully almost everything the twins fed him; and when Martha sternly said, "No more crackers," they had to fall back on white clover heads. These they were trying to force into the long-suffering beast's mouth.

And then, next time Martha looked out, they were gone. Just like that.

Her terror did not come for a time. She thought they were over at the Pearsons'. The old couple made much of the Barden twins, and they went there often. Maybe Martha was dilatory about calling; maybe she should have called before; but she was busy with her ironing, and hoping to get through in time to work a little on the new negligee she was making for herself. It was blue, with a lot of shirring on it. Larry liked things shirred—"gathered," as he called it. She wanted to have that robe ready so that she might appear fresh and flowerlike and desirable when he came in late next Friday night from the teachers' college.

So she did not call over at the Pearsons' until five

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minutes after twelve, and Mrs. Pearson said how on earth could she send the twins home when they weren't there. . . . yes, old Rags was there. He had come home a long time before. But the twins were nowhere around.

Then it all started: the frantic search—a hideous pursuit in which Martha had never had to indulge before. She dashed across the street to the Masons' and the Arthurs' and the Richardsons', while old Mrs. Pearson quizzed other neighbors.

One woman only had seen the twins. They had gone past. . . . oh, away in the middle of the morning, she said. She had supposed that their mother sent them on an errand or something.

Three years old, and sent on an errand!

"Which way were they going, Mrs. Atger?" Martha asked.

"Down that way. Down Locust Street."

Locust Street led fairly into and across the railroad yards, and there was always a tremendous lot of switching and backing and steam and champing of wheels; there was even a roundhouse near the crossing.

Martha started to run, and then young Mr. Mason caught up with her in his car; and Mr. Arthur, just home for lunch, was out searching, with his wife, in their car too. Both men were Legion friends of Larry's.

There were no mangled little corpses in the railroad yards. And no one had seen the fugitives there, Kit and Kathy—no one except, finally, an old man who sold popcorn at the corner of Locust and Center.

Yep, two little shavers had gone past there. He laughed about it. Both dressed in green sun suits. . . . yep, a boy and girl. They had tried to buy popcorn, but they didn't have any money. "Well," he said, "I give them a little." But he didn't know which way they had gone after that.

The police were called, and they went cruising around town, and they inquired at salient points. So, eventually—it was after two o'clock—the trail led Martha up the steep hill beyond Pioneer Park and into the more expensive, wider-lawned, better-bricked homes of that area. It led at last to a pleasant, sunny breakfast room in a big house on Sycamore Drive. And there, if you please, sat Kit and Kathy, calmly enjoying lunch with the children of one Doctor Ellis, who had only within the month settled in Ridgeport, to assume the practice of an old doctor who was retiring.

Mrs. Ellis was intelligent and giggly: a trim little brunette with pretty ankles and hair like a gypsy. Yes, she told the distraught Martha, she was out in the yard with her own children. . . . she had the baby holding on to her hand; the baby was learning to walk; and little Tolman Jr. was trying to rake the grass with a new red rake someone had given him, when the twins ambled by and came up into the yard. . . . Where were they going? Looking for "new friends," they said. They seemed fairly fagged, said Nadine Ellis; so she brought them in and gave them cool drinks, and tried to get them to tell the name of their father and mother.

They both insisted that their father's name was "Wary," so Mrs. Ellis looked up all the Wares and similar names in the phone book and called each of them with no results.

Where did they live?

"Away over there. We've got a pool. We've got Wags."

"No, Kit. We have *not* got Rags: he's next door."

But where was next door?

"I figured this was all mighty unproductive," said Nadine Ellis in her slow drawl. "I reckoned it was better to keep them here, until somebody came a-hunting them."

So someone had come, all right; and Mrs. Ellis called

to her cook to take charge of her own children, and she herself drove Martha home with the twins, for the other friends had had to go back to their offices.

By that time Martha had collected her wits. She confessed to Larry later that she was a little awed by the Ellises' obvious careless grandeur in living.

She was awed, too, by Nadine Ellis's casual mention of New Orleans and Vassar and places like that. ("Oh, baby," said Larry, "Vassar's not a place: it's in Poughkeepsie!") But, anyway, she had her courage with her; and she invited Mrs. Ellis to come and have tea with her; and Nadine Ellis said she would come the very next afternoon. She giggled and said, "Let's have all our children have their naps real late, honey—let's give them sleeping pills so we can just sit and talk and talk. I reckon Tolman's got some sleeping pills somewhere!"

Martha, warm and frantic and delighted and excited at once, said good-by to her new friend. She led Kit and Kathy into the house, and there she proceeded to spank them. They howled mutually and enormously; but they never ran away again—at least not that far.

Larry was back in town for the week end. They were invited over for Saturday night dinner at Doctor Ellis's, along with a couple from the bank, and a few more of those people with whom the newcomers were acquainted. The Bardens could get a girl to sit all evening for fifty cents—one dollar, after midnight. Yes, in those days you could.

Later, they sat out on a flagstone terrace with their highballs and watched the fireflies. The other people went home fairly early, but the Ellises wouldn't hear of the Bardens going. Tolman Ellis (he was older than Nadine—a good deal older—but his face was young, for all the iron-gray hair above it) had taken a great fancy to Larry. They talked about the war interminably. Tolman Ellis had been in command of advanced first-aid posts; he also had been wounded, though slightly.

Every now and then, when there would come a break in Nadine's fluttery, drawling rush of words, Martha could cock her head to one side and listen. She could hear remarks coming from the men.

"Well, that's probably so. Barden. Osteomyelitis is a mighty funny thing. But you know, I remember Dr. George Bennett had a case when I was working under him awhile at Hopkins—something like yours and. . . ."

That was how it came about: Once more for Larry the hissing sounds, the lights in his eyes, the pale sweet breath issuing from a cone over his face. Once more the soft mourning of rubber heels on hospital linoleum.

Martha closed her eyes. She shut out the drab snow of the Christmas-vacation landscape beyond the window, she shut out the awful sound of the talk everyone was making nowadays: Stockmarket crashes, hard times, bank failures. She heard the voice of a grim woman in a nurse's cap. . . . what on earth was that name? . . . ah, yes, Miss Tempelhoff. Martha shuddered.

They brought Larry in; they put him upon the bed; they adjusted the heavy bandages.

"Doctor—" Then (because he was her new friend—he was *their* new friend) she used the name they called him other times before the fireplace, when drinking coffee, or in the Barden kitchen, eating midnight melted-cheese sandwiches. "Tolmy. How is he?"

The doctor came over and put his arm around Martha. "Well, I never like to prophesy the eventual result of any surgery as soon as this." He laughed. "Honey child, I haven't even got my working clothes off yet! Let's keep our fingers crossed. But I found several slabs of granulated tissue down in the bottom there. They

seemed to be full of little spicules of bone. Maybe those Canadian government doctors that worked on him before—well—maybe it looked like quite a job to them. But he's young still, and I think he's tougher than he looks. His coagulation test was good, too. I tell you what I did, honey: I just yanked them all out—spicules, granulated tissue, everything. Don't you worry. He's bound to hemorrhage for a while, but I really think he's going to be very happy about this. I hope so, anyway."

And, oh, God, he was, he was!

Larry said that instead of spanking the children on that memorable July day, Martha should have given them medals and sugarplums: the twins' excursion was so far-reaching in its consequences. You didn't have to consider it very long, you didn't have to study intricately the progress of events, to see that Larry might have been compelled to suffer osteomyelitis until his dying day, if it hadn't been for the twins . . .

