February, 1962 • 35¢

COSMOPOLITAN

TELEVISIONITIS

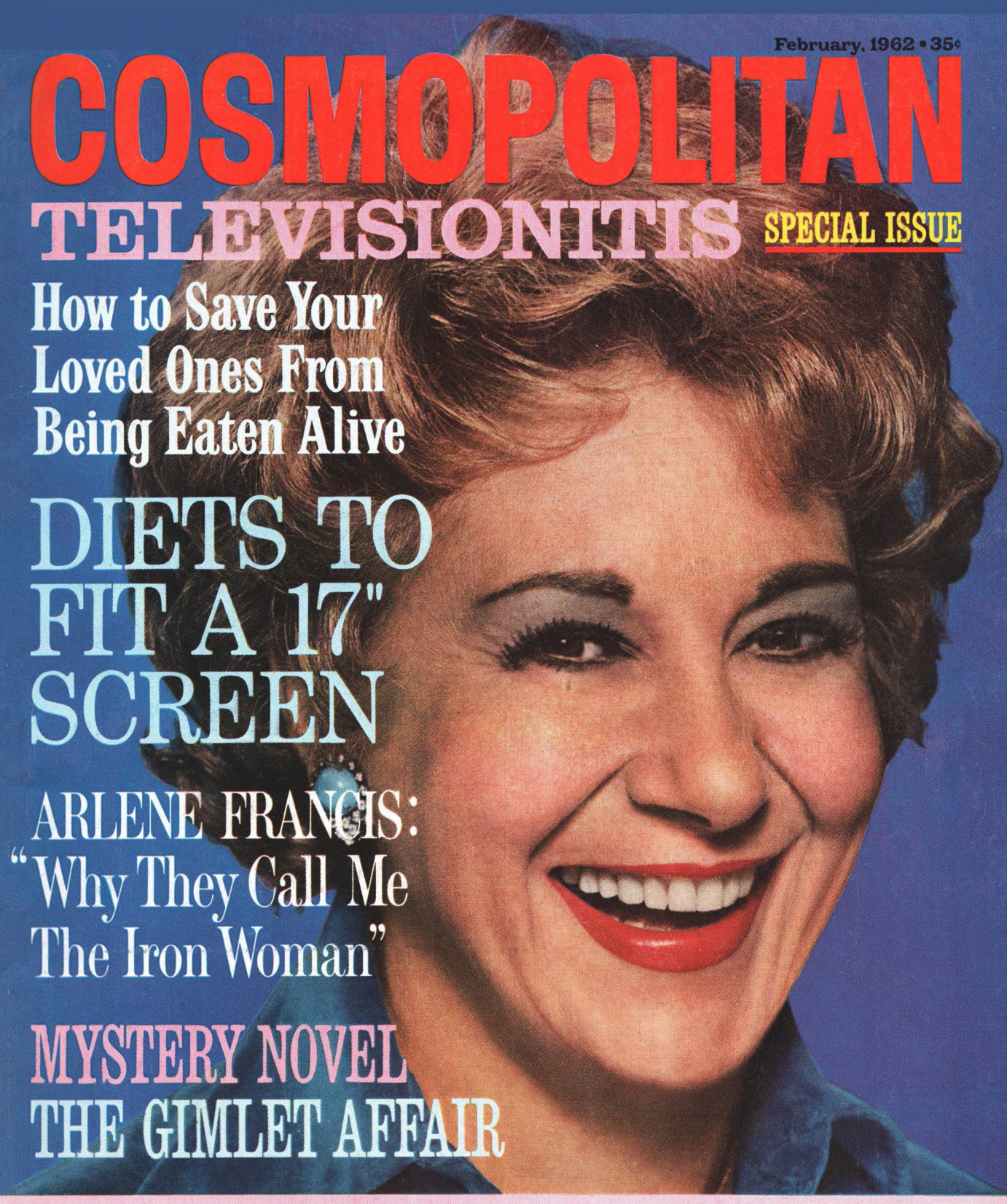
SPECIAL ISSUE

How to Save Your Loved Ones From Being Eaten Alive

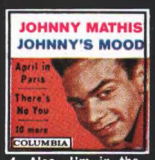
DIETS TO FIT A 17" SCREEN

ARLENE FRANCIS: "Why They Call Me The Iron Woman"

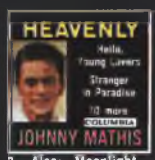
MYSTERY NOVEL
THE GIMLET AFFAIR



SPECIAL REPORT ON
TRIAL MARRIAGES



4. Also: I'm in the Mood for Love, How High the Moon, etc.



3. Also: Moonlight Becomes You, More Than You Know, etc.

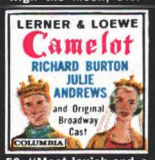
98. "Extraordinarily beautiful . . . brilliant, silvery"—N.Y. Times

18. Don't Blame Me, More Than You Know, For You, 12 in all

61. All the delightful music from the year's gayest comedy

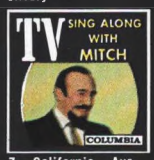
10. Also: Arrivederci, Roma; Oh, My Papa; Moonlight Love; etc.

11. Gigi, An Affair to Remember, Greensleeves, 12 in all

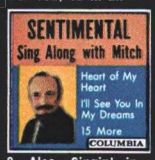


53. "Most lavish and beautiful musical, a triumph"—Kilgallen

6. Also: Malaguena, Sabre Dance, Perfidia, Mam'selle, etc.



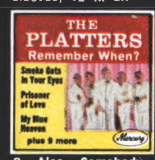
7. California, Avalon, Moonlight Bay, 16 favorites in all



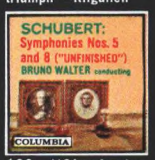
8. Also: Singin' in the Rain, Hello! My Baby, Ida, etc.

102. "Electrifying performance . . . overwhelming"—HiFi Rev.

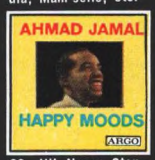
1. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.



2. Also: Somebody Loves Me, Thanks for the Memory, etc.



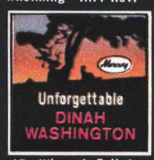
103. "Glowingly beautiful, full of color"—N.Y. Times



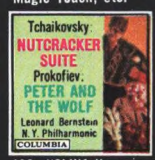
82. I'll Never Stop Loving You, For All We Know, 8 more

25. I'm Always Chasing Rainbows, Serenade, 12 in all

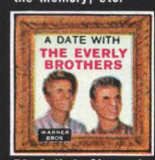
26. Also: I've Got You Under My Skin, Too Young, etc.



15. When I Fall in Love, I Understand, Song is Ended, etc.



100. "Skillfully performed, beautifully recorded"—High Fid.



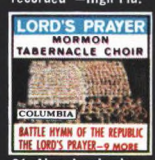
73. Cathy's Clown, A Change of Heart, Love Hurts, Lucille, etc.

31. Clap Yo' Hands, But Not for Me, Man I Love, plus 9 more

67. Also: Comanche, Johnny Reb, The Mansion You Stole, etc.

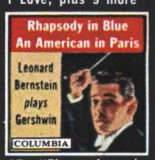
59. "Hilarious . . ."—L. A. Examiner. Not available in stereo

93-94. Two-Record Set (Counts as Two Selections.) The Mormon Tabernacle Choir; Ormandy, The Philadelphia Orch.



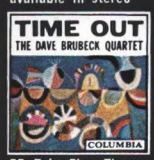
91. Also: Londonderry Air, Blessed Are They That Mourn, etc.

92. The Bonnie Blue Flag, Battle Cry of Freedom, Dixie, etc.



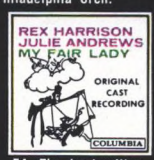
95. "Fierce impact and momentum"—N.Y. World-Telegram

24. Also: Rawhide, Wanted Man, The 3:10 to Yuma, etc.

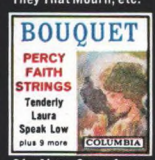


77. Take Five, Three to Get Ready, Everybody's Jumpin', etc.

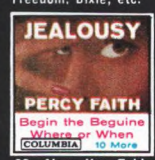
101. "The most exciting reading I've ever heard"—High Fidel.



54. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time



21. Also: Song from Moulin Rouge, Ebb Tide, etc.

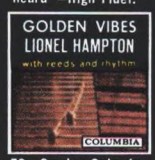


22. Also: I've Told Every Little Star, Black Magic, etc.

13. Also: So Close, Hurtin' Inside, So Many Ways, etc.

62. Also: Some Like It Hot, Magnificent Seven, Smile, etc.

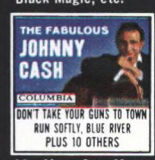
96. This brilliant musical painting is an American classic



79. Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, My Funny Valentine, 10 more

19. "Lighthearted, winning informality"—HiFi Stereo Review

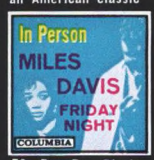
99. "A performance of manly eloquence"—New York Times



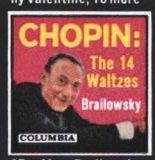
69. Also: One More Ride, I Still Miss Someone, etc.

55. "A hit of gargantuan proportions!"—N.Y. Daily Mirror

44. King Kamehameha, Blue Hawaii, Across the Sea, 9 more



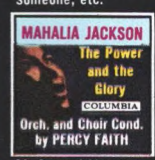
78. Bye Bye Blackbird, Walkin', All of You, etc.



97. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano"—N.Y. Times

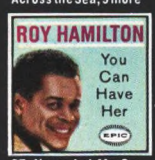
71. Also: Billy the Kid, Running Gun, In the Valley, etc.

38. Romance, Theme from The Apartment, Love Affair, 9 more



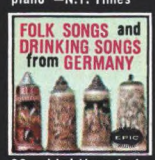
29. Onward Christian Soldiers, Rock of Ages, 12 in all

105. "A masterful account of this massive work"—HiFi Rev.

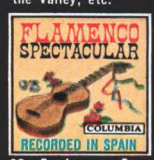


27. Never Let Me Go, Jungle Fever, Down By the Riverside, etc.

41. Dark Eyes, Two Guitars, Hora Staccato, 14 in all

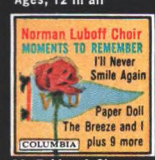


90. Lighthearted singing, lusty and utterly delightful



89. Fandangos, Sevillanas, Alegrias, Tanguillos, 8 more

106. "Superbly played, exciting"—Amer. Record Guide



36. Taking A Chance on Love, South of the Border, 10 more

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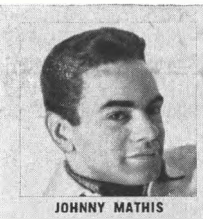
55 ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE AND 8 MORE HERE!



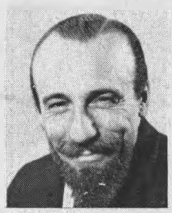
JOHNNY MATHIS
116. Faithfully. Tonight, Secret Love, Maria, Blue Gardenia, 12 hits in all

FERRANTE and TEICHER
118. Golden Piano Hits. Warsaw Concerto, Misserlou, Near You, 9 more

GEORGE SZELL
112. "New World" Symphony. "Glowing intensity" — High Fidelity

LEONARD BERNSTEIN
111. Copland: Billy the Kid; Rodeo. The New York Philharmonic Orchestra

DORIS DAY
28. Show Time. I've Grown Accustomed to His Face, 11 more



MITCH MILLER
119. MEMORIES Sing along. Dixie, Sleepy Time Gal, etc.

RAY CONNIFF
117. Somebody Loves Me. It Had to Be You, Golden Earrings, 12 big hits in all

PATTI PAGE
23. Country and Western Golden Hits. I Walk the Line, You All Come, etc.

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COSMOPOLITAN

FEBRUARY, 1962 Volume 152, No. 2

SPECIAL SECTION: TELEVISIONITIS

SPECIAL REPORT

FICTION

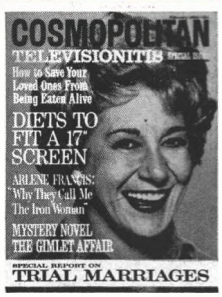
COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

ENTERTAINMENT

PEOPLE AND PLACES

SERVICES

OUR COVER: *Twelve years ago this month, television viewers tuned in for the first time to a panel show called* What's My Line? *and got their first close look at the smile that now lights our cover. They have been addicted to it ever since, making Arlene Francis—once a bemused child whose only wish was to be "popular"—a sort of national shrine. But not for one minute a day does Arlene pause to enjoy her success. When she arrived at 10:00 A.M. to pose for cover photographer Erwin Blumenfeld, she had already answered a day's mail, made a dozen phone calls, had two interviews. And, says the photographer, she was a perfect model, "nothing was too much for her." What propels this inexhaustible woman? What goes on behind that exuberant, ready smile? For the answers, turn to page 54.*



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- ☐ Jane Eyre (8)
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- ☐ Les Miserables (10)
- ☐ Madame Bovary (12)
- ☐ Moby Dick (13)
- ☐ Of Human Bondage (14)
- ☐ War and Peace (16)
- ☐ Wuthering Heights (17)
- ☐ Anna Karenina (18)
- ☐ Pride & Prejudice (19)
- ☐ Way of All Flesh (20)
- ☐ Travels of Marco Polo (21)
- ☐ House of 7 Gables (22)
- ☐ Short Stories of DeMaupassant (23)
- ☐ Vanity Fair (24)
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WHAT GOES ON

Cannibal in the Home

In "Televisionitis," COSMOPOLITAN's special issue for this month, you can learn how to wrest what *you* want from TV, thereby ceasing to be a victim of "television hypnosis." Marie Torre tells you how, on page 43. You can also find out how to diet to fit a TV screen; on page 60, Lola Albright, Jan Murray, Patrice Munsel, Dick Van Dyke, and many others, tell you how—but don't come running to us when you read Cara Williams' rule (i.e. "I eat anything I want—I just don't swallow it"). The profile of Arlene Francis, beginning on page 54, makes it clear how this "Iron Woman" stays organized enough to bring home that yearly $200,000 or so worth of bacon. David Brinkley, hottest newsman on TV, takes home *his* six-figured bacon to his wife and three sons in Potomac, Maryland—and look, says his wife, on page 74, what it's done to *her* life.

Anyone who thinks that televisionitis is a peculiarly American mania should read (page 48) what goes on in TV around the world: in Mexico, for example, four- and five-year-old Mexican girls became millionaires by doing TV commercials; in Russia, the TV stations have pretty young "Telespeakerinas;" and in Italy, a program may often begin as much as three-quarters of an hour late—but as long as the show eventually *does* go on the air, everybody is happy.

"Trial Marriages" is a COSMOPOLITAN special nonfiction bonus for February. "Shocking and immoral," say some authorities, as each year more young couples live together, planning to get married "if it works out." "A promising trend" . . . "a good solution," insist other authorities who, like Dr. Albert Ellis, hail premarital living together as a good solution to the problem of our present high divorce rate.

The new birth control pills and changing moral attitudes make the problem even more perplexing. On page 82, read Flora Rheta Schreiber's objective report on this disturbing trend.

Can You Place the Face?

Carol Burnett, zany comedienne of the Garry Moore show, struck us dumb with her devastating impersonations of female TV personalities (see page 70).

Back in Los Angeles, as a teen-ager, Miss Burnett used to break up the neighbors with her antics. Today her spoofing has become so famous that it's a safe bet comediennes of the future will all have a spoof of Carol Burnett included in their repertoires.

Carol Channing? Bea Lillie? No, Burnett!

Halsman

Peter S. Feibleman

He Hid the Truth

Peter Feibleman is thirty-one and the author of our short story "The Bridge," on page 96. He is also an ex-actor who has appeared in French movies, Spanish movies, Italian movies, and he speaks all three languages fluently. He explained to us how he became a writer:

"I became an actor because, when I was seventeen, I felt that I couldn't write until I was forty. It looked like a very distant mountain." Mr. Feibleman thereupon left his New Orleans home, studied acting at Carnegie Tech where he discovered he had some acting ability and an affinity for languages. One summer, vacationing in Spain, he auditioned for a Spanish movie and got the part "because the other Spanish actors were dyeing their hair and trying to look blond and un-Spanish. So I was one of the few who looked authentically Spanish.

"I wrote secretly at night in Spain, concealing my English—they would have fired me if they had known I wasn't really Spanish. For five years I kept up the pretense."

Feibleman's first novel, *A Place Without Twilight*, appeared in 1958, and it's slated for Broadway in 1962. COSMOPOLITAN's "The Bridge" is Feibleman's first short story to be published in a national magazine. It occurs to us that in 1970 Mr. Feibleman will be exactly the age at which he once supposed he would begin to climb that distant writing mountain. **—The Editors**

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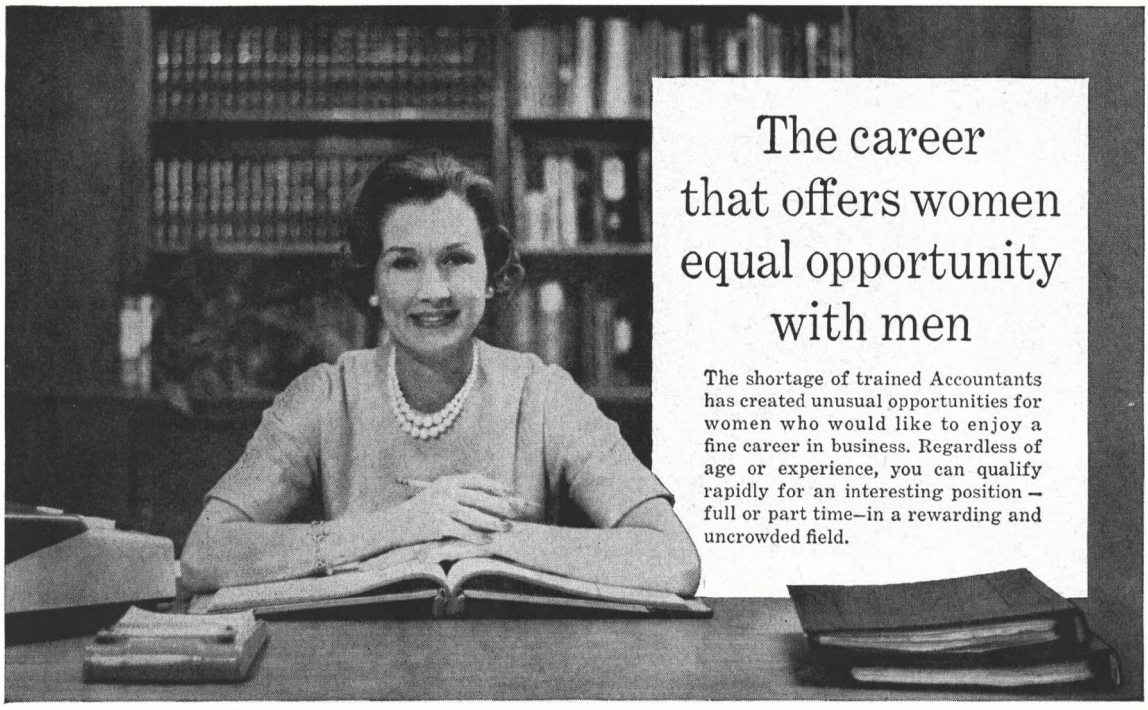

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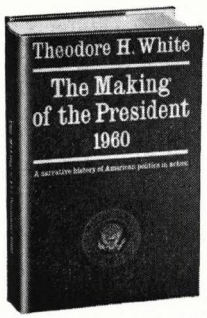

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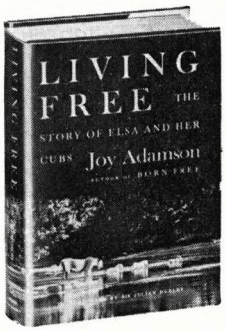

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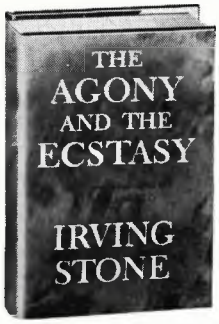

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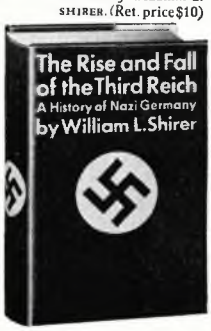

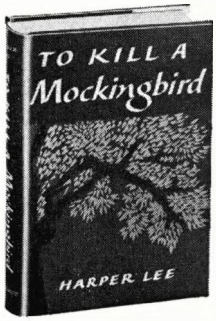

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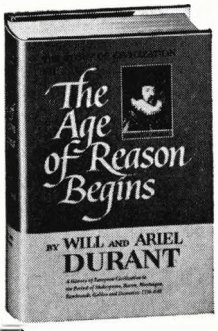

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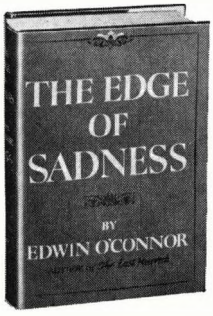

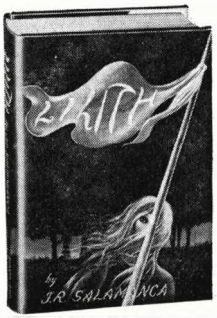

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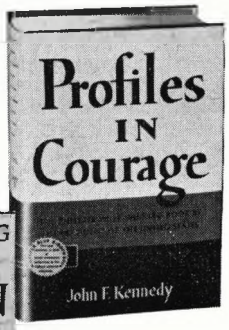

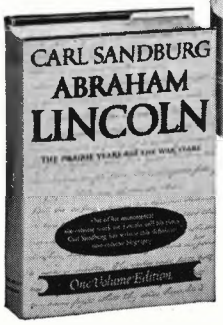

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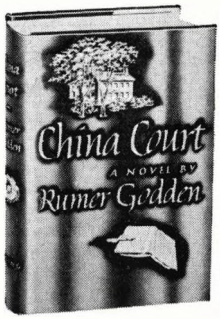

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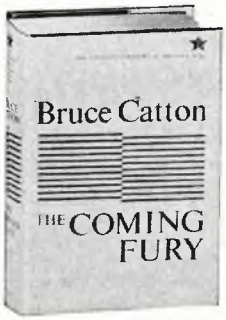

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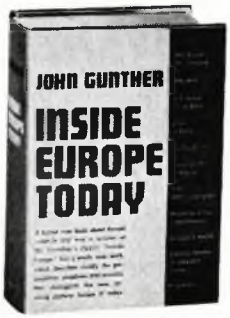

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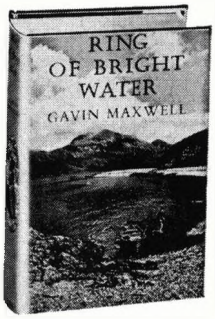

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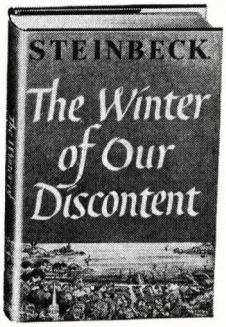

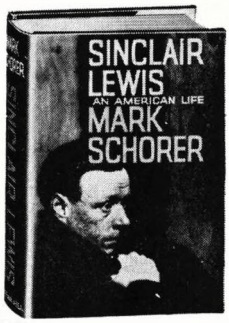

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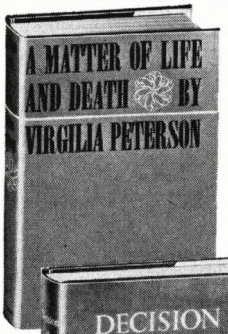

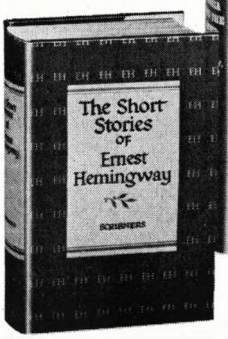

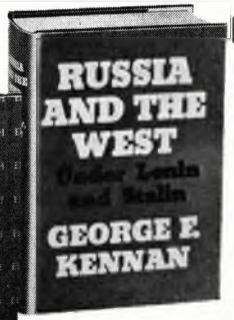

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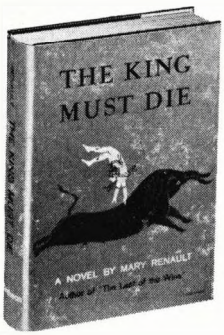

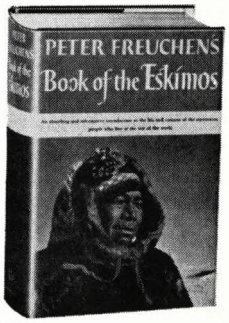

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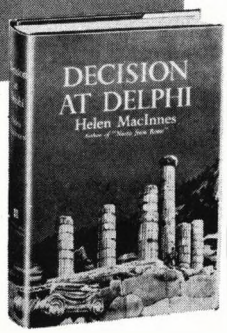

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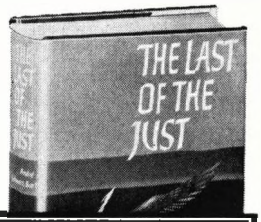

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Moses, Abraham, and Charlton Heston

HESTON—THE MAN

Los Angeles, California: That Charlton Heston feels he's not acceptable as a twentieth century man ("Moses, Ben-Hur, and Charlton Heston," November) need not disturb him, twentieth century manhood being what it is. Heston, from the standpoint of his movie roles, is an embodiment of the "when knighthood was in flower" attitude; *that* will not die in any age, but sometimes must masquerade itself, lest it be considered an anachronism. In due time, he will feel at home, given the space to navigate chivalrously. Marlene Dietrich says, "A gentleman is a *gentle man*!" Such an accolade definitely fits Heston, and may he stay that way. —CARLTON LEHNARD

Quebec, Canada: Frederick Christian should have acquainted himself with the facts of Mr. Heston's movie career before writing this article. He mentions *The Greatest Show on Earth* and *The Private War of Major Benson* as Heston's only twentieth century roles. I should like to refer Mr. Christian to other Heston modern-dress portrayals in *Ruby Gentry, Secret of the Incas, Bad for Each Other, Lucy Gallant, Touch of Evil,* and *Wreck of the Mary Deare.*—LARRY BATSFORD

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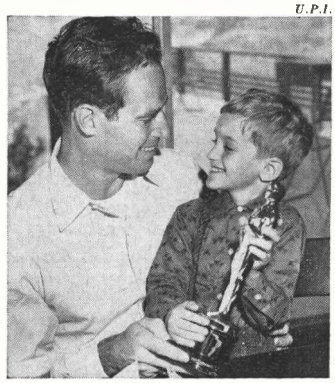


Heston men: Charlton, Fraser, Oscar.

Trenton, New Jersey: There are three errors in a statement ascribed to Charlton Heston in the November issue. Moses is *not* the only figure to appear in the writings of the three different religions; Abraham is another. It was *not* thirty years but forty of Moses' life which are skipped in the Bible; and Moses did not flee *into,* but *out of,* Egypt.

—ALBERT W. SIMPSON

CEMETERY STATUS SYMBOL

Savannah, Georgia: Thank you for Gael Greene's delightful poke at the "foreverness boys" ("Foreverness in Hollywood," November). It seems that people are being persuaded that if they can't take it with them, they should take it as far as they can—to the burying ground.

The whole attempt to overcome death and its effects through sheer extravagance is but the pitiable result of the worship of false gods. Miss Greene's article shows the hollowness of this attempt by describing the lengths to which people will go to create the illusion of togetherness in "foreverness."

Incidentally, cemetery management is missing a good bet: the burying ground should be advertised as "fallout proof." Think what security that would promise!

—THE REVEREND EDMUND LAKEMAN

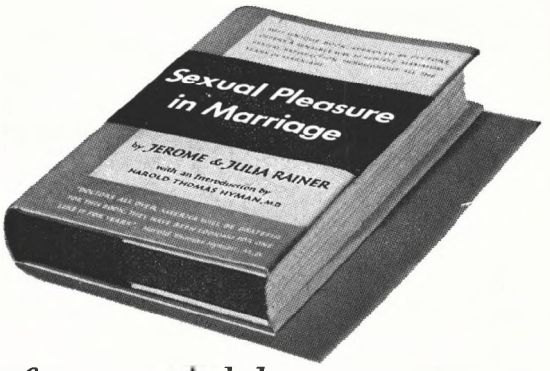
Montreal, Canada: I hesitate to count the years I've been a reader of COSMOPOLITAN, but I do not hesitate for an instant in suggesting that Gael Greene is your "find" of 1961. Miss Greene is a wonderful example of the professional writer. Her phrases are polished gems—witty and female, observant and bitchy, but never trite. Call her offbeat and you might be right. Call her the creator of a style that is all her own, and one can do little but agree. —HARRY J. FALES

ULCER TREATMENT

New York City: I was interested in your recent article on peptic ulcers ("Ulcer Report," November), but I think its emphasis on a new—and relatively unproven—type of therapy was misplaced.

X-ray, which is a form of surgery, and conventional scalpel surgery are radical remedies for peptic ulcers. Drugs to counter hydrochloric acid and stomach motility (which causes production of oversupplies of hydrochloric acid) remain—with the bland diet in one form or another—the most promising form of therapy for most ulcer patients.

—DOROTHY W. STULL



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Divorce Isn't Healthy, Br-r-r-r! It's Down to 70! and How Smart Is Baby?

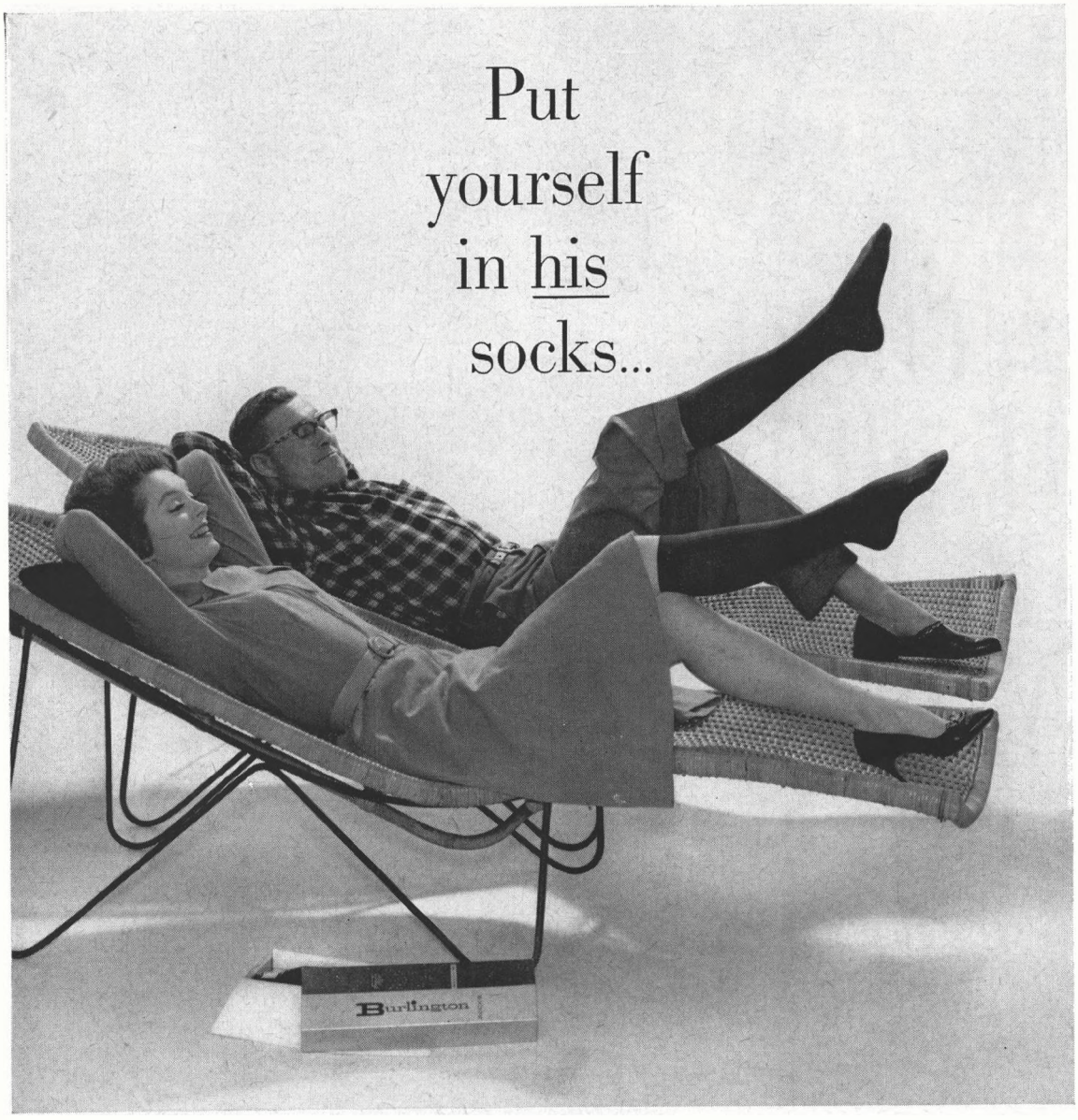
BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD *Drawings by Roy McKie*

Divorce isn't healthy. "You make me sick!" many squabbling mates have yelled at each other. The cure, then, would seem to lie in their separation. But here's an odd fact: it's *after a divorce* that a man or woman is most likely to be physically sick and to be more severely ailing than during marriage. So Dr. Zeva La Horgue (in a study done when she was at the California State Department of Health) discovered when she compared the health records of divorced persons against those of married persons. Age for age, the divorced men were disabled with chronic diseases about twice as many days per year as the married men; and in both sexes the divorced persons were in hospitals more often, and had a higher incidence of more than one chronic illness per person, than the married ones.

Br-r-r-r! It's down to 70! Know someone (maybe yourself) who gets goose pimples at the merest temperature drop? Extreme sensitivity to cold air or cold water is a not uncommon condition, say Armed Forces medical officers Edwin E. Goldberg and Dobson R. Pittman. Symptoms, depending on the degree of cold sensitivity, may include a rapid blood pressure drop, swellings, skin redness or giant hives, and, if the person takes a cold shower, weakness and fainting (with a risk of drowning if taking a swim in too cold water). One such sensitive person was a hapless airman who was sent to, of all places, an *arctic* Air Force base and, with the temperature a mere 35 degrees, got stiff and swollen hands. Among the possible causes of chronic cold sensitivity are defects in the body's heat-regulating mechanism, effects of some previous tissue injury, or, in certain cases, some form of hereditary allergy. Afflicted persons may be helped by medical treatment and (says Dr. Norman S. Blackman, Brooklyn, New York) by daily immersion in water with gradually decreasing temperatures, starting at 65, going down to 45, degrees Fahrenheit.

How smart is baby? Better not try to decide this by current intelligence tests for infants. Child guidance expert Bernard B. Braen (Syracuse, New York) checked scores on several leading tests given to one hundred infants, first between the ages of thirteen and thirty-six weeks, and again at eighteen months. Not only was there little average agreement between the same infant's earlier and later scores, but scores made by the same infant on tests given within a few days of each other often differed considerably. Even up to the age of five, as other investigators have found, IQ scores made by children may be very unreliable indicators of their future mental performances. Except where young children are medically shown to be mentally defective, one must often wait until they are about six years old before judging their mental capacities and estimating how well they will, or should, do in school.