True, no doubt he would eventually have come in contact with Doctor Tolman Ellis somewhere in the movement of Ridgeport civic activities; but it is unlikely that there would have been any means of establishing the early intimacy which led to Larry's emancipation from gauze, dressings, and the rack of the infection he had endured for years.

Martha Louise Barden thought of the old hymn her mother used to sing: "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." With no thought of sacrilege she paraphrased the hymn. The quotation became a household utility—something they trotted out in saturnine amusement at times, trying to tease themselves with the wry belief that there might be an omniscient Power operating within the twins' squabbles or in the midst of their very deviltry.

"Oh, Larry, they had a *terrible* fight this morning. They were both yelling their heads off. Kathy insisted that Kit had scratched her on purpose, and he denied it; but I think he did it on purpose, just the same. I quieted them down, I thought . . . It was raining so hard they couldn't go out, and they're apt to get fussy; so I had them working with modeling clay, and the next thing there was an absolutely ghastly yell from Kit. They had fought again, and Kathy had pushed him across the little green chair, and he fell down, and when I got there she was actually jumping up and down on him. Kit thought he was murdered. Well, I put them both in jail: Kathy in the back entry, Kit in the front; and of course they stopped yelling right away, and then they started fairly *praying* at me, wanting to see each other, wanting to be friends again. Finally I let them kiss and make up. They simply can't bear to be separated. But noisy all day . . . gosh."

"Well, baby, they were 'moving in a mysterious way.'"

"Yes. 'Their wonders to perform.' Wonders! Gosh."

There would be no chance for public kindergarten until the twins were five. Martha lamented this. She dreamed of a nursery school: there was one in town conducted by a busybody named Mrs. Ella Gallup Field. Mrs. Field served on a number of local boards concerned with the welfare of children. She was a well-to-do widow, and fancied herself a child psychologist, although she had no professional training; and she wrote a weekly column for the Ridgeport Press-Republican. People wrote to Mrs. Ella Gallup Field when their children persisted in sucking their thumbs, biting their nails, or wetting their beds; and Mrs. Ella Gallup Field told the parents what to do about it.

Mrs. Field's homemade institution, known as The Field Haven for Tiny Tots, was replete with shiny teeter-totters, clean sand piles, and jungle gyms, and Martha suffered a pang each time she traveled past the place. It was on one of the rich, wooded curves near Pioneer Park; but the tuition—even for "tiny tots"—was said to be as costly as that required for children of a greater age in expensive private schools throughout the country. Certainly there was no chance for the Barden twins.

However, Martha was able to greet Larry with ecstatic excitement one September day in 1930, yammering about the stroke of luck which had befallen.

"A scholarship? Just what did she mean?"

"That is absolutely true, Larry. Mrs. Field said there were no strings attached. Scholarships are being offered to a select group of children; no tuition required."

Larry meditated. "I wouldn't say that Kit and Kathy were very *select* at the moment," he said, observing their carrot-smeared faces.

He deduced more shrewdly, later on, "I think I get the idea. She has a notion that I might be able to advertise her institution—discreetly, of course—through scholastic contacts when new families move to town, and so on. You know, lots of high-school students have little brothers and sisters. How would we get the kids over to her place, anyway?"

"She said the Pixie Express would call every morning. I guess that's a car somebody drives around and gathers up children in. Larry, it couldn't do any *harm*."

As a matter of fact, in later years, the Bardens were of the opinion that this particular nursery-school experience had done more harm than good. Kathy always insisted when older that she had gained a severe inferiority complex then and there . . . She had an accident one day, and Mrs. Ella Gallup Field made her stand before the class for punishment, with the wetness of her panties very apparent.

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acids—acids present in everyone's mouth—  
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major cause of tooth decay!

One thing, however, was evident from the start: at this first consistent contact with their "peers," as Mrs. Field called them, the twins demonstrated a hearty mutual loyalty. It was the Barden twins against the world. If one wept, the other wept. They shared tumultuous joys as well; they wanted to be on the "same side" in all games and contests; they pouted and refused co-operation when they were not together.

Mrs. Field, in her monthly Little Personal Letters to Parents, stressed this fact repeatedly and seemed to find something fairly incestuous about it.

Larry growled and glowered and talked of withdrawing the children from school, but Martha calmed him.

Often the children arrived home in the afternoon subdued, whining; sometimes they were in tears. It came out that they were being set upon by a clique of other four-year-olds, headed by a burly giant named Jamie, who was in turn lieutenanted by a ferocious henchwoman named Sally Lou. Behind the back of the preceptress, the young Bardens were repeatedly mauled, pinched, and otherwise assaulted.

"We've got to do something about this," said Larry, and got down on his knees promptly. (Oh, thank God he could do anything with both knees, with both hips . . . he could do anything, at last, and the pain would not oppress him.) "Look," he said, and showed the two wondering children how to make up their tiny fists.

In session after session he taught them how to punch—not to slap—and how to block a blow. Martha shuddered, but Larry was grimly determined; though he cautioned the twins that they should endure meekly. They should not fight back until the time came.

One night he came striding home with a cardboard box under his arm. He had found a set of miniature boxing gloves in a toy store, and the little folks pummeled each other with glee.

"Larry, I think that's perfectly horrid."

"Look. It's the world they live in. There are a lot of things horrid about this world: it's a horrid fact, for instance, that a stronger or more pugnacious child can triumph over a weaker one, but it happens all the time. Well, it's not going to happen to *our* kids."

The Little Personal Letters to Parents had been a-flutter with lament for the social attitudes expressed by Kit and Kathy. They were not "leaders in group activities." They "expressed abnormal fear of physical contact with their peers."

The day came when Larry had a serious talk with the children and gave them a deliberate go-ahead signal.

"It isn't fun to hurt people, but sometimes it's necessary. Remember what I've taught you. Don't just slap or pinch: you swing and you punch—both of you."

The children came beaming from the Pixie Express that afternoon, with explosive descriptions of battles royal. According to them, they had practically devastated the entire infant personnel at the Field Haven.

Larry was coolly delighted—Martha amused, but a bit worried at the bloodthirsty descriptions.

On Wednesday Larry trailed up the hill from the bus line and conjectured about an expensive sedan parked before the house. He went in to find a very upset wife faced by Mrs. Ella Gallup Field herself.

"As I was saying to Mrs. Barden, Professor Barden. I don't understand what has come over them. I have received complaints this week from the parents of several of their little peers whom they have—ah—mutilated. I think that, possibly—that is for a little time, you understand—until perhaps they conquer these recently acquired sadistic inclinations . . ."

"You've been very kind, Mrs. Field. I agree with you;

perhaps a—vacation—is the wiser course," said Larry.

Martha went into the kitchen and wept. Larry told her that she acted as if Kathy had been expelled from Wellesley for immoral conduct, and Kit from Harvard.

The youngest Bardens were not perturbed in any unseemly fashion. Fresh snow had just fallen, and they had a new sled. Their rear yard boasted a safe but lengthy slope, away down past the corner of the Pearsons' garden and into the shallow valley beyond. They spent delightful weeks there. They had a good winter.

Up until their birthday, at least.

There was a late afternoon party, complete with snappers, paper caps and donkey-tail game, sandwiches, cake, ice cream, and cocoa.

Larry came through the early dusk and stood delighted in the shadows of the living room, watching the party still in progress beyond.

He heard the voices rising in a happy-birthday song for Kathy, repeated lustily for Kit as well.

Larry would have cried, had he been able to express emotion so easily . . . Somehow it seemed very easy—rearing children—a perpetual delight, with little pain involved. Now he forgot about the wicked weeks of an earlier time, when they had chicken pox simultaneously with his suffering and Martha's.