Misfit GIs. The Saddest Sacks in today's Army are not the slow-witted oafs, but the highbrow college draftees or young professional men who feel themselves out of place and wasting time in uniform. Sociologist Charles E. Bidwell (Harvard) looked into the lives and gripes of large numbers of these GIs, drafted from among budding sociologists, psychologists, lawyers, teachers, engineers, and other professionals (excluding doctors). Although accepting Army service as a duty, most had become disillusioned by their experiences and embittered by feeling their time was being squandered and their careers needlessly hampered. Special gripes were involved with their not getting the same treatment and opportunities as did the young medical draftees who'd had no more schooling, and having to kowtow to less educated career officers. As ways of showing their revolt, the highbrow GIs, whenever possible, wore civilian clothes and ignored military etiquette. Dr. Bidwell believes the basic problem with these men is that, unlike the situation during war when they could face up to any sacrifice, in peacetime they can't see any sense in doing what the Army requires, nor do they take pride in Army service. THE END



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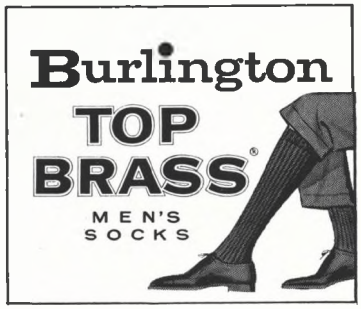

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ON LOCATION

with Jon Whitcomb

The Healthy Ego of Warren Beatty

His first film was shown only a few months ago, but Hollywood's newest, moody, mumbling, magnetic young actor has already turned down eight $150,000 parts.

The filming of *All Fall Down,* from a novel by James Leo Herlihy and a script by William Inge, began with two weeks of rehearsals at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City. Although interior sets were ready and waiting a few feet away, preparation for the film began when the cast gathered to read lines around a big table, illuminated from overhead by a bare light bulb. On hand were director John Frankenheimer, thirty-one, who was directing *Playhouse 90* TV shows at the age of twenty-five; producer John Houseman (*Lust for Life* and *The Bad and the Beautiful*), another *Playhouse 90* alumnus; and actors Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, Angela Lansbury, and Brandon de Wilde. All of these people were at that moment well-known to the public for films, stage roles, or TV appearances; some were known for all three. The fifth member of the cast, however, although he had made a brief appearance in a Broadway play and had just finished starring in two unreleased pictures, was an unknown personality to everyone outside of show business.

Unadjusted Hero

Nonetheless, tall, dark, and handsome Warren Beatty, the actor about to play the tortured role of Berry-Berry, fatally unadjusted hero of Herlihy's story, was already an industry celebrity, and rumor compared him to the late James Dean and the live Marlon Brando. It was said that even before his first films could be shown, he had his pick of the fatter parts available, among them the lead in Moss Hart's *Act One.* After his first picture, *Splendor in the Grass,* was shown, he reportedly turned down a number of films at $150,000 a picture. True, the young man's romance with Joan Collins and a subsequent one with Natalie Wood had been staple fare for the columnists. But few Beatty interviews were available in print, and those that did appear sounded guarded and cryptic. Said *The New York World-Telegram and The Sun,* over the signature of William Peper, "Mystery surrounds Mr. Beatty . . . after spending an hour with him . . . one comes away still knowing very little about him." One newsmagazine said his conversation was sprinkled with "odd and irrelevant comments," but went on to note his "firm but nonchalant acting style," and called him "the latest incumbent in the line of arrogant, attractive, hostile, moody, sensitive, self-conscious, bright, defensive, ambitious, stuttering, self-seeking, and extremely talented actors who become myths before they are thirty."

On a day when all the cast, except Beatty, was in consultation around the bare wooden table, I visited him in the dressing-room building on another part of the M-G-M lot. Outside, in the hall directory, he had listed himself as Geyger Kroep. Within, all six feet of the Beatty frame were sprawled negligently on a bed. He was wearing a shirt and pants, with his shoes kicked off. When I came in, the phone rang, and he answered it at some length. While he talked, I tried to find in him some resemblance to his older sister, Shirley MacLaine, but I could see none. When he hung up, we shook hands, and he resumed his position on the bed. I told him that I had seen Shirley in Japan some months before. ("Operation Kimono," COSMOPOLITAN, June, 1961.)

"Did she really say all those things stated in your article?"

"Yes."

"Hm." (Mr. Beatty, I later learned, is not feeling kindly disposed toward his sister, and resents being asked questions about her.)

I asked him if he enjoyed working in London on *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone,* with Vivien Leigh—one of his unreleased films.

"Great woman. Marvelous to me."

The phone rang again, a longer call than the first. Another one followed, and it began to be apparent that dressing rooms were hardly the place to interview young actors-in-demand.

When I left, the press agent who had been assigned to Beatty by the studio suggested another try later.

"He's been very co-operative," she said. "I like him very much, and I'm sure he'll be happy to see you again."

We went back to the rehearsal, where Eva Marie Saint was free from her duties for the moment and showed me around the set representing the Cleveland home of Berry-Berry and his younger brother, Clinton, who is played by Brandon de Wilde.

Something Awful Happens

"Isn't it dreadful!" she remarked. "And yet so true and authentic. From the oilcloth on the kitchen table to the old fridge and the stained glass in the doors —well, you just *know* something awful is going to happen here. I'm the visiting old maid who falls in love with Berry-Berry. He gets me pregnant and I get in my car and drive off into the rain—and crash! It's never quite clear if it's an accident or if I do it on purpose."

All Fall Down will be told in the film, as it was in the novel, from the standpoint of Clinton, who grows up in the course of trying to help Berry-Berry, who never will grow up. Part of the picture was scheduled to be filmed on location in Florida, and the company is at work there as this is written.

A few days later, the press agent and Beatty arrived for dinner at my hotel. Since the actor had an early call the following morning, dinner was ordered at once. He asked for a steak, medium rare, with mustard, and a garlic salad. When he said that while in England he and Miss Collins had been extensively misquoted by the British press, I suggested that he could avoid such hazards by using my miniature tape recorder. During the conversation that followed, he held the mike and controlled the on-and-off switch, so that when he wished, he could speak off-the-record.

"I Did the Garret Bit"

I explained that since I had not had a chance to watch him work or see him on the screen, he might begin by telling me something of his career at random. He nodded, and draped himself at random in an easy chair.

"Well, I went from high school in Virginia to Northwestern University for a year. Then to New York. I worked as a sand hog for a while, in a tunnel, supported myself playing the piano in little dives . . . kind of."

"What kind of piano do you play?"

"Sloppy jazz. Not really very good."

Press agent: "I heard him play, and I like it."

"Well . . . not rinky-dink—just sloppy. Anyway, I play the piano. I studied acting in New York and I worked in TV. Studied with Stella Adler for five, six months. I lived in furnished rooms on the West Side."

"In a garret?"

"I guess I did the garret bit . . . yeah-yeahyeah. I did that. I wasn't making very much money at all. During that time I had a number of offers to come out here, but I just didn't want to come out yet. They came through the TV shows and stuff. You know, people would say, maybe this boy is . . . maybe he could be in a movie. But they didn't offer me anything really good. I would have taken it. Finally, [Josh] Logan had a movie called *Parrish,* he was gonna do it at Warner Brothers, but then it kind of didn't jell. He got rid of it, gave it back to Warner's, and Delmar Daves did it. Then Kazan had *Splendor in the Grass,* then they postponed it. Then M-G-M came up with *Strike Heaven in the Face,* and I came out here to do it. Then they canceled it. Then Metro and I had some disagreements, and I said I didn't want to stay out here any more under contract—this was two years ago—and the picture was never made. I said, 'I'll go back to New York and do a play,' and they said, 'You can't do a play,' and I said, 'I can, too,' so I went back and did it. The play flopped. Then I came back here, did some TV jazz, then I did this picture, *Splendor in the Grass.*"

There was a long silence. The press

(continued)

"There's a lot of negativism in Warren," says playwright William Inge, "but he has self-confidence, real intelligence."

agent said. "You got very good notices in the play." The play was *A Loss of Roses*, by William Inge, and it ran a total of three weeks. The press agent was right; Beatty had been favorably noticed by most of the critics.

To break another silence, I asked him how he happened to meet Mr. Inge.

"I met him for *Splendor in the Grass* in a most conventional way. My agent introduced me to him."

"Had he seen you?"

"Who, my agent?"

"No, Inge."

"No. He was trying to cast this picture, and I was introduced to him by my agent."

"What sort of play was it?"

"What play?"

"*A Loss of Roses*."

"Well, I met him for *Splendor in the Grass*. Then the picture was canceled, and he had this play, so then I did the play."

"What was your role like?"

"You trying to get me to say something I don't wanna say?"

"No, just curious. I didn't get a chance to see the play."

"I played a mixed-up boy. It was the story of a triangular relationship between the mother, her son, and an older woman with whom the son becomes involved. . . . His attachment to the mother becomes kind of clarified in the process of rejecting this older woman."

"Are you a quick study?"

"I never even think about learning lines; I mean I just think about what I'm doing. The lines just seem to come out of it. If I have to worry about learning lines, I know that I don't really know what's happening. Yeah, I *know* the lines, but I don't sit down consciously and learn lines. I never do that."

"Are you a Method actor?"

"I don't know. Most people, when they call someone a Method actor, mean it in a negative way. So I hope I'm not that. I suppose I *have* a method . . . sloppy, I guess. Ha-ha. I'm not even sure what my method is. And if I knew what it is, I wouldn't talk about it. Maybe it would go away. It's just that sometimes it's a mistake to talk about things too much . . . to analyze too deeply."

"You seem to have been a smash hit without a method. People say you're a natural actor."

"That's not a question."

"Do you think you are?"

"Do I think I'm a natural actor? I don't know."

The press agent: "Didn't your mother and grandmother act?"

"My grandmother taught what at the time was called 'elocution.' My mother taught dramatics. My father was a teacher. Finally, my mother stopped teaching and became kind of a . . . housewife. My father went into real estate."

"Which do you prefer, Hollywood or New York?"

"Weather's nicer in California. I love 'em both. And I hate both. I never stay too long in one place. Travel excites me."

TOP LEADING LADIES were cast opposite Beatty in first three films: Natalie Wood (his much-publicized romance), Vivien Leigh, and Eva Marie Saint (above).

Doubts About the Future

"What are your plans after you finish this film?"

"I don't know. I may just not do anything. May wait for a few months. But I may do something . . . I don't know. Something."

"What do you do for fun?"

"Uh . . . I don't know what I do for fun. I don't say work is one thing and fun is another. I have fun working, I hope, and if I don't have fun working, I'm not happy."

"Are you still interested in the piano?" I asked.

"Yeah, I slop around on it, you know . . . play it, hit the tree with it."

Here the conversation authorized by Beatty ends, since this is the point at which he turned off the recorder. His personality immediately underwent a

startling change. Until then, he had been cagey and hostile, as though talking to me might incriminate him. Now, with the electronic ear disposed of, he relaxed and became the bundle of charm I had been guaranteed to encounter by the press agent.

The next day, I called William Inge, the playwright, and asked him if he could fill in some of the gaps on Beatty. He said he'd be at his hotel in an hour or so, and if I'd come over, he'd do his best to throw some added light on this rather uncommunicative star.

Marked for Success

Inge said, "This young man is still high, still exhilarated at the turn his life has taken. His birthday comes early in the summer, I think, and he's just turned twenty-four. I think he may start closing the doors on the press pretty soon. I doubt if he will give interviews at all much longer. When I first met him, he seemed marked for success. He was the kind of boy everyone looked at, knowing he was going to make it big. MCA sent him over to me as I was about to go into production with a picture. He seemed . . . just perfect. As it turned out, we didn't start the picture right away. Then I began casting for my play, *A Loss of Roses*. I asked to see him again for that. Danny Mann, the director, liked him immediately. So he went right into the play.

"I don't think he knows how he acts. He's hard-working and instinctive. He's got a healthy ego. And a good ego, a really sound ego, has its negative side, too. There's an awful lot of negativism in Warren, but he has real intelligence. And he has a basic self-confidence that's made of iron. Indestructible!

"No, he doesn't remind me at all of James Dean. I'd say he was a lot closer to William Holden. He's a Holden with temperament, a lot of temperament. I can't say yet what his range is.

"Anyone's guess is as good as mine, but I wouldn't be too surprised if, sometime, he gave up acting. I think right now he wants to prove to himself that he can act.

"But after he makes it, I don't know what he'll do with himself. He has awfully good instincts—he's quick to like people and quick to dislike them. And yet, I've seen him work with his conscience. If he thinks he's disliked someone unfairly, it worries him."

As I left, my host said the only thing I'd heard so far that threw any light on Warren Beatty.

"He's been so intent on this career," said Mr. Inge, "that he's devoted his entire self to it. He's just sitting around now, waiting for the rest of his life to come back to him." THE END

MOVIE GUIDE

This is the month to escape via movies, the way you used to in the good old days, for local screens are filled with faraway places and strange-sounding plots.

A Majority of One takes one Brooklyn widow on her first trip to the Orient, adds a wealthy Japanese industrialist who's a widower, mixes them aboard a transpacific cruise liner, and spices with leftover bitterness from World War II.

Russell, Guinness equal a majority.

The result: a touching love story. Rosalind Russell plays the old-fashioned Jewish Mrs. Jacoby and Alec Guinness is the Japanese Koichi Asano.

One, Two, Three is Billy Wilder's latest creation, and a wilder comedy has not been seen since the heyday of Mack Sennett. James Cagney—finger-snapping and shouting with the speed and sound of a machine gun—plays a soft drink executive working in West Berlin, trying to market his product in the Russian sector. His plans are foiled when the boss's daughter comes to stay under his care, and marries a card-carrying Beatnik she picked up in East Berlin. Every line is a gag, every current headline the victim, as Wilder burlesques U. S. foreign policy, Russian diplomacy, Huntley and Brinkley, industry, labor, and marital relations. Arlene Francis, Pamela Tiffin, and Horst Buchholz contribute to the insanity.

The Innocents: "The Turn of the Screw," Henry James' famous and familiar story of two children mesmerized by a dead man and his ghostly mistress, has now become a movie—and a perfect vehicle for Deborah Kerr, who gives a gripping performance as the children's frightened governess. If you've missed the past versions of this granddaddy of all psychological dramas, be sure to see this one.

Sail a Crooked Ship, based on a Nathaniel Benchley novel, is the loony tale of a group of landlubbers who set out to sea in a stolen tanker. Ernie Kovacs, a burglar-turned-captain, directs his crew of crooks through a series of misadventures—from trying to stay afloat in a raging hurricane, to robbing a bank in the midst of a turkey raffle. Robert Wagner—a young executive kidnaped with the boss's daughter (Dolores Hart)—shows unsuspected comic talent as he is foiled in his ingenious getaway schemes. The cast includes Frank Gorshin, Carolyn Jones, and Frankie Avalon.

The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone, an adaptation of Tennessee Williams' only novel, is the first film directed by the brilliant stage director José Quintero. Vivien Leigh plays the lonely, aging actress who vacations in Rome and tries to escape from herself in the arms of virile young men. Warren Beatty is her first gigolo, but Lotte Lenya, as a wily procuress, almost steals the show. There are beautiful color shots of Rome, and of Miss Leigh's breath-taking Balmain wardrobe. For adults only.

At the art theaters: two controversial French films, one is a comedy, the other a tragedy, both for adults only.

Zazie is a pie-in-the-eye tale of an eleven-year-old, cherub-faced girl, with the vocabulary and tact of a truck driver, who visits Paris, and leaves the city flat on its back and most of the audience rolling in the aisles. This is "serious" slapstick, though, for *Zazie* is a social satire, belaboring everything from the Parisian police and their impossible traffic jams, German tourists on the Eiffel Tower, to foreign films and Marilyn Monroe.

Les Liaisons Dangereuses might be called the French *La Dolce Vita* in that it, too, preaches morality by making immorality bizarrely unattractive. The story is of a couple, married eleven years, who keep their marriage intact by describing their affairs to each other in great detail. The "dangerous affairs" of the title are those that seem serious. The picture is

The wonderful face of Annette Vadim.

filled with wonderful faces (the late Gérard Philipe's, Annette Vadim's, Jeanne Moreau's), chic clothes and sets. The seduction scenes are so broadly overdone, they're funny. Husband and wife come to hideous ends, but *c'est la vie*—in the French cinema. THE END

LUNCH DATE WITH

ROBERT MORSE

Forty-sixth Street Theater

Thirty-year-old Robert Morse is the star of the biggest hit on Broadway: How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying. *He has appeared in only three other shows:* Take Me Along; Say, Darling; *and* The Matchmaker. *Born in Newton, Massachusetts, he graduated from Newton High School, spent four years in the Navy, and the rest of the time trying to succeed in show business. Last year he married dancer Carol D'Andrea. They live on the West Side of Manhattan.*

What's a young man like when, overnight, he becomes a Broadway sensation—which is the one thing he's wanted to be all his life? Well, if the young man in question is Robert Morse, the answer is . . . nervous. So nervous that if he stopped gritting his teeth for one minute, they would chatter audibly. So nervous that he suspects if he says the wrong magic word, all he's achieved—the mastery of his career, the center of the stage—will disappear like a jet stream. This, at least, is the impression you get of Bobby (which everyone calls him) in a lunch hour.

We met in his dressing room, which is obviously his domain away from home. Most dressing rooms, even the ones housing a star, are small, drab, disarrayed, and depressing. Bobby's, however, is the size of an average living room, brightly lit and cheerfully furnished. On the lavatory is an engraved gold star given to Bobby by a friend, and on the wall near his dressing table are congratulatory telegrams from about everybody who's anybody.

Bobby was reading an article about himself, in a newsmagazine. "Did you read it?" he asked me. "Do I sound okay? I mean, do you think it's good? I think it is. I *think* so. But maybe I sound too cocky. Some of it's not true. Here it says I once dumped a chocolate mousse on my head. I don't remember doing that. But I think it's okay." He put down the article and looked in the mirror.

Standing 5′5″, with a shock of light brown hair worn like a small awning over his forehead, closely spaced blue eyes and widely spaced teeth. Bobby looks like all of Our Gang rolled into one lovable brat. It is partly this look that makes *How to Succeed* such a joyous night in the theater. In the show, Bobby portrays a sly, ruthless position-seeker who progresses from window washer to chairman of the board of a large company before anyone knows what climbed over him. And with every shrewd, despicable move, he gives the audience such a guileless smile that he is no longer rat, but cuddle-bunny. Morse also seems to be able to grow at will; in some scenes he looks a foot taller than in others. He twitches, stretches, stumbles, and floats, and is always wildly funny.

I asked him if he is able to perform exactly the same way twice in a row. "Of course not," he said. "If I could, I wouldn't be an actor, I'd be a mimic. So many things can alter a performance—the audience, for instance, if it's slow to warm up, or laughs at the wrong times. You've got to play it by ear."

Two workmen entered the dressing room with the stage manager to install a bigger air conditioner. Bobby greeted them warmly, saying to the manager, "We're going to be here a long time, aren't we? Three years, at least, right?" The answer was, "Right" (the show is already selling tickets for the next two New Year's Eves). Bobby will not look beyond the run of the show for answers to "What next?" questions. Right now it is his entire career.

Now That He's a "Star"

We walked down the street to Dinty Moore's, where we both ordered low-cal chopped steak and vegetables. Bobby picked at his food as I asked him how it feels to be a star. "I don't feel anything but disbelief, and I wish people would stop asking me that," he said petulantly. "When it happens to you, you can't believe it. Ray Bolger, he's a star; Ethel Merman, she's a star. But me. I'm just me, the same guy I always was. Other people seem to change around me, because they think I have. With my old friends, I have to go 90 per cent of the way, instead of my usual forty. People I know cross the street rather than talk to me because, I suppose, they don't want me to think they're playing up to me now that I'm a 'star.'"

Has he changed at all? "Yes," he said, "in my work. I'm more disciplined, more professional. Marriage has changed me, too. I used to hang out in places, clowning around. I don't anymore."

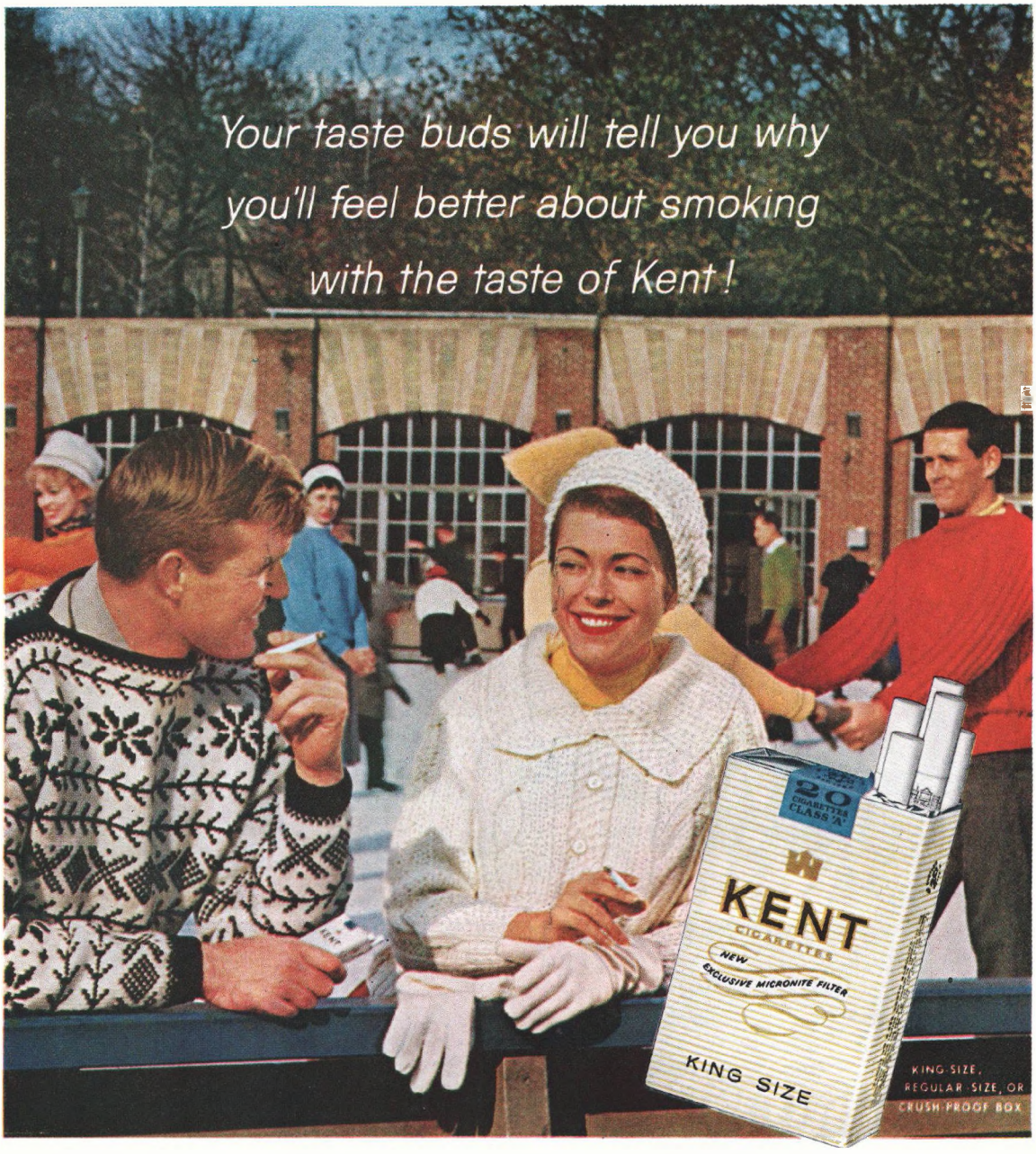
Bobby said, further, that he hadn't thought about what he was going to do with the $1,750 a week he earns. He's not going to move to a fancy apartment, or "dress like a dandy," and in reply to whether he'd like a Rolls-Royce, he said, "No, but I'd like a Volkswagen."

I had heard he is never told when a celebrity is in the audience, and asked if that were true. "It is, at my own insistence," he said. "I don't want to know. How would you feel if some expert was always watching you work?" Is he nervous before every performance? "I'm nervous now," he said. "I'm tense from the minute I wake up until the minute I step on stage. Then I can unwind.

"You feel strange about all that's happening," he said after some thought. "Like, if my picture's on the cover of a magazine, I'm afraid I'll be punished, or that everything will change. I love being on the stage, but it's all the other stuff—talking about myself, and being fussed over. I wish everybody'd leave me alone, really. I just want to go home and play my hi-fi." It seems unlikely that Bobby will get his wish, at least for the next three years. —LYN TORNABENE

Claude Beaumont

BROADWAY'S BRIGHT NEW STAR of musical comedy, Bobby Morse, gives Lyn Tornabene an exclusive: no, he never dropped a chocolate mousse on his head.



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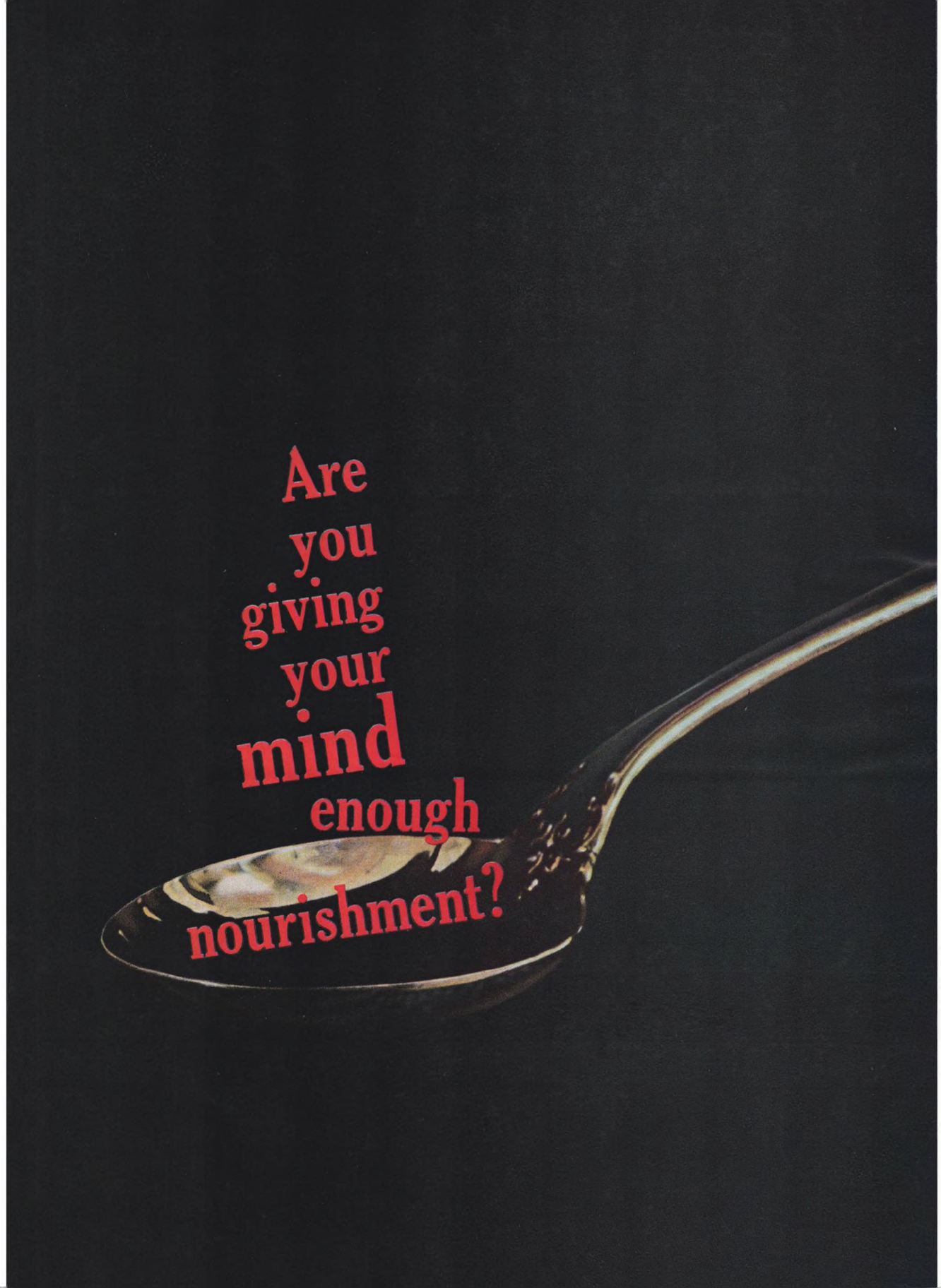
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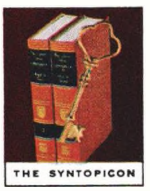

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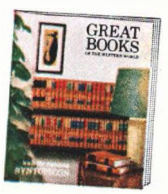

GB

GREAT BOOKS

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She ran into my arms, crushing the flowers I'd brought for her. Her lips were just as I'd remembered, a soft pink, a warm pink, a very special kind of tender pink.

She wears Tender Pink by Helena Rubinstein

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FAT IN THE AFTERNOON: from cut of her shoe, to her bunchy middle, to unpoised head, she presents worst self.

SKINNY BY EVENING: from her elevated heels, to "slimming dress" and neat, poised head, she is right and pretty.

How to Cut a Better Figure— Without Cutting a Calorie

"Instant slimness" is a shrewd ploy which any girl can make before going out on a last-minute date. To prove how simple the recipe is, the John Robert Powers Charm School in Manhattan took a typical, heavy-looking young miss, applied some of the Powers tricks, and in the space of twenty minutes turned her into slender date bait. Some of the Powers "basics":

The *standing twist.* "Don't face the world broadside," admonishes Powers, pointing out that weight evenly distributed on both legs is ungraceful and shows a woman at her broadest. "Strike an angle. Place one foot slightly behind the other and twist your body toward the back foot. You'll be showing yourself at your slimmest." Moreover, stand straight, pull your rib cage up out of your waist. "This automatically takes an inch off your waist and flattens your midriff."

The *near-nothing dress* in a dark color. "It's the most artistically slimming choice. If the dress also has a vertical line—a row of buttons down the front or a single stripe—so much the better." The worst possible choice for a woman with heavy tendencies: the plaid and pleated skirt which definitely broadens the figure; a lumpy blouse or sweater. Tucks, gathers, two-tone styles are also more fattening.

Slender-line accessories. "Simple high-heeled pumps are the most flattering shoes in a woman's wardrobe. They make a woman's legs look longer, slenderer." A pin worn at the shoulder centers the interest high, makes for an illusion of wide-at-the-top, narrow-at-the-bottom. The handbag should be small, and a girl should hold it above her waistline. "You look big-hipped if you let it dangle below your waist."

Ungimmicked make-up and hairdo. Hairdo should be simple and, that tiresome old word, *neat.* Neat and smooth hair make for a slimmer line. Messy hair —"*any* kind of disarray," Powers says— "tends to make a woman look fatter . . . and sloppier."

How you sit, even your gestures, can make you appear much slimmer, Smooth, flowing movements are the thing. "Clumsy, choppy gestures make the figure seem awkward—and larger." Where sitting is concerned, the famous Powers "S" curve is still the prettiest sitting posture ever developed. How it's done is simple enough—when you sit down, sweep both legs over to one side, resting the toes of the back foot on the ankle of the front foot—and keep both toes pointed down. Waist looks narrower, chest gets a lift, and legs appear thinner, longer, curvier. Beauty may be in the

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eye of the beholder, but charm schools like Powers' are determined to give the beholder a big assist.

"Make your own" spray mist out of your favorite perfume or cologne, or even out of vanilla, is the new thing. Some inspired Frenchmen came up with the idea and Paris had it first. The "do-it-yourself" big, cut-crystal bottle comes with two little gas bombs that you use on the same principle as making charged water for Seltzer bottles. The upkeep is sixty-five cents for each extra capsule. Some people have already gotten around to filling the atomizer bottle with bath oil. Some have turned brilliantine into an aerosol spray. And one young sophisticate has "aerosolized," if there is such a word, plain old witch hazel, which she sprays on her feet.

Marcel Franck, who brought the atomizer, called "Brumaire," to the United States in November, has done it in several very French-looking designs. The more we think about what women are likely to fill this aerosol-powered crystal bottle with, the more we find they're doing it—we weren't kidding about the vanilla: it got sprayed around before a children's party, in order to set the mood.

Now, some of the vacationers taking off for the tropics are filling the bottle with a favorite sun-tan oil (use a light, *light* oil, though) and turning *that* into an aerosol spray.

Skiers and skaters—in fact all cold-weather sportsters—are smiling and laughing this winter like they never used to. Last winter, about eighteen to twenty million people with hypersensitive teeth didn't dare open their mouths to the chills of the arctic weather. Those who did got a painful, quivering sensation through their teeth.

What's changing things, claim its admirers, is the toothpaste, Sensodyne, that inconspicuously appeared a few months ago. Some dentists say it's a good idea, before going to bed, to rub the toothpaste into the gums wherever you have a sensitive tooth "neck."

Even better, don't let your teeth get that way in the first place. Brushing the teeth incorrectly is responsible for creating a lot of hypersensitive teeth. The vigorous "scrubbing" action many of us use actually scrubs away the tooth enamel at the gumline—as dentists fruitlessly tell us over and over. Brushing away from the gums is, of course, the answer.

"Stage fright," or nervous tension, happens to women before a party or before a date, and it steps up your rate of perspiration summer *and* winter. Too many women fool themselves into thinking that perspiration slows down at the end of daylight saving time. The physiological facts say you perspire as much in cold weather as in warm weather. When and how should you wear deodorants?

Before eating spicy foods, for one thing. Spices step up perspiration to above normal. And any kind of tension, from expecting ten people for dinner to hurrying to make a plane, makes us perspire a lot more than we think. And, of course, you should use deodorant every morning for normal perspiration.

When you put on deodorant is important. Best time is after your bath; it gives the chemicals a chance to work while you're making up.

The funny thing is that women *think* they're more careful about this bit of personal grooming than they really are. In one survey conducted by 5 Day Laboratories, 95 per cent of women reported that they use deodorants "regularly." It's just not true—if it were, yearly deodorant sales would be four times what they are now. —HARRIET LA BARRE

St. Laurent and the "Simple" Dress

Yves St. Laurent, young, elegant, shy, and thin as a moth's wing, has ideas that may change the look of American women—to the accompaniment of their husbands' cheers. Now twenty-six, ex-Dior, ex-French Army, and big news as head of his own salon on the Rue Spontini in Paris, St. Laurent is pitching for simplicity in fashion. He believes that it is not necessary to change the lines of fashion every season; one basic style, one basic line is enough.

The society woman once led the world in fashion, says St. Laurent, but now the woman with a job or career has imposed simplicity on even the society woman. The woman with a job or career "has won." In other words, the same clothes can be "right," can be worn by everyone—everyone, that is, who can afford the often-expensive simplicity.

Best tip-offs on how to style your hair and your make-up are coming more and more from current Paris fashion showings such as St. Laurent's, where the mannequins' make-up and hairdos were done by Helena Rubinstein.