Kathy's hair was filmy as yellow milkweed silk; Kit's face was ruddy as an apple. They were healthy; they were alive and learning and alert. Suddenly it seemed too easy; and Larry Barden pitied and scorned all men who had not tasted the wine he savored.

One hour later, with the house wrecked, and the guests carted away, the twins had gone outside for a momentary romp in the near-by darkness. Martha thought it wise to let them go, because they were still so keyed-up from the party . . . The little flight of stone steps down the ledges of the rock garden was coated with ice. The steps were low and wide; it seemed safe to let the children coast there in an abandoned metal washtub . . . One hour later they heard the crash, the combined shrieks, and they went loping to assess the damage.

The tub had spun at furious speed across the frozen yard and crashed into a tree. Kit had a bad cut on his head, a concussion, and they thought for a while that his nose was broken, but it wasn't. Kathy had a broken arm; she had to wear a cast for weeks.

They were six years old, it was October. The whiz of that metal washtub was only a plaguing memory; it survived in the triangular scar which Kit would carry under his hair the rest of his natural life.

Larry came wheeling up sublimely with the garage man beside him . . . It was a car: even three and a half years old, even a coach of common cheap make, with scarred green body and dented yellow wheels. Only four cylinders, and the speedometer admitted to twenty-one thousand miles. But it was a car. The man was teaching Larry to drive; he, in turn, taught Martha.

The twins were seven. It was March, and they were both in bed asleep. Larry had cashed his monthly check ten minutes before the bank closed for the Bank Holiday. Thus suddenly he was affluent—he was a lifesaver to friends who had not cashed their checks. He kept as much cash as he decently could for their own needs; but the ten- and twenty-dollar bills he distributed elsewhere were a godsend. He came home pleased with himself, but weary.

He had a stack of examination papers to go through, and Martha sat near at hand. She turned the collars on three of Larry's shirts and put fresh elastic in Kathy's bloomers while she waited for Larry.

"Darling, it's so late. You look so tired. Please come to bed. You're through with those old papers."

He swore impressively; he was always impressive when he really cut loose with oaths. He swore wickedly so seldom that Martha looked up in alarm.

"Oh, it's nothing. I just get sore, that's all. Honey, don't misunderstand. See, I thought I'd have a little energy to go after some of my own stuff tonight. I've got all these new charts, and Wingate's last article—the speech he made at M. I. T. And there's all this stuff—"

He lifted an envelope with foreign stamps on it.

"Hjalmer Bergeson sent me those Norwegian temperatures, and some of the Swedish readings, too, from 1891 to 1907. I wanted to correlate that with the rest of the readings I've got. But what the hell? How long have I been fooling with these cycles, anyway? Two years before I met you, baby. That's a long time. It's just thought and energy poured down a rathole."

Martha went over and kissed him on top of his head. He was not growing bald as some other men his age were; his hairline had barely receded in front . . . She saw the charts, the rows of figures and graphs spread out. Dully she sensed the truth of what he had said . . . poured down a rat hole, perhaps.

How important could he make his findings seem in the end? How important would they be, and who might ever read them, once they were published—if indeed they were published?

Oh, he had managed to write a little article or two in scientific magazines; he had hinted at the passion which ruled, the problems which provoked him; he had received rambling letters from other men, busy in adjacent fields.

"Darling, would you like some coffee?" she asked.

He mumbled, "Yes, that would be swell," and the clock was ticking behind them both, treading away the precious seconds of their existence. Nine o'clock tomorrow morning: it would be here before long . . . and all the other things to do in order to pay the rent, to buy the food, to buy clothes for the children . . .

While Martha was in the kitchen, heating coffee and making a little sandwich, she heard him on the stairs. She heard him go to the bathroom above, but he took a long time about it. She hoped he wasn't ill.

At last he came down, and she had the sandwich and steaming coffee all ready for him.

"It's twelve thirty." She kissed Larry again. "I'm going to bed. Don't work too late."

He brought her close against him, and bent down and rubbed the stubble of his chin against her neck.

"I was just thinking," he muttered.

"Thinking what?"

"Well, I went up to the bathroom, and then I went in to look at the kids—you know, to see whether they had

kicked off their covers or anything. There they were in their two beds. I don't know . . . I used to read about things like that. I thought they were a lot of baloney—parents standing looking at sleeping children. But it was funny . . . You know, a few minutes ago I was so damn dead tired and disgusted and worn out; but it seemed as if I actually had a hypodermic—a drug—something that woke me up and pulled me together. Just standing there looking at those little brats—"

"Don't you dare call my children brats!"

"Well, anyway—it sounds quite silly—I thought a lot of things while I stood there. After all, there are plenty of children everywhere who have fathers working hard for them—there's nothing new about that. Kids are a responsibility: you bring them into the world, and you've got to look after them. It's a natural law—a pretty selfish law in some ways. But Kathy sort of swallowed in her bed, and Kit turned over in his, and he sighed and relaxed again. And I thought: Okay, I'm going to show you—both of you. I'm going to show the world."

The years rolled on . . . the Roosevelt years . . . in the summer when the twins were eight, the Bardens moved again; this time to the Pioneer Park region. It wasn't too expensive—only seventy-five dollars a month rent—and one of the finest homes of the district. It had been a farmhouse originally; the ceilings were tall; there was plenty of room. The children each had rooms of their own now; there was even a guest-chamber, soon to be occupied by Agnes and Lloyd paying their first visit in years.

Agnes, in some belated awakening of a rich relative's responsibility, bought bicycles for the twins: shiny blue—one a boy's and one a girl's.

When the relatives were gone, the bright bicycles remained. Larry, with Kit helping him, folded his ancient tartan blanket on top of the sedan so that the machines wouldn't scratch the finish, and thus the bicycles could go on a picnic with the Bardens.

Side by side on the grass, Martha and Larry watched the twins streaking along a pale, deserted road.

"Larry, I saw them like this, once before."

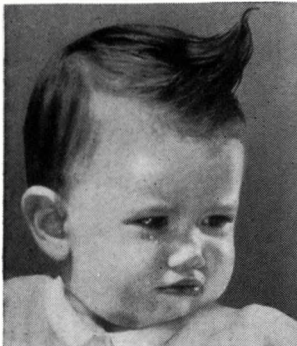
"What do you mean?"

"I had a kind of dream, I guess. It was the first day—you know—when Doctor Steelson said it was twins."

"Well, I imagined twins, except that they were always either both girls or both boys . . . But they had bicycles." She wrinkled her forehead. "Nope, I guess not. It was tricycles—red ones."

"These are blue," said Larry. "A lot better-looking than those old rattly secondhand ones that I got them. These have everything but the kitchen sink attached. It's nice to have dough."

"To hell with dough!" said Martha, and rolled on the grass against him.



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It was raining very hard the night that Kathy wore her first long dress. She was thirteen. *All* the girls, she insisted, were going to wear long dresses to the dance that Helene Cordier was giving at the country club. *All* the girls were going to wear high heels. *All* the girls, Mommy—*everybody*—

It gave Martha a spiritual wrench, and she proceeded with some misgivings and after conversations with other mothers on the telephone. All the other mothers had about the same reaction. They didn't really approve . . . the girls and boys were too young; but the girls had said all the *other* girls—

Kit scorned the party. He had quarreled heatedly with Helene Cordier during a class election at high school, and thus she made a great point of not inviting him. At first Kathy was angry: she said that she wouldn't go, either, but Kit argued and persuaded her. Each twin could work persuasion at times upon the other that left their parents stupefied.

Now the house was a mess. Alice, the colored girl who helped out, was home sick with the flu. Larry's charts were plastered over the living-room table, and one especially big one was spread on the floor. Martha, in her oldest house dress, was trying to quell the frantic Kathy as she adjusted a sagging hem on the blue-flowered *long* dress she had made for her daughter.

"Kathy, for the love of Mike, hold still!"

"But he'll *come*, Mommy. *Gordon's* coming for me, to take me to the *party*."

"Nonsense," said Larry. "*Gordon's* too young. His father wouldn't let him take the car."

"No, but their man, Roy—their houseman—he's going to drive *Gordon* and *Eric both*. First, they're going to stop for *me*, and then they're going to stop for *Marie*. Mommy, please *hurry*. He may be here any *minute!*"

Then there were steps on the porch, and a ring of the noisy spring-driven bell.

Kathy shrieked, tore away from her mother, and clattered up the stairs. Martha groaned and pulled a needle out of her finger. Larry went to the door.

It wasn't *Gordon*. It wasn't *Roy*, the houseman. It—"Good evening," said Larry.

Two men were on the porch—nice-looking men. They both wore glasses: one wore a slicker, the other a trench coat. "Professor Barden?"

"Why—yes."

"You'll have to excuse our dropping in without ceremony, like this—"

Larry said, "Come inside—ceremony or no ceremony," and Martha could have choked him. After all, he might have realized that she was wearing that old thing all pulled out under one arm, and she had forgotten to wear her apron: she had tomato juice sprinkled on the front of her dress.

The men were dripping on the rag rug in the hall.

"Anyway, we are very glad to find you at home. My name is Prowley. I'm with the Department of Agriculture. This is Mr. Van Houten from the United States Weather Bureau. I—I take it you didn't get our wire?"

Larry said hesitatingly, "Why, no. I—"

Their telegram did arrive an hour later, while the men sat with Larry around the dining-room table on which they had assembled Larry's charts and papers.

"It was that article which had appeared in the spring issue of the American Meteorological Quarterly. It really attracted considerable attention in Washington, Mr. Barden . . . Also in California. In fact, Doctor Wingate told us in Chicago the other day that it was a shame you weren't able to be present last year at

Wood's Hole . . . Well, you see, we were near by, and we had a spare evening. It was only a hundred and fifty miles, and we didn't have to be back in Washington until Monday morning. So . . .

"Now, about the definition of these cycles, Barden. Do you feel that, after your years of research, you would be justified in applying what you have learned to a projected scheme of long-range weather forecasting? . . . Matter of fact, we have three departments vitally interested right now: War, Navy, and Agriculture. Fact is—we were in consultation with various people in all three departments before we left Washington. I don't mind saying your name came into the conversation, and your article was thoroughly discussed."

"But, Larry, you've *got* to do it."

"Yes, I suppose so. Martha, do you really want to?"

"It isn't that, Larry. Yes, I want to—and no, I don't. This is our home; it means a big uprooting for us, a big uprooting for the children. A new high school—"

He said, "Well, it's not a sure thing, anyway. As Prowley told us, the funds for establishing such a department will have to be approved by the President."

"But if they are approved? Oh, Larry, this is everything you've dreamed of! You didn't want to be a schoolteacher. You wanted to do *this*. You've always wanted to. You *must* do this! Kit and Kathy . . . it'll be a problem for them; but they'll love it eventually."

"Baby, do you know what time it is? Four o'clock. We've got to get some sleep."

"But we can't sleep, darling. Do you realize what this is? Oh, I know it sounds funny—but it's your country, calling you. It's—a summons—like a bugle call. And you're prepared, Larry. You're the only one who is."

Larry Barden went to Washington the day after school closed. He was there two weeks; when he came back everything had been arranged. The funds were available, assistants were provided, he even had an office of his own in one of the Weather Bureau buildings. His appointment could not be made permanent—it would need to be renewed annually; but nobody seemed to think that there was much doubt about that.

He had rented an apartment: really one side of a duplex in Georgetown, and there he established Martha and the twins in August. They were acutely miserable. The savage heat smothered them; the apartment had bad ventilation; their furniture, all their *things*, were in storage. The children, once over their first thrill at seeing Washington and climbing to the top of the Monument and seeing the White House, and even seeing Mr. Roosevelt himself whizzing through early morning shadows in a blue roadster—even these excitements soon wore thin, and the twins drove Martha insane. No one was happy.

This misery lasted less than three weeks; it seemed like a year. Then Larry mortgaged his whole future and theirs. He borrowed money on what insurance he possessed and made the down payment: the Bardens moved into a house in the country, a little place that needed a thousand repairs. But they would make them.

Fields of Fairfax County smiled to receive them . . . They knew, even with the first crash of German bombs seeming to echo from the blackness beyond the Potomac and the wider water beyond that—they knew that here was willing soil into which they might sink their thin Yankee roots and draw a sustenance such as contented old Virginians had drawn before them.

The war chafed and rattled across the throbbing world; the war came nearer; the twins grew tall. There was hurt all around them, and they felt it. But mostly they had their closeness and their joys.

The twin's seventeenth birthday was to be celebrated on Saturday, February 6, 1943. It was the third time their birthday had fallen on that appropriate day of the week, since they were born.

Martha thought about it a few nights beforehand, when she was putting lima beans to soak . . . Saturday's children! Twice before, Martha remembered, the twins' birthday had been celebrated on their natal Saturday . . . now they would be *seventeen*. War or no war, she would give them a party.

Beamingly she broached the subject when they came home from high school Wednesday afternoon. Just a few friends, she said—nothing elaborate. Maybe five or six couples? Martha could manage a little dinner party for that many. And she had thought that she and Dad would give them some new albums for the phonograph . . . they could dance in the living room and on the sun porch. They could have a log fire . . .

To Martha's astonishment and secret hurt, both young people seemed reluctant. "Oh, I don't know, Mommy. Kit and I were talking yesterday. We thought you might want to give us a party; but I'm already invited out Saturday evening—a hen party over at Cinny Coleman's, and—what do you think, Kit?"

Kit said decisively, "Dad probably won't be working Saturday afternoon, unless he plans to work at home or something. We've got plenty of gas; we've been real careful. And I just put a new patch on the tube of the spare. You know what I'd like? Just take a little drive—the whole family—in the country somewhere."

He grinned. "You folks could buy us a birthday dinner down in Culpeper—we wouldn't object to that."

So they started out through the winter-starved woods, Saturday afternoon, driving leisurely, well within the prescribed war-time speed limit, and for a wonder Kit didn't want to drive. He sat with docility beside Kathy in the rear seat as they traveled west along the Warrenton road, past fields and oaken timber still tight within the grip of frost . . .

Martha remembered the afternoon so well. They stopped for a few moments on the bridge at Bull Run, and Larry tapped out his pipe on the historic stones.

When they climbed back into the car, Martha wanted to drive. She was able to drive so seldom these days for the mere pleasure of bowling across the countryside. This time the twins were separated, as rarely occurred. Kit sat in front with Martha.

And later on they viewed Mosby's monument on the green at Warrenton; and this time Kathy wanted to drive, and Kit and his father puffed their pipes in the rear seat, side by side, all the way to Culpeper.

They ate a delicious ham dinner at Culpeper, and then drove home through the cold early darkness, but by a

different route . . . more battlefields, more markers to be washed by their headlights. It was difficult to believe that war had once been consummated among these very groves, now rattling their leafless branches in the wind of evening. It seemed like a better war, somehow; it seemed strangely saner and nobler for good brave Americans of one political faith to be slain by good brave Americans of another. It seemed less brutal and frightening than the Japs and Nazis.

Back home, Kathy flew to make ready for her party. When Kathy had left, Kit came down from his room.

Larry stirred in his chair. "Where to tonight?"