"This year, hair will be more of a length," says famed Parisian stylist Monsieur Thierry, now top brass at the Rubinstein Salon de Coiffures in New York City. The blunt cut, that is, the cut that tempts you to pick up the scissors and do it yourself. (If you *must*, the best way is to hold a strand of hair straight out at a horizontal angle to your head, and then cut with scissors.) Since Thierry is the favorite stylist of so many of the rich, the social, or the famous, among them Simone Signoret, Françoise Arnoul, the Princess Murat, and all the women in the Count de Paris' huge family, we can see the "all of a length" haircut getting off to a smashing start.

Men's neckties may soon be turning into on-the-beach skirts and tops. French Riviera sportswear designer Gérard Pipart started it in Nice when he showed a hip-slung skirt made of men's neckties in pink, blue, yellow, and turquoise. The ties are sewed to a skirt band, fall freely to the knees, and you wear a bikini underneath it. The short topper, which is sleeveless and ends just below the bosom, has short (about two inches) lengths of matching ties sewn to it, and those, too, are free-falling. We know of one unhappy father who has already lost several of his favorite Sulka ties to his teen-age daughter, and word travels fast. *Right now* is when husbands and fathers should start looking up their good ties.

Something shifty-looking is building up big, from resorts to dance floors. The shift look may have started with a handful of women cutting off their outdated chemises, thereby turning them into beach shifts. The boom in shifts could mean that, one way or another, women simply refuse to give up the comfort of the chemise, and, instead, have craftily disguised it. The results are becoming big business from coast to coast and from dawn to way after dusk. The "Sweatshift," thick, soft, brilliantly colored, and knee-length, is Cole of California's shifty answer—whether the question is what to wear on the beach, in a dorm, or just lazing around at home. Jantzen's T shirt, cotton knit shifts make you look even younger than springtime. "Portside" is the name of one nautical-looking beach shift in a red, white, and blue abstract print. Red pompons edge the bottom and dance around your kneecaps. Another Jantzen-Jr shift, called "Neo-Classic," has wide, horizontal stripes, and a squared boat neck. One of these, in blue-white-black stripes, buttons at the shoulders with gold buttons. Catalina has *its* shifts, some with wide, horizontal stripes and patch pockets, some with long, cuffed sleeves and a shirt-tail look. The whole beach shift phenomenon, thinks Catalina, is now here permanently, and it comes from the teaming-up of the "thinking girl's" practical taste with that of the

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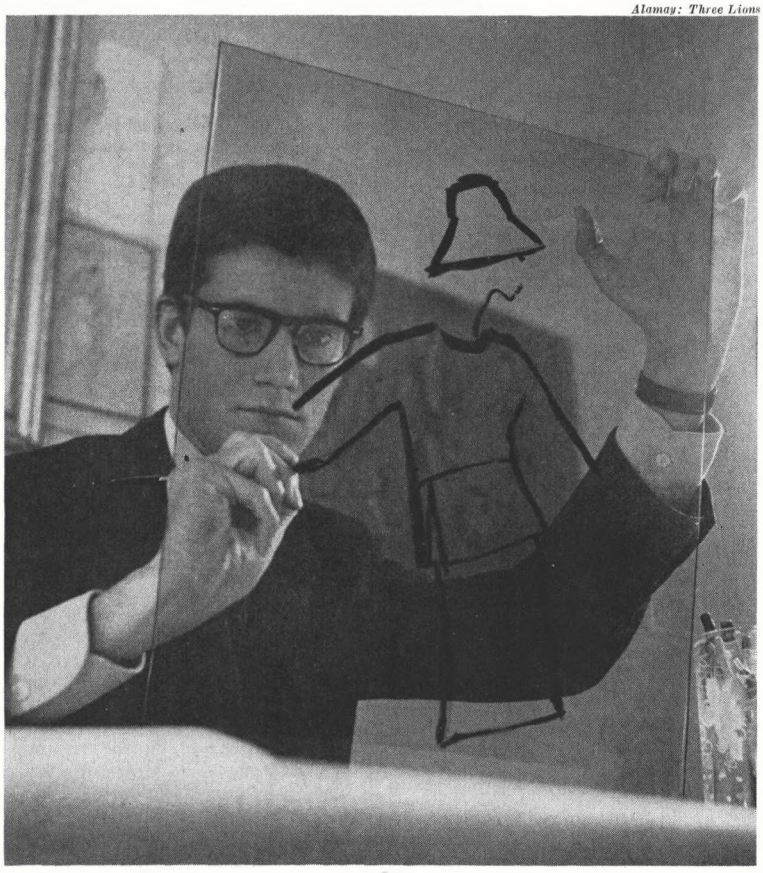
Alamay: Three Lions



YVES ST. LAURENT at work on his first collection in his Paris studio. His fashion philosophy: For princess or career girl, one basic style, one basic line.

Collector's Items: Fashion (continued)

Ski Boutique: Photographed by Martin Jacobs

FISHERWOMAN'S CAPE from Portugal is three-quarter circle of black wool. For ski-watching or theater-going.

SHEPHERD BOY'S JACKET from Portugal has back flap that ends behind knees. For skiing or country living.

"fashion girl's" dramatic, good taste.

Don't be confused by a shift's billing—with the right accessories you can wear them to a surprising number of places. One sleeveless, terry cloth shift—with a splash of huge flowers from neck to hem—zips up the front, is billed as an "after-bath" shift, but it can go out onto the beach, or even to lunch at a resort or country club. It's by Evelyn Pearson. Another shift "leisure dress" by Schrank is in gold cotton, has an Aztec print running all the way down one side, and makes a handsome and sophisticated change if you're tired of wearing slacks in suburbia.

The "city shift" is a natural for spring and summer if you shop in the city, play in the city, work in it, or dine in it. We're talking about the silk chiffon shift (lined, of course). One that is sleeveless was designed by Mario Forte for Mort Schrader, and it's the best example of what we can expect to see this year. It mingles the palest shades of mocha and gray; the Paisley print has an almost-penciled, tracery effect, and that mere-wisp-of-chiffon look.

A Portuguese shepherd boy's goatskin coat becomes a chair-lift jacket for skiers. A fisherwoman's cape from Nazaré, Portugal, can be lined with satin, silk, brocade, etc., and becomes transformed into a glamorous theater coat. A Norwegian Army soldier's T shirt becomes a man's undershirt (with or without sleeves) for winter sports.

In the boutique world, almost anything that was once worn by some Greek peasant or a Bavarian woodcutter is now being adapted by the imaginative boutique owners and emerging at a higher price but with a more fun-filled function. Among some of the "adapted" clothes for winter fun are a blue-black Alaskan hair seal jacket that pulls down over the hips; a hooded Brazilian river otter jacket as richly brown as the Brazilian coffee bean; a Polish jacket made of gray suede which is embroidered with flowers in blue, yellow, and red; an Austrian jacket, with a roll collar, made of brush wool that is boiled down to shrink it into a tight yarn before knitting.

Almost anything is in the running these days, from a stocking cap which was knitted by some New England grandmother to high, indoor, sheepskin-lined seal boots from France. What you can't make yourself, and haven't thought of buying abroad and decorating yourself, you can always locate in one of those imaginative little boutiques.

A silklike jersey "pull-over" that looks like a dress but is actually a skirt and top justifies the enormous amounts of money spent on creating synthetic materials that are easier to take care of than a handkerchief. After all, you have to *iron* a handkerchief.

Some of the jersey pull-overs for this spring have the V neck that's so popular with sophisticated young French girls, who like to wear solid tops with striped skirts, plaid skirts, or polka-dotted skirts. You can juggle combinations around, turn yourself out looking ready for tennis, or like one of the more languid sophisticates of the drop-earrings school. Some of the pull-overs, by Sacony, who is betting heavily on them, are made of a finer-than-ever Arnel, called "Ciella." Though fine, it has more body, and it doesn't pucker or wrinkle.

Besides all this, slithery pants and shorts of this washable, no-iron Arnel (lined with cotton) are beginning to appear now. So are washable Arnel suits (lined with the same material), some of them in prints and some striped and looking like blazers. **—H. La B.**

YOUR TV DIAL

SUMMIT ON SOAPS: Soap operas, once the sudsy mainstay of daytime radio, have invaded CBS's television terrain with thunderous organ peals and chords. There are seven daily "soaps" on that network. In the barrage of such competition, ABC has wiped its screen clean of them; NBC carries only two heart-wringers.

Among show folk who usually have afternoons to themselves, the "soaps" are discussed in the weighty tones usually reserved for summit conferences. To watch or not to watch—that is the question. Like the Twist dance craze, TV soap operas have surprising supporters.

The "soapies' " biggest fan is ***Tallulah Bankhead***, who bristles in defense: "It makes me so damned mad when people say, '*You* like soap operas?' Who do they think they're talking to? I'm no different from anybody else. All these sophisticated people who turn up their noses at soapies. How I loathe that word, *sophisticated*. It's so overused, darling, like *glamorous* and *liberal* and *reactionary*.

"***Cole Porter*** never missed *Stella Dallas* and *Our Gal Sunday*. ***Noel Coward*** adores soapies, and so does ***Patrick Dennis***, who wrote *Auntie Mame*.

"I watch the soapies as soon as I get up. I get up rather late, darling: the middle of the afternoon. I have a TV in the bedroom, but I think it's good for my character to get out of bed and come downstairs and watch *Secret Storm* or *Edge of Night*. Doloras, my dog (she's a Maltese), and I watch them while I have breakfast. We've gotten to know those soapies people so well, we can't tear ourselves away. Besides, what else is there to do between four and five in the afternoon if you haven't a matinee?

"I know they dra-a-a-g out the plots, and I know the good person is going to win out and that the bad one will get it, but they're so believable, darling. If they're sentimental, what's wrong with that? If they're ruthless about life, that's the way life is, sometimes. And if they're cliché, well, darling, aren't we all?"

Pictorial Parade

Tallulah Bankhead bubbles over soapies.

Novelist, playwright, and surveyor of the American scene, ***Gore Vidal*** finds soap operas a pathetic catharsis, like "the Victorian novels published in cliff-hanging installments." Vidal insists nothing distinguished has come out of them. "And if anything worthwhile ever appeared in the way of writing, who would know? It would never be rebroadcast."

Playwright ***Abe Burrows*** takes another point of view. "What I like about soap operas is that they have clean story lines. Some of the supposedly 'good' productions on evening TV are so arty and pretentious that they're silly. Soap operas, like Westerns, have real heroes and villains. There's none of this mixing-up that you get in the arty shows, when you never know who to stick by. I guess the big argument against the soaps is that they overdo everything. Even a trip to the grocery store becomes a federal case. But I watch the soaps whenever I'm home, and I think they're catching on—like rooting for the Dodgers."

Actress ***Anne Bancroft***, on the same subject, says: "Phooey. Who has the time? Besides, it's a sin to watch television in the afternoon."

WORTH YOUR PRECIOUS TIME: On February 4th, comic ***Stan Freberg*** celebrates the Chinese New Year with a spoofy special on ABC. . . . NBC promises a gala evening on the 11th with *The Broadway of Lerner and Loewe*, a re-creation of scenes from their hit musicals (*My Fair Lady*, *Camelot*, *Gigi*, others), with ***Julie Andrews***, ***Richard Burton***, ***Maurice Chevalier***, etc. . . . On CBS, *Twentieth Century* will document the life of iconoclast architect ***Frank Lloyd Wright*** on the 18th. . . . ***Gordon*** and ***Sheila MacRae*** are only two of the stars who will appear on the colorful Winter Carnival at Sun Valley on ABC, February 23rd.—GEORGE CHRISTY

NEW RECORDINGS

Perhaps the only human being who appreciates Oscar Levant as much as he ought to be appreciated is Oscar himself. It is hard for the rest of us even to imagine that so much wit, profundity, and musical talent can live in one ordinary-sized, and usually sickly (he says), body. There are two Oscar Levant albums out that show different aspects of his many-sided talent. One, from Decca, is called **Al Jolson with Oscar Levant**, and is made up of conversations and musical numbers culled from their performances on the old *Kraft Music Hall*. The other, on Columbia, is called **Oscar Levant at the Piano**, and consists of works by Chopin, Debussy, and Ravel. If you love Oscar as I love Oscar, you'll want both of these.

Those who missed Herbert Von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic on their U. S. tour can catch up with them on a number of selections on the Angel label. A new one in stereo has Handel's "Water Music Suite," plus selections by Mozart.

For tonal color of a vastly different kind, Clark Terry's **Color Changes** on Candid is modern jazz by a remarkable brass man, who plays trumpet and doubles on Flügelhorn.

Riverside offers **White Gardenia**, which has Johnny Griffin, the tenor saxophonist, reminiscing in tempo about the late Billie Holliday. Billie always sang more like a horn than a human, and Griffin has caught her idiom perfectly.

The same label, continuing in its effort to record examples of all the remaining old-time jazz performers, has come out with **Chicago: The Living Legends**, featuring musicians as Earl Hines, Lil Hardin Armstrong, Pops Foster, Jimmy Archey, and such old-time blues singers as Lovie Austin and Mama Yancey.

Speaking of legends: the mighty tenor, whom RCA-Victor rightly calls **The Incomparable Bjoerling**, on an lp of that name, is represented in twelve selections that show adequately what a loss the music world suffered when he died in September, 1960, at the age of forty-nine.

If Bach is one of your passions, no pun intended, you will not want to be without the **B Minor Mass** by Robert Shaw's Chorale and Orchestra, an exciting performance that comes in another of those magnificent RCA-Victor packages, with authoritative notes and photographs.

Two fine documentary records come from Washington (the label, not the city): **A History of Cante Flamenco**, by Manolo Caracol, which includes translations of the earthy, direct, unfettered lyrics; and **Shango Hymn: Songs of the Caribbean**, by Geoffrey Holder, the Trinidad dancer-singer.

For those who like piano that's strong without being too obtrusive, yet not so unobtrusive as to be cocktail piano, there's a fine lp on Riverside: **A Day in the City**, by the Don Friedman Trio. Friedman is a new pianist who's destined to be around for a long time—and that's my first prediction for 1962.

—MEGHAN RICHARDS

Allyn Z. Baum

MACHU PICCHU, South America's most spectacular tourist attraction, perches atop 2,000-foot-high mountain bounded on three sides, far below, by a swift-running river. Discovered in 1911, it is the only Inca city ever found intact.

Where the Streets Were Paved With Silver

"Worth a Peru" has been a yardstick of wealth for centuries, but it is also an index to traveling pleasure—a land of archaeological wonders and rare hospitality, where you can go sand skiing, attend a *fiesta,* or prospect for Inca gold.

BY BARNETT D. LASCHEVER

On January 18, 1535, Francisco Pizarro dismounted on the left bank of the Rimac River in Peru. He and a small band of *conquistadores* had just subdued one of the mightiest empires in the New World; now—on a fertile plain sloping gently toward the Pacific—he sketched the outline for a capital city worthy of his new domain.

As the years passed, Lima, the "City of the Kings," became the center of the entire Spanish empire in South America. Magnificent government buildings and elaborate private homes sprang up; churches and monasteries glittered with gold and silver, as the wealth of a continent poured in. Once when a new viceroy from Spain arrived, streets were paved with silver ingots for his reception.

Today—although the streets are no longer paved with silver—Lima is still one of the most beautiful cities in South America; one ecstatic historian called it "the fairest gem on the shores of the Pacific." But, in addition to offering a fascinating glimpse of vanished empires, it offers a multitude of modern-day attractions for travelers: luxurious hotels, facilities for sports of all kinds . . . and a shopper's paradise of bargain buys.

After a ten-hour jet flight from New York, I landed at Lima's airport, three miles outside the city. Although much of the western coastal strip of Peru is barren desert, the city and its surrounding countryside, through extensive irrigation, have been made fertile. The drive into the city is through broad, tree-lined streets, with glimpses of oleanders, hibiscus, and bougainvillaea in gardens of private homes. There is one grove of ancient, gnarled olive trees—planted many hundreds of years ago by the *conquistadores*—which still bear fruit.

High Society Rules the City

The center of Lima, with its charming old colonial buildings and narrow streets, has the flavor of ancient Spain. And, of all the cities in Latin America today, Lima has the most style. Its haughty, bejeweled society women dress in the latest Paris fashions. Many of the homes, villas, and haciendas are veritable museums.

The Osma house, for example, has one of the most fantastic private collections of art in the world. The big house is shielded from the street by a high wall. But once inside the door, I was astounded by the treasures on every side. I went from room to room, past walls covered with paintings, past priceless old furniture and religious objects—an overwhelming, almost bizarre, effect. In the master bedroom stood Mr. Osma's bed, like a throne, surrounded by works of art. Not open to the general public, this house can be visited by special appointment.

Where Parties Are Lavish

Lima, though a very social town, is not a lively one. There are only a few night clubs, nothing to compare with those in such gay metropolitan centers as Rio or Buenos Aires. Limeños do a great deal of entertaining at home, often in their gardens and patios. Their parties are lavish, and there is much food and drink.

You can meet the residents of Lima at the tea hour—usually starting at 6:00—at the good hotels and the country club, and you may find yourself invited to their homes. The air lines usually can arrange for guest membership at the clubs or race track, and in such an atmosphere new friends are made easily.

After you receive an invitation to a party, there are certain rules to observe. If you plan to send flowers, avoid red roses or carnations—they express love. And, unless the time is specified on the invitation as "*hora Inglesia*"—English time—or it is otherwise indicated, you are to be punctual; ask your hostess what time she really expects you to come.

You'll find Peruvians well traveled, and quite cosmopolitan. Anyone who is anyone in Peru has seen the world.

You'll find some *norteamericano* influence creeping in, too, particularly among the young people who are rebelling against their tradition-bound parents. Casual clothes are strictly frowned on in the city streets, yet some of the young women are going shopping without hats and gloves, and are even wearing flats. Shocking to us? Not at all. But to Peruvians, it's a change. Hot dog and hamburger stands, supermarkets, and "Inca Cola" are other examples of United States influence.

The climax of a really lavish party is the *pachamanca*, a Peruvian barbecue. Hot coals are placed in a pit and fowl, steak, sausages, even guinea pigs are wrapped in banana leaves and placed on top.

The pit is covered and the food is sprinkled with a little *pisco*, a grape brandy that is the national drink of Peru. The pit is opened after several hours.

Before the feast, you may be offered such Peruvian delicacies as *anticuchos*, the national hors d'oeuvre of the country. These are tasty beef hearts broiled over a charcoal fire, served with a spicy sauce. You may also try some *cebiche*, which is raw fish marinated in lemon juice and served in a small bowl with chopped onions and peppers.

For Peru's elite the glorious past, recalling the days when Lima was the "First City of the Continent," is still very much a part of their lives. Limeños walk with pride in a city that had courts, an advanced legislature, a university, and a flourishing economy at a time when Englishmen in Virginia were planting their first tobacco plants and New York had not yet been settled.

So great was Peru in its halcyon days that a common phrase in South America to indicate wealth and affluence was, "*Vale un Peru*"—worth a Peru.

You won't need a galleon-load of silver today, though, to find an attractive place to stay in Lima. The city offers a range of accommodations to fit all purses.

You can, for example, hook rooms in the Lima Country Club in San Isidro, a five-mile taxi ride from the center of Lima, and use the tennis courts, swimming pool, and golf course. Rates at the club hotel start at ten dollars per day for one, with meals. Then, if you're looking for an inexpensive vacation in the city, there are numerous pensions, usually located in a lovely villa set in a garden, where your charming rooms, and meals, will come to only thirty dollars a week.

But most Americans will want to stay at one of the larger downtown luxury hotels, and Lima has a wide selection. On the Plaza San Martín, there's the Gran Hotel Bolívar, a truly grand old dowager with all the charm of Europe's best hotels. Double rooms start at $11.50, European plan, plus taxes and a service charge.

Other good hotels are the Crillón, the reconstructed and modernized Hotel Maury, the Riviera, Hotel Savoy, Hotel Columbus, and Hotel Alcazar.

Offbeat Activities

Once settled, North American visitors who are looking for offbeat entertainment might find their way to the cock pits or the bullfights.

Outside of Lima, sports facilities for visitors are located along the coast. Cabanas can be rented by the hour at Herradura beach and Lobo del Mar. The Waikiki Club has a lively group of surfboard riders and visitors may join the activities on invitation of a member. You must obtain a guest card from a member also to play at the Lima Golf Club and the Los Incas Club. The airline service desk can come up with an introduction to a member for the serious golfer.

Ardent fishermen can inquire at the Hotel Bolívar about the possibility of arranging a guest membership at the exclusive fishing club, Cabo Blanco, up the coast near Talara. Members of this club hold several world records for their deep sea catches—one for the biggest fish ever caught on rod and reel, a 1,580-pound black marlin.

Because Lima is so close to the ocean, during the South American summer, December through February (seasons are reversed below the equator), the people take three-and-a-half hours for lunch, which gives them time to eat and enjoy a swim at one of the nearby beaches.

The sand in Peru is not only for sun bathing—or for making castles. An enterprising sports-minded group has launched sand skiing at Lomo de Corvina, an hour's drive from Lima. The sport is in its infancy, so don't expect lifts, tows, or any kind of apparatus to help you climb back up the dune.

It Never Rains, But . . .

Peruvians say it never rains in Lima. However, during Peru's winter (June through August) the mist gets so thick you can almost cut it with a knife. A raincoat, and lightweight, but not tropical, clothes suitable for our fall are advisable for that time of the year. The sunny season is from January through April. Black dresses for women are always suitable, as Lima is one of the most conservative cities in South America.

Although the weather may be damp and cool in Lima, it's possible to drive into the sun in just a few minutes.

First, twenty miles up the side of the Andes, there's the Granja Azul restaurant where you sit under sunny skies at outdoor tables and, for three dollars, dine on the most delicious spit-roasted spring chicken you've ever eaten.

Dining out in Lima is a special treat. The city has a wide range of restaurants from Italian (the de luxe, roof top Club 91), French (Le Pavillon and La Corsica), German (Tony's), Spanish (Aragón and Granda), and even Chinese (Kuo Wa). The Spanish-colonial atmosphere of old Peru can best be enjoyed in the Trece Monedas, where the food is indeed excellent.

A word of warning: Peruvian food is heavily spiced with *aji*, a hot chili pepper. If you are the owner of a tricky stomach, take care. It's a good idea, also, to drink bottled water with your meals.

In eating, as in everything else in Peru, tradition again plays a big role. Peruvian men regard certain restaurants as their own, so it's a good idea for women to peek in first, if they have not been warned in advance.

To belabor an overworked cliché, Peru *is* a shopper's paradise. Starting at the Plaza San Martín and walking down the Jirón Unión, you'll be overwhelmed by the silver shops on both sides of the street. Tea sets, bracelets and necklaces with Inca motifs, earrings, pins, and rings will soon part you from your

(continued)

money. Alpaca slippers, leather goods (why not a hand-tooled leather coffee table?), and pottery—authentic pre-Inca and reproductions—are other items which are especially popular with visitors.

Leaving Lima, I flew to Cuzco, the ancient Inca capital, in a venerable DC-4 operated by Faucett Air Lines. It is a truly memorable flight: taking off from the coastal desert plain, you head straight for the towering Andes. Cuzco, although it is nearly 11,500 feet above sea level, is located in a valley surrounded by mountain peaks. In order to reach the valley, the plane must soar over mountains at 20,000 feet. The DC-4 is not pressurized, so as it starts to climb above 10,000 feet, the steward stops at your seat and plugs a small hose into the wall of the plane. Each passenger sucks on the hose, breathing in pure oxygen.

Sudden Attack of *Soroche*

When the plane lands at Cuzco, after a two-hour flight, it's wise to go straight to your hotel and to bed for at least a couple of hours. For, unless you have had much experience at high altitudes, you will find yourself affected by the relative lack of oxygen in the atmosphere. Resting immediately upon arrival permits the lungs and blood to acclimate themselves to the rarefied air.

Since metabolism and digestion also are slowed at high altitudes, it is strongly advised that you curtail your food intake during your mountain visit. If you violate the rules—boom! You'll find yourself flat on your back. It happened to this intrepid traveler: without any rest, and after a much-too-big lunch, I clambered about on the rocks with two cameras, shooting pictures.

Suddenly *soroche*, the mountain sickness, struck. There I was on the ground, turning blue and gasping for air, with visions of taking my last trip to the Great Resort Above (where hotel desk clerks always smile, tipping is not allowed, travel folders tell the truth, airplanes fly on time, and portable radios are banned from the beaches). A Peruvian Army doctor, on call nearby, brought me back to earth in short order—with a needle.

If you take care during your first hours in Cuzco, you can avoid mountain sickness and may experience only a slight shortness of breath, and possibly an initial headache that will soon pass. No matter what, however, walk—do not run—in Cuzco.

I was in Cuzco on June 21, which is the winter solstice in the Southern Hemisphere and the date of the annual Inti-raymi festival there. This ceremony is a re-creation of ancient hocus-pocus, practiced on the unsuspecting people by the Inca priests—a canny lot who knew their calendar.

Year in and year out, they realized that after winter's shortest day the sun would start returning to Peru from North America, where it had just spent its longest day. No need, of course, to let the plain folk in on this plain fact, so the priests rigged up an elaborate ceremonial during which they took all the credit for tying up the sun to a small stone tower and forcing it to start its journey back to southern skies.

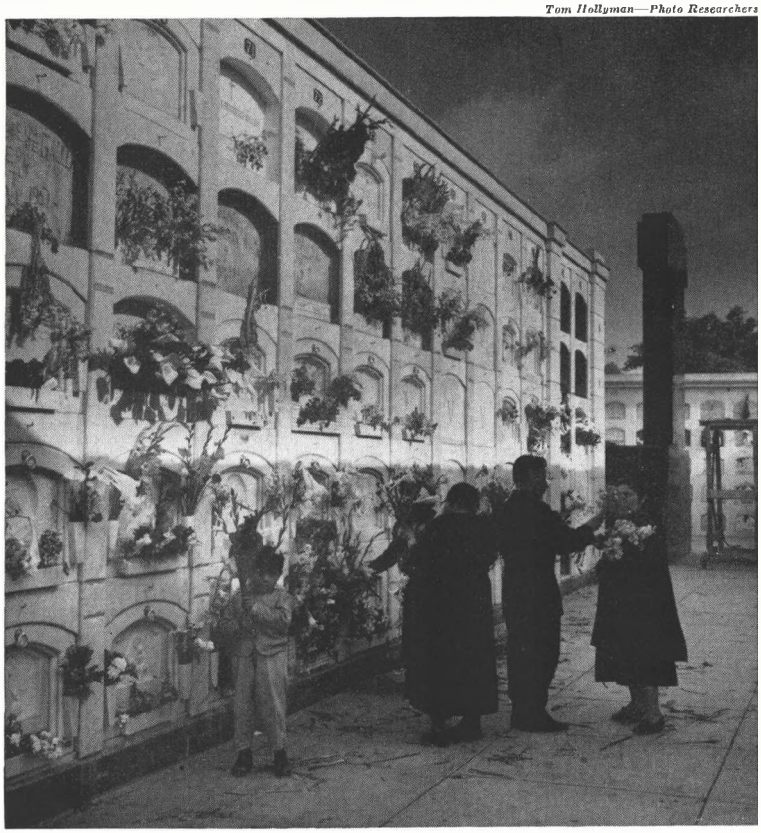
The Spanish priests, who accompanied the *conquistadores* during the conquest of Peru, learned of the religious significance of these sun towers at temple sites, and knocked off the tops of all of them. All but one, that is. This sun tower still stands in Machu Picchu, an ancient Inca mountaintop sanctuary never seen by the Spaniards.

The Inti-raymi festival takes place on a field before the mighty Inca fortress of Sacsa-huaman, pronounced "Sexy Woman." Here priests re-enact the ceremony of tying the sun and forbidding it to depart further from their sky. Then they coax it to return.

The remaining walls of the Sacsa-huaman fortress give you your first glimpse of the fantastic stone workmanship of the ancient Incas. The archaeologist and author Victor W. von Hagen says of this fortress, "It is without doubt one of the greatest structures ever reared by man."

It was started in 1438 A.D. by the Inca Pachacuti. Some thirty thousand Indians worked on it for seventy years. The huge walls of enormous stones are fitted together without mortar so expertly that, even today, it's impossible to insert a jackknife blade in between.

Tom Hollyman—Photo Researchers



ABOVEGROUND GRAVES, common in South American countries, are decorated on All-Soul's Day in Lima—a flourishing city when New York was still an outpost.

Remnants of an Empire

The principal wall of the fortress, facing north and laid out in a zigzag fashion, was an astonishing thirteen hundred feet long and twenty-seven feet high, and composed of huge stones, some weighing twenty tons. Behind were two other zigzag walls on terraces above, so that by the time you passed through one of the three gates to the top of the fortress, you had climbed sixty feet. Towers, parapets, barracks, storage places, and an enormous reservoir were secure behind the front walls. No attack was possible from the sides and rear of the fortress because they sloped down a mountainside.

Stones from the towers and inner buildings were later used by the Spaniards for construction in Cuzco. Yet today, much of the mighty walls still stand to amaze and bedazzle you, while back in the city

there are other remainders from the days when Cuzco was the glorious seat of a mighty empire. At its peak, the Inca realm extended over Peru, parts of Ecuador, Chile, Colombia, Bolivia, and Argentina.

The word Inca, incidentally, has fallen into misuse. It refers specifically to the actual royalty: the ruler and his family. In time the word has been misused to describe all the peoples who lived under the rule of the Incas. It would be equally incorrect to call all the ancient Egyptians by the name of Pharaohs, simply because their rulers were called Pharaohs.

The Peruvians who lived in the time of the Incas were members of several South American Indian tribes, the largest of them being the Quechuas; their language is still spoken by five million people in Latin America.

Treasures Beneath the Sands

Surprisingly, the ancient Incas, brilliant architects, city planners, masons, and weavers, had no written language. Nor, with all their engineering skill, had they discovered the wheel. The great military roads that once spanned their empire were used by foot soldiers, couriers, and pack trains of llamas. You can still see stretches of the Inca highway. I recall a motor trip from Lima to the coast with Ted Pelikan, Pan American World Airways representative in Peru and an amateur archaeologist extraordinary. The car was suddenly stopped. "Look over into the desert," Ted said. "See anything?"

I strained my eyes, and saw only the shifting sands and the tawny hills in the distance beyond.

Ted moved the car just a few feet. "Now look," he commanded.

There coming down out of the hills, clean and straight, were the outlines of part of the ancient Royal Inca Highway, perfectly preserved by the dry climate these hundreds of years. The untutored visitor would pass it by, never seeing this ghostly remnant of the past.

A few miles down the road, we stopped again and crossed onto the sand. Ted scuffed his shoe in the sand. In a moment he uncovered a broken piece of pottery.

"We are standing on the sands of an old Inca burying ground," Ted said. "It extends for thirteen miles. You can dig down most anywhere and come up with pottery, pieces of cloth, even bones."

We bent down and moved the sand away with our hands. In seconds we uncovered an urn, beautifully decorated, with only a small chip in the top.

The law says that artifacts are not to be taken out of the country, but if the discovery of an old piece of pottery can give you as much of a thrill as it does me, look up Ted Pelikan when next you land in Lima. If he's not tied up, Ted may take you on one of his expeditions into Inca land.

Rubbling around in the old graveyard near Lima and examining the remains of Inca buildings in Cuzco are only preparation for the supreme thrill of all: the trip to Machu Picchu, the only complete Peruvian city ever found.

In an age when modern man thought he had completely explored the world on which he lives, a little corner high among the jagged peaks of the Andes remained hidden behind a veil of mystery.

Even the intrepid *conquistadores* had not found their way into this almost impenetrable mountain fastness, a fifteen-hundred-mile-square area that was marked on no map as late as 1911.

It remained for a young Yale University scholar, a man unskilled and untutored in archaeology, to make what has been hailed as the "most spectacular single achievement in the field of South American exploration."

The discovery came about because Hiram Bingham merely wanted to better qualify himself to teach South American history. To do this, he first followed the trail of the great liberator, Simon Bolívar, across South America.

Then his interest in the ancient Incas was stimulated by legends of a lost city called Vilcabama, the "principal city of the Inca Manco Capac and his sons."

The young scholar, with his colleagues and Indian bearers, took up the search, and pushed deep into the Urubamba Valley, led on by Indian tales that a "great ruined city" lay just ahead. Time after time they were disappointed, but at last "found" the city they were seeking (only to have subsequent historians prove that Machu Picchu was *not* the "Lost City of the Incas" but merely an undiscovered fortress).

Today the tourist en route to Machu Picchu traverses in comfort along the bed of the Urubamba Canyon in a single-car train. But except for the intrusion of the rails, the canyon looks much the same as it did to Hiram Bingham in 1911.

The Power of Its Spell

In his monumental book, *Lost City of the Incas*, Bingham describes the canyon:

"The river escapes from the cold plateau by tearing its way through gigantic mountains of granite. The road runs through a land of matchless charm. It has the majestic grandeur of the Canadian Rockies, as well as the startling beauty of the Nuuanu Pali near Honolulu, and the enchanting vistas of the Koolau Ditch Trail on Maui, in my native land. In the variety of its charms and the power of its spell, I know of no place in the world which can compare with it. . . . One is drawn irresistibly onward by ever-recurring surprises through a deep, winding gorge, turning and twisting past overhanging cliffs of incredible height. Suddenly I found myself confronted with the walls of ruined houses built of finest quality Inca stone work," and "a cave beautifully lined with the finest cut stone; evidently a Royal Mausoleum."

In 1912 a full-scale expedition, sponsored by Yale University and the National Geographic Society and led by Hiram Bingham, returned to Peru to study and clean away the jungle growth that encompassed Machu Picchu.

Waiting Room for Virgins

During the excavations, a burial cave was found with more than 60 per cent of the bones those of women. This mountain sanctuary, then, also was the home of the "Chosen Women" of the Incas, virgins who awaited their assignments in the Inca court.

The fiftieth anniversary of Hiram Bingham's discovery has just been celebrated. From the Urubamba River up to the ridge on which Machu Picchu is perched, a serpentine road has been cut into the mountain. In motor vehicles you are carried two thousand feet into the air. Fittingly, the road is called the Hiram Bingham Highway.

Even today, at the base of the road by the side of the river, you look up and cannot see Machu Picchu. But just to the left I spied two flagpoles. They are on the grounds of the hotel which stands outside the walls of the city. Take time to spend at least one night here, high on the old ridge in the hotel. You will never again see such a sunset—or sunrise.

When your explorations are over, you'll return to Cuzco on the small train and then fly, sucking your oxygen hose, back to Lima.

Perhaps, as you board your plane for the return from Cuzco to the city below on the coastal plain, you'll hear the tolling of the Maria Angola Bell in the Cuzco Cathedral. Maria Angola was a colonial beauty who had a tragic love affair with a Spanish captain.

When the day came to cast the great six-and-a-half-ton bell for the cathedral, the heartbroken lady threw into the molten metal the gifts that her lover had given her: gold rings, bracelets, necklaces, and other jewelry. Then she entered a convent where she lived out the rest of her days.

I heard this story from a Cuzceño as I waited to board my plane. Suddenly, the bells began to toll.

"Listen," said my friend. "Above the booming tones—that plaintive wailing sound. It's Maria Angola grieving for her lost love."