Kit stood filling his pipe. His neck seemed ungainly and long and coltish, and he gave his parents such a peculiar look that both of them laughed. Kit grinned feebly. "Oh, I don't know. Benjy's going to pick me up."

Benjy Morgan was his bosom friend: a mechanical and electrical wizard nearly a year younger than Kit.

"What are you going to do? Go to a movie?"

"We'll probably occupy ourselves with wine, women, and song," he said, and then they all laughed again.

The boy bent down suddenly and kissed his mother. He came over to Larry, pipe in one hand, open tobacco pouch in the other.

"Listen," said Larry, "you smoke too damn much."

"That's right," said Kit from the bliss of his six-feet-one. "I've got to cut down. Might stunt my growth."

Then they heard the sound of the car—an old rattle-trap which Benjy Morgan had cobbled together.

"Well, so long," said Kit. "Thanks again, folks, for the drive. It was swell. Good-by, Mom. Good-by, Dad."

They heard the bang of the front door, and then he was gone. The parents settled themselves for the evening, with only fleeting thoughts of pride and satisfaction in their good family.

They were in bed when Kathy came home. It was nearly twelve when she arrived; Larry had already fallen asleep while reading, but Martha still had the light turned on, and she spoke in a stage whisper when her daughter came to the door and blew a kiss.

"I won't come in," said Kathy from the hall. "Afraid I'll wake Daddy. Good night, Mommy."

"Hope you didn't lock the door," Martha told her. "Kit's not in yet."

Kathy murmured an indistinguishable reply.

Pretty soon Martha was asleep; then she was awake. She had fallen asleep over her book, and with the light on. She seldom did that! She looked at the little clock on the bedside table . . . thirteen minutes after two . . . Kit must have come in long before. Martha was a little annoyed at herself for falling asleep. She always remained awake until both children were safe in their beds.

Just between  
us girls—



Edna  
knows about



TO RELIEVE FUNCTIONAL  
**PERIODIC PAIN**  
CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

She tiptoed into the hall; she thought she heard a smothered sound from Kathy's room as she passed. Perhaps Kathy was talking in her sleep as she sometimes did. Martha pushed lightly against the door of Kit's room. It swung slowly, and in the dimness stood revealed the unoccupied smooth-made bed beyond.

Martha Louise Barden went flitting back and shook Larry's shoulder. "Larry, Larry!"

He stirred. "What?"

"I don't know—I'm worried—it's a quarter after two, and Kit isn't home."

Larry shook his head comfortingly, and yawned just as comfortingly; but his long legs slid out of bed and he felt for his slippers. "I'll call Benjy's folks. These crazy kids—they ought to know better than—"

They both turned. Kathy was at the door in her night-dress. She stood motionless.

"Mommy." Her voice shook a little. "Daddy. I—I wouldn't worry if I were you. Don't call the Morgans. I think—if you look in Kit's room—"

The letter was there, pinned to his pillow.

Dear Mom and Dad:

Please don't try to get me out. I'm doing exactly what I promised myself I would do as soon as I was seventeen. I think Dad will understand. He did the same thing himself when he was seventeen, and it wasn't his own country that was in danger: it was just the place he lived when he was a kid. Well, folks, I think I can depend on you, and believe me, you can depend on me. Don't worry. There are lots of guys my age, and even younger, some of them—and they're getting along fine. I'll get along fine too. I'll write you as soon as I have an address and know where I'm landing . . .

From the doorway behind them Kathy spoke in a tone no longer tremulous. "I'm pretty sure it's the Air Force. That was what he sort of hinted to me."

Telegrams; telephone calls; the sputter and gabble of long-distance operators' voices; the too-infrequent letters; the scrawled and cryptic cards. Martha's life was paced by these.

Kathy moped temporarily, bereft of her masculine alter ego, which she insisted Kit was. She said that she actually felt sometimes as if one arm and one leg had been amputated, but eventually she moved again like a bright honey-brown shuttle through the weaving of lives that were left at home.

Kit was able to come home three times before he went overseas. They had one long visit. Larry prided himself beyond measure in the serious, adult concentration which Kit gave to the new work confronting him. Two other visits, very brief—too brief.

Then they heard from him at MacDill in Florida—a waist gunner, no less!—and he said that he imagined that the flak was already beckoning for him, and seemed to relish the prospect . . . He agonized momentarily: the boys entertained a rumor that their Group would be torn apart, to be made into Replacement Training Units under a new program. And then the family read the gleeful news that the Group would not be torn apart; it would be sent overseas intact.

Silence, silence, agony, agony . . . they knew nothing else. Martha lay at night staring into the darkness as millions of other women stared, her ears listening to the moan of engines high above the fog, as all those millions of other ears had heard them before, were hearing them now, would hear them in the months to come

. . . She lay and wondered. Where? What island? What continent? What darkness enshrouded her beloved?

Long-distance again. (Not much of a long-distance call, really: it was only Washington, but you had to go through the operator; it was a toll call, out where they lived.) A boy's voice saying, "Mrs. Barden? This is Sergeant Norvig speaking . . . Sergeant Norvig. You don't know me, but I promised your son I would give you a ring . . . Yes, ma'am, he's fine . . . he gave me your telephone number. I was in London last week . . . yes, ma'am: London, England . . . See, I'm with the ATC, and we get back and forth quite a lot . . . Yes, ma'am. He helped me out a little . . . Well, I was out of dough—see?—and he loaned me a couple of pounds, and we had some beer together . . . No ma'am, I'm sorry I can't tell you where he is; but he's sure okay . . ."

On one of the coldest afternoons of the year came the first overseas letter from Kit. Somewhere in England! He wrote that with a flourish, as all who went before him had done. He was positive that he was about to be made a staff sergeant. He thought that was pretty good. Only a year in the service.

It was April when another telegram came. Kathy was home alone when it arrived, delivered in person. (Such telegrams would always be delivered in person.)

Martha arrived only eight minutes later. Those were eight very bad minutes for Kathy; the ones that followed weren't much better.

Missing In Action . . . they hoped, they believed the best. Yet they knew that other people had believed firmly in the best, and only at long last had come to interpret the blow as the killing thrust it really was.

Then it was July again. The honeysuckle was having its way in every old mat strung out along the fences near the Georgetown Turnpike, and seemed breathing with an even more refined fragrance along the limit of their little place . . . Mrs. Morgan had called about a recipe. She was very talkative; she jingled without ceasing over the telephone; on some occasions Martha had been glad of even this trivial diversion. But now she was cleaning out the refrigerator—she hated cleaning the refrigerator—and didn't want to be disturbed.

She said, "Oh, gosh!" and muttered in her mind (for she was all alone) that she wished Mrs. Morgan would call somebody else about her darned old caramel cake.

Martha went to the telephone. It wasn't Mrs. Morgan; it was a woman at the telegraph office. She was beaming through the phone. Martha could fairly behold her beaming, though television hadn't come along yet.

"Mrs. Barden? . . . This is Western Union. We have some lovely news for you. A telegram from the Red Cross . . ."

Beyond that, Martha could not remember the words.

She found herself crying in a chair; she tried to light a cigarette. She cried more . . . she tried to call Larry. She couldn't even remember the number at the Weather Bureau . . . Then she assembled her wits and tried once more.

The girl was sorry: Mr. Barden was busy in a conference somewhere. She didn't know which office. No, maybe he wasn't even in the building . . . she was sorry.

The front screen door clattered; here was Kathy. The daughter saw her mother's face; she didn't even need to hear the words which Martha tried to utter.

They danced and screamed. Kathy, younger, stronger than Martha, fairly lifted her mother from the floor.

"Mom, the hell with the telephone! Let's go down there!" Oh, magic, magic . . . "Let's tell Dad!"

They scrambled to the car, they rolled up hill and

down dale, and screeched wildly on two wheels into the Georgetown Turnpike. It was a wonder they did not have a blowout—the tires were so very old.

The highway along the canal was a fabled path, a fairy place. They didn't feel the bumps they had learned to know so well; the bumps had been ironed out; an immense gleaming iron, electric and silver, had been shoved by Divinity ahead of them, smoothing their path. They sang and ranted. Kathy was singing: "Off we go—into the wild blue yonder . . ." Martha didn't know all the words, but she shrieked with her daughter, over and over: "Nothing can stop the Army Air Corps!"

The dull-red buildings of the Weather Bureau were there before them. Behind that glass and stone, somewhere inside, Larry would be waiting. They sped around the corner into Twenty-fourth Street; they parked where it said "No Parking." They stumbled up steps . . . Larry, Larry.

There he was, talking with two other men. One of the other men was old and fat; he had his glasses off and was polishing them with a dirty handkerchief as he talked to Larry; Martha would always remember that. Larry turned. She hadn't realized that he was so pale.

Now the color could flow again; now a fresh vitality, a second wind of youth, could operate within his veins. "Larry——"

"Dad. It's Kit——"

"The Red Cross——"

"Telegram——"

"He's all right——"

"A prisoner of war——"

"Larry, he's *alive*. He's *all right*——"

Generously the other men were grinning behind Larry as if they, too, partook of this benefit.

Once more Larry maintained the stern, prideful application toward his work which he had displayed after Kit first ran away to enlist. It wasn't just a routine any more . . . Weather was a weapon too, and Larry was one of its best wielders. When he picked up an envelope marked "Top Secret" he felt that his fingers were adjusting a bomb fuse.

The two little PW missives the family received (Kit said later that he had sent more, but they never got them) . . . here was evidence: Kit's own writing . . . The Bardens toiled for the Red Cross in their spare time; they gave more money than they could afford to give. The women worked Saturday after Saturday; Martha worked other days as well. They heard about the slim rations in those prison camps; they knew what the Red Cross packages must mean.

Martha would wake up at night and worry . . . Kit was beaten by brutal guards; his head was cracked by a club; he was flogged in a naked parade toward the

maw of a great gas furnace . . . She had concentration camps and prisoner-of-war camps confused in her mind, as so many other people confused them. Shivering in her dread, she would fall asleep at last, and in her dreams would be visited by the assured tidings that made her wake . . . but he's *alive*.

It seemed many years before the other cablegram came, and yet it was only a year. He was coming home.

They heard directly from Kit again: it wouldn't be long now. Oh, yes, he had been wounded—only slightly. The B-17 exploded just after the last of them bailed out. He still had a few little fragments of the airplane in his back—just a souvenir; it didn't bother him.

Long-distance calling again, the rush to the station . . . elbowing their way in at the Union Station entrance; the agonizing wait outside the gates of the shed; people stringing toward them.

Kathy spied him first; she screamed; they were all running. He was pressing toward them. He was taller, wider, stronger than they had ever seen him. His uniform was a beauty, his insignia and ribbons a-gleam.

They ran toward Kit. Larry was ahead, and then he got blocked off by baggage trucks. Martha ran faster than Kathy; she hadn't known that she could; and then they smothered Kit.

From the summer of 1945 on Kathy was exposed to the Air Force. A constant stream of boys from the Eighth circulated through Washington. Sometimes it seemed to Martha and Larry that Kit must have been the most widely known sergeant in the entire organization, and one of the most popular ones. Recognition of Kit's popularity was minced up a little with annoyance at a disordered house, rooms too filled with too many people, hoels burned in the davenport, the passes made at the indignant Kathy, and heaven knew what other anguishes. Some of the boys were born rowdies; some thought it necessary to pretend that they were.

Often the Bardens spent wakeful, uncertain nights, knowing that Kit had gone rollicking through Maryland and Virginia from bar to bar, a noisy entity in this private pageant . . . he wouldn't come home . . . Every time Martha thought about him, her mind fled back to that keen moment when she had heard Kathy speaking with such desperate earnestness: "Mom, come in. Sit down, darling. There was a—telegram. It came while you were down at the market," and then Kathy's sobbing . . .

Her remembrance would totter back to that time, and she would now envision fresh horrors. She would see Kit injured in a fight; she would see his face mutilated by a broken bottle swung by a ferocious bartender (in a movie somewhere she had seen that). She

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would witness the car piled up against a stone wall . . . she would see Kit as the prey of designing and diseased women, or—just as bad—stumbling through the years ahead, an incompetent loafer drinking himself into an early grave.

She voiced some of these fears to Larry. He joked at her. How much of his joviality was honest, how much was intended as a false reassurance, she did not know.

"But Larry, you didn't tell me if you ever—I mean, was it like this when *you* came home?"

"Not exactly. You've got to remember that this is a different world. This civilization moves at a different pace. The tempo is adjusted differently."

With this she had to be content. Larry told her to remember that when he came back from World War I, he was severely injured in body. He underwent operation after operation; he had wounds draining in his hip. There wasn't so much latent, dammed-up vitality to be expended . . . body and soul primed for the fury of warfare, the fury suddenly denied, the exhaustion never ensuing. Ah, it was a different world.

Kit's calming down took some time; it came so gradually and so perversely that they were scarcely aware of it. Eventually it was, "Well, thank the Lord, Kit isn't acting like he was before." He had finished high school very grumpily indeed. He didn't want to "go back to kindergarten with a bunch of kids." But he had gone.

The next year he agreed to go to George Washington U. if it could be managed; of course it was managed. The GI Bill of Rights helped financially, though Kit wasn't particularly interested in any subject. To Larry's grief the boy had never been adept at even simple arithmetic.

He and Kathy still maintained their mutual fervor, their presentation of themselves as a single resisting unit against the aggression of the world. Their willingness to share and confide persisted even into their maturity. It was peculiar, but a pleasing thing on the whole; they looked with humor upon themselves. "Mom, it's just like Kathy says." "Oh, for goodness sake, Daddy, if Kit told you that he would, why, of course, he will!" Mild little manifestations . . . sometimes the twins would scream with rowdy laughter and cry, "Aren't we a pair? Yeah—we are!"

So Kathy had been exposed to the Air Force, and it hadn't seemed to take; and about that time she started going around with a young Navy veteran. It turned out later, after months of sustained secrecy, that Kit couldn't really abide the boy. It wasn't mere prejudice on account of the Navy; he just didn't like Hugh, and they didn't get along well together. But Kit was too loyal to Kathy to try to dissuade her or to even consciously direct her sentimental interests elsewhere. The ex-ensign, Hugh Sanger, on the other hand, didn't like Kit either. They held different political attitudes, too. Hugh Sanger was a rock-ribbed Reactionary, and Kit certainly wasn't. Sanger even muttered his suspicions that Kit was a Leftist. "Oh, for the love of *mud!*" screamed Kathy, and the split began.

There had been, too, her puppy-love affair with a boy named Norris soon after they came from Ridgeport; there had been boy after boy, in uniform and out, through the whole sojourn in the Washington region. There was the rich, neurotic boy from over at Aldie who could talk about almost nothing except Leica cameras and his hatred for his stepfather. There had been the moody son of an official in the Department of the Interior.

Then came the night. (Martha would never forget: it was dusk, Larry had been flirting with her teasingly all day—she had a little "new look" summer dress with a lacy petticoat peeping out around the hem, peeping

out more where the outer hem was caught up by a bow, and Larry always loved petticoats.)