In the tolling of that bell, too, you can hear a nation grieving for its days of lost glory, when the seat of a mighty empire was ensconced in the fabulous city of Cuzco and most of South America bowed down in homage to the authority of its powerful Inca rulers. THE END

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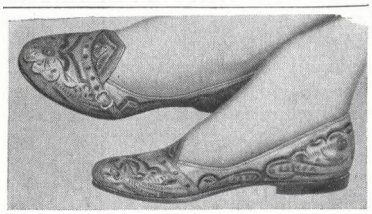

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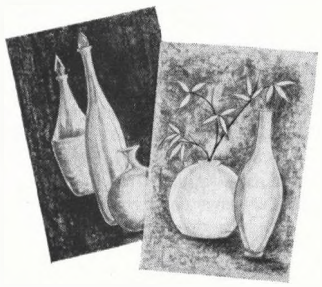

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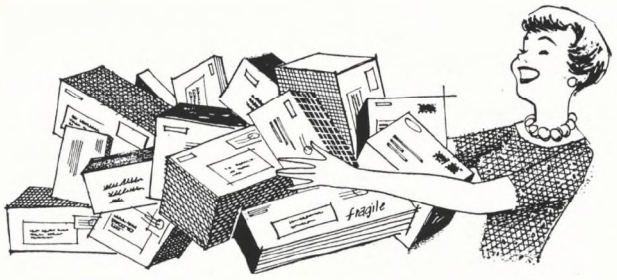

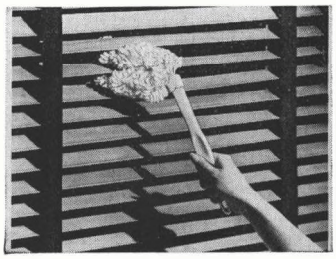

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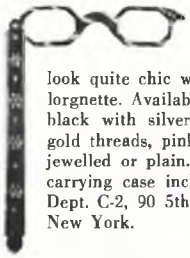

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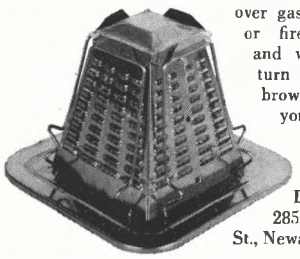

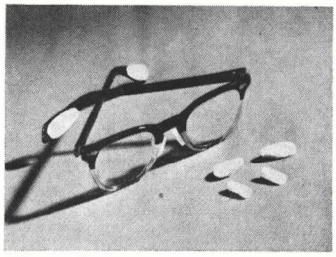

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Don't let your eyeglasses slip and slide, but keep them firm and yet still marvellously comfortable with these foam-soft cushions that adhere to glasses in seconds. Supply of 12 nose cushions and 12 ear tabs in plastic case. Whirlee, Inc., Dept. C-2, 31-01 Steinway St., Long Island City 3, N.Y.

1000 Name & Address Labels $1 ppd.

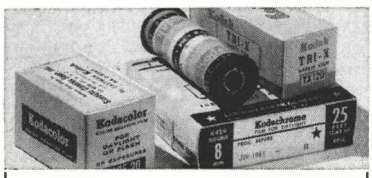
Special Offer

ANY 3 DIFFERENT ORDERS $2

Sensational bargain! Your name and address handsomely printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Padded—packed with FREE useful Plastic GIFT BOX. Use them on stationery, checks, books, cards, records, etc. *Beautifully printed* on finest gummed paper —*1000 only $1.* SPECIAL—SAVE MONEY! ANY 3 DIFFERENT ORDERS $2. Makes an ideal gift. If you don't agree this is the buy of the year, we'll refund your money in full.

HANDY LABELS

204 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City 1, Calif.



Never Buy Film Again!

Don't take chances on running out of film. When you send Yankee your exposed black and white or color film, Yankee returns, with the developed prints—at no extra charge—a fresh roll of KODAK film, same size as yours, for every roll you send. This offer stands forever! Yankee prices are up to 40% lower than most stores, quality is unsurpassed. Send postcard for free mailing envelopes and prices.

YANKEE PHOTO SERVICE

Dept. 3, Box 1820, Bridgeport 1, Conn.

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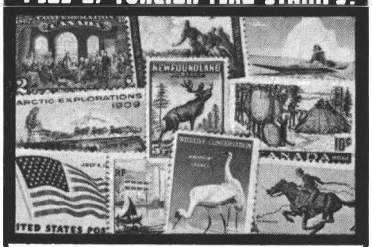
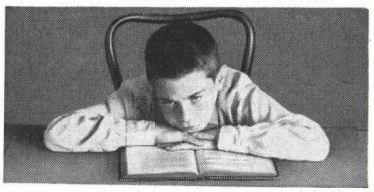


SENSATIONAL GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER. Big valuable collection of all-different genuine postage stamps from Greenland (North Pole), St. Pierre, Newfoundland, Canada — picturing Eskimos, Indians, scarce 1867 Confederation, Northern Territories, Nova Scotia. United Nations. U.S. — ancient 19th Century; first Ship & Plane; rare Whooping Crane; Pony Express, etc. Also, Complete set of Colonial & Civil War Commemoratives. **PLUS** colorful flag stamps of 87 foreign countries. **EXTRA!** Big bargain catalog; How To Recognize Rare Stamps; other exciting stamp offers for free inspection. Send 10c for mailing.

Kenmore Stamp Co., Milford EF-334, N. H.



If Your Child is a Poor Reader

See how **The Sound Way to Easy Reading** can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course *drills* your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show children gain up to *full year's grade* in reading skill in 6 weeks. Write for free illustrated folder and low price. **Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. T-20, Wilmette, Ill.**

With the exception of personalized items, merchandise may be returned for refund if unsatisfactory.

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SIZES 10 TO 16, WIDTHS AAA TO EEE!

We specialize in LARGE SIZES ONLY — sizes 10 to 16, widths AAA to EEE! Over 40 styles in dress, casual, work and athletic shoes. Get perfect fit in your hard-to-find large size! Top quality; sensible prices; money-back Guarantee! Not sold in stores — by mail only. Write TODAY for FREE complete Catalog!

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A FAMILY PRODUCT IT'S WONDERFUL FOR . .

"I first heard about MED-X antiseptic skin cream from my new neighbor, Helen. It's a special antiseptic cream formula that *really* goes to work *fast* and kills bacteria. MED-X leaves your skin feeling soft and fresh as a baby's. It *positively* does not dry out your skin! Helen used it back in Ohio, and her cousin Barbara was the one who recommended it to her."

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Yes, that's the way MED-X antiseptic cream has won thousands of loyal users in all parts of the U.S.A. One friend recommends it to another and these recommendations are our best advertising!

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MED-X contains Dihydroxy Dichloro Diphenyl Methane, the active bacteria fighting ingredients in a soothing base with exclusive formulation.

MED-X will soon be available at drug counters everywhere.

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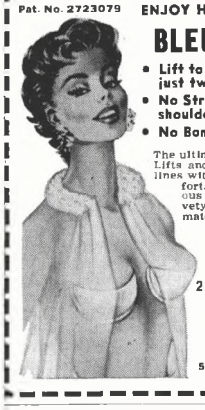
Pat. No. 2723079 **ENJOY HEAVENLY COMFORT**



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with primer to restore adhesive edge of bra

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PARIS, TENN.

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An improved oil portrait kit to enable you to paint a living image with no patchwork appearance by simply filling numbered spaces. This kit is far superior to prior custom kits (improved pat. pend.), and includes a fine 16" x 20" marked canvas panel; two brushes; 24 cups paint (no mixing); brush cleaner; instructions and color guide photo. SEND ONLY $9.95 and any photo or color slide for your kit postage paid. Photos returned unharmed. Indicate hair and eye color.

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From this . . . to this in 20 seconds

Corrects posture instantly, comfortably. Scientific design provides even distributed support for sagging shoulders. Improves appearance, gives you a wonderful new feeling of confidence. Beautifies your bustline, naturally. Changes your body profile . . . brings out charms you never knew you had . . . helps keep you from hiding your femininity beneath poor posture. **Excellent posture corrector for men, too.** Slips on in seconds. No fitting. Made of highest quality ventilated-for-comfort 3-ply cushioned material. Arm bands softly padded for maximum comfort. Lightweight, cool.

Can't be detected under light clothing. Give measurement around chest. Only $4.95. Sent postpaid except on COD's. Money - back guarantee if returned postpaid in 30 days.

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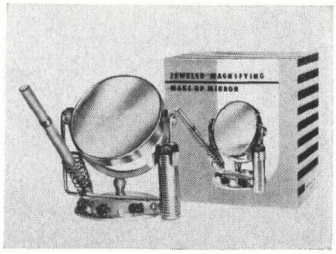

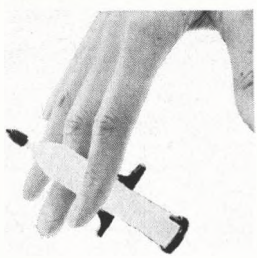

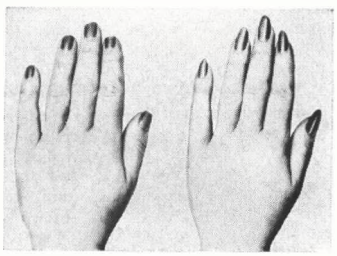

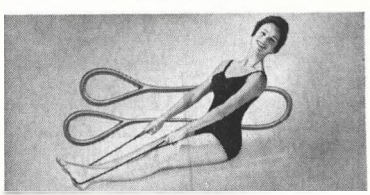

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Stretch your way to a trimmer you with new sturdy, rubber STRETCH-A-WAY. Complete with special chart to show you the safe method of toning muscles. Improve your figure—tummy, thighs, hip and bust measurements—this *natural* way! Keep fit and trim. Stores away in any drawer. *Guaranteed to do the job or money back!* STRETCH-A-WAY, only $1, postage paid. Sunset House, 269 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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You'll find this make-up mirror indispensable with one side magnifying, the other true vision. The eyebrow and lipstick holder will keep your make-up close at hand. Attractively hand-jeweled, $1.00 plus 25¢ post. Murray Hill House, Dept. C-2, Box 251, Bethpage, New York.

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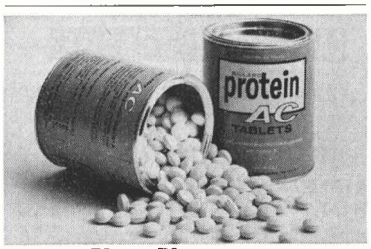

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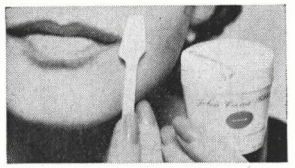

PROBLEMS FADE . . . Jolen Creme Bleach turns superfluous hair from dark to pale blond color that blends with natural skin tones. Medically approved, Jolen is effective on face, arms and legs! Money back guarantee. $2.00 Postpaid, tax included.

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Box 204 C2, Arlington, Mass.

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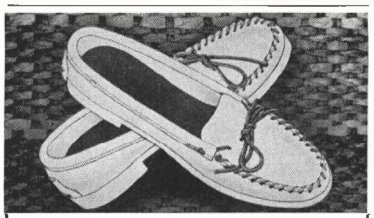
"Blue Haze" gives you something different . . . a new color for your garden and for cut flowers. Imagine a smoky red interlaced with blue veining, all cloaked in a veil of misty blue! Tall spikes open 6 to 8 gorgeous, large flowers at a time. Reliable, 69-year-old nursery makes this low-priced offer to win new friends: 2 big bulbs (1¼" to 1½" diam.) for only 25¢ in coin. Limit 8 bulbs or $1. Henry Field's, 8719 Oak St., Shenandoah, Iowa.



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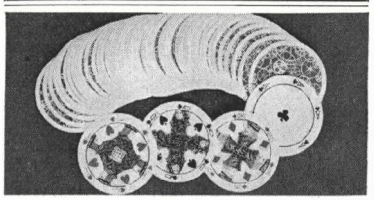
Narrow as an arrow are handlaced moccasins for the lass who's hard-to-fit. Over 223 sizes of comfortable moccasins in stock for the outdoor gal who likes to hike, or the gal who likes to relax indoors. Flexibly set on light, bouncy foam crepe soles in White, Smoke, Black, Red or Taffytan leather. Naturally purchases can be exchanged. Women's full or half sizes 3 to 13. AAAAAA to EEE. No extra charges for the hard-to-fit! Guaranteed to delight. Fast delivery! Factory to you $5.95 plus 50¢ postage. (COD's accepted.)

MOCCASIN-CRAFT, 65-CB Mulberry St., Lynn, Mass.



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Be the first to spring this sensation on your friends. Watch their startled expressions when you deal from a deck in-the-round. Round Cards are easy to deal, read and hold. Only the shape is different. No more dog-eared playing cards! Make clever coasters, too! Quality finish, 3" diameter. *Money-back guarantee!* ROUND CARDS DECK, only $1.98. ROUND TWIN DECKS, $3.89, ppd. Sunset House, 269 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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$500,000 SEARCH for Rare Coins

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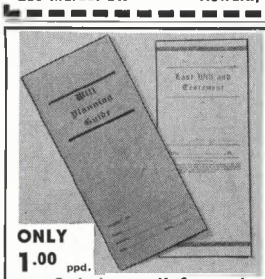

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Protect yourself & your loved ones

Everyone should make a will. Don't neglect this duty or your property, bank account, etc. "Jointly owned or not" could be tied up in court for months, your wishes misinterpreted and your loved ones left without funds in their most desperate time of need. All new will form & easy planning guide 1.00 ppd. Mr. & Mrs. set of two 1.75 ppd.

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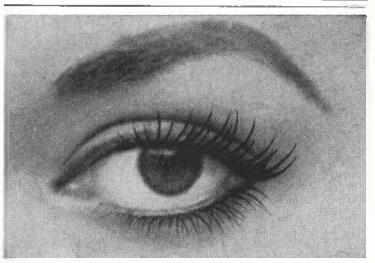

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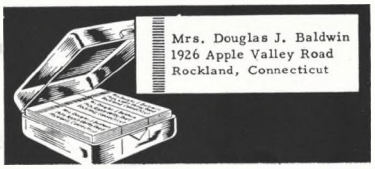

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500 PRINTED NAME & ADDRESS LABELS 25¢

500 gummed economy labels printed in black with ANY name and address, 25¢ per set! In two-tone plastic gift box, 35¢ per set. 5-day service.

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Handle entirely by mail. No obligation. No one will call.

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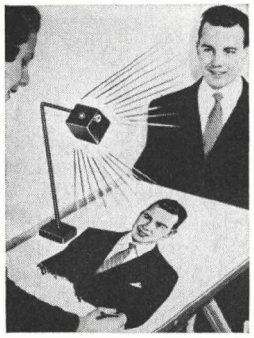

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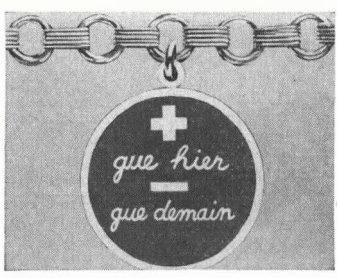

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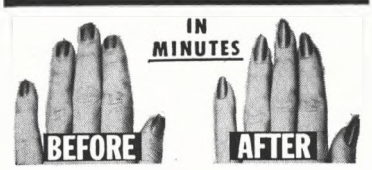
Only the French could put it this way. This famous love sonnet—"I love you more than yesterday, less than tomorrow," is available in sterling silver or 12Kt gold filled; ¾" dia., $3.00; 1", $4.00, 1¼", $5.00. In 14Kt gold, $15.00, $20.00, $35.00. Bracelet $3.00 and $35.00. Personal inscriptions at 10¢ per letter on reverse. Wayne Silversmith, Dept. C-2, 546 So. Broadway, Yonkers, N.Y.

"GROW" LONG NAILS



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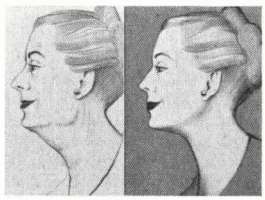

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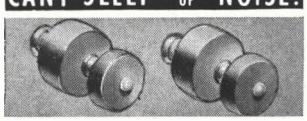

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Love, Loyalty, and Little Girls

BY EVELYN WAUGH

Evelyn Waugh found fame in his mid twenties with the publication of two satirical novels—Decline and Fall *and* Vile Bodies. *Today, at 58, he is one of England's foremost authors. His most recent work,* The End of the Battle, *has just been published by Little, Brown & Company.*

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie, by Muriel Spark (J. B. Lippincott Co., $3.75). I have seen it stated that I was the "discoverer" of Miss Muriel Spark. I only wish it were so. In fact, her first admirers were the English doctor who writes under the name of Gabriel Fielding, and Graham Greene. I joined them late, but enthusiastically. It would be hard to find three writers who have less in common than we three. I'm sure that while we may not delight in precisely the same qualities in her work, we all do agree that there is something unusually good there.

Muriel Spark's latest book, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, is a tight little tale, a novel in which she transports us, with superb competence, to a world of adolescence in bourgeois Edinburgh during the early 1930s. Miss Brodie, a pretentious, yet magnetic, teacher at a girls' school, forms a coterie among those of her pupils whom she regards as *crème de la crème*—a parody of the cliques which were formed around the famous English educators during the last hundred years. Miss Brodie's taste is limited and her scholarship is meager, but in her prime, and due to the adolescent idolatry of her young charges, she totally captivates her chosen group.

Advocate of Immorality

The Brodie clique is not a simple case of hero worship. Miss Brodie is the girls' hobby, their link with one another, and the object of their imaginations. She confides to them of her love affairs—the first, with a one-armed art teacher at the school; another, with the girls' singing master—and tells them of the progress of the running battle she wages against the school's stuffy authorities.

Miss Brodie is, by any conventional standards, a deplorable influence. After her girls grow a bit older, she even attempts to get one of them to bed with the art master who, by then, had rejected her. As it happens, another of the group—the girl who was meant to tattle on the chosen seductress—fills this role.

In five years, Muriel Spark has published seven works of fiction—a productivity comparable to that of French mystery-writer Georges Simenon, but with a dazzling variety that is all her own. She is entirely unpredictable. As though possessed by a series of unrelated demons, she takes her readers from one milieu to another, and is equally at ease in all of them. The insane, the senile, the malevolent all provide macabre elements. Yet there is no world that can be identified with Miss Spark, which is not the case with most English humorists, like Ivy Compton-Burnett, P. G. Wodehouse, or Anthony Powell. In her novel, *Robinson*, Muriel Spark gave us pure fantasy (without, so far as I could see, any sort of attempt at allegory); in *The Bachelors*, she created something near realism. She knows the speech of the members of every class; she can easily trip from Rhodesia to Peckham, that squalid section of London.

The Betrayal

There is only one recognizable feature in almost all of Muriel Spark's books: the presence somewhere, often in an apparently subordinate character, of someone good—a pinpoint of Divine Grace—who illuminates the murky figures who fill her stage.

In *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, I do not recognize any such redeemer. There is a figure of justice, a girl who finally betrays Miss Brodie's carryings-on to the school authorities and causes her to be sacked. The betrayer provides an intellectually moral balance, a logical climax, but it is a pagan Nemesis, and I am puzzled—as this author continually puzzles me—by Miss Spark's significance in painting this figure as a nun (which the girl becomes after graduating from the Brodie group).

This story is, in part, a study in loyalty—the loyalty of the girls to their school, to their schoolmistress, and to one another. It is also a study of three aspects of an individual: the real and absurd one, which is always visible to the reader and gradually becomes apparent to the girls as Miss Brodie declines from her prime; and there are the two "figures"—the figure of fantasy, which Miss Brodie seeks to make of herself, and the figure of fantasy which, in fact, the girls themselves build of Miss Brodie. (A love letter which the girls, in their fantasy, compose in Miss Brodie's name and then destroy is one of the most skillful and exquisitely funny pieces of writing that I have seen in recent literature.)

Miss Brodie's intense cultivation of her girls seems to leave little permanent mark upon them. She was not comparable to those illustrious English schoolmasters and dons of the last century. She was simply a phase during the adolescence of her girls.

Some of Muriel Spark's early admirers have been uncomfortable at her profusion. There is no evidence, however, that she has already reached her prime. Her brilliant, and apparently inexhaustible, inventiveness may be with us to enrich us, all our lives.

DUGGAN, by Richard Dougherty (Doubleday & Co., $3.50). The Duggans and the Averys are two couples who do everything—from college to cuckoldry—together. Crandall Avery is Duggan's closest friend, but their wives complete the clique that proves to be too close. Avery makes an adulteress of Ellen Duggan, yet her husband finds himself unable to exact the revenge which he has planned for his friend, who turns out to have a sadly redeeming quality. An incredible tale told in a light, strangely believable way.

I REMEMBER! I REMEMBER! by Sean O'Faolain (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.50). Ireland's most distinguished living author adds eleven new tales in this volume to his repertoire, which already ranks him among the world's top short-story writers. These stories, with their common remembrance-of-things-past theme—a man reliving his entry from adolescence to adulthood, an Italian pauper recalling the one miracle of his life, a priest remembering how powerful the Church was—show how well-deserved that reputation is.

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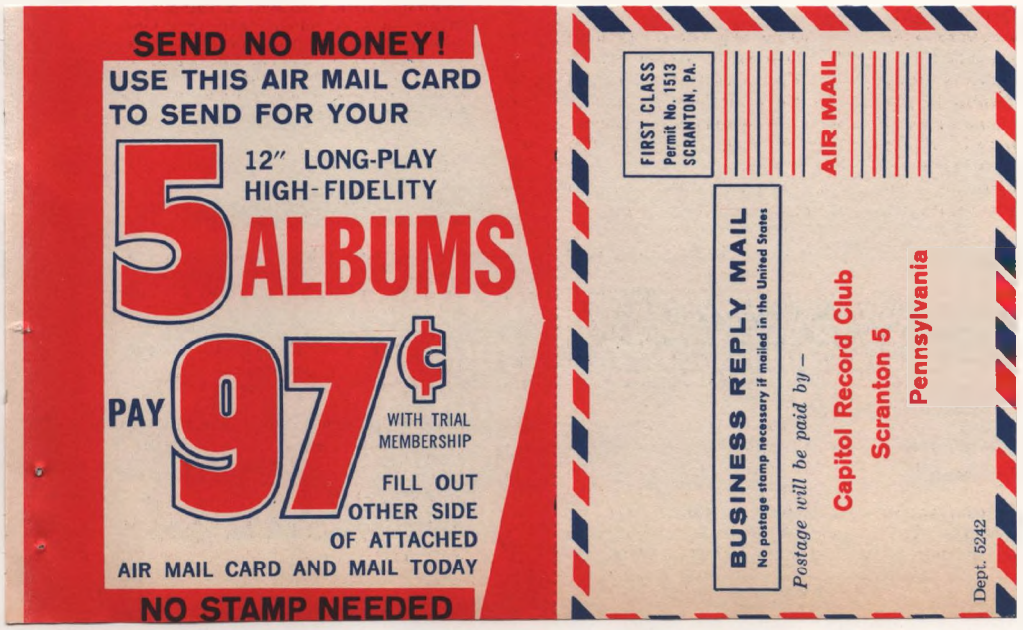
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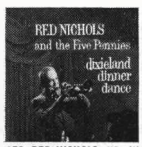

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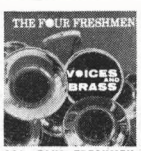

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361. STAN FREBERG PRESENTS THE UNITED STATES. Offbeat fun! *Pilgrim's Progress, Boston Tea Party,* 8 other great spoofs.

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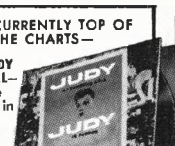

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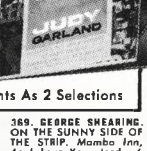
13. PAL JOEY. Frank Sinatra belts them out from the movie sound track. *The Lady Is A Tramp, Bewitched,* and other greats. (Monaural Only)

369. GEORGE SHEARING. ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STRIP. *Mamba Inn, As I Love You, Jordu,* 6 more. Recorded LIVE from Las Vegas!



358. GERMAN BEER-DRINKING MUSIC. A foaming stein full of Waltzer Schacht's brass band, groups and soloists in 12 numbers. (Monaural Only)

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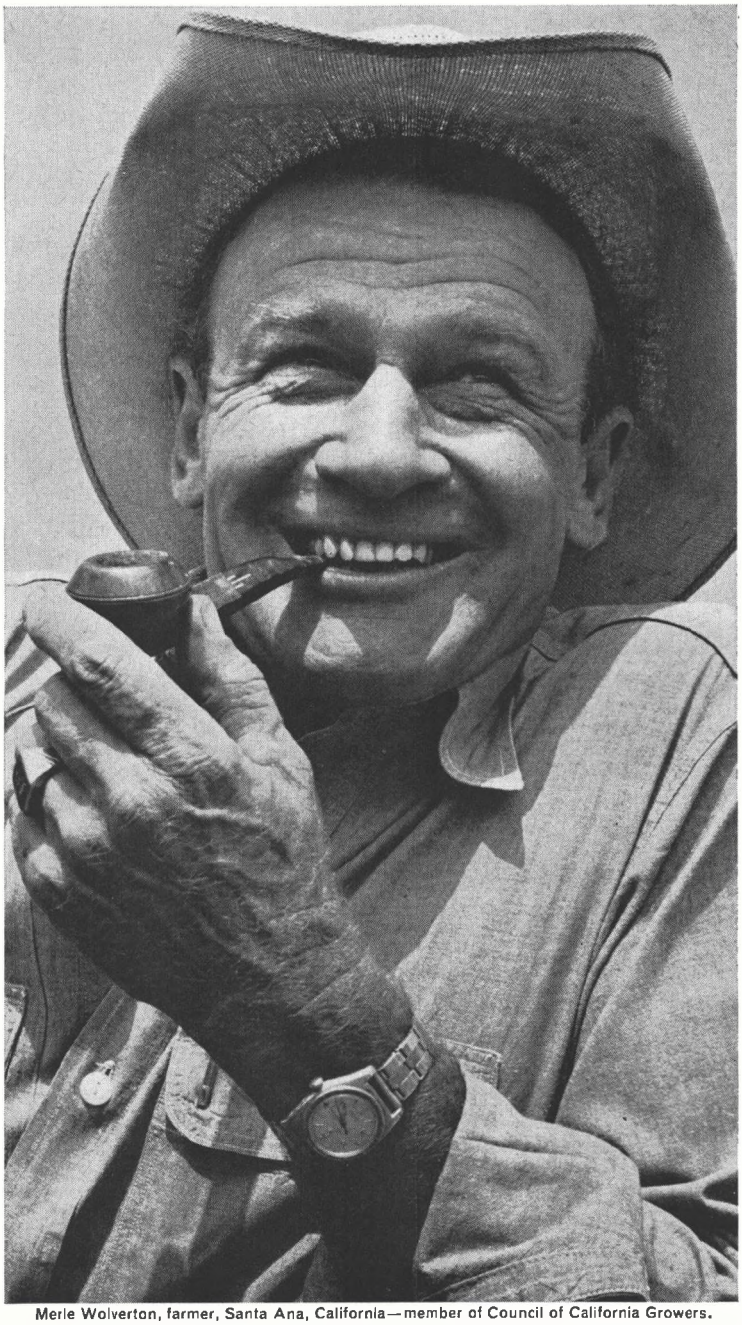

Merle Wolverton, farmer, Santa Ana, California—member of Council of California Growers.

MR. Khrushchev has promised his people that Russia will out-produce America by 1970.

He can't possibly keep his promise unless—among other things—the Russian farmer can out-grow the American farmer. That will take some doing.

For one of the reasons we live so well is the fact that we farm so well.

In Russia, more than 40% of the work-force farms* and it is still a hungry nation. In America, less than 8% of the workers farm. But they grow more than enough to satisfy the hunger of the best-fed nation on earth.

Among the things which have made it possible for so small a number to be so productive are larger farms, mechanization and new chemical fertilizers. As a result, one acre today produces what two did 15 years ago.

Farming is America's biggest business and one of industry's best customers. In California alone, growers are currently operating 148,000 tractors, 132,000 motor trucks, 9,000 grain combines and thousands of other pieces of equipment. These same growers last year consumed $87,000,000 worth of petroleum products, including Union's T5X and Guardol lubricants, gasolines and new 7600 Unifuel for diesels.

The American farmer, in fact, employs more people and has more money invested than any other industry. Of his success, the Council of California Growers comments: "Let's not forget another principal ingredient... the grower's own initiative, abilities, desire for the greatest degree of efficiency... and his right to a reasonable and honest profit."

So long as he continues to enjoy that right, America will continue to be the best-fed nation on earth.

**Current History—Nov. 1960 p. 286*

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. *Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.*

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

76 BEST IN THE WEST UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA SINCE 1890

Cosmopolitan, February, 1962

How to Keep From Being Eaten Alive

Is the electronic monster devouring your leisure time, destroying family communication, blitzing your children's study habits? A famous television critic—who has logged thousands of hours at her own set—warns of the mental and moral perils that exist right in your own living room.

BY MARIE TORRE *Drawings by John Huehnergarth*

Little do unwitting American parents know that they are aiding and abetting a subtle knave in the not-so-fine art of exhausting their children (and themselves) mentally, teaching them nothing, and draining them emotionally.

Televisionitis is the scourge of American family vitality.

And if the television industry isn't doing its job, as the criticism goes, neither are parents doing theirs when they neglect to concern themselves with the content of programs viewed by their brood, or when they rely on TV to keep children occupied and from getting underfoot. The influential power of TV cannot be minimized.

Its impact was recognized by E. B. White as far back as 1938, when television was still a gleam in General Sarnoff's eye. White wrote at the time: "I believe television is going to be the test of the modern world, and that in this new opportunity to see beyond the range of our vision we shall discover either a new and unbearable disturbance of the general peace or a saving radiance in the sky. We shall stand or fall by television —of that I am quite sure. . . ."

Are We Doomed or Saved?

Social scientists, a quibbling lot, have yet to resolve whether television is an "unbearable disturbance" or a "saving radiance." But of one thing they are sure: a medium which controls one sixth of our waking hours is bound to have some effect on our opinions, values, and behavior.

Let's face it, since Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen began swapping diurnal cares for twenty-one-inch fantasy, untold millions have been exposed to, and all-too frequently *adopted*, some pretty dubious notions.

They have perceived, for example, that homicide is clean, easy, quick, and painless. They also have learned that romance is a matter of using a particular hairdressing lotion; that education is synonymous with dullness; that a certain detergent can take care of everything; that deceit is part of the American way (Why doesn't the "fluffy cake icing" look as

(continued)

TELEVISIONITIS (continued)

fluffy as the one on television? Because, in the commercial, it was aerated shaving cream); that sensible Wilma Flintstone is on hand every Friday night to save not only Fred, but us, from a world teetering on the edge of a chasm; that political aspirants are as duty-bound to present "a good show" as a good platform; that the housewife using Brand X isn't with it; that the exploits of "Baby Face" Nelson and Al Capone are of more historical consequence than are our American traditions of justice, a search for truth, or respect for the law.

Stand or fall by television? To paraphrase another writer of note, what a falling-off there's been. Night after night after night, television caters to millions of Americans who seek to suspend their minds in a vacuum of superficiality and nonthink. They sit and stare at anything that will require a minimum of concentration. Unable to carry on an intelligent conversation, incapable of reading a good book, they are grateful for this electronic wonder which permits them to pass the evening in indolent repose and empty-headedness until bedtime hour beckons. A little "escape" may be good for all hard-working souls, but *every night of the week?*

Triggering Violence

And the children? What about the children? Theirs is perhaps the unkindest cut of all. The great television preoccupation with crime and violence indubitably has made young people accustomed to brute force and insensitive to human suffering—a contributing factor, say some authorities, in the rise of juvenile delinquency.

Children also have been taught by TV that scientists and teachers are "squares," monomaniacs, people who do not care to live as sensible mortals; that "only" goes before the price of every toy ("Look, Ma, *only* $29.95"); that ownership of a particular air rifle will make Junior the hero of the neighborhood; that papa is the bumbling head of the clan, mama a veritable Mrs. Fixit; that the Old West was inhabited by heroes and villains, all made of pasteboard and buckram, all wearing six-shooters, and all (except for the banker) with hearts of 22-carat gold.

That programs of violent action lead children to expect, and in some cases to crave, a kind of violence which they will not encounter in real life unless they themselves stir it up is reflected in the following interview with an eight-year-old boy, as reported by the noted psychiatrist, Dr. Fredric Wertham.

Q. Do you think it is good for children to watch television?

A. Yes. Yes, I do.

Q. Why?

A. They help you to understand real life.

Q. What do you mean, real life?

A. What it was like in the old days.

Q. From what you have seen on TV, what was it like in the old days?

A. Well, it was fun.

Q. What was the most fun they had?

A. Gun slinging, rounding them up and shooting them.

The mechanically jolly television "personality" is not necessarily more alive than his hypnotized viewers—he is merely louder.

In his book, *The Effects of Mass Communication*, author Joseph T. Klapper cites the case of a nine-year-old boy in a Boston suburb who reluctantly turned over his poor report card to his father, then proposed that they get to the root of the problem: a box of poisoned chocolates for his teacher at Christmas time.

"It's easy, Dad, they did it on television last week," remarked the boy. "A man wanted to kill his wife, so he gave her candy with poison in it, and she didn't know who did it."

In another incident mentioned by Mr. Klapper, a Los Angeles housemaid caught a seven-year-old boy in the act of sprinkling ground glass into the family's lamb stew. The boy, a seemingly normal youngster, was motivated not by malice, but by curiosity. He just wanted to find out "whether it would really work as well as it did on television."

What Is a "Normal" Child?

Though these and other cases like them are generally known in the field of social research, a good many psychologists and psychiatrists exhibit a bewildering lack of alarm. Studies and books on the subject offer tentative generalizations, plus abstract theorizing and miles of clear-as-mud charts rather than documented conclusions. The Klapper book, as well as *Television in the Lives of Our Children* and *Television and the Child*, to mention a few, all conclude with questions instead of answers—the same questions, ironically, that inspired the books (Is television fostering habits of passivity and dependence, of conformity and schizoid symptoms in our children? Does television inculcate habits of violence and delinquency?, etc.).

Many social scientists hold that the answers do not exist, as yet. Until such a time as answers are supplied, social scientists are giving circulation to the idea that television violence, like comic books and pulp magazines, cannot adversely affect normal, well-adjusted children, but that it could "trigger" emotionally unstable youngsters.

"This," says Dr. Wertham, one of the lone dissenting voices in the prolonged controversy, "is a pernicious cliché which the thought-control psychologists have fostered. In the first place, how do you go about dividing the normal and abnormal children? From psychological tests we have learned that all children are impressionable and, therefore, susceptible. It is easy, after a child has committed a crime or gotten into serious trouble, to say that he must have been 'maladjusted' or 'predisposed.' But we flatter ourselves if we think that our social conditions, our family life, our education, and our entertainment are all so far above reproach that only emotionally sick children can get into trouble.

The TV child thinks all teachers are squares, hoods and Western bandits are heroes, the price tag on every toy is preceded by the word "only," and Dad is a dunce who only foots the bills.

"In reality," Dr. Wertham continues, "the theory that harm can come only to the predisposed child leads to a contradictory and irresponsible attitude on the part of adults.

"The argument goes like this: Constructive programs on television are praised for giving children constructive ideas. At the same time, it is denied that destructive scenes give children destructive ideas. Healthy, normal children are not supposed to be affected by screen fare. And for unhealthy, abnormal children it is not supposed to matter, because if they were not influenced by the screen, they most assuredly would be influenced by something else."

Selling Antisocial Acts

Another argument in support of Dr. Wertham's outspoken views is to be found in the millions of dollars spent each year in television advertising.

If the philosophy behind TV commercials is to make the product so appealing to the potential customer that he will go out and buy it, does it not follow that a never-ending display of antisocial acts will be "bought" or emulated by the beholder? And even if it were true that only emotionally disturbed children can be affected by TV violence, there are still some two million such children, a statistic which ought to be implanted in the minds of every producer of murder and mayhem on television. If we have in our midst neurotic children, is it our business to feed the neurosis or to check it? Is it our job to stimulate the cruel fantasies of all these potential sadists in the community?

But crime and violence constitute only a portion of the wrongs perpetrated by commercial television in its unrelenting pursuit of the buck.

There is also the rank distortion of history (no, children, Lincoln did not shoot Grover Cleveland), particularly history of the Old West, which has provided wondrously rich pickings for the journeymen of mass entertainment. In the never-never land of TV, Wild Bill Hickok, Bat Masterson, and Wyatt Earp are men of dash and derring-do, of bravery, courage, and—above all—integrity.

We submit a slice of *real* Western history from NBC's documentary, *The Real West*: "Dodge City's Peace Commission boasted three notorious professional gamblers. Except with cards, none of them was a quick-draw artist. 'Take your time, and don't miss. . . .' That's what Bat Masterson used to say. 'The Undertaker's Friend' is what they called Luke Short, because he always shot his victims where it didn't show. A colleague of his, named Wyatt Earp, never rose higher than assistant marshal, partly because of his friendship with Doc Holliday, a psychopathic dentist, and Doc's lady love, 'Big Nose' Kate."

It must rankle the knowledgeable parent to see Johnny imitate the plug-uglies glorified on TV, but imagine how Johnny will feel when he grows older and learns the truth about his American heroes.

Actually, television is an old hand at distortion and disillusionment. They've been fracturing fairy tales for years, on TV. Any parent who views cartoon shows with his heir or heirs knows that any resemblance between fairy-tale characters and their cartoon counterparts is not only coincidental, but is highly improbable. A Yogi Bear episode provides a typical illustration:

Mirror Was a Stool Pigeon

The scene opened on the wicked queen asking the mirror on the wall to say who was the fairest one of all. An Aladdin-type image appeared, and he said, "Awww, ask me another question." The wicked queen persisted, and when she finally extracted the name of Snow White from the magical mirror, she reached for the telephone and called a couple of private detectives. The hunt for Snow White ensued. Along the way, the private eyes encountered The Three Bears.

"Let's go home and see if the porridge has cooled off," said Papa Bear.

"Complaints, complaints," exclaimed Mama Bear, adding. "You complain that the porridge is too hot, you complain that the porridge is too cold. . . ." Baby Bear was visibly disturbed by the parental bickering.

Miss Josette Frank, of the Child Study Association of America, calls these cartoons an "effrontery" to children familiar with the classics. "Such distortions are disillusioning to children," said Miss Frank. "And for children who are not

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TELEVISIONITIS (continued)

acquainted with the characters, the cartoons are not a good introduction."

If the beliefs of children are so easily and jarringly shattered, can these children accept the full meaning of belief in mother and father and religion?

As a mother of two, I have personally experienced the frustration of trying to relate a fairy tale while being told by my children, "That's not the way it happened on television." I mentioned this to a friend recently, and he said, "The trouble with you is, you're not on the ball." He soon after sent me what he called an updated version of *The Three Bears*, as it might be done on TV.

"Once upon a time," it began, "in an abandoned brewery in Brooklyn, there lived three bears. The papa bear, who was wanted by the FBI, was known as Louis the Lug. The mama bear, who was a peroxide blonde, was called Fannie the Frump, while the sonny bear, who carried a switch-blade knife, was known as Jasper the Jerk. One day, Louis mixed Screwdrivers for breakfast, put them on a bar in the kitchen, and took his family out for exercise: stealing hub caps. While they were gone, a sex-wagon from the roaring twenties stumbled in. . . ."

And so it went. I would have laughed, had it not come so close to the truth.

No serious dissertation on the sociological effects of television can overlook the pertinent fact that television, alone, *causes nothing*. It takes more than a single factor to cause a situation to arise.

The effect of television, as is true of other mass communications media, depends largely on the nature of the audience or the individual—his social position, his educational status, his background, his interests, attitudes, and beliefs. Man, in other words, will take from television what he wants. The controversy anent mass media stems from the sometimes altruistic concern that Man, like the child who would eat chocolates for dinner, might not always know what is good for him.

The Mass Media—an Escape?

In his essay, "The Great Debate on Cultural Democracy," Bernard Berelson of Columbia University's Bureau of Applied Social Research points out that the educational revolution has provided a higher and higher level of literacy, and that the economic revolution has provided more and more leisure.

"Into this situation, within the space of our own lifetimes," notes Mr. Berelson, "have come the movies, massive circulation of the national magazines, paperback books, network radio and television. Small wonder, then, that these are, and should be, the years of the great debate on cultural democracy:

"How well does the system of mass communication serve the cultivation of

TV provides an escape, but substitutes a variety of risks.

cultural values in America, in the broadest sense?

"Are the mass media degrading modern man with an alluring and seductive diet of kitsch, or are the media as good as modern man deserves or can take?

"Should the media give the public what it wants, on democratic grounds, or should they give the public what someone thinks is good for the public, on ethical and artistic grounds?

"Should the media force people to a serious consideration of life's purposes, or should they facilitate an escape from life?

"Should the media force people toward the uncongenial and unflattering position of self-inquiry, or should they support and strengthen existing beliefs?"

Searching questions all, each worthy of long and serious discussion among men of good will and objectivity. This would preclude the small coterie of TV rulers —the network presidents, vice-presidents, and producers—who could not be objective about television while it affords them solvency, and whose good will is reserved for charitable institutions, scholarships, and funds for some of those massive communications studies which inevitably conclude that there is not enough significant evidence to determine whether the mass media do or do not have a debilitating effect on our society.

In the name of entertainment, the moguls of TV capitalize on the baser elements of humanity—inertia, ignorance, and gullibility. They cater to fear-ridden housewives narcotizing themselves by vicarious participation in sudsy soap operas, and they do little, if anything at all, for young people who have yet to have a nodding acquaintance with purpose and honor.

Politics Plus Pretty Girls

Detractors of the TV medium may argue that too much is made of the importance and capability of television. These same people are apt to feel that if they ignore TV, it will go away.

There is as much chance of television going away as taxes. For centuries before TV, man searched for a means of communication that would make possible the immediate transmission of reality. Man found it in television, which is the ultimate in mass communications. Can anyone doubt its influence?

TV's effect on American politics alone ought to convince the most obdurate skeptic of the potential of video. Even the lofty Walter Lippmann has acknowledged the changes TV has made on the political scene, though he may not be fully in favor of the new interweaving of TV and politics.

In this scientific age, national political conventions are no longer the disorderly, chaotic, unpredictable affairs they used to be. Now, political conventions are productions, shows professionally staged and designed, like any other major television production, to beguile and persuade the millions at their TV sets. Now there is an absolute minimum of the traditional cliché-ridden political oratory, and a maximum of pretty girls, pageants, performances, and general electronic hoop-la.

Soon men of politics may actually be taking their orders from TV. NBC chairman Robert W. Sarnoff went so far as to suggest publicly to both major political parties that they shorten the Presidential campaign by at least six weeks and thus "avoid boring the public with outmoded, meaningless ritual and routine."

But an even more remarkable result of TV's influence on politics is the sudden national preoccupation with the outward appearances of politicos. In the 1960 Presidential campaign, much was made of John F. Kennedy's haircut and Richard M. Nixon's use of TV cosmetics. "Do you think Kennedy has on make-up around the eyes?" asked a viewing companion while the Democratic nominee was trying to explain his stand on Quemoy and Matsu during one of the Kennedy-Nixon TV debates. "Nixon's never looked better," volunteered another viewer in the audience.

While the American Broadcasting Company launched a "school" (with di-

plomas, yet!) for political candidates on the local and state levels who wanted to be tutored on how to become impeccable video speakers, NBC pointed with pride to its top make-up man. Bob O'Bradovich, who informed us that the faces of Nixon and Kennedy rated almost second to none in the history of American Presidential politics ("ruddy complexions . . . full and well-cropped hair . . . prominent noses and cheekbones . . . stoic jaw lines, clear eyes, and engaging smiles"). Mr. O'Bradovich further intimated that if TV had existed in the days of George Washington, he might not have become Father of Our Land ("His face would have been a TV make-up man's nightmare—scarred, full of pockmarks and moles").

The notion that television exposes phonies and would thus insure that the best man gets the political job is a hoary cliché which has gone out of style along with Liberace. People don't necessarily reveal something true and important about themselves when placed before television cameras. They couldn't if they wanted to, and most of the time they don't want to. As interview and discussion programs on TV have more than proved, people and ideas come together only in private.

Typically, the televised discussion program often presents people unable to make contact with each other, even though they talk about the same issues. There is no rapport.

In the interests of "holding the viewer's attention," guests are matched in these discussion programs not for their potential contribution to public knowledge but for their ability to stir up a little controversy, or so the producers think. It is difficult to determine what the public gets from these verbal harangues, except a lot of empty words, undigested and unremembered.

The same can be said for many of the news and public-affairs shows, programs about reality which must conform to the time scale of drama. "When the President comes on to tell us of a crisis in Laos or Cuba," says Stephen K. Bailey, Dean of the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs of Syracuse University, "we listen with rapt attention and momentary dedication, and then slip back into the trance of Ed Sullivan or *What's My Line?* . . . What with work, family duties, and limitless instruments of escape, there is precious little time to think through anything in the realm of public affairs. We catch the great issues of our time out of the corners of our eyes—in bits and pieces, disconnected, kaleidoscopic, and transient. Today's headline is tomorrow's page 24; the urgency of the eleven o'clock news has, by morning, been replaced by the cheery and confident voice of another announcer who ripped off a different set of stories from the station news ticker."

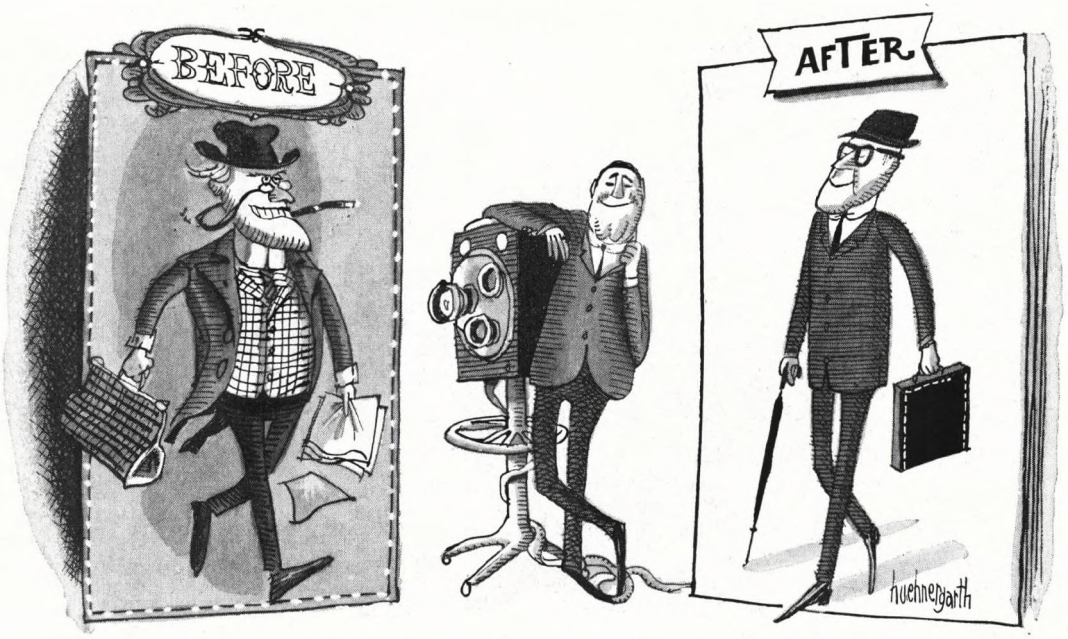
The intermittency and transitional character of up-to-the-minute news, mixed as it is with moods and themes that bear no resemblance to the severity of the problems we as a nation face, make it all the more imperative that informational or public-affairs programs have the funds and the creative talents to make the audience sit up and take notice. Educational TV, long handicapped under a system in which it owes its existence to the philanthropy of well-heeled citizens, is in need of similar care. New methods, new concepts, new techniques must be instituted to prevent educational TV from aching with dullness.

Television and the Atom Bomb

In sum, it is no longer enough to use the excuse that television is an infant industry, that it is still in its developmental stages (an industry whose profits are in the millions is no baby). Nor is it enough to say that television is selective, and that the viewer has the prerogative of switching channels or turning off the set. The point is that programming is on the air and available to all. A little more public conscience on the part of TV chieftains and a little less rank commercialism would seem in order.

Humorist Sam Levenson once said, "We must take the attitude that every new invention takes its toll of victims before we can learn to use it entirely for the good of man. Such has been the history of gunpowder, sewing machines, electricity, automobiles. Now it is true of television and the atom bomb."

We'll leave the atom bomb to the scientists and mathematicians. As for television, it behooves not only the men behind the scenes, but mothers and fathers everywhere, to keep the victims down to a minimum. THE END



As the politico becomes more "attractively packaged," it gets hard to tell him from his opponent.

T. Takahara: Globe

THE PINK MOOD *strip-tease show, seen by 54 per cent of Japan's Sunday-night TV audience, has spawned other bump-and-grind shows. But the producer is not worried: "Our girls are doves," he says. "Theirs are elephants."*

From "Yo Quiero a Lucy" To "Vater Ist Der Beste"

Throughout the world, television programs are a fascinating reflection of each country's interests and preoccupations—you can get an education in Italy, be brainwashed in Russia, or watch a strip tease in Japan. But from Uruguay to West Germany, family humor strikes a common chord; viewers *all* love Lucy, and most of them chortle when Father doesn't always know best.

BY GEORGE CHRISTY

Every Sunday night, after his children are in bed, a typical, tired Japanese husband plunks himself on his favorite living room pillow, stretches his legs, lights a cigar, and watches TV. His eyes are glued to the screen, where he is treated to the wildest, swingingest, bump-and-grind burleyque girlie show since Minsky's closed its doors.

"There's nothing like it *anywhere* in the world," brags the proud producer of *The Pink Mood Show*, television's first and—until recently—only full-fledged, let-'er-rip strip tease. "We have the best girls from Nichigeki Music Hall, and our ratings are fantastic. Husbands like the show, and wives love it, too, because it keeps their husbands home."

For fifteen minutes, Nichigeki's lovely, shimmying brunettes twist, swivel, and strip down to their bikini G strings in camera close-ups. Even the commercial on *The Pink Mood Show* reeks of suggestion. A man's knee nudges against a girl's leg. Slowly (only the nudging knees show on camera), the girl whispers: "Beeyootiful." "Yes, yes," answers the man. "I'm so happy we have a Clarion radio." Reports from Clarion's manufacturer reveal sales have skyrocketed.

International Tastes Agree

Apprised of this, prudes may flinch, but more of us wonder what else appears on TV screens outside our country (we still have over half the world's 104,000-000 television sets—at last count, 56,-300.000). The truth of the international picture is that TV is unpredictable. What proves a smash success in one area is taboo in another. Yet international taste differs less in television than in politics, food, dress, or music.

Japan with its three networks and 6,643,000 sets, doesn't bat an Oriental eyelash over its Sunday night strip show to relax the daddy of the family; yet, not far away, morals are a thorn in the Middle East's picture tube. Since movies and night clubs are considered immoral in Saudi Arabia, television is looked upon with a finger-pointed-at suspicion. A good portion of Middle East programming is educational. Fat, dark-eyed chefs offer recipes for stuffed vine leaves and yoghurt; civic leaders discuss "safety first;" teachers offer English lessons. Old American movies or syndicated shows are a huge problem, for all scenes with kissing, dancing, liquor, and gambling are taboo, and they are clipped unmercifully. Moslem morals are so strict that, during prayer hours at midday and sunset, the station goes off the air, so as not to distract the salaaming worshipers.

In Italy, the Vatican newspaper, *Osservatore Romano*, publishes moral guidance for all TV programs. Although not as binding in conscience as the film index (it's more difficult to determine the spirit of a television program in advance), there are three classifications: for adults, for completely mature adults, and "with reservations."

According to some reports, the Vatican's action was prompted by a public-affairs program dealing with religion, *Let Us Seek the Answer Together*, which created a nationwide controversy. When the topic turned to a recent news story of a peasant girl who killed a teen-age boy to defend her chastity, a Jesuit scholar, the Reverend Virginio Rotondi, insisted on the air that "To defend her chastity, a woman has the right to kill." Italians were shocked to hear a priest publicly declare it is justifiable to take a human life.

What South Africa considers a moral issue might be interpreted elsewhere as a political issue. South Africa's white government argues that television, already making headway in Northern and Central Africa, will bring about a national disaster. Consequently, it has no TV—not yet, at least. Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd, the staunchest supporter of apartheid, is convinced that, like the atom bomb and poison gas, television is a destructive modern thing. "The government has to watch for all dangers to the people," he warns, "both spiritual and physical."

"What he means," says one member of Parliament, "is that an African houseboy may see a cancan on television and get so excited that he'll run upstairs and rape the lady of the house."

A Bold-Faced Editorial

The Ping-pong debate of TV-or-no-TV has the Afrikaner Cultural Council backing the bearded Dr. Albert Herzog, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, who moans, "Television is only a miniature bioscope which is being carried into the house and over which parents have no control. The effect of the wrong picture

W. J. O'Neill

AMERICAN LINDA BEECH *has been darling of Japanese TV for over three years, since her skill in the language got her lead in comedy,* Tokyo Blue Eyes Diary.

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TV Around the World (continued)

on underdeveloped races can be detrimental."

Slamming back with a bold-faced editorial aimed at this very firm anti-television stand, the Johannesburg *Star* replied in these words: "The nation deeply appreciates the Minister's stern guard over its moral welfare. Nevertheless, it is prepared to take the risk. It wants this 'miniature bioscope' and it wants it soon. It is even prepared to swap Albert Herzog for it."

No Place for Prudes

A viewer in the United Kingdom is offered astonishingly frank television discussions on subjects at which you'd expect an Englishman to turn up his nose. One evening, he might listen to a provocative panel discussion on birth control; other evenings, he's offered programs dealing, in depth, with prostitution, venereal disease, or homosexuality. "Can you picture a Catholic priest and a Cabinet member's wife arguing with each other about contraceptives on American TV?" comments CBS star Alan Young, who has lived in England for a number of years. "On the BBC, this is tastefully handled—and not uncommon."

France also tackles adult problems (mental health, broken homes) very openly, although a white dot flashes steadily in the corner of the TV screen, to warn families whenever a program is "not for children."

In the majority of countries, especially those in the continents of Europe and Asia, TV is owned or supported by the government. Viewers pay a license fee each year, if they own a set; fees range from ninety kopecks ($1.00) in the U.S.S.R. to four pounds ($11.20) in Great Britain. In Red China, viewers don't own any of the twenty thousand sets which are strategically placed in community halls for all to view.

License fees or not, government ownership or not, family taste around the world favors and applauds panel and quiz shows. In the U.S.S.R., of all places, when the panel-and-quiz show producer announced that the first woman to arrive in the audience would be named the recipient of a brand-new fur coat, the TV station was deluged with frantic, shoving women. The program was abruptly cut off the air, and the head of television was dismissed. Now, their most popular quiz show deals with the subject of music history and offers modest prizes, but to the viewers who send in questions—not to contestants.

Japan's most popular family show is *I Have a Secret*, an odd combination of *What's My Line?* and *I've Got a Secret.* When Shari Lewis was scheduled to appear on *I Have a Secret* this autumn in Tokyo, the emcee also asked a Russian singer to appear, to make the program "exciting."

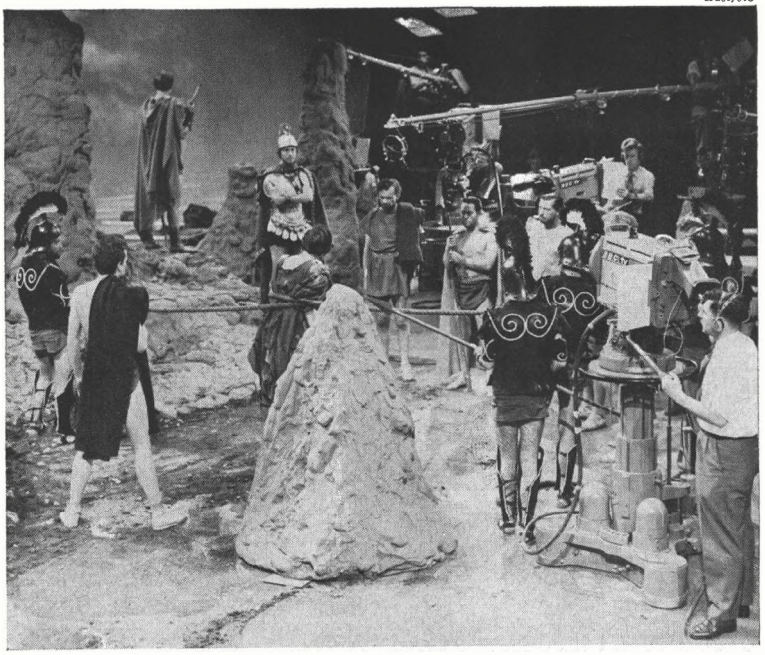
"Maybe the idea was to pit the two of us, supposedly enemies, against each other on this harmless show," says Shari. "Naturally, we couldn't talk directly to each other; we had interpreters. But I loved the Moscow lady's singing voice, and she flipped for Lamb Chop and said he was doing more for his country than all our politicians combined! If the Japanese expected to have a big fight on their program, they must have been very disappointed."

One of the most popular quiz programs in Italy involved entire towns or villages. It was titled *Campanile Sera,* which means Belfry Tonight—a town's belfry being every Italian citizen's symbol of pride (like our city halls or courthouse steeples).

Moderated by one of Italy's top TV idols, American-born Mike Bongiorno, the program posed questions and gave assignments to the contestants, who ranged from village mayors to anybody who was anybody in the competing towns. The assignments varied from sports matches between the towns to finding a bluebird with a yellow ribbon. "One night," said Bongiorno, "we had the towns' stuffiest schoolteachers climb the steepest roof top. They couldn't say no, because their towns would have lost, and, as anyone knows, an Italian would sooner lose money than lose face. Everyone laughed, even the schoolteachers when they reached the top, and we all had a ball."

In Canada, the panel-and-quiz program with the highest rating, *Front Page Challenge,* doesn't offer a cent to the challengers. The show features two regulars and two guests firing questions at a challenger so that they can guess what actual newspaper headline he is linked to. "It's a game of wits," say Canadian Broadcasting officials, "and that's the fun of it—not the money."

EastFoto



SOPHOCLES' "PHILOCTETES" *was televised in England last fall, one of series for classroom viewing. Education broadcasts were begun over BBC TV in 1957.*

Hope for Italy's Unlettered

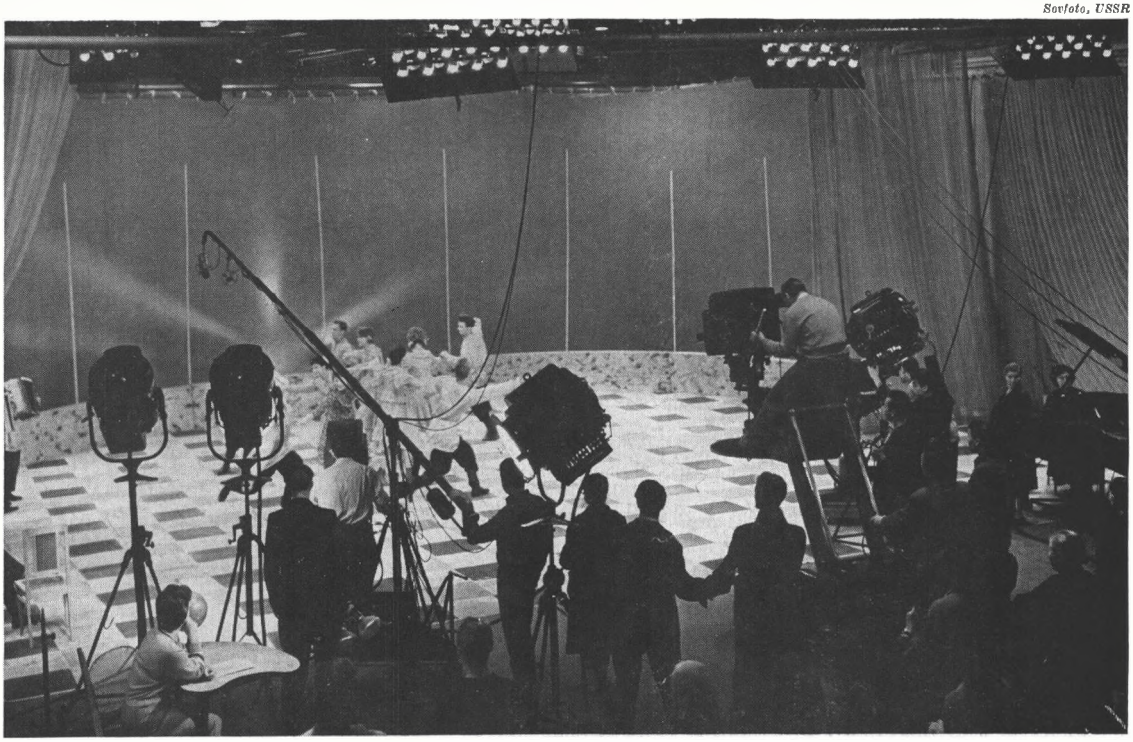
The claim that TV is bound to spawn generations of illiterates all over the globe is being debunked in many areas where lessons from the TV teacher are as welcome as good weather. One of Italy's most successful television programs, *It Is Never Too Late*, brings hope to Italy's three million illiterates who range from young children to senior citizens. They sit in coffeehouses and public halls, since many of them can't afford sets of their own, and struggle with the TV teacher over the intricacies of conjugation and multiplication. Introduced in November of 1960, the program is expected to cut Italy's illiteracy rate by 50 per cent within the next ten years.

In Mexico, the program that ranked second to the top TV variety hour hosted by Pedro Vargas, devoted a half-hour to the teaching of English. Behind the Iron

Sovfoto, USSR

ENGLISH CLASS *is one of most popular of Moscow TV's educational shows. Russian viewers pay equivalent of $1 a year to license sets, see Communist Party congresses, quiz shows, "commercials" urging them to read library books.*

Sovfoto, USSR



DANCERS PERFORM *in Russian studio. Bolshoi Ballet is frequent television fare. Soviet TV, transmitted in 625 lines per picture, is sharper than America's 525 line image. England (405) is fuzziest; France tops with 819.*

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TV Around the World (continued)

Curtain. programs televised during prime time offer lessons in English (Russians who follow the class progress far beyond the this-is-a-table brand of English); how to take care of your body; how to set a table properly; how to perform acrobatics. Charm classes are popular in Japan, as are poetry-appreciation courses. The stalwarts who defended TV for Central Africa, where it's now being installed, feel it will combat illiteracy by teaching a rudimentary English to bush natives, although one observer points out that the Africans may end up talking like *Highway Patrol*'s Broderick Crawford who says, "10-4," instead of "good-by."

News is one of television's priceless commodities, but only rarely is it dispatched with alacrity or objectivity. More often, there is government control and slanting of news of all kinds. "Imagine," pipes one Englishman, "criticizing the Queen on the telly when, actually, she owns it. It's just not good manners." Toronto drama critic Nathan Cohen adds. "In Canada, there is an assumed censorship, one of custom and tradition, rather than law. Since it's not spelled out, it's hard to know what you can say about touchy topics."

France is one of the worst offenders in the matter of news distortion, exposing only the "nice news" and burying the trouble spots. TV cameras, for example, closed in on a right-wingers' riot in Algeria, where crowds yelled, "Down with de Gaulle" at the top of their lungs. But none of the films ever appeared on French stations. In line with this policy of news censorship by omission, opposition leaders have little, if any, opportunity to explain their views or to attack the political platform which is defended daily and vigorously on French TV. Says CBS foreign correspondent David Schoenbrun. "There is a stuffy mental posturing on French TV newscasts. The government is always right. If there's a bad reaction to a speech of President Kennedy's in America, we could report it. If this happened in France with General de Gaulle, it would never be aired."

Pounding in the Party Line

In the U.S.S.R., Communist Party congresses are fully televised when they are in session, and all through prime time, the hard and heavy breath of the party line is felt through such public-affairs programs as *Dzerzhinsky*, a successful state farm in its eighth year, or *The Building of Communism* and *Dreams of Fulfillment*, both beating the governmental chest about the great, surging power of labor.

Government breast-beating is not a new story with TV; in fact, it's one of the oldest. Like Fidel Castro today, who uses Cuban television as a propaganda weapon for hours on end to condemn the "sick, sad American society," Hitler used television as his exclusive propaganda instrument. All through the late thirties, he appeared two or three times a week, talking to troops and the public on communal city sets. And while there are many known reasons for us to hate Hitler, there is still another, less known, to add to the list. Hitler is the grandfather of rating statistics. The minute he finished a speech, he demanded, from his generals, an estimate of how many people had heard him.

"Third Reich"—On German TV

Today, Germany ranks with Great Britain in top-level output of original programming. German TV, or *Fernsehen* (meaning "far seeing"), is unlike most video setups. Ours, for instance, has Hollywood and New York as television centers. In West Germany, there is a central relay station in Frankfurt for the five and a half million licensed sets, but different areas—such as Berlin, Munich, Cologne, Hamburg—take turns producing the programs, and this no doubt accounts for the freshness and perfectionist attention to details. Among *Fernsehen*'s standout shows are a blisteringly honest fourteen-part series, *The Third Reich*, beginning with Hitler's boyhood and ending in the downfall of Nazi Germany; a powerful commentary, *On the Trail of the Hangman*, dealing with the Eichmann trial. There are always performances of great dramas, operas, current musicals: Puccini's *Tosca* with George London and Renata Tebaldi, the works of Kafka, Goethe, Eugene O'Neill, and Tennessee Williams, Cole Porter's *Kuss Mich Katchen —Kiss Me Kate*.

Great Britain, with its two networks and over 11,200,000 licensed sets, has scored with its children's programming. "They have a greater sense of responsibility for their audience," comments one New York critic. The fifteen-minute, weekday *Watch With Mother* program is one of the BBC children's hour plums. It offers engaging talks about flowers, animals, insects, and how to identify them; the adventures of a friendly puppet family called Woodentops; charming stories about young people and pets which are illustrated with gay line drawings. *Sketch Class* is conducted by a professional artist who teaches youngsters how to draw. One program explains how to recognize ships from their silhouettes. An innocuous Western, *The Range Riders*, is bland but in good taste for young eyes and minds seeking adventure.

The prime-time English diet is a rare and superb blend of exciting dramas, intimate interview shows, potpourri programs about ideas and events. However, there is one notable flaw in this perfect-sounding line-up: a group of corny slapstick comedies which emphasize "blue" or off-color material and, in context with the bulk of British programming, are as jarring as a siren.

As for commercials, they don't only grow in our TV soil; they seem to be well fertilized all over.

Italy likes to lump all its commercials into fifteen-minute segments once an evening, at about 8:45. One commercial time is called "the carousel," and there are five commercials, confined to two and a half minutes each. What's really worth noting is that a filmed commercial can't be shown more than twice.

Italian ad agencies are kept on their toes. The sponsor can talk about his product only for thirty seconds, and, at that, can only mention his product six times (a fifteen-second visual display of his trade-mark or name is charged off as a verbal mention). The remaining two minutes of the commercial are taken up by entertainment of some sort—jugglers, opera singers, ballad singers.

While the U.S.S.R. insists it carries no commercials, one wonders what they call the two-minute spots that break into evening viewing hours. One spot shows a young boy leading his mother into Gorki Park, begging her to buy him an ice cream cone from the park vendor. When the mother finally submits, a basso profundo voice booms out in impeccable czarist Russian: "Buy ice cream—it's good for your children." Or a prominent scholar is shown seated in a book-lined study, his face buried in a tome of Marxist literature. The voice-over blasts at the viewer: "Read library books—they are good for you."

Betty Furness, Mexican Style

Mexico favors children serving as Julia Meades and Betty Furnesses in its commercial spots. The most popular, Janette Arceo, began when she was a mere two years old. Two years ago, when she turned four, she was the most in-demand pitchwoman in Mexican TV history. Janette loved everything she sold, from candy to cereal to medicine. When the TV camera dollied in on her, she got so excited, she babbled incessantly about the delicious flavor of her bubble gum or candy bar. Sometimes, she was so moved by her give-it-all pitch that she broke down and cried on camera. More often than not, her enthusiasm ran longer than her allotted time. Janette was as popular in Mexico as Shirley Temple was in the thirties. And like the Shirley Temple of *Little Miss Marker* days, Janette owned a farm and posed with her pet pigs and geese and ducks. The fantastic commercial success of Janette, along with eight other tiny tots, prodded the government into

passing a law that all new Mexican telecasters must be high school graduates.

Commercials aren't all that's offbeat in the international television scene. Italy has a lazy, beatniky approach to its TV schedule; programs seldom begin on time. A variety show scheduled for 8 P.M. might start at 8:46 or so. "Of all the countries I've worked in," informs pop singer Paul Anka, "Italy has the most disorganized TV. But it's also the friendliest. If the scenery isn't ready and the stagehands are all yelling bloody murder, you sit down with the emcee and have a Coke or a cup of coffee. The program that's on the air has to stretch everything, but the funny thing is that nobody really seems to mind."

The Frenchman, priding himself on his great sensitivity to life and emotion, sits back after a particularly powerful television show and watches a film of a waterfall for ten or fifteen minutes, while soothing music plays in the background. "This relaxes the viewer," says Ken Tepfer of the French TV network. "He has a chance to collect himself before he concentrates on another show."

One Bright Spot in U.S.S.R.

Telespeakerinas, so far, are an exclusive feature with the U.S.S.R. They are pretty young girls chosen on the basis of complicated tests for charm, voice modulation, and poise, and they stay on the air all evening, announcing all the programs in a chatty, hostessy way. "Now, it is time for news of our Premier. . . . Now it is time for a visit to our beautiful Bolshoi Theater. . . . Now it is time to say good night until tomorrow."

Culturally, viewers around the world receive the best their countries have to offer. The Bolshoi ballet is televised directly from the ballet theater into the Soviet home; the same is true of the impeccable Moscow Art Theater productions. In Red China, a major portion of programming (after propaganda and health) is devoted to Chinese music and stage performances of classic plays. Discussions with great artists and philosophers are handled with exquisite grace by British interviewers. France has created an unusual and memorable program in *A La Recherche De . . .* (In Search Of). On the anniversaries of the deaths of famous artists, such as Sarah Bernhardt and Anatole France, everyone who knew the subjects well appears, while photographs, prints, and mementos from the artists' lives are juxtaposed on the screen in an arresting technique. Italy offers grand opera and concerts with its finest opera stars and musicians. On its second channel, Italy presents dramatizations of great moments from the past.