They said it was hot, hot even for June in northern Virginia, and maybe they'd all go to a drive-in for dinner. They could get malted milks and wonderful hot dogs with chili over them and good coleslaw, too, at a little place they knew on a highway over in Arlington. It was Saturday. Kathy would have to rush home to get ready for her date; Kit didn't know what he was going to do.

Then, as they sat in their car after they had eaten their dinner and paid for it . . . Kit was driving, he was backing around. Suddenly he jammed the emergency brake and flung open the left door of the car. He yelled "*Kriegie!*" at the top of his lungs, and his relatives sat up and stared. He went diving across a space between two other cars where he was met by a tall, curly-haired boy with glinting, brown Semitic eyes, and right then and there (Kathy chanted it often to her mother: "Oh, Mom, don't you think Marvin's got the sweetest *smile?* Oh, Marvin's got the *sweetest* smile. I just think I'll die sometimes when he smiles at me and—he kisses me, and then he looks down and smiles that way again—") right then and there they met Marvin Weid, and Kathy took back all she'd said about the Air Force.

He was down from New York; he was visiting friends; he was on vacation. He said that he had been studying nights at a university in New York and working four days a week for an electrical company . . . You might say it was practically settled—not so far as custom and social usages were concerned, but all settled according to Fate—that very first evening.

Kit and Marvin had known each other well at Stalag-Luft-something-or-other; then Marvin had been shipped off to a different camp, and they hadn't seen each other again. Marvin had been a lieutenant, a co-pilot in another Bomb Group. He was several years older than Kit.

So that was it. Marvin came home with them right away. Kathy did have to go on her date, naturally; but her heart wasn't in it, and she came home before twelve.

It was a funny thing . . . it was a wonderful thing. There was such a feeling of complete harmony and satisfaction and mutual devotion, right from the start. The voices went on and on in the living room, out on the porch . . . the three young people moved into the marvelous reek of wild honeysuckle and took a walk, around one o'clock. Martha could hear their feet crunching away down the graveled driveway.

She lay with Larry close against her, and their most recent enthrallment was sped now: another radiance to be fastened on the endless chain of glitter that stretched through the years behind them—the perfection, eternal wonder and excitement of the passion they had shared. Larry was snoring a little, and dreaming probably of seasons and cycles and weather forecasts instead of petticoats, at this stage of the game. The young people came back, and they were in the kitchen talking, talking, talking . . .

Two months later Kathy announced to all and sundry, broadcasting as was her style, that she was engaged. She would finish college the next June, and then she would be married.

Once more the petunias, once more the bright wads of color built by geraniums and other flowers, too.

The Bardens had tried to keep the guest list down, but they all had so many friends, and there was an aggregation of Weid relatives and adherents who came from New York. There were even three old friends of Marvin's who were still in, who had stayed in through choice—one was his former C.O.—and they were there with their wives, and Kathy had insisted that they come

in uniform, so they did: two from the Pentagon, one from Langley Field. They, with their wives, made only six of the seventy-odd people cramming the living room, the hall, the dining room beyond.

One of Kathy's girl friends played the wedding march; she strummed the "Moonlight Sonata" softly through the little ceremony. The minister's voice echoed on and on. "Do you, Marvin, take this woman to be—"

Martha said to herself again and again, "You mustn't cry now. You're not going to cry! I hate people who go bawling around at weddings. Funerals—that's the time for tears—not weddings, not your daughter's wedding!"

It was odd . . . she was trying to think of Kathy's entire rollicking babyhood, childhood. She was trying to listen to the tramp and skipping of the young-girl years; but all Martha could remember was the night before.

Very late it was, when she went into Kathy's room and put her arms around her and tried to talk. It wasn't sex, so much. They had been all over that a thousand times. There wasn't any problem to be discussed. Kathy knew about love. She understood the mechanics . . . her mother had taught her sanely, fully and well. But there was something else.

"Oh, Mommy, just think. Tomorrow night at this time I'll be Mrs. Mrs. Weid! I'll be lying here—" And then she giggled: "Oh, no, not *here*. But Marvin will have his arms around me instead of you."

A long silence.

"Mommy?"

"Yes?"

"You're not hurt. You don't really mind, do you?"

"Why, you funny little angel, this is what I've always wanted for you. Everything! He's a wonderful boy. Dad and I are crazy about him. You know that."

"But no dough," said Kathy.

"The hell with dough!" said her mother.

"Well," said Kathy, "it would be a nice thing to have. Good grief! He's got so little saved, and you know what his salary is. Even if I work—I think I will for a while; I'd like to get a job in New York; I can't sit home all day in that tiny apartment—just sit on my fanny and do nothing, can I? And you know his mother's been sick, and his father is an old darling, but so incompetent."

She tossed herself restlessly around on the bed for a moment. "I don't mind that," she said, "and he doesn't either. We love each other. We'll get along."

"I'm sure you will."

"No family for a while. Not for a long while, I guess," and Kathy sighed.

Martha's hands had turned into talons suddenly: they were rigid; they were wooden . . . no, they were stronger than wood; they were living metal as she grasped her daughter's arm. "Kathy!"

The girl lifted half up in bed in amazement, in surprise at the actual hurt that her mother's clutch put down her . . . one lacy strap of her nightgown had slid down from her shoulder.

"Mommy, what's the matter? What on earth?"

"Kathy, promise me something."

"Why, Mommy darling, of course. But—what on earth? You act—"

"Kathy, promise me this. If it should happen—mind, I said if it *should*—promise me you won't do anything about it."

The girl was silent for a moment. Then: "You mean if I should become pregnant." And she tried to speak with the assured wisdom of the modern age, to speak clinically out of all the accumulated knowledge of her classes and notebooks and virginal discussions. "You mean—if I should become pregnant that I wouldn't do anything—that I won't do anything to interrupt the pregnancy?"

"Yes, that's it, Kathy. You're promising me now!"

"But why, Mommy? You act so—"

"Do you hear me?" cried Martha Louise Barden, fairly shaking her daughter, still gripping her, fighting to release her grip even as she held on. "You're promising! Promise me, Kathy!"

"Mommy, I promise."

"You *swear* it?"

"Yes, I swear it," and then her mother's grasp could slide safely away from her.

Martha went back to her own room. She lay awake for a long time.

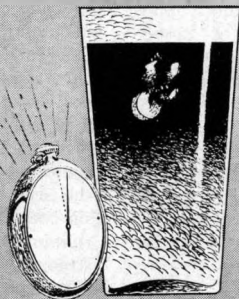
It all came back to her now: every word, every gesture . . . and pressure of the whole intensity, of the whole midnight scene . . . belatedly the tears were saturating Martha's gaze.

She was being pushed around. People were milling and gabbling, and girls were squealing, and the men were constructing all sorts of intended humor . . .

Martha was very tired after the hullabaloo had died down, after the last guest had vanished. She could still hear the clanking of the "Just Married" paraphernalia. Marvin had a little car of his own. He had driven down in it from New York, and that car was parked properly, expectantly, in the drive. But, secretly, he had entered into a compact with one of the other Air Force friends, who agreed to lend Marvin and Kathy his new green convertible for the wedding trip; and that convertible was parked ready in a neighbor's driveway, with their suitcases hidden in the trunk. Then, feloniously, the treacherous captain who owned the car had whispered about the deal to Kit.

The gang of young people had attended to the car, and properly. They hadn't hurt the finish, of course.