Since 1954, the TV link that has brought many European countries together is Eurovision, which enables them to offer important telecasts to one another at the time they are happening. The idea grew out of the successful British telecast of Queen Elizabeth's coronation ceremonies to France. Ultimately, Eurovision will be replaced by satellite television which, according to experts, is not very far off. Scientists expect satellite TV to be part and parcel of our daily programming within five years. Viewers in every corner of the world will then be able to watch the drama of world events (the Olympics, elections, space conquests, royal events) while signals bounce off a satellite and cross thousands of oceanic and continental miles. Moreover, Siberia will be able to pick up Paladin's Good Samaritan escapades while we dial in the shimmying brunettes of Japan's *Pink Mood Show.*

As different as we all are in culture and in viewpoint, international television proves that, on many counts, we do have common denominators. *I Love Lucy* turned out to be one of the most popular shows in Uruguay; and Lebanon is producing its own Middle-Eastern Lucy-type with Arabian stars Faten Hamama and Omar Sherif. One of the most successful Japanese comedies was *Tokyo Blue Eyes Diary*, a weekly series which starred blonde Linda Beech, the American wife of an American newspaper correspondent. Known to Japanese fans as Shirley-san, she found herself in such silly predicaments as mistakenly entertaining a plumber whom she took to be a business acquaintance of her husband's.

Other shows that are staples of the American TV diet are likewise relished aboard: *Perry Mason* in Sweden; *Rassie* in Japan (the Japanese have a tough time pronouncing "l"); in West Germany, *Vater Ist Der Beste* (*Father Knows Best*); *La Ley Del Revolver* (*Gunsmoke*) in Spanish-speaking countries; and *Bonanza, Laramie, Wagon Train,* and *The Untouchables* almost everywhere.

Those goodies shooting those baddies warm the hearts of TV viewers in every corner of the globe. Giddap! THE END

BBC

CORN GROWS HIGH *in England, too, aided by comics of BBC's* Laughter Service *show. Such slapstick is an anachronism in Britain's otherwise serious schedule of drama, political interviews, and educational children's shows.*

ART COLLECTION covers one wall of library in Miss Francis' Manhattan apartment, which has traditional furniture in a mixture of periods. Her country home is decorated in "sunshine colors"—yellow and orange.

ARLENE FRANCIS

Movie actress, TV panelist, Broadway leading lady, author, radio star, hostess, wife, and mother are *some* of the roles played by this fabulously energetic woman . . . and she still finds time for regrets about things she hasn't done yet.

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW *Photos by George E. Joseph*

An actress who once understudied Arlene Francis in a Broadway play looks back on the whole thing as the most frustrating experience of her life. Not once during the show's ten-month run did Miss Francis miss a performance. While others in the cast came down with colds, sore throats, headaches, and laryngitis, the star herself remained happily impervious to germs and, to all outward appearances, was indestructible.

"Arlene Francis is not made of flesh and blood," the understudy says. "She is an iron woman. It's unfair for a human being to be *that* healthy."

Miss Francis' only "affliction" seems to be her unbounded energy. Her schedule, on any given day, makes a Horatio Alger hero look like an idler, Elsa Maxwell like a stay-at-home. Nobody in show business today can match either her pace or her versatility. For example:

—She earns roughly $60,000 a year as a regular panelist on *What's My Line?*, appears in hour-long television dramas from time to time, and frequently pinch-hits for Jack Paar and Bill Cullen. ("I'm the girl on the bench at NBC.")

—She has one weekly radio show and three daily ones, the "most exhausting" being *Arlene Francis at Sardi's* on which she interviews baseball players, politicians, actors, composers, writers—almost anyone, in fact, who has forty-five minutes to spare and wants to plug something or other.

—Her book, *That Certain Something: The Magic of Charm*, is on sale in both hard-cover and paperback editions and, unlike many show business personalities, she wrote it herself.

—For twenty years she has been a leading lady in Broadway plays.

—She makes movies, most recently Billy Wilder's *One, Two, Three*.

So much for her professional activities —for which she earns between $125,000 and $250,000 every year. Her private life is equally hectic. She reads two newspapers a day, five magazines a week, between 150 and 200 books a year. She attends the openings of all important Broadway plays and sees about 75 per cent of the new films: Each week she attends some half-dozen cocktail parties, plus approximately four supper parties or receptions. She herself gives one dinner party per month for about twelve, plus a large buffet dinner for thirty to one hundred guests every few months. "Arlene," observes her husband, actor Martin Gabel, "doesn't get tired, doesn't get sick, doesn't seem to worry. She is a phenomenon of nature."

Miss Francis' passport gives her year of birth as 1917, but she has the scintillation, the natural exuberance, of a girl of twenty-five. Her personality is a paradoxical blending of opposing traits. On one level, she emanates the voluptuousness and sexual *sang-froid* of a mistress, on another the good-natured companionability of a wife. Because of this, she is one of the few individuals who can suggest a *double-entendre* without being distasteful. On the air, she can take an innocent query like, "Does your line of work expose your skin to the sun?" and make it sound as lubricous as a passage from Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*.

In private life, too, she is noted for her quick and original punch lines. Once, a group at a party was discussing a famous Los Angeles doctor. Someone remarked that he had been a dentist before becoming a brain surgeon.

"How could that be?" someone else wondered.

"Oh," Arlene quipped, "his drill slipped."

To remain glamorous in the hectic circles in which she moves, Miss Francis puts in hundreds of hours a year at Scaasi's, her *couturier*, where she has from sixteen to eighteen new gowns and cocktail dresses made each year. She also logs an impressive number of hours at Michel Kazan's hairdressing salon, where she goes once a week for a bleach and wash, several times more to have her set done over. Even at home, she is constantly washing and brushing and combing her hair. Her husband fondly calls her "Miss Arlene-Wash-the-Hair."

TV Not Among Her Habits

Her health measures are not elaborate and by no means explain her incredible energy. Each morning she takes two wheat germ oil capsules. At lunch, she takes a packet of powdered gelatine in a glass of orange juice. She does yoga breathing and posture exercises regularly. Otherwise she leads a typically unhealthy modern life, eating rich *haute cuisine* dishes, drinking and smoking just as much as she likes.

Surprisingly, she seldom watches television. Most of the shows, she feels, are pretty poor. "Television has raised the intellectual level of the country," she admits, "and its coverage of news events, politics, and world problems is excellent.

(continued)

ARLENE FRANCIS (continued)

ON ONE OF THREE DAILY RADIO SHOWS, *Arlene Francis at Sardi's,* she interviews author Robert Ardrey before the opening of his play, *Shadow of Heroes.* Jean Bach (who is seen at left) produces Arlene's program.

"ALWAYS INTERESTED in current events," last year Arlene began daily news broadcast, a job usually reserved for men. Her first assignment was covering the Inauguration. (At right, announcer Guy Wallace.)

But TV today is surfeited with game shows, westerns, and crime shows. I think many people, especially in the large cities, have given up on television. They find they can get more stimulation from books and magazines. I think people today are doing more entertaining at home and finding pleasure in the give-and-take of a good social evening. The people at a party are *live* people.

"The word *live* is the key to what is wrong with television. When we allowed it to slip out of our fingers and go to Hollywood, when we sold out to filmed shows, we lost the creative zing television had when it came from New York and when it was broadcast live. *What's My Line?* is still done live, by the way.

"Television has become too much of a business. It's dominated by commercialism. The advertisers dominate it. Everybody is hysterical about ratings instead of caring about quality. We need the advertisers, God bless 'em, but they ought to keep their hands off the content and the format of programs. It's a mistake to repeat the same type of program simply because it has proven successful. I mean, like those western dramas with the same old plot and characters."

What did she think could be done about it?

"I think it's the responsibility of the networks to strive for improvement. I don't have what you could call a solution. But I do have hope, great hope, for the future of television."

The Smile Was Manufactured

Hope, optimism, the gay smile, the lilting laughter, the insouciant swing of the torso, the carefree turn of the head—this is her outward face to the world. This is the portrait of Arlene Francis presented to us on television, in social life, or when we have read about her in the press. But what is not so commonly known is that the hope and the smile and the insouciance were manufactured by herself, were made by a small, lonely, and unhappy girl during a difficult childhood. That perpetual smile—which most of us find enchanting—is the very symbol of her triumph over adversity.

She was born Arline Francis Kazanjian, later deciding to change the "i" in Arline to an "e" and to drop her surname because "it sounded like Katzenjammer and, anyway, I didn't see how there would be room for it on a marquee." Her father, Aram Kazanjian, was a wealthy and well-known portrait photographer. He was Armenian, her mother of English descent.

Arlene was their only child and, like so many only children, she became the focus of all of her parents' unfulfilled dreams, their ambitions for social climbing, their example to the world of what they felt a child should be. Her father doted on her. Her mother, perhaps to compensate for his indulgence, stressed discipline and good manners.

Arlene was a child of wild, impulsive temperament who could not help getting into mischief. But her mother wanted a well-behaved child and, in those early years, Arlene was constantly being punished. She grew fearful, insecure. In Boston, where they lived until she was six, she had few friends of her own age.

This Rebel's Weapon: Comedy

After the Kazanjians moved to New York City, her friends were even fewer. At public school, she was terrified when called upon to recite. She was convinced that people did not like her, that she was awkward, that her nose was too big. Later, when she was enrolled at the Academy of Mount St. Vincent in Riverdale, New York, the feeling of rejection became even stronger. Arlene's father was Greek Orthodox, her mother Episcopalian, but the school and many of the students were Roman Catholic. Although everyone at the school was kind to her, she felt more like an outsider than ever.

In sheer desperation, she set out on a deliberate "campaign to become popular." And she discovered that if you did or said something funny, you made people laugh, and in some way the laughter helped you relate to other people. It was not love, perhaps, but there was a sense of being appreciated, of something being shared, of contact being made. So she laughed it up. She made idiotic jokes and planned bizarre pranks that got her into trouble with the nuns, but delighted her fellow students.

Later, as a young woman, Arlene rebelled against her father's code of values —which was strict and puritanical—and her mother's severe decorum. She announced that she was going to become an actress. The family was horrified. Although she was now twenty-two and had acted in student productions both at the convent school and later at New York's Finch School, the thought of their daughter becoming a professional actress was something her parents would not accept. To divert her, they arranged an extended tour of Europe, hoping that when she returned she would have gotten over her fascination with the stage and would be content to make a good marriage and settle down as a social register matron. Arlene returned as determined as ever.

The Kazanjians tried another gambit. As a compromise between what they wanted for her and what she wanted for herself, they set her up in an antique business. Her shop, however, was on Madison Avenue in the Fifties near the offices of the radio networks and advertising agencies. Many of her customers were in radio. They admired her deep, expressive voice, and urged her to go on the air.

To Arlene's great relief, the antique store went bankrupt and—having summoned the courage to defy her parents' objections—she plunged into the world of radio. At first, she saw this only as a beginning, a means to an end, for what she really intended to do was to portray great roles on the stage, to become another Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, or Lynn Fontanne.

But in the meantime, it would do no harm to make a name for herself as a radio performer, and she set about the project with her usual energy. From the 1930s on, for almost two decades, she was one of the best-known personalities in radio. She did everything, from "femceeing" with Phil Spitalny's All-Girl Orchestra and their *Hour of Charm* to playing gangster molls on *Mr. District Attorney*. She was the heroine of soap operas like *Big Sister*, *Aunt Jenny's True Life Stories*, *The Affairs of Ann Scotland*, *Girl Detective*, and *Betty and Bob* (with Van Heflin playing Bob to Arlene's Betty).

The pattern of hard work and pressure and unremitting pursuit of any and all jobs was already becoming her way of life. She went to Hollywood to play a trollop in *Murders in the Rue Morgue*. She began appearing in Broadway plays without relinquishing her backbreaking schedule of radio programs.

In 1943, she was made the star of *Blind Date*, a radio show in which servicemen competed to win a girl for a date; the girls were beautiful models, actresses, and airline stewardesses. The boys had to persuade the girls by speaking to them on a closed-circuit telephone in the studio. The winners, chaperoned by Miss Francis and a Hollywood star, were taken out to the Stork Club for dinner and dancing.

TV Became Her Line

In 1949, as television broadcasting became more important, *Blind Date* went "simulcast"—that is, the same show was done simultaneously on television and on radio. Immediately, it was obvious that Miss Francis was unbelievably telegenic. And, with the onset of television, producers began wondering if beautiful women—who had been handicapped in radio—could not now be announcers and femcees on a great scale.

In February, 1950, Arlene was invited —by two struggling, hungry, would-be television producers named Mark Goodson and Bill Todman—to go on a new panel show to be called *What's My Line?* She got one hundred dollars for her trial effort; the first three contestants were a lady wrestler, a dance instructor, a tax collector . . . the rest is history.

(continued)

ARLENE FRANCIS (continued)

The show made Arlene a nationally recognizable figure. She was overwhelmed with offers to appear on television and radio shows, in plays and movies, and—since she hates to turn anything down—Arlene Francis soon made a career out of being a success in everything.

But although radio and television were the mediums that led to her professional success, her private life was shaped by one of her stints in a Broadway play.

A far-reaching change occurred when she was understudying Peggy Conklin in *The Party's Over*. At a reception for the cast after the *première*, Arlene was introduced to Neil Agnew, a vice-president of Paramount Pictures. They were immediately attracted to each other. Arlene had never suffered from a lack of admirers; for years, there had been hordes of men seeking her attention and company. But Agnew was the first she had ever been seriously interested in. He was rich; he was charming. In 1935 she married him and became the chatelaine of a luxurious country estate in Connecticut and an equally opulent town house in Manhattan.

After their marriage. Agnew wanted her to give up acting—but she went on with her career, playing leads in Broadway plays, usually strumpets and assorted floozies. Her most resounding critical success came in 1942, when she portrayed a Russian girl sniper in *The Doughgirls*.

Romance Behind the Scenes

It was another role. however. that was to be of great personal importance in her life. In a 1938 Mercury Theater production of *Danton's Death*, which was directed by Orson Welles, she played another of her courtesan roles. Danton was portrayed by a man who, though not as celebrated as he should be. is one of the most talented actors in the theater today —Martin Gabel.

Gabel is a man of wide interests, which range from handicapping horses and playing *chemin de fer* at European casinos to the most erudite literary and historical subjects. He was not tall. He was not handsome in the magazine-illustration sense of the word. He was quite the opposite of Arlene's husband. Yet she was drawn to him. During rehearsals of *Danton's Death*, she found herself waiting for run-throughs to end so she could go out for coffee with him and listen to him talk—about painting, the Civil War, the French Revolution, modern poetry. Without fully realizing it, she was falling in love with him.

For several years she kept asking her husband for a divorce. but he refused and at last she filed proceedings on her own. She and Gabel were married on May 14, 1946. They have one child, Peter, who, when he was in public school, scored one of the highest IQ tests ever made in New York City. Peter, now a second-year student at Deerfield Academy, is as famous for his wit as is his mother for hers. After finishing Victor Hugo's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, he told Arlene he had been disappointed by it.

"Why?" she asked.

"It's four hundred and ninety-one pages long and there isn't one word in it about football!"

The Gabels live in a seven-room cooperative apartment on Park Avenue in the upper Fifties. They also have a country place at Mt. Kisco known as "The House of the Three Gabels," where they go for weekends and summers.

Yet with all her satisfactions and with her very great success, there are two basic areas of conflict in her life that Arlene Francis has been unable to resolve: her role as a wife and her role as a performer.

The first stems from her conception of the ideal woman: a creature, she believes, who should be completely feminine; completely devoted to her husband. child, home, kitchen, cuisine; interested in the arranging of flowers, table settings, and décor. In January, 1956. Arlene went to Tokyo to film a series of programs for the now defunct *Home* show, dealing with Japanese women and with Japanese society. Awed by the Japanese women whom she met, Arlene came home and told her audience that American women could learn much from them about holding on to their husbands. "You can search America backward and forward," she cried, "and not find a woman as comforting, pleasant, and feminine as the Japanese woman. She caters to her man, which American women have forgotten to do."

She Is Not Her Own Ideal

It is clear that, in certain moods, Arlene actually believes this, and moreover, she thinks the ideal woman is one who doesn't fight for equal rights, accepts this as a man's world, and is happy to defer to masculine power and prerogative. Perhaps, at times, she cherishes a vague dream of becoming a soft, quiescent, clinging-vine sort of Mrs. Gabel, receding against the background of her husband's artistic and social position.

But the desire to hold her own place in the sun is even stronger, for she has never surrendered to the temptation of giving up her multitudinous television, radio, and theatrical commitments to actually *become* this "ideal woman."

A second major, unresolved conflict in Arlene's life lies in the sphere of acting. Just as she has a strong concept of the ideal woman, so has she one of the ideal performer: the great actress portraying a great classical role. This is, basically, what she most admires and yearns to be —or so she says repeatedly.

Yet the goal escapes her, for she isn't willing to submit herself to the concentration, dedication, the exclusion of all else from her life except the one goal of mastering the art of acting. She wants to be a serious actress . . . but she also wants to be popular, and well liked, and on the go.

Psychoanalysis Failed

She has spent a year in psychoanalysis, but she did not find in it that serenity, that inner peace which passeth all understanding, that would flow out of a knowledge of oneself and a total acceptance of oneself. It is puzzling that in her book on how to achieve charm, she says that the most important rule of all is the Greek suggestion: "Know thyself." Miss Francis has come to terms with some of her conflicting inner impulses. She has learned how to make workable compromises. She has achieved success and, at times, found deep personal happiness. But one wonders if she ever *has* known herself.

Ironically, it is precisely the triumph she won in her childhood that defeats her—the victory achieved when she learned to merchandise charm to win love. For, if she were not so devastatingly charming, success would not beckon her so insistently into such a variety of fields. She would be forced to focus her aims, to channel her talents into the serious acting career of which she has always dreamed.

Unquestionably she enjoys her life just as it is. But are the satisfactions it offers enough? Sometimes she seems to doubt it. In 1957, she was named Saleswoman of the Year and received an award for her delivery of commercials. Accepting the award, she smiled ruefully and said, "When I was young I dreamed of getting an award for great acting—and now it turns out to be only for saying 'Brand X Corn Plasters are good for you.' "

Whatever secret disappointments she may have, Arlene Francis shows no signs of changing her tumultuous life or of slowing down. Just now she is considering several movie offers, reading fifteen new plays a month to find a stage vehicle for herself, planning to continue her present radio and TV shows. She has recently made two pilot films, one for a television comedy-drama series and another for a variety program. And, unless the Federal Trade Commission decides to prosecute her for being a one-woman monopoly, her millions of fans can count on her presence in television, radio, books, movies, and plays for many happy seasons to come. THE END

ARLENE CHATS with long-time acquaintances Pegeen and Ed Fitzgerald, and Jean Bach, after meeting at station where they also broadcast. She rents limousine to keep crowded appointment schedule.

ARLENE'S HUSBAND, Martin Gabel, is frequent guest on *What's My Line?* (above, with panelists Dorothy Kilgallen, Bennett Cerf). Arlene is only one of panel regulars who appeared in show's first program.

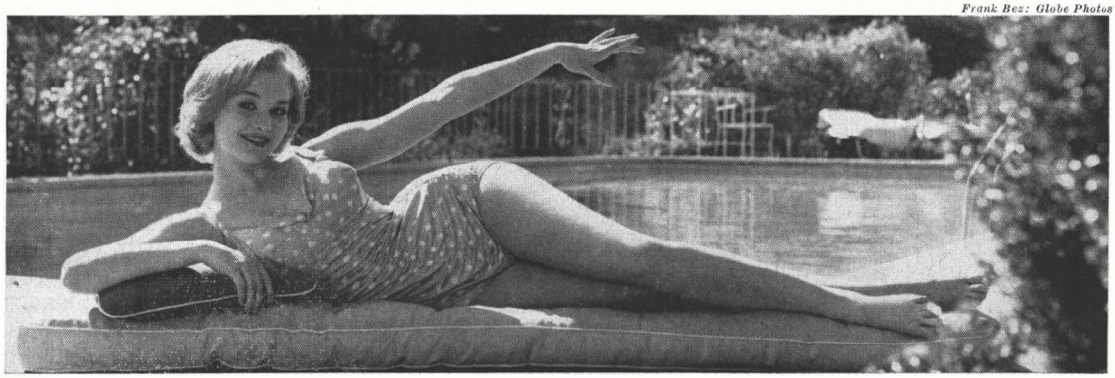
CBS

MARY TYLER MOORE (munching through potato chips): "Eat anything you want, just think thin."

DIETS TO FIT A 17" SCREEN

TV stars have more ways of keeping slim than a dead villain has bullet holes—special foods like Tiger's Milk and dandelion greens, exotic exercises ranging from yoga to pushbacks. There must be one theory here worth appropriating before we disintegrate into a nation of skinny doers and fat viewers.

Frank Bez: Globe Photos



DIANE McBAIN "Every girl has to worry about her figure. As for me, I stay thin with romance and flirting—and flirting only—with potatoes, bread, butter, and with salad dressing."

MARJORIE LORD "I do a series of pushbacks . . . not pushups but pushbacks. I push back from the dinner table before it's too late."

ROSE MARIE "I stay thin because of the hours I keep. I get home from work every evening between seven and midnight, and by the time I get there the family has already eaten their dinner, so I snatch a quick sandwich instead of having a full meal."

DICK VAN DYKE "I have a hard time staying heavy enough so I can be seen. I'm 6'2" and weigh 160 pounds. I eat anything and everything—plus a huge dish of ice cream and syrup, an entire tin of salted peanuts, and a large protein pill every night. For exercise, I try to get a daily workout with weights in my gym at home."

MOREY AMSTERDAM "Three years ago, I decided I had to lose fifty-five pounds—there were some studios that I just couldn't get into. I still eat all the same foods—but just half portions."

JULIA MEADE "Some TV sets make me look even thinner than I am, but that's probably because they haven't been properly adjusted. I don't really have a weight problem, so I don't have to exercise. But I do try to eat sensibly for energy—lots of Swiss chard and kale, wheat germ and yeast, yoghurt, carrot juice, and dandelion greens. I also try to buy things that aren't chemically grown—organic fruits and vegetables are so much better for your body."

SAM LEVENSON "In order to look well you have to be dead, so I'm campaigning either for girth control or a larger TV screen. Until I get it, I'll always wear black, which makes me look thin and respectable. When I'm on a diet, I put the scale in front of the refrigerator, and every time I open the door the light goes on, so I can see how fat I am. After a very heavy meal, I always eat lettuce because they say it keeps you thin. So far, it's done nothing for me."

Diane McBain appears in SurfSide 6, *ABC; Marjorie Lord is seen on the* Danny Thomas Show, *CBS; Dick Van Dyke is the star of his own show, on CBS, on which Mary Tyler Moore, Rose Marie, and Morey Amsterdam also appear; Julia Meade can be seen on the* Ed Sullivan Show, *CBS; Sam Levenson, noted humorist, is a familiar figure (all of it) to all who own a television set, and even to those who don't.*

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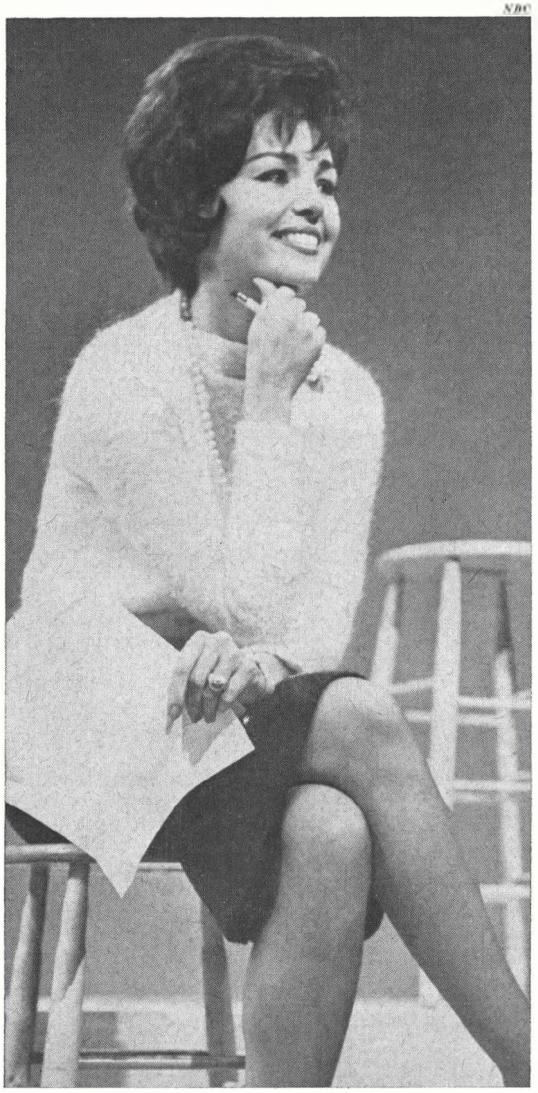
Diets to Fit a 17" Screen (continued)

NBC



ROBIN BAIN "Nowadays, my only problem is getting enough energy to keep me going throughout the hectic and demanding schedule of my usual working day. I live on vitamins, yeast tablets, plus occasional glasses of Tiger's Milk; also, wheat germ, milk, a raw egg, and blackstrap molasses, shaken up together and chilled. I'm not a staunch yogi, but I have books on the subject and I do some of the exercises in bed every morning. I stretch one leg, then the other, and as many other parts of the body as I can. This relaxes your muscles and nerves and is far better than just bouncing out of bed when you awake. And if I'm really tired or depressed, I stand on my head for half a minute—it stirs up the circulation, takes away the black circles under your eyes, and makes you feel much better."

Don Ornitz: Globe

LOLA ALBRIGHT "Live TV is especially murderous, but Dynamic Tension exercises keep me fit. To do them, you press one part of your body hard against another—your hands together, for example. The result is a wonderful tightening and tensing of all your muscles. Best thing about these exercises is that they can be done any time—even while you're talking on the phone or riding in a car. Of course, you must be careful not to overdo them, or you'll end up having muscles like a man's."

Pictorial Parade

CARA WILLIAMS "I have a rather unique diet. I eat anything I want—I just don't swallow it."

Pictorial Parade

PATRICE MUNSEL "I eat like a horse, never diet, and have to drink two bottles of beer just before bed, so I don't lose weight. Of course I exercise a lot: skin diving, water skiing, ballet. But bikinis are a girl's best friend. I wear one as often as possible. Then, if I look down and see my stomach sticking out, I immediately pull it in. That keeps the muscles tight. Another trick is not to put on much weight when you're pregnant—it's too hard to lose."

Pictorial Parade

SHARI LEWIS "I'd rather chew on a carrot than chew on a chocolate bar, so I always keep raw carrots and clean celery in the icebox, all ready to nibble on. But to keep really thin, keep traveling and sightseeing. When I'm abroad, I sight-see from morning till night—it's hard on your feet, but great for your waistline. Besides sight-seeing and dancing, the only other exercise I get is sailing."

Frank Bez; Globe Photos

DINAH SHORE "Guess I'm an old-fashioned girl—I believe in beauty through nutrition. To lose weight, I eat a little less of everything—but I make sure my diet is balanced, however much I cut down."

Robin Bain became known to viewers for her work in the Today Show, *NBC; Lola Albright was a familiar figure on* Peter Gunn, *which originated on NBC; Cara Williams appears on* Pete and Gladys, *CBS; Patrice Munsel, noted opera singer, has brought her talents to many a home via TV; Shari Lewis stars in* The Shari Lewis Show, *NBC; Dinah Shore,* The Dinah Shore Show, *NBC.*

SEVEN YEARS AT THE TOP *of TV's ratings have molded Dennis Weaver, Amanda Blake, James Arness, and Milburn Stone into a smooth acting team. Off-stage, they are entirely different from the characters that they portray.*

The Long Branch Saloon Mutual Admiration Society

Marshal Dillon, Doc, Kitty, and Chester—*Gunsmoke*'s fabulous four—have endeared themselves to viewers as no Hopalong Cassidy or Lone Ranger was ever able to do. Here's the story behind their fights and friendship, fame and family life, their successes with each other—and with their audience.

BY RICHARD GEHMAN *Photos by Denis Cameron*

Late last November, Dennis Weaver, who plays Chester Good, the crippled man-of-all-work on *Gunsmoke*, announced he would be leaving the show at the end of this season. The word spread like the fire that had roared through the Bel Air section of Los Angeles a few days before, and at once the producers and the network were receiving indignant, outraged, and disbelieving calls by the score. Even before Weaver articulated his plan for next season (he will star in a variety show on which he will sing, dance, tell jokes, and point at guests in the manner of Ed Sullivan), laments were rending the air from coast to coast—not so much because Weaver will be making a radical alteration in his TV image, but because his departure will mean the breakup of the best-loved quartet in all of network television.

The Chester Good of Dennis Weaver, the Marshal Dillon of James Arness, the Kitty Russell of Amanda Blake, and the Doc Adams of Milburn Stone have become a kind of institution. For nearly seven years, the four principals have been endearing themselves to the viewing public in a show that has been copied over and over but never has been remotely approximated, either in quality or in popularity. The characters by now are as familiar to, and as beloved by, their public as were some of the old family shows on Stone Age radio—*Myrt and Marge*, *Vic and Sade*, *Easy Aces*, and *Amos 'n' Andy*. The Gunsmokers' immense following may be due in part to the fact that, in some ways, their show resembles the above-mentioned, all-but-forgotten series. Their humor is gentle, always underplayed, based on characterization rather than situation. They always are believable. They all are—and this may be most significant—decent, kindly, groping, coping, essentially human beings. Producers in Hollywood, seeking to justify cheap glamour, often say, "The public doesn't want to see the boy and girl next door. If they want to see them, they go next door." But Arness, Weaver, Miss Blake, and Stone all act as though they live next door—and millions of viewers deliberately stay home on Saturday nights to see them.

The Notorious West

Gunsmoke does not differ markedly from the western story that has been traditional since the days of Tom Mix. Into Dodge City comes trouble in the form of a bad man. He and the Marshal have a confrontation. The Marshal disposes of him. That is all there is to it, usually. Yet there nearly always is a subplot that is concerned with one of the characters *wanting* something, and in the course of the desire the character is delineated with rare fidelity.

The people of *Gunsmoke* are distinct individuals, each with his own eccentricities. One of the principal problems the actors face is to find variations on these eccentricities, so that sameness can be kept out. Chester Good is the Marshal's Sancho Panza, yet although he is subservient and extraordinarily willing to sweep up, make coffee, etc., he sometimes shows courage that would be rare in a minor character on another show. Doc, the town physician, is a crotchety old cuss and the Marshal's closest friend. Doc is always grousing. Milburn Stone says he patterned Doc after an uncle of his who never smiled, yet at bottom was a kindly, witty man. Doc is especially grouchy when Chester is around. He is always complaining about Chester's coffee; Chester is always telling him to go and drink somebody else's. Actually, they are close, warm friends. All three men are devoted to Kitty, the proprietress of the Long Branch saloon.

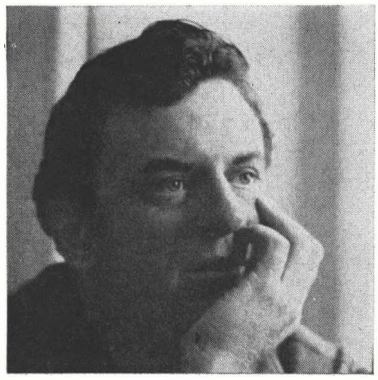
A Questionable Lady

Kitty's character is perhaps the most complex. She is, obviously, a lady who has—well, perhaps not *sold* her favors, but offered them in return for some sort of material gain. Yet she also is Matt's girl. People sometimes write in and ask when the two are going to get married. Once a woman Milburn Stone met at a county fair asked him that question. "Why, it would be *dirty* if those two got married," Stone said, lapsing into his Doc role. "Dirty? Wouldn't it make it more moral?" asked the woman. "Certainly not," said Doc, an evil grin pulling his face into deeper wrinkles. "It would break up a beautiful friendship."

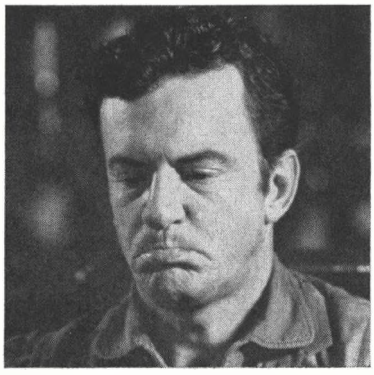
All four characters spend a good deal of time on the show making small talk, asking each other how they like the weather, drinking and eating together, grousing or expressing happiness. The very triviality of their conversations is reminiscent of those leisurely English films in which characters reveal themselves over long, cozy cups of tea. This may account for the show's immense popularity in England.

Gunsmoke is the creation of Norman MacDonnell, the show's producer, a former actor who still moves and talks theatrically, and a writer named John Meston, a quiet, scholarly type with a Ph.D. from Harvard. They created it in 1952; it went on the CBS radio network and remained a top-rated show until it went off in June, 1961. In 1955, CBS decided to try it out on television. Going to John Wayne, a natural choice for the role of Marshal Dillon, the network executives offered him all that Arthur Godfrey didn't already possess.

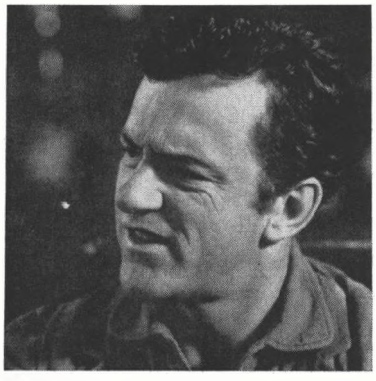
Wayne told me recently that at first he was tempted to take the part, but at the



"Weekends go so fast. . . . I just dive into every Monday morning as it comes along."



"We used to skip classes and grab rides on freight trains. That was the fun."



"I'm not too good with a pistol . . . never had time to learn how to use one."

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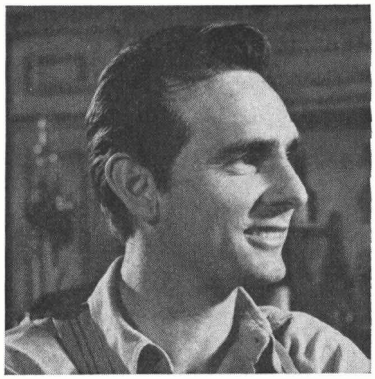
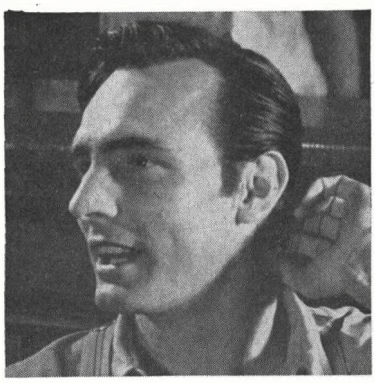


"My relationship with Jim off-screen is entirely different."



"I've been on the show seven years and I'd like to do something else."

"One thing I dream of doing is playing the role of Abraham Lincoln."

time he was just getting rolling with his own film production company, Batjac. Also, for years he had been wanting to make *The Alamo*, and he knew he would not rest until he had accomplished that. CBS countered with a proposal that he introduce each week's series. Wayne still thought this would fence him in too much. Presently he suggested James Arness, a young actor under contract to Batjac.

Arness, born James Aurness in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1923, spent his boyhood more or less as a bum, straying from home wherever his fancy took him, sometimes shipping out of ports like Galveston on freighters, vaguely thinking that some day he might be an actor. During World War II he was wounded on Anzio Beach, hospitalized, and eventually discharged. Back home in Minneapolis, he worked as a radio announcer until a friend persuaded him that they ought to go to the West Coast. Arness (the "u" later was clipped out of his name by Dore Schary at M-G-M) went along willingly because he was tired of the hard Minnesota winters. An agent saw him in a little-theater production and got him a test for a film called *The Farmer's Daughter*, with Loretta Young. He was to work one week at four hundred dollars. In all, he worked sixteen. With the money he earned he went off to Mexico, where he tried briefly to get into the shark-liver business. He lost everything and went back to Hollywood.

In the Hollywood Rat Race

The agent, Leo Lance, now began a year's effort to get him parts. Nobody wanted him. (Arness is 6 feet 6 inches tall—which had a good deal to do with the difficulty that he had in finding work.) Eventually Dore Schary hired him for *Battleground* at M-G-M and put him under contract. He worked in a few more films, but then the studio lost interest in him. Presently, Charles Feldman, another agent, recommended him to Wayne. The latter lured him away from M-G-M, which was only too happy to let him go, and put him under contract. He appeared with Wayne in *Hondo*, *Big Jim McClain*, and a few other films.

When Wayne recommended Arness to CBS, the network executives were reluctant to star an all-but-unknown in a series. Wayne sold them on him. Then, to Wayne's utter astonishment, Arness was reluctant.

"It might hurt my career," he said.

"Your *career*?" Wayne shouted. "*What* career? Look at you. What can you do, big as you are? You can play opposite me and a couple of others. You can't play romantic leads—there aren't any girls big enough for you."

This is Wayne's version. Arness's story is a bit different. He says that his only concern was whether or not it was wise to be boxed in a series. A third version is that the two of them got together in Wayne's house over a bottle of whisky and spent the evening shouting at each other. At the end of the evening and the bottle, Arness was willing to sign with CBS and Wayne was willing to release him. Wayne later agreed to introduce the first show.

Friction Behind the Scenes?

Today, although neither will admit it, there is a certain coolness between them. They have not seen each other for some time. Friends told me that Wayne originally wanted Arness for a part in *The Alamo*, but that Arness had other commitments and could not do the job. Wayne thereupon hired Richard Boone, star of *Have Gun, Will Travel*, which, among all the westerns on TV, is the only real rival *Gunsmoke* has in terms of quality and adult approach. There is said to be a coolness between Arness and Boone, too, although neither will confirm it, and Wayne's selection of Boone for *The Alamo* is said to have made things more wintry between Wayne and Arness.

For Arness's part, he has nothing but gratitude to express when Wayne's name is mentioned. "It was a great experience for me to work around Duke," he told me, using Wayne's nickname. "I learned a lot from him as an actor. He's one hell of an actor, and what is more important, he is *something* as a person. I couldn't say that about a lot of stars I know."

Whatever happened in the beginning, the show finally went on the air. The first thing that struck the viewing audience was the complete honesty of the four principals. What they say and do looks so easy, unaffected, and relaxed that they never have been accorded the real credit they deserve for being the polished actors they all are. In the course of the past ten or twelve years I have visited the sets of more films and television series than I possibly could list. I have watched the scratchers and the mumblers and the hystericals and the cold ones. I never have seen any cast work so hard to come through naturally.

One morning in November, I watched Arness and Milburn Stone work on a scene that, to an outsider, looked to be a snap to play. The veteran character actor Edgar Buchanan, covered with fake gore and grime and apparently drunk beyond control, was to burst right into the Marshal's office where Arness and Stone were sitting at a table, fall across it, and gasp out, "Marshal!" "What is it?" Arness was to say, rising to support the man, while Stone was also rising to have a look at the cut on Buchanan's head. "Oh, it was awful! Blood, whisky . . . and the two of them lyin' there on the ground!"

Buchanan was to say, whereupon the three of them would turn and go out the door, Arness and Stone supporting Buchanan between them. On the screen, this seemingly insignificant scene would last for twenty seconds at the most. It was not precisely a pivotal piece of action. Arness, Stone, Buchanan, and the director, Andrew McLaglen, worked on it as though it was the most important part of the play.

"It doesn't feel right," Arness said. He pointed to Buchanan. "We ought to be more concerned about him. All we do is half stand up and look at him."

"What's his point in coming in?" McLaglen said, trying to offer Arness a motivation.

"The only point in his comin' in is to get us the hell out of there," Arness said.

"Try it again," McLaglen said.

They tried it. Midway, Arness remembered that the Marshal never goes out without his hat. It was hanging on a hook by the door.

"I've got it," he said. "I'll put the hat on this cot near the table, and make a half turn as we start to go."

"I think that's awful, Jim," McLaglen said. "It won't look natural."

"Maybe Doc could say something like, 'This man needs treatment, Marshal,'" Stone suggested.

"No," said Arness, flatly. "That spoils the urgency of getting the hell out."

"The whole idea is to get the hell out," McLaglen said.

Arness sat down at the table, his huge hands splitting open his bound copy of the script. He bent his head, snorting like a boxer dog. "He's tellin' us about a gunfight outside of town," Arness said. "The whole point is to get out fast as we can."

"Let's try it again," McLaglen said. And they tried it again, and again, and at least five more times before everyone was satisfied. Even then, Arness still was muttering to himself as he went back to the dressing room.

Reruns Tell a Tale

All four principals are zealous in their efforts to keep their characters as they have been established.

And even though they have remained consistent over the years, all four admit that they have changed a good deal. This has been emphasized for them especially since they have been watching *Marshal Dillon*, the Tuesday night reruns of the old *Gunsmoke* episodes. "We all look like *babies*," Amanda Blake wailed to me one evening. "Were we *ever* that young?" They do look terribly young; Arness looks positively callow. Weaver, perhaps the most analytical of the quartet, said one morning, "While Mil's appearance hasn't aged, his tempo of playing the part has. He was more like a terrier at first, but now his tempo is down to where I think it should be—slower, more deliberate. I haven't tried to change Chester over the years, not consciously, but Chester has changed. I think he has become a little bit more intelligent. He was pretty goofy there in the beginning. I know that now when I see reruns, I think I would do some things different today. It's hard to say how, but they would be different.

"I think Jim has gained tremendous dimensions in this series," Weaver went on. "We've all learned to relax, which is one of the most important things any actor can learn. We've learned to be economical with emotion . . . not to spatter it too much. To restrain it. . . ."

To this, Arness added, "We've all been able to work very well together. I think I can honestly say none of us has what you might call actor's ego, and the company is about as relaxed as you can get. That has been worth plenty to me."

Bosom No Longer Bared

Amanda Blake agreed with those sentiments. She, too, has changed her concept gradually over the years. At first, Kitty was tougher, her dresses were cut low at the bosom, and her legs were often exposed. She stood at the bar and drank whisky, or red-eye, right along with Matt and Doc (a statistic-minded publicity man once calculated that in 244 *Gunsmoke* episodes, Kitty drank over 900 shots, 365 glasses of beer, and hit 27 drunken cowboys on their heads with bottles). Today, now that she owns the Long Branch saloon, Kitty has become more refined. Her skirts touch the floor; her blouses cover her bosom. Actually, she began wearing covering dresses mainly because Amanda hates to put on body make-up.

The compliments and protestations of admiration and affection that the four continually are handing each other do not mean that they do not quarrel. They do, sometimes. There was one memorable "Truth Day" when Stone, after an argument about a script, told off everybody thunderously. He stood up to Arness and told him to be more serious about a scene they were playing, he lashed out at Amanda for being late, and then he turned on Weaver and shouted at him to quit cracking nuts on the set (Weaver, a vegetarian, used to bring bags of walnuts to eat between meals). Having delivered his tirade, Stone stalked off. The next day, everybody apologized to everybody else and things went back to normal.

Usually there is a good deal of horseplay on the set, as in any happy company. Dennis may hand Arness a scrap of paper with a joke on it while the latter is trying to play a serious scene, or vice versa. Or Stone and Arness may look at

"Kids watch Gunsmoke for one reason and adults for another."

"We won't let directors tamper with the characters or honesty of the show."

"Jim uses his hulk with great economy—so that it never intrudes."

(continued)

"I like to do outside shows, but for me, the Long Branch saloon is home."

"I can't imagine the day when Gunsmoke will finally go off the air."

"The boys kid me all day long and I pretend to get very mad—but I love it."

each other as one says a line of dialogue and begin laughing uncontrollably, ruining take after take. There is always a card game going on. They play klaberjass. Amanda does not take part in the game; she sits and plays with her toy poodle or writes letters, conscientiously answering fan mail. The show gets around ten thousand letters a week.

It may come as something of a disappointment to *Gunsmoke* fans to learn that the off-screen characters of these four people resemble the parts they play about as much as the works of Thornton W. Burgess resemble those of Fëdor Dostoevski:

Marshal Dillon is calm, competent, possessed of a quiet sense of humor, and afflicted with terrible guilt when his job requires him to kill another human being; Arness is a strange combination of the rollicking and the jittery, embodying a nervous energy so intense that, some mornings, he will go surfboarding at 6:00 A.M. just to work off steam before going to work.

The subservient Chester is not noted for his brains; Weaver is an intellectual with a startling flair for the dramatic.

Doc is a man with something on his conscience—there are those who think he may have performed an illegal operation somewhere before turning up in Dodge, or somehow got into trouble with the law; Milburn Stone is an actor of the old school, given to the telling of bawdy tales about troupers he has known, always ready with a yarn or anecdote and ready to laugh uproariously at others' stories.

Kitty and Amanda Blake are similar in only one way: they are bachelor girls—but whereas Kitty is worldly and a trifle brazen, Amanda is shy and uncomfortable with strangers. She lives in a farmhouse far out in the San Fernando Valley with two Siamese cats and the toy poodle. She has no "regular" boy friend; if she goes out at all, it is with some old faithful escort with whom she would be unlikely to form any permanent attachment. "I swore off marriage after the last one," she says, without bitterness.

Friends on TV Only

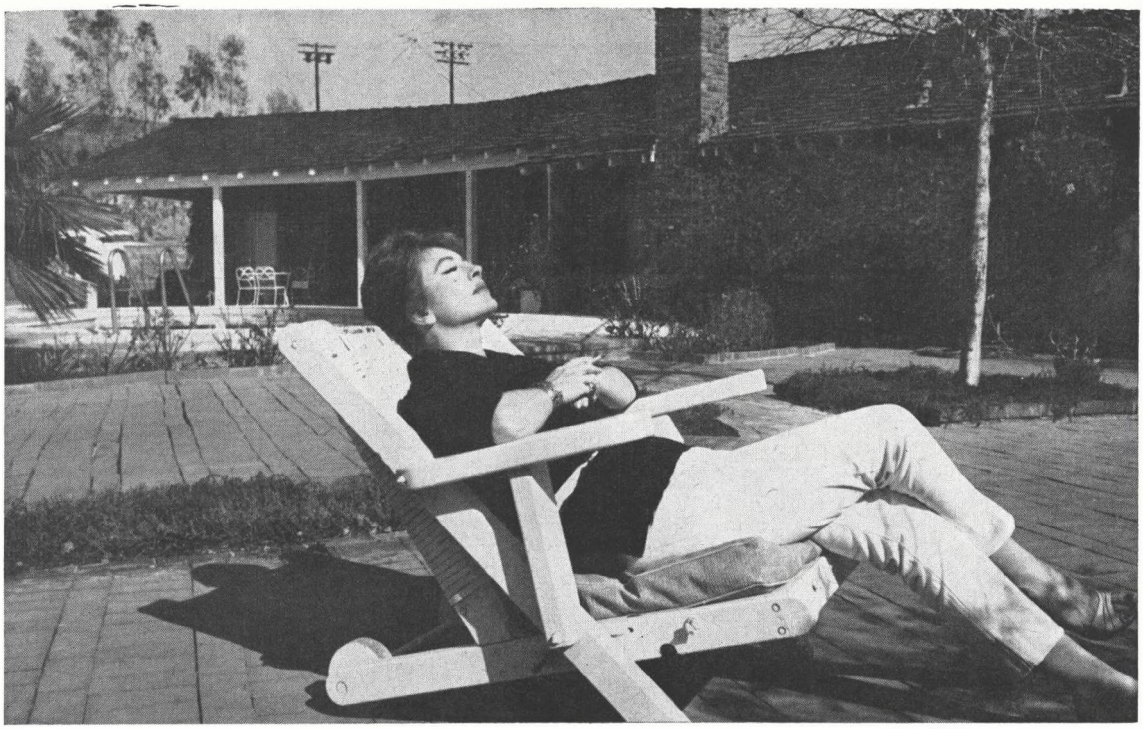
The four seldom meet outside the studio, reasoning that they see enough of each other in it. "Jim and I may go to the races once or twice a year, or to his ranch, but I hardly ever see Amanda or Milburn," Dennis Weaver told me. "We all try not to socialize to the point where we're obnoxious to each other." Arness added, "We spend more time together on the set in a week than we do with our own families." Weaver is married, with three sons, the oldest of whom is thirteen; he was president of his local Little League, managed a championship team, and served as umpire last year. Stone also is married and he is the father of a married daughter. He devotes much of his spare time to his hobby, which is woodworking. Sometimes he and Amanda will stop off somewhere for a quiet drink after work in the evenings, and now and then she visits him and his wife at his house.

Personal Life Is Off-Limits!

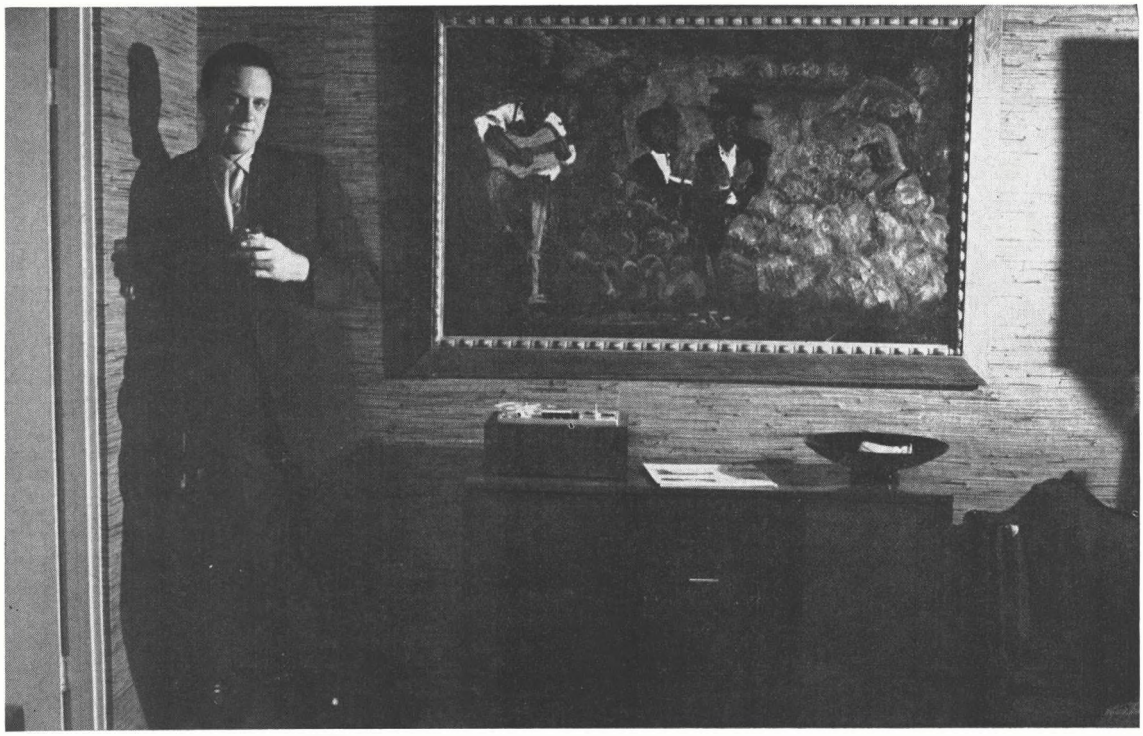
Arness is the loner. He has been separated from his wife, but not divorced. He will not discuss his domestic situation. One of the conditions on which he consented to being interviewed for this article was that no questions would be asked about his wife. He has two sons and a daughter, the oldest of whom is fourteen. When he finishes work each day, he heads immediately either for his apartment in Hollywood, near the Paramount-Sunset Studios where the show is filmed, or for his ranch in the Simi Valley, or for his forty-foot sailing sloop, the *Seasmoke*. Recently he has become interested in skin diving, and spends considerable time at that. On weekends he takes his children to his ranch, on which he is experimenting with raising Charbray cattle and quarter horses.

The three men are as fiercely protective about Amanda Blake as their fictional counterparts are about Kitty. During the past few summer seasons, Weaver, Stone, and Miss Blake have been going out to county fairs, expositions, and rodeos for personal appearances. (Arness used to do that, but has given it up; he treasures his off-months with his children too much to go on the circuit.) Inevitably, as the three of them travel, they meet some man who assumes that Amanda is drawing Kitty from her own life. He makes a pass; Stone leaps to her defense with a ferocity out of keeping with Doc's character. In one city he was nearly thrown in jail for punching the mayor's son. In another, he threatened to throw a man off an aircraft they were on if he did not cease his insinuating remarks to Miss Blake.

The impending departure of Dennis Weaver came as a shock to his three coworkers as much as it did to the grieving public. Arness told me he refused to believe it, and would not believe it until he saw it happen. "He's said it before, but he'll be back," he said, confidently. Stone was not so sure. Amanda said she hoped it would not happen. She alone of the three has no plans for her career after the series goes off the air, as it someday must. Arness will go out in rodeos. Stone will try to take advantage of some of the numerous film offers he has had but has had no time to do. "As for me, I just can't think of life without *Gunsmoke*," Amanda told me. "I just wish it would go on and on and on." A large portion of the world-wide television audience feels the same way. THE END



AS WESTERN AS KITTY, *her* Gunsmoke *alter ego, Amanda Blake owns San Fernando Valley ranch house, horse, plans to build stable. A divorcée who "swore off marriage," she lives with poodle and two cats, dates rarely.*



SIX-FOOT-SIX JAMES ARNESS. *separated from his wife, divides his time between his Hollywood apartment (above), ranch forty miles from Los Angeles, and his yacht,* Seasmoke. *The painting is by artist-actor Arnold Lessing.*

SHEENA OF THE JUNGLE was conceived in Hollywood on film between 1956-'58. Originally planned for Anita Ekberg, the role was played instead by starlet Irish McCalla, because Miss Ekberg went into movies. *Sheena* is still being shown on local stations, and Irish McCalla is still making appearances in her leopard skin. "Every woman is nostalgic about her first fur coat," comments Carol.

CAROL BURNETT, as herself, with Garry Moore. She appears on his show each week.

Carol Burnett Portrays TV's Pioneer Women

BY LYN TORNABENE

Photos by Jerry Urgo—C.B.S.

It was no trick converting Carol Burnett into any of the female stars of past TV shows. The only problem was choosing which of the girls to do: Martha Raye, Ann Sothern, Imogene Coca, Jinx Falkenburg, Wendy Barrie, Eve Arden, Marie Wilson, Eloise McElhone, to mention a few.

"Television absorbed all the great stars," says Carol, "like a big fat sponge. But I'm not going to let it happen to me."

Twenty-eight-year-old Carol Burnett, who got where she is on the golden triangle of talent-luck-guts, may turn out to be the one female performer television can't swallow. Carol's plan to leave the networks at the end of this season could preserve her for eternity—if she goes

Wigs Styled by Ernie Adler

PEGGY WOOD was *Mama* so long (1949-'57) that her TV daughter, Robin Morgan, really grew up. "Just think of raising a child on television," says Carol. "That's enough to give even Dr. Spock ulcers." Miss Wood, now sixty-nine and retired from show business, lives in California, gives about six lectures a year.

"KYLE MACDONNELL! Me? Are you mad? That's like turning a pug into a poodle," cried Carol, led kicking and screaming before the camera. Remember Kyle? She was first woman to have a sponsored TV show (musical variety); was on weekly from 1948-'52, and left to have a baby. Today, she's a New Mexico housewife.

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VAMPIRA, another Hollywood creation, never went beyond haunting a local station, but had so much publicity that everyone in the country knew her. For two years, she introduced Saturday night horror movies with a scream, ended wishing all a horrible week. Named Maila Synjaniemi, she was last seen doing night-club acts with Liberace. "Maybe, when I leave TV, I can get work haunting houses," says Carol Burnett.

CAROL BURNETT

(continued)

through with it. She claimed last year to be leaving *The Garry Moore Show*, then signed on for her third round. She said at the time, as she says now, "I'll be grateful all my days to Garry and everyone on the show—I love them all. But I've got to leave if I'm going to have a career."

Born in Texas, Carol was raised in Los Angeles by her grandmother. She lived just across the hall from her mother who, she says, "was more like a sister." Today, Carol is very much a mother to her own sister—seventeen-year-old Christine, whom she is sending through school.

At nineteen, while working through U.C.L.A., Carol decided to break into show business. "You'll never make it," her mother said. "There's never been an actress in the family." A San Diego businessman felt differently. Seeing Carol in a college show, he loaned her $1,000 to go to New York. But Carol couldn't get an agent because she'd never been seen. So, with a chorus of other unseen girls living at the Rehearsal Club, she put on a show for agents—and got one. After a few night-club spots and unsuccessful TV tries, she did a comedy bit on *The Jack Paar Show*, and became a "name." Not long afterward, she was given the lead in *Once Upon a Mattress*, an off-Broadway musical comedy which was so successful it moved uptown and had a Broadway run of many months.

Mink-Colored Sneakers?

Carol was married in 1955 to director Don Saroyan, but they separated in 1959. Either because of her life-long bouts with obstacles, or in spite of them, she remains a clown who loves continual laughter. She mugs constantly, and wades belly-laugh-high into every comic situation. Recently, when she bought her first mink coat, she dashed from rehearsal to furrier in old slacks and a sweater. As she wrapped herself in mink, she caught a "snooty" expression on the face of the salon owner who did not know her. "I like the coat," she announced, "but will it go with any color sneakers?"

What does Carol want? Broadway, "to be an Ethel Merman, maybe a Judy Holliday." For her sake, we hope the probable happens, but television will be a sadder abyss without her. THE END

"FOR MY VERSION OF DAGMAR, you need a blonde wig and some gym socks, strategically placed," says Carol. Dagmar was the only TV personality to become famous for one dimension (42″), and, so she herself feels, the only one to be ruined by it—"Nobody believed that I could do anything." Her big years were from 1950-'53.

"IMOGENE COCA could wink with one eye wide open—and not move her mouth." Carol opines. "Me, I'm still trying to learn." Miss Coca's antics with Sid Caesar made Saturday night TV night from 1949-'54. She had own show for one season, made brief comeback with Caesar in 1958. Today, Imogene is sticking with theater.

Dirk Halstead—Black Star

WAITING. At 11:55 in NBC's Washington News Bureau, Ann Brinkley waits to go to lunch with husband David. Shopping trips to Washington provide some of the few weekday opportunities to see her husband alone.

The Lady Who Says, "Good Night, David"

Mrs. David Brinkley, wife of TV's top-of-the-heap national news commentator, tells how she manages to survive her husband's fame, keep from drowning in Washington's social whirlpool, and see her husband and children often enough for them to recognize her.

BY HARRIET LA BARRE

"At 3:00 P.M. go to French Embassy to ask Madame Alphand to help with charity bazaar. Embassy sprayed with Arpege. Flowers gorgeous. Madame Alphand gorgeous and charming. Go home hating myself. Spray house with perfume. Doesn't help."

So reads a humorous, tongue-in-cheek memorandum kept by Ann Brinkley, the slim, blue-eyed wife of forty-one-year-old David Brinkley, Washington's top TV newsman, whose estimated income for 1962 will top the $100,000 mark.

Behind Ann Brinkley's mock dismay at her sometimes ruffled hairdo, her inclination toward sweaters and slacks, her often helter-skelter twelve-room home in the fox-hunting country of Potomac, Maryland, is the fact that once Washington, D.C., society considers you an established Somebody, the social pressure is turned on. "You might as well try to hold back a glacier with one hand," says one society columnist. You are expected to cultivate chic and charm. The dinners to which you are invited are the most dazzling. The charities you are expected to espouse (and work hard for) are bewilderingly numerous. The parties—cultural or cocktail—at which rumors fly, and at which political news-leaks supposedly can be picked up, could consume well over ninety-six hours per day.

Ann Brinkley loves a party, has chic charm, a wardrobe of evening clothes ("all sheaths"), and an ability to chat knowledgeably with senators, admirals, congressmen, or foreign diplomats—yet what the Brinkleys prize most are time, informality, and some privacy. They also balk stubbornly at being lured down any garden path toward conformity, have a taste for action, humor, downright wit, and friends who have an affinity for all three. All this was just as true in 1946, when Ann Fischer, girl reporter, married an eighty-dollar-a-week Washington, D.C., newsman named David Brinkley, and set up housekeeping in his one-hundred-dollar-a-month apartment. "The Brinkleys," says one Washington friend,

"were never chosen by friends—*they* choose their friends."

At a typical Sunday brunch in the Brinkleys' modern, two-level home which is about forty minutes from the center of Washington, the mood is as informal as a picnic. The guests might be a handful of newsmen, an admiral or two. The breakfast? "Bloody Marys, whisky sours, and salt mackerel." Occasionally, Ann Brinkley whips up "a big egg casserole. Or a *soufflé*."

Our Man Seldom Comes Home

Time with her husband, insists Ann, is too precious not to be enjoyed, especially now that David Brinkley's job as TV's top-of-the-heap national news commentator keeps him working ten to eleven hours a day. This year, TV executives are planning to take an even bigger bite out of his time at home. Back in early 1959, TV newscasting and assorted TV tasks were bringing Brinkley an estimated income of $75,000. Then NBC inspiredly sent him to the Mediterranean to bring NBC viewers a TV's-eye view of what had been happening in that area. The hour-long special, *Our Man in the Mediterranean*, was a hit. So was *Our Man in Hong Kong*, in which Brinkley roamed the city, interpreting its sights—while Ann roamed the Hong Kong shopping centers. "My best buy was a pink satin sheath. I had it made. It has seed pearls embroidered all over the top and on the stole. The whole thing cost ninety dollars."

Then, in 1960, Brinkley and fellow newscaster Chet Huntley reported the Presidential conventions, and by early 1961, Brinkley's income had hiked up to the vicinity of $90,000. The rising income took another substantial leap upward in October, with the new half-hour *David Brinkley's Journal*, in which Brinkley viewed everything from French rock 'n' roll in Paris to Cocoa Beach's (Florida) bowling alleys, limbo dancing, bongo playing, hard by Cape Canaveral. Brinkley, who selects and writes his own material, was given a free hand to rake over the Spanish Harlem slums of New York, to rove from a new school of European art in Stockholm to whatever else intrigued his curiosity. The public got its first earful of Brinkley's on-the-loose wryness, his off-the-leash writing ability, and his often stringent opinions. This year he will make thirty-nine of the half-hour journals. The money has gone up, the pressure, too.

Under the new pressures, Brinkley is lucky to arrive home from the studio at eight o'clock at night. "That is," explains Ann with typical Brinkley wryness, "when he's not working."

"Home" is the third house the Brinkleys have lived in since they were married. The first, a one-story rambler with two bedrooms and a den, was in Chevy Chase. The second was in Somerset, a suburb which Ann describes as "the only place in the world with twenty-four psychiatrists."

"Intelligent relaxation" is the way one architect has approvingly described the current Brinkley home—yet no architect had a hand in designing it. The house, snuggled into the side of a bluff over the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, with a view of the Potomac River, was adapted from a builder's plans, designed by Brinkley, and built three years ago on its two-acre site. Its *pièce de résistance* is a professionally equipped carpentry workshop where Brinkley has turned out everything from the living-room bookshelves to a ten-foot, walnut, dining-room table that seats twelve. The house has six bedrooms, four bathrooms, and, among other things, an upper and lower sun deck, onto which guests saunter, coffee cup in hand, to gaze across the river toward the wooded hills of Virginia.

Regular inhabitants of the house include the Brinkleys' three sons: eleven-year-old Alan, eight-year-old Joel, and six-year-old John, a courageous, self-styled "member" of TV's *Highway Patrol*. Other members of the household are a full-time maid; a part-time maid; a collie named Tawny; a Siamese cat, Victoria Regina, and her offspring, Prince Albert. The sometime inhabitants entertained at the Brinkleys' include Attorney-General Bob Kennedy. Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges.

The icy, nervous hand that many Washington wives extend to their famous guests is completely foreign to Ann Brinkley, whose handshake is warm and whose smile is wide and friendly. "If dignitaries ever intimidated me, I don't remember it. How different can they be from other people?"

Office Romance

A fledgling reporter, Washington-born Ann Fischer met David McClure Brinkley when she applied for a reporting job at NBC's Washington office. "I already had a forty-dollar-a-week job at UP, but I'd heard that this one paid more—sixty dollars. David was running the newsroom. He hired me. He *could* have given me six dollars more, I found out later—sixty-six dollars. Sometimes I don't let him forget it."

Ann went to work for Brinkley in June, 1946, became engaged to him one August evening after paddling in a canoe from Dempsey's boathouse up to the Water

CLOWNING. Brinkleys gag it up at Maryland home of friends. From left, Douglass Wallop, who wrote *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant* and *Damn Yankees*; Brinkley; Mary Anne Kephart, wife of George Kephart of State Department; Taffy, daughter of Mrs. Douglass Wallop (in chair). As Lucille Fletcher, Mrs. Wallop wrote mystery chiller *Sorry, Wrong Number*. Seated on grass: Douglass's brother, William, and Ann Brinkley.

(continued)

The Lady Who Says, "Good Night, David" (continued)

Gate Inn to listen to a river concert ("It was terribly romantic"). They were married in October, and Ann quit her job. "I had to—it was a rule of the company." A week after the marriage, Brinkley went on the air. "He did a local news show—twelve noon to 12:15. They gave him a twenty dollar raise." Brinkley's rise to national news champ leaves his wife totally unsurprised "I always knew what was going to happen to him. He's good, that's all. He's *good*."

Too eager and energetic to stay at home, before two months of marriage were out Ann Brinkley had become a Washington correspondent for small regional papers in the United States, later covered the State Department for the *Times* of London. She woefully abandoned her erratic but zestful reporting jobs only seven years and three children later. "I had gone to work for six weeks for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Then David and I sat down and figured out the whole thing: the job had messed up our income tax and *cost* us $1.50 a week."

Let "Dutch" Do It

As a housewife, Ann soon fell into a pit of frustration, began to suspect that she was a mine of inefficiency when it came to housekeeping and taking care of three small children. But only once in those early married years did she make a stab at getting Brinkley to help her do her job. "I had a neighbor who had three small children, but *her* house was always immaculate. *Her* hair was always smooth and shining. She even had time to bake pies and cakes in the afternoon. One day I asked her how she did it, and she explained the secret: her husband, 'Dutch,' helped her in the morning. He dressed the children, fed them breakfast, sent them to school." When newsman Brinkley arrived home from work that evening, his wife greeted him with these interesting facts. Brinkley's answer was a bland and comforting. "Maybe 'Dutch' will help *you* one morning."

Today, life at the Brinkleys' is as comfortably normal as in anyone else's home. Read some typical entries scribbled in Ann Brinkley's journal: "Joel shoots BB gun into his hand. Trip to doctor for tetanus shot. . . . Car hit ice slick. Skidded into another car. Damage: $546, one cracked rib, state of shock. . . . Someone at school drops bench on Alan's foot. Big toe nearly broken. Trip to doctor. . . . David backs station wagon into snowdrift. Stuck. . . . Johnny still running fever. . . . Flat tire."

Yet on such days, the Brinkleys have greeted as many as twenty guests at their home, have themselves been guests at the White House, have occasionally gone to an embassy party. Ann's favorite is the British Embassy's lawn party on the Queen's birthday: "I love the striped tents and strawberries."

On a fairly typical morning ("There is really no typical *day*"), at 8:15, Ann Brinkley might take her turn driving a car pool of six-year-olds, including son John, to Potomac Elementary School. At 8:30, David Brinkley usually borrows his wife's white station wagon and drives the two older boys to the Landon School for Boys, in Bethesda, Maryland. Ann Brinkley is a member of the school's board of trustees and a fervent backer of the school, but makes it plain that where character-building is concerned. "That's the job of the parent. So that's not our objective in sending the boys to the Landon School. We just want our children to use what they've got *to the best of their abilities*—and the school will help them do it."

Despite the accent on character-building, Ann and David Brinkley shudder away from "togetherness." Brinkley is an outspoken believer in what he has called "getawayness." Ann views togetherness with something like horror. "No playing ball fifteen minutes with the kids for *us*." Does it work? "We'll know when they grow up. If they're in jail, I'll know it didn't work."

Brinkley house rules are few. The children's floor, which is the lower level, has an outsized playroom where "they can botch it up as much as they like," can, presumably, throw eggs at the walls, though paint is as far as they have gone. Either the maid or Ann Brinkley cleans up the playroom "once a week or so." The basic rule is that "The children are welcome in the living room, 'our room,' if they want to act like adults." The result of the plan: "They are in the living room as much as in the playroom." Oddly, Brinkley doesn't mind at all if the boys drop into the NBC-TV office—they occasionally do—and fool around the place while he is working. He simply lets them alone.

Sharp Eye on the World

While adroitly side-stepping the Washington pressures that could eat up all their privacy and time, and while enjoying the company of the people they like, the Brinkleys manage to keep an astonishingly sharp eye on the world. This is not easy: Brinkley is at the pinnacle of the elite group of the 1,300 newsmen in Washington, D.C., the cream of which has begun to join country clubs, play golf, and attend Washington's beehive of social activities—an estimated monthly 300 cocktail parties and buffet suppers, 120 official or diplomatic dinners, 62 diplomatic receptions, and 150 teas, dinners, and debutante dances. How the Brinkleys handle all this:

In a countryside dotted with busily socializing country clubs, the Brinkleys choose to play tennis and swim at their local community pool and courts. Family dues: $250 a year. This past November they passed up Washington's very social International Ball, a function so popular that it was sold out, at fifty dollars a ticket, three months in advance.

Purely Personal Pastimes

Typically, during one recent week, the Brinkleys rented a canoe on the Potomac River, took the children fishing, and caught a few perch and a bass; David and Ann went to the Laurel Race Track, where David won on a horse and Ann lost ("David figures the odds and wins. I figure and lose"); visited friends Bob and Ethel Kennedy who live in McLean, Virginia, a half-hour's drive from the Brinkleys' via several ingenious short cuts worked out by Ann; went to a Van Cliburn concert; stayed home and listened to Stan Kenton records on Brinkley's hi-fi, despite their oldest son's manifest disapproval ("He likes symphonies"). Most often, admits Ann, "We *decide* to do things—then we just don't."