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They used a kind of paint which Kit called whitening. "You know, Mom, they put prices on the windows of stores and things. It'll wash right off." All over that car it said, "Honeymoon Special." "Operation My-My." "Raised Eyebrow Express." and other nonsense. And underneath the convertible they had wired fast all sorts of pots and pans and lids, and when that pack of fiends followed the running pair across two lawns, heedlessly pelting them with rice, it sounded as if the Civil War had started all over again, there on that quiet Virginia hillside. Then—clang. bam. boom—the convertible had rushed down the side road to the highway, and Kathy had gone, and she was a married woman.

And she had sworn she would . . . Oh, yes. She had promised.

Everybody was gone. Even Kit. He had dated up a little blond friend of Kathy's, a recent classmate to whom Kathy had become devoted during the previous winter because Ellen also was engaged and planned to be married in June. But she had broken her engagement in April. Now Ellen was, as Kit expressed it, "on the market"; he seemed very much interested in her.

So they were all gone, and the flowers were trampled to rags on the bed border nearest the front door, and the house looked as if a cyclone had struck it, and Martha lay or sat or sprawled flat in an overstuffed chair which Larry had shoved back into the living room.

She said feebly, "You're tired too, pet."

"Oh, not so tired."

"Golly. I am."

"It's just nervous strain—exhaustion, I guess. That was a pretty swell wedding," said Larry. "I guess we've got a good family."

She repeated the old saw automatically: "Sure enough, honey. We've got a good family."

Then he had picked her up out of the chair. He carried her into the bedroom and put her on the bed. She thought for the moment he was going to woo her, and she would have welcomed it, tired as she was. But—

"Listen, baby."

"What?"

"I've got a surprise."

"What kind of surprise, darling?" and she wriggled away from him. "I've got to get up," she said, "and straighten things and get you something to eat."

"That's just it—I've got a surprise! You're going to lie there and doze awhile—take a little nap. And then you're going to rise, and have a shower, and I'll be all pressed and shined; and we're going to go out and get in our new car, and we're going to drive and drive; and pretty soon we're going to come to a great big city, and do you know what it's called?"

"Washington?" she whispered.

"Yes, we're going to come to Washington. And then we're going to drive a little more, and then we're going to a nice place where there's a reservation and a table waiting, just for us. And"—he whispered it now—"champagne! Yes, it's actually on ice waiting for us. Well, hell: we couldn't afford it for the wedding. But that punch I made wasn't so bad, was it?"

He said, "And there's a nice orchestra, and we'll listen to that, and we'll have whatever we want to eat, and by that time maybe we'll have recovered enough energy so that I can push you and you can be pushed, all the way around the dance floor. How's that sound?"

"It sounds wonderful," Martha whispered. So she lay back in bed and closed her eyes.

And now there was a buzzing in her ears . . . and the fog all around . . . she opened her eyes, and her whole

body tingled when she made the effort.

A laughing sound she heard, but it was not the voice of . . .

Who was it had planned, had agreed—who was it she had hired to work a mutilation upon her?

Oh, laughter now, but far away . . . and funny, rusty tones, still sounding like a bell, "Do you, Marvin, take . . ." And who could Marvin be? But that was not the voice of the Reverend Herbert L. Lundquist . . .

Fog thicker and a boy's voice whispering, "Please don't try to get me out. I think Dad will understand." And who was Dad and . . . ?

Oh, thin the laughter now, and near by there were children who snared and fought, but she could not see them. Perhaps they were in the airshaft.

Her vision cleared a little . . . still there were geraniums and petunias in the fog, perhaps those very flowers in the window boxes . . . *Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday, dear Kathy*, and who had baked a cake, and why?

Somewhere a baby cried.

She was sitting up, bolt upright on the cot. She must have been asleep. That capsule . . . and the nurse, the horrid Tempelhoff, the woman with widespread clean-scrubbed fingers offering the tray . . . yet they had not come for her. It was only a preparatory anesthesia.

Only a preparatory anesthesia; other anesthesia would be offered: a deep and senseless sleep—and in that sleep a thing would be done to her, and something would be lost and something would be taken; it would vanish and be swept away; it would be burned and destroyed. What was it?

She stood up, sagging against the cot. She had had a dream. She could not recall it all, even now . . . voices and every sight—they faded from her memory. They were gone . . . There was the crying of some children. She could dream of Larry's voice and of his good thin face. She could remember the way he smelled, and how she liked that smell.

The locker was there . . . Run and run, and go away before Miss Tempelhoff . . .

So here was the locker where the clothes had hung. Yes, they were here: little filaments of underwear, the garters dangling, clicking against the doorframe as she took the frail garment in her trembling hand . . . the shoes. And here was her coat, the poppies, all cretonne . . . and here on the wall was this strange calendar with numerals betokening this same day and year, and this was June, and this was 1925.

Remembered deeply, soon forgotten, fading fast . . . a dream. She'd had it. But Martha could not hold that dream. The queerest drug in all the world that must have been. But still the sense that she had *possessed* was gripping her . . . she could not shake it.

Then she was in the hall. A figure blocked her way, and she charged upon it. The figure drew aside and something was said—she thought a word or two was cried at her. Martha did not know: the dream . . . *once more*, yes, *once more indeed* . . . or was it? Had she done this thing a previous time, as she had done it in a dream?

Again this recollection, too, had fled. And all she could consider was the fast retreat she made . . . And she was on the street; her feet were cumbersome; but she was on the sidewalk in the sun of June. She was running, fleeing far away, already breathing out the strength of life that she herself had owned, and feeling holy wonder at the tiny sense of other life that lay within her flesh.

THE END

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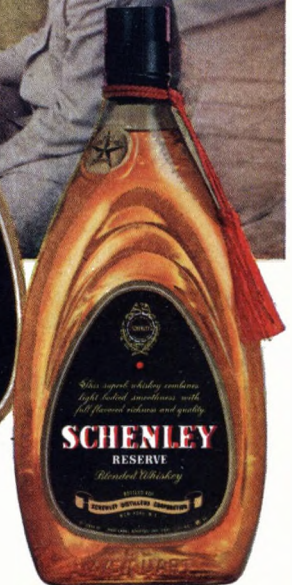


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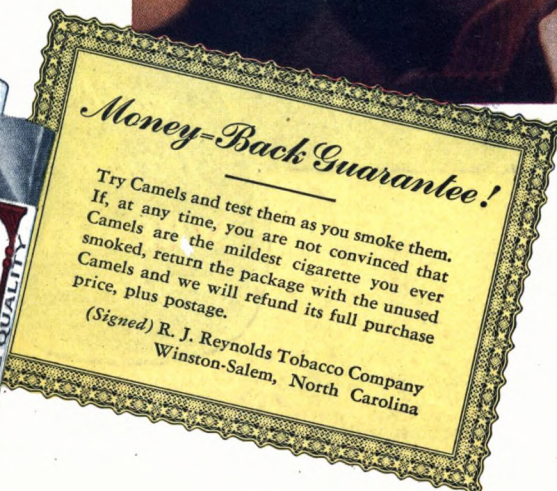


# PROVE CAMEL MILDNESS IN YOUR "T-ZONE"!

MAKE THE CAMEL 30-DAY MILDNESS TEST in your "T-Zone." Smoke Camels, and only Camels, for 30 days. Let YOUR OWN TASTE be the judge of the rich, full-bodied flavor you get from Camels. Let YOUR OWN THROAT report to you on just how *mild* Camels are!

IN A RECENT TEST, hundreds of men and women, from coast to coast, smoked Camels for 30 days — an average of 1 to 2 packs a day. Each week, their throats were examined by noted throat specialists. After a total of 2470 thorough examinations, these doctors reported

**NO THROAT  
IRRITATION  
due to smoking  
CAMELS!**



According to  
a Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS  
SMOKE CAMELS THAN  
ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!