High on the credit side of being a TV news commentator's wife are: plenty of money, the stimulation of meeting a variety of thinking people, of being at the center of what's happening in the world, and occasional travel. From show people to rival newsmen to politicians, acquaintances of the Brinkleys turn into old friends. After the Los Angeles 1960 Convention, and before going on to the Chicago Republican Convention, the Brinkleys and the Huntleys took off for Las Vegas to see some of the fancier night-club acts. There they met Danny Kaye, who invited them to a party. Since then, Kaye and the Brinkleys have become close friends. Last year in Washington, food-conscious Danny Kaye took the Brinkleys to what is now their favorite eating place—the A & V Ristorante, an Italian restaurant on New York Avenue. To the Brinkleys this was a triple pleasure—a friend, good food, and, since the restaurant stays open until the faint light of dawn, plenty of conversation. "We sat around and talked until four in the morning," says Ann.

Now that *David Brinkley's Journal* is a sure smash, and because of Brinkley's widening interests, both Brinkleys find they must read more than ever. In "The Green Room," a green-walled den next to the living room, Ann's books range from Faulkner, who is a favorite, to Irwin Shaw, John O'Hara, J. D. Salinger ("I feel about Salinger the way other people do—I love him") to a bewildering array of nonfiction. David Brinkley's library, divided between the living room and his study, has a hard core of John Gunther, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., but also

(*continued on p. 80*)

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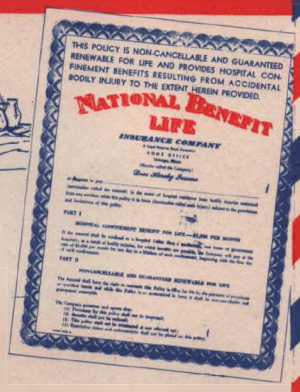
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(Month) (Day) (Year)

Are you now free from mental and physical illness to the best of your knowledge and belief? Yes _____ No _____

If not please explain _____

I understand that this application is subject to receipt & acceptance at the Company's Home Office.

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City _____ State _____ Occupation _____

Birth Date _____ Height _____ Weight _____ Sex _____
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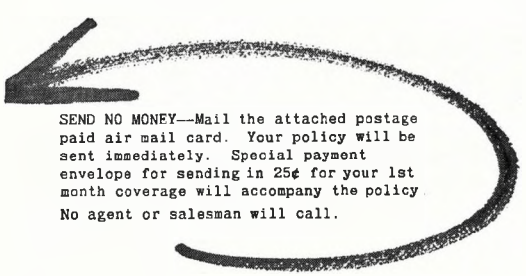

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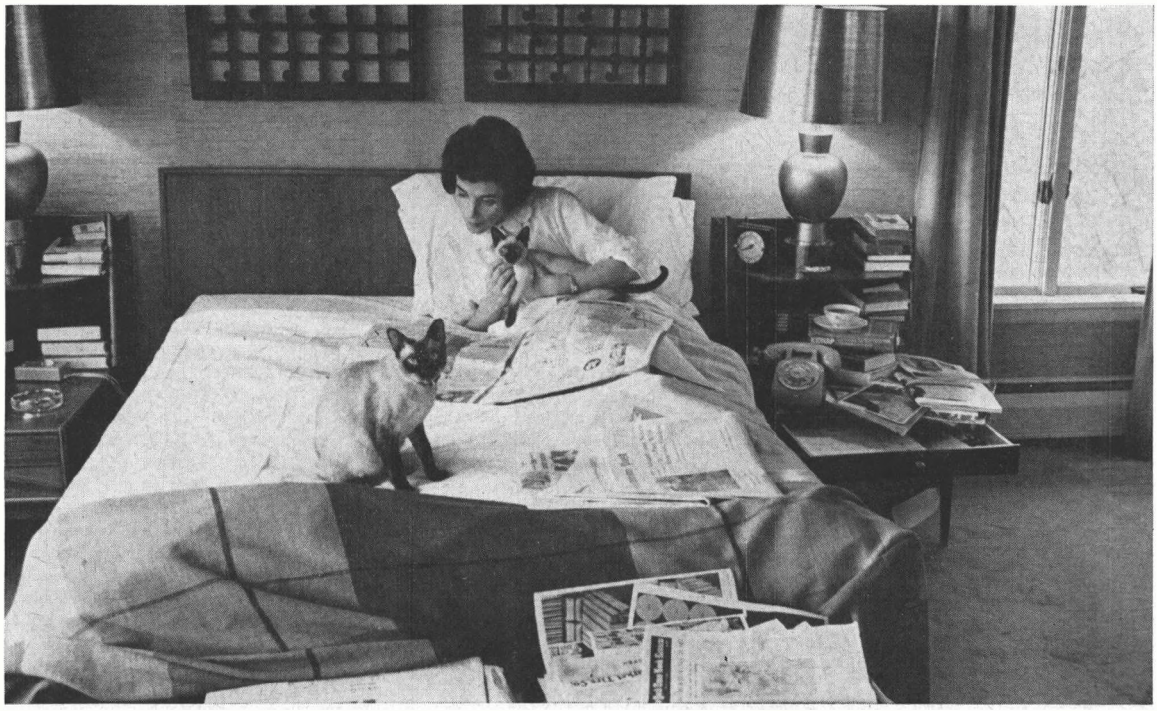
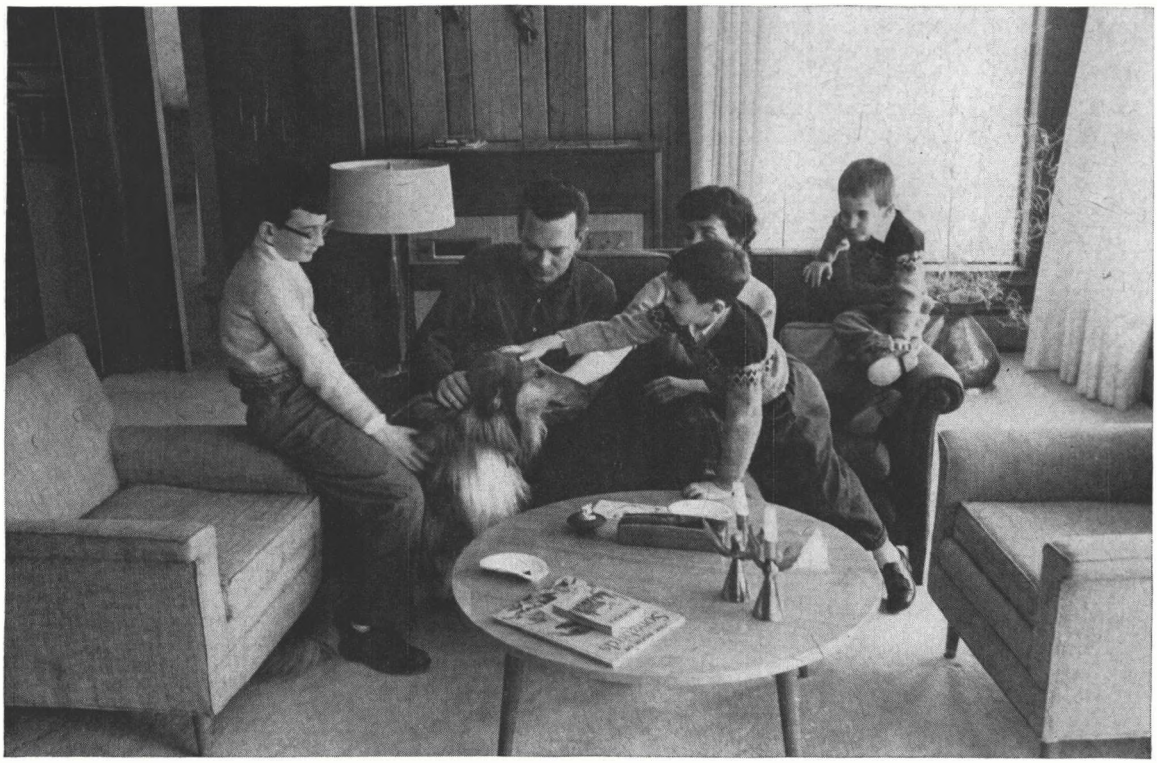


CATCHING UP. Ann carefully scans newspapers when her husband is busy broadcasting. "I don't help David," she says, "except by trying to listen intelligently. He does his own thinking about everything."



RELAXING. After Saturday morning breakfast, before a walk along the old C & O Canal towpath, the Brinkleys relax in living room with sons Alan, Joel, and John. Ann and David favor occasional "apartness."

includes books on every conceivable subject from modern poetry to early African civilizations. Altogether, the amount of reading that goes on in the Brinkley household is staggering: three newspapers arrive at the front door each day. In the living room, weekly and monthly magazines pile up everywhere, litter the coffee table that, in more relaxed times, David Brinkley found time to build in his workshop.

The problems of having a husband who is a TV personality are beginning to be felt more strongly each day. Women write to Brinkley asking for dates. People stop him and want autographs. Some women ask for photographs. One woman pursued Brinkley by mail and telephone for two years, never having met him. Finally, one day, she arrived by cab at the Brinkley home, carrying two suitcases and a portable radio, ready to move in.

Finding no one home, she settled down in the garage to wait. The children, coming back from school, found her and ran to a neighbor's house. When Ann came home, she called David from a neighbor's house, "and he called the police." The woman has since written to the Brinkleys to protest that the Brinkley children are hers, and so is Ann's husband, and that the Brinkley house is her house.

Disastrous First Meeting

Luckily, both Brinkleys have nerves of steel. Has anything ever made them nervous? "I *think*," reflects Ann, "that David was nervous once. It was when he was covering the Summit Meeting in Paris. It was one of his first big jobs. Also, he was rather nervous about hosting a new program, *First Meeting*, in 1956. It turned out to be a flop. It turned out to be the *last* meeting. He finds it difficult to read what other people write. And he can't do it well." *First Meeting* was planned as a regular NBC-TV program with Brinkley as host. The idea was for a well-known personality to ask to meet another famous person, and so on. General Omar Bradley appeared first and announced he wanted to meet Bea Lillie. Bea Lillie appeared, chatted with the General, then said *she* wanted to meet Carl Sandburg "because he looks so much like Abraham Lincoln." Sandburg then appeared, chatted with Lillie. At which point NBC decided to forget the whole thing.

Most annoyances of being a newscaster's wife are strictly minor, thinks Ann. They include, for example, "everyone knowing your husband's income." They also include the demand that the Brinkleys be "nonpolitical." "How," protests Ann, "can you *help* having definite opinions on politics?"

Moreover, the more Brinkley does on TV, the more the network rubs its hands in anticipation of what else it wants him to do. TV executives are now forecasting that this past year's TV "journalism explosion" will turn into a permanent boom. One top network executive has predicted that in the next three to five years "20 per cent to 25 per cent of prime evening time will be devoted to information." Last year, the networks spent more than fifty-five million dollars on news. Texaco alone, just one of the sponsors of the Huntley-Brinkley show, spent eight million dollars to bring this news program to the public. Now the networks plan to dig even deeper into their pockets.

Taking a look into the future of a newscaster's family, Ann and David Brinkley have put their Potomac house up for sale, will move closer into town so that Brinkley can spend more time at home. Already prospective buyers have turned up (in one day: Mamie Eisenhower in the morning, Mrs. Arthur Goldberg in the afternoon) to view Ann Brinkley's "perfect" house.

"Strong on old friendships" is a phrase used about the Brinkleys, but the same does not hold true of their tastes, which continue to change. The land they have already bought for their new house is in Chevy Chase Valley, in Montgomery County; to Ann Brinkley, one of its attractions is that "It's the oldest suburb in the United States. The houses are great big old houses, and the place has charm." The Brinkleys bought an old house with a lot beside it, have arranged to sell the house to friends, and are planning to build on the ninety-foot lot. This time, they will build "something traditional-looking on the outside, but with all the modern assets inside."

People who have come to know the Brinkleys well think that, in some essentials, they will never change. David Brinkley's humor, which has been called "dry" . . . "clever" . . . "irreverent" . . . "iconoclastic," will undoubtedly continue to break up his friends in living rooms, traditional or modern, and to draw pleasurable gasps from some eighteen million TV viewers. "He's not malicious," is the way Ann Brinkley once analyzed her husband's humor. "He never makes fun of anybody except in a gentle way." Ann Brinkley will continue to handle the Brinkley money, agreeably acknowledging, "I'm the checkbook. I'm pretty bad at it, but David's worse." And when they build their new home, they will undoubtedly have a monitor built into the walls, just as they have in their present home, so that when they want to speak to each other they need only to press a button and talk from kitchen to the master bedroom to various other rooms, in genteel, well-modulated voices. But Ann, David, Alan, Joel, and John Brinkley probably will not use the monitor buttons any more than they do now: when they want to call one another, they will shout. THE END

Dirk Halstead—Black Star

ENTERTAINING. Dinner for twelve is usual. Dining room is furnished with travel finds. Ann picked up the Danish chairs for $20 each in Hong Kong.

SPECIAL REPORT

TRIAL MARRIAGES

Today, more and more young people fearful of the long-range responsibilities of marriage are attempting to prepackage happiness by living together without permanent commitment. Are they creating a new morality? Here is the first report on a disturbing trend.

BY FLORA RHETA SCHREIBER

What would you do if your daughter announced that she was marrying her fiancé—but said that she was going through with it only in order to find out whether she really wanted to *remain* married to him? Or if she told you she was moving from your home to the apartment of a young man she *thought* she loved and might, some day, marry?

Shocking? Funny? Unbelievable? You may think so, yet trial marriages of both types are agonizing dilemmas that many parents face today—and not only in traditionally worldly cities, but on Main Street, U.S.A.

Why is this new, experimental attitude toward marriage fast assuming greater importance than ever before? Certainly, a leading cause of these uncommitted marriages and unlegalized liaisons is the basic instability of modern marriage—of which one in four ends unhappily and which leaves over one hundred thousand young women and men divorced by the time they are twenty-four years old.

Many Americans are concerned about this trend, and are taking action against it. High schools and colleges throughout the country are stepping up their sex-education and marriage-counseling programs. So are the churches. In addition to giving theological instruction, the three major faiths now offer programs that include the latest medical and psychological findings.

Responding to Danger Signals

Most rabbis, for instance, today receive training in clinical-pastoral psychiatry, so that they can better deal with the problems of marriage and family relations not only for young people in their own temples, but sometimes as part of high-school and college programs.

Among the various Protestant groups, there is a new and steadily growing recognition of the minister's role as a counselor. Many seminaries now require their students to take courses in human relations—courses designed to equip the minister to cope knowingly with the crises of marriage and divorce. Union Theological Seminary offers courses in the interrelation between psychiatry and religion for ministers, and Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's Marble Collegiate Reform Church in New York City conducts a clinic for the training of clergymen of all faiths. Throughout the country, various Protestant churches sponsor marital and premarital clinics. Even when there is no organized program, the individual minister is always alert to his role as a family adviser. "When I consult with a couple about to be married," says the Reverend Sidney Lanier of St. Thomas Episcopal Church in New York City, "I look for any areas of tension that may exist between the bride and groom. If I discover a deep-seated sex or personality

Photo by Sherman Weisburd

THE PERFECT RELATIONSHIP *is an American dream, yet 1 in 4 marriages ends unhappily, and over 100,000 men and women are divorced by age 24. Dating youngsters can ask with good reason: "Are we right for each other?"*

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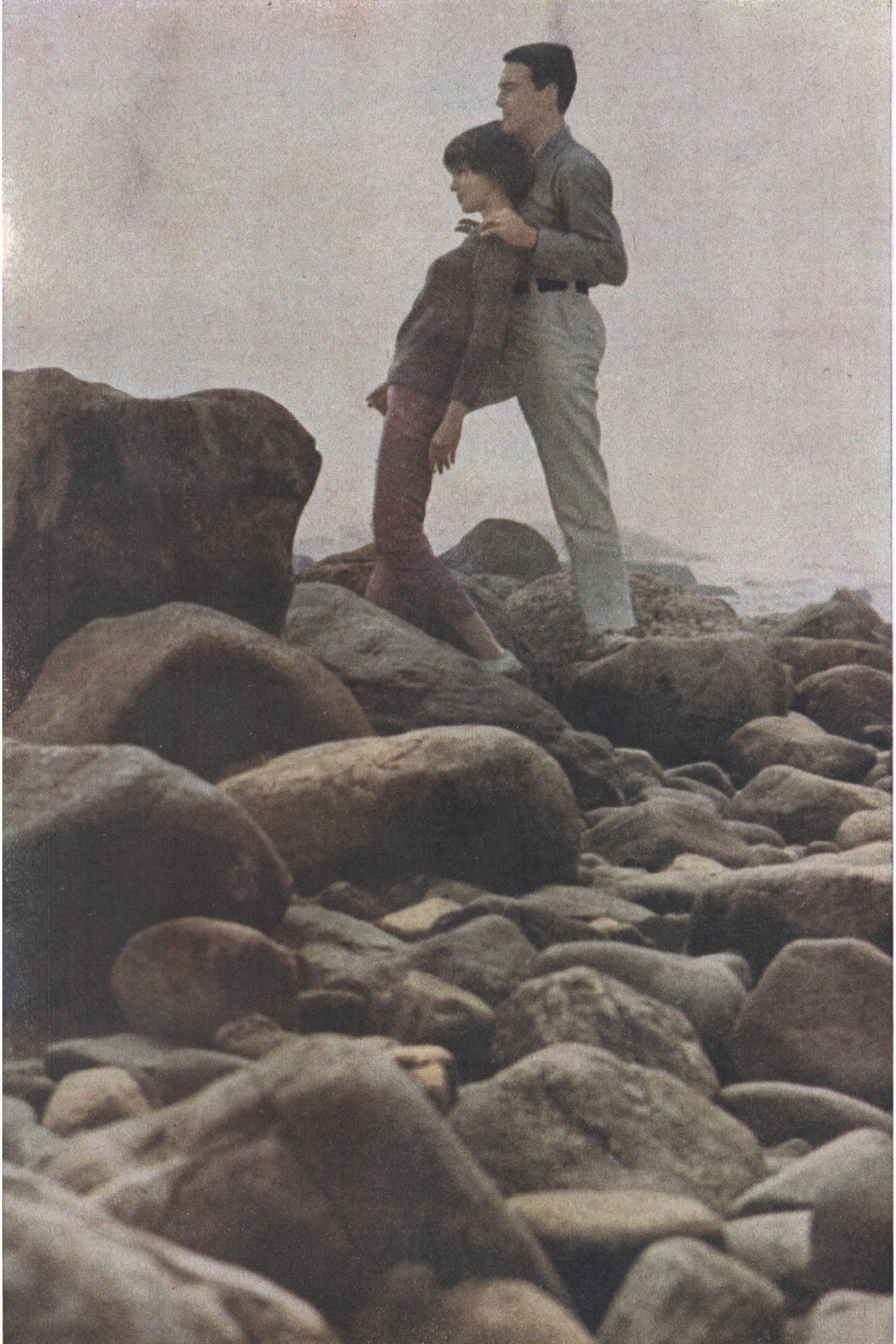

problem, I refer the couple to a doctor or to a psychiatrist."

Catholics, too, have an ambitious marriage-counseling program. Most large Catholic city high schools have a special course in marriage preparation, with threefold emphasis—on the psychological, practical, and theological aspects of marriage. Individual parishes often have conferences on dating and courtship, and, for engaged couples, there are conferences which are jointly conducted by priests, doctors, psychiatrists, and married couples.

Studies show a sizable number of wedding dates, meant for "some day," are quickly set because of pregnancy.

Nevertheless, while churches, educators, psychiatrists, and family counselors work to restore the power of the marriage vow, young people—and some not-so-young ones—are seeking their own answers to the haunting question: "Are we right for each other?"

Afraid of being burned by a bad marriage, a growing number of today's potential brides and grooms try to insulate themselves from the dangerous flames. They either walk to the altar with no sense of permanent commitment—with a joint understanding that their marriage is like a book that can be borrowed, read, and returned without being paid for—or else they rehearse for marriage by living together, in order to see whether or not their play is solid enough to present on the stage of life.

For some couples, such temporary arrangements reflect tough-minded realism, a knowledge that only by trying it can they discover what's right for them. Others dream of the perfect marriage, but believe that, before finding it, they must first go through a period of trial and error; and these individuals therefore are prepared to divorce one another almost as readily as they marry.

These couples think they can end their marriages as politely, painlessly, and casually as they began them. But divorce, as they discover to their dismay, is not always easily obtained. Residential requirements and grounds for divorce differ considerably from state to state. Thus, in order to comply with the requirements of any given state, a couple seeking a divorce may resort to perjury—by stating that there was adultery when there was not, by charging mental cruelty when it did not exist, or by claiming residence in a state in which they did not, in fact, reside. On the other hand, they may flee to one of the Mexican states whose laws advance the cause of "easy" divorce. But nowhere can they simply say: "We are not right for each other. Our experiment in marriage failed."

Inescapable, too, are the bad effects of divorce on husbands, wives, and children. A study by a former Columbia University sociologist, William J. Goode, of divorced mothers between the ages of twenty and thirty-eight in metropolitan Detroit, shows, for instance, that divorce resulted in various kinds of personal disorganization for over three-fifths of the divorcées. The final separation left many wives not only with guilt feelings, but also with a destructive desire to punish the ex-spouse. Typically, these women in the cases studied tended to relive, in a later marriage, the very patterns they had established in the first, and from which they had sought refuge in divorce.

Children are embroiled in over one third of all divorce cases, and, according to one source, the number involving children is increasing more rapidly than is the divorce rate itself. And children of divorced parents are often heirs to behavior problems—bed-wetting, playing hooky, having reading difficulties.

Authorities who frankly favor the trial-marriage scheme believe it is often better to let a marriage end, once it has lost the impulse that holds it together. Noted anthropologist Margaret Mead hopefully predicts: "Someday, a discovered and intractable discrepancy in rate of [emotional and intellectual] growth may seem a really legitimate reason for divorce and one that both husband and wife can accept as simply as do people who accept childlessness [as a reason] for ending a marriage."

Trial marriage, despite the present controversy, is not new under the sun. Among primitive peoples, a husband often put his wife on trial, and if the woman didn't pass the test, he demanded a refund of the bride-price he had paid for her. A Zuni Indian woman, deciding that she didn't like her husband, had only to put his shoes outside the door as a sign that their marriage was over.

Sweden today is congenial to the spirit of trial marriage. "Premarital sexual relations there," says Dr. Harold Greenwald, psychologist and author, who recently returned from a visit to Sweden, "are both open and widespread. Very often, a child born before the marriage of a betrothed couple has a legal status. Both his paternity and inheritance rights are guaranteed. Today, an acute housing shortage, the result of prosperity and increasing population, leads many couples to postpone marriage even beyond the birth of a child."

Like a Baby Market

Those who oppose trial marriage do so because to live together without marriage or to marry without commitment is to violate the deepest tenets of our Judaeo-Christian tradition. Says The Very Reverend Monsignor George A. Kelly, Director of the Family Life Bureau, Catholic Archdiocese of New York: "If a marriage is a sales relationship and you can return the product, it is not much." There are even scientists who regard the so-called scientific, experimental spirit of the trial marriage as bogus. "It makes about as much sense as giving young mothers the right to 'return' their babies in case they have, say, black hair," one young scientist says. "That isn't science, it's just a license for dodging responsibility."

We know that, irrespective of the emotional hazards that follow divorce, and the deep-rooted opposition of observers who see trial marriages as not only wrong, but inhuman and ineffective, today's trend is toward both youthful marriage and youthful divorce. It is debatable, though, whether persons *truly* in love could ever conceive of trial marriage. Moreover, there is a growing body of informed opinion that believes that a person incompatible in marriage with one man or woman will also be incompatible with another. Dr. Edmund Bergler, a distinguished psychiatrist who has written widely about marriage and divorce, goes so far as to say: "The fate of any marriage is determined in the nursery." The late eminent educator and psychologist Lewis M. Terman, studying the connection between marital choice and marital happiness, concluded that "Marital happiness is a function of personal temperament which stems back to innate constitutional factors and the experiences of early childhood. Those who had the highest marital happiness scores have had the happiest childhoods."

Premarital Sex Is Common

Just how many of America's approximately six million married men and eight million married women between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine have come to marriage through liaisons? It is impossible to say, for no census records their clandestine stories. Reliable studies do show, however, that an increasingly prevalent pattern in American life is one of having a sexual experience with the man or woman one intends to marry.

Five social scientists—Davis, Hamilton, Terman, Burgess, and Wallin—reported that at least two-thirds, if not more, of the premarital sex relations of married women had been with their future husbands. This is true even in groups that consider such sex relationships wrong for, "There is a new tendency," as Dr. Alfred Kinsey put it, "to make allowances for premarital coitus with a subsequent spouse." Reliable studies also show that a sizable proportion of American children are born *less* than nine months after the date of the marriage and that the parents actually set their wedding dates because of the pregnancy. Until the pregnancy occurred, they simply hoped to marry "some day."

Some uncommitted marriages present a more special problem, though. Not infrequently, it is pregnancy that ends the marriage, simply because pregnancy promises permanence—and permanence is precisely what the couple fears. Distrustful of permanence, they part when they find a child is on the way.

Though confused with many other kinds of nonconventional wedlock—with, for instance, the companionate marriage advocated by Judge Benjamin B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans, his partner in daring, during the twenties—trial marriage is not the same. Whereas companionate marriage would be legal marriage, with legalized birth control and the right to divorce by mutual consent for childless couples, usually without paying alimony, today's trial liaisons are not legal. They exist only in the private inclination of the couple involved. While some couples put a deadline on their relationship, others just let it run its course, with both man and woman knowing that either can write "finis" to it at any moment, under any provocation, no questions asked. "When married friends talked of taking a cruise next spring, or of saving to send their son to private school," one trial-marriage wife remarked wistfully, "I felt uneasy. I didn't want to look ahead because I didn't know where I was going."

Nor is the trial marriage the same as common-law marriage, in which a man and woman live together and automatically find themselves legally wed—though no ceremony has been performed—after a specified number of years. (The institution of common-law marriage presently exists in fifteen states.) One young woman who had this kind of relationship with her lover moved into his apartment, never moved out, and, after seven years found herself, in the eyes of the law, in a common-law marriage. "Very unchic—but very married!" she concluded.

In the roaring twenties and permissive thirties, trial marriages were largely a crusade in which the militantly rebellious seemed to be saying: "See how advanced we are." Today, however, they are essentially clinics in which men and women fluoroscope and X-ray each other to learn in advance whether they can live and function jointly.

Do these relationships work? For certain personalities, they not only work, but also make marriage possible when, otherwise, it would be impossible. "Marriage," as Simone de Beauvoir, author of *The Second Sex*, describes it, "can be reconciled with [a woman's] career much less easily . . . than for a man. Sometimes, her husband or lover asks her to renounce it; she hesitates like Colette's Vagabonde, who ardently desires the warm presence of a man at her side, but dreads the fetters of marriage. If she yields, she is once more a vassal; if she refuses, she condemns herself to a withering solitude." Such a woman, through a trial marriage, can experiment to discover how confining the fetters may be. "The fact that the door was partly ajar," the brilliant daughter of a college professor recently admitted, "kept me from the oppressive feeling of suffocation I would have had if we had been married. As it was, we drifted from premarriage into marriage so naturally that, after four years of marriage, I think and act as though the door were, in fact, still open. I have a sense of separateness as well as togetherness. This doesn't lessen our love or mutuality. It increases it."

Religious leaders point out that trial marriages violate Judaeo-Christian traditions, are immoral, inhuman, and ineffective.

Are these successes exceptional? Maybe not, but the roster of failures is long, for many trial marriages fail be-

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TRIAL MARRIAGES (continued)

cause of the *expectation* of failure, particularly on the part of the woman. The tradition that reared her told her to think of marriage as the be-all and end-all of her existence, and of capturing the man as the end of her hunt. "But if he has you where he wants you, then he won't marry you," the legend goes, and so it becomes natural for her to fear that in a trial marriage, a man's Don Juanism will come to the fore—that, when the "trial" is over, he will go on to new "trials," all of which will result in parting, because his temperament doomed them before they began.

Trial marriages fail, too, because of the very atmosphere of the relationship. Chafed by guilt, conscious and unconscious, some couples feel an inhibiting reserve that can destroy the sexual relationship. As psychologist Howard L. Philp pointed out, the nature of deep, abiding love cannot be judged by experience in "this temporary intercourse."

Other trial marriages end in parting because of their on-trial atmosphere—particularly irksome to persons who resent being made to stand before such a bar of judgment. "Ten points for making beds, twenty-five points for baking an apple pie, fifty points for a luscious kiss," one trial-marriage wife complained. "The kindergarten where they gave us Teddy bears for good behavior was more adult than this."

Still others part as a result of the strain caused by the furtiveness and ambiguity of the relationship. One woman recalls: "During our trial marriage, we lived in the same house where my husband, a publicist, had lived alone. It became my home, but not my official address. Our friends accepted us, yet he never let me answer the phone, for fear some business associate or member of the family might ask embarrassing questions. We were trying out how natural we could be with each other, but I must say that we were doing it in a most unnatural way."

Or the denouement may come about as a result of the wish to please, the desire to "make good." This wish is present early in any marriage, but is greatly intensified in trial marriages, when *not* pleasing can be all too decisive. While the extrovert in such a relationship keeps looking to see "How is he (or she) doing?" the introvert lives in a perpetual frenzy of "Am I doing all right?"

Failure may also result from not giving the relationship enough time. As Dr. Martin Symonds, Karen Horney Clinic psychiatrist, says, "You can't put a deadline on a relationship. You can't even say, 'Let's be friends for three weeks, three months, or three years.' Human relationships must be allowed to grow."

Some trial marriages fail because of outside pressures. One mother, who was in favor of her daughter's trial marriage, reports, "I would not do it again. Today, my daughter is happily married, but the trial relationship was a trial for everybody. There were too many lifted eyebrows, too many busybody landladies, too many aunts and uncles who asked too many questions." Dr. Ernest G. Osborne, Professor of Education (Teachers College, Columbia University), admits: "I have known a few young couples who have come through a trial marriage without emotional damage—but only a few. Many more are torn, because of their upbringing, by feelings of right and wrong, of guilt and hostility. The trial marriage seems to be unwise, not because it is immoral, but because it doesn't work. The impact of our entire culture is too strongly against it."

Psychiatrists claim the same tendencies that lead to wrong choice of husband lead to wrong choice of trial partner.

Those in favor of these liaisons have, in their support, the proven sociological fact that the longer the two partners know each other before marriage, the greater the probability of their happiness afterward. They believe, as does Dr. Harold Greenwald, that "The trial marriage improves the legal marriage and steps down the number of divorces." Taking a more moderate stand, Dr. Dominick A. Barbara, a well-known New York psychoanalyst and author, says: "A trial period can sometimes resolve conflicts before marriage and betray imperfections."

Sleeping Together Isn't Enough

Some advocates stress not only the effectiveness of such a relationship, but the absolute necessity for it. Says Dr. Albert Ellis, a psychologist who is today's most vigorous champion of the trial marriage, "To marry a man or woman you've slept with is better than to marry one with whom you've only gone to the theater. But just sleeping together is not enough. I want to see a law stating that no marriage license should be granted until a couple can show evidence of having lived under the same roof in a successful *domestic*, as well as sexual, relationship for a period of at least one year. In the course of that year, good behavior would prove something more than histrionic achievement."

Lord Bertrand Russell beat the same drum when, some thirty years ago, he urged: "It seems absurd to ask people to enter upon a relationship intended to be lifelong, without any previous knowledge as to their sexual compatibility. It is just as absurd as it would be if a man intending to buy a house were not allowed to view it until he had completed the purchase."

Those who oppose these unlegalized liaisons see them as morality gone rampant—a travesty of marriage. "A theological nonentity," charges Monsignor Kelly. "Though we accept sin as a fact of life, the purveyors of the trial-marriage philosophy ask us to make it the *law* of life. Trial marriage is a disease that can take us where immorality took the Roman Empire." Episcopal Bishop James Pike warns: "The trouble with trial marriage is that it is *not* marriage. Unless the positive ingredients of pooling hope and fear, strength and weakness are present, what is being tried is not marriage, whatever

else it is." Says Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath, President of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, "It may once again become stylish to experiment with the so-called trial marriage, but it will never become right, no matter how mature or intelligent it may sound. Human beings are something more than objects of experimentation, even if they themselves are the experimenters. They remain warm bundles of emotion, and complex psychological structures. They laugh and cry, remember and mourn, and are possessed of a unique capacity to show abiding concern. Animals mate; humans love. Animals spawn; humans sensitize and spiritualize their spawning. Neither the IBM Corporation nor the Bronx Zoo can duplicate that."

Psychiatrists who are opposed to trial marriage argue that the conflicts that exist in the trial perpetuate themselves in the marriage. "The very psychomasochistic tendencies that lead to the wrong choice of a husband or wife," warns Dr. Edmund Bergler, "also lead to the wrong choice of trial-marriage partners. Since these tendencies are unconscious, trial-marriage periods are worthless."

There is the argument, too, that the trial period has little to do with the marriage that follows, and that the *hidden* reason for the trial often has nothing to do with the *stated* reason. "The trial can be good, the marriage bad," says Dr. Murray Bowen, an eminent psychiatrist and former Chief of the Family Study Section of the National Institute of Mental Health. "The whole premarital relationship," he says, "may be nothing more than a dalliance-action that expresses fear of the point of no return. It is an evasion of marriage, like a too-long engagement."

Unnatural Trials

There is also the firmly held psychiatric opinion that the test is invalidated because the trial relationship is unnatural. Dr. Nathan W. Ackerman, a noted psychiatrist who specializes in family relationships, sums up the case: "While it is in the first phase of marriage, before the arrival of children, that a marriage is made or broken, it is impossible to live this first phase outside of marriage. Marriage cannot be play-acted on a tentative basis."

Irrespective of the alleged emotional hazards and moral irresponsibility, some trial marriages *do* work. At their best, they are pro-marriage rather than anti-marriage, and they represent a genuine desire for a permanent commitment. Trial marriages also reflect an emerging trend among young people who regard promiscuity as immoral, but sex combined with love as moral. They at least offset hasty, short-acquaintance marriages—the ones which are most likely to end in divorce.

Nevertheless, can human beings be so calculating as to "prepackage" happiness? Can they successfully put themselves into test tubes to measure and appraise compatibility? Is it desirable to do so under circumstances that cannot be a true facsimile of the marriage that follows? Nobody can be sure that trial periods actually solve problems in advance of marriage. There is, among family counselors, a feeling that the free association of dating, courtship, and engagement in our Western society offers trial enough. But there is also a growing conviction among sociologists that, as Waller and Hill put it, "One might safely postulate that the basic cause of divorce today is faulty mate selection and inadequate preparation for a companionate type of marriage. The reorganization of dating and courtship systems is called for."

Certainly, too, the impetus for trial marriage is spurred by what Judson T. Landis, Professor of Family Sociology in the Nutrition and Home Economics Department of the University of California, calls an "emerging single standard of courtship behavior." Trial marriage has also flourished under the impact of the general challenge to ethics and morals by the Kinsey reports on male and female sex habits; the new interpretations by clergymen and religious philosophers of the strict moral code of yesterday: and the reduction of fears of pregnancy occasioned by Enovid, the first oral contraceptive upon which the Food and Drug Administration placed its stamp of approval.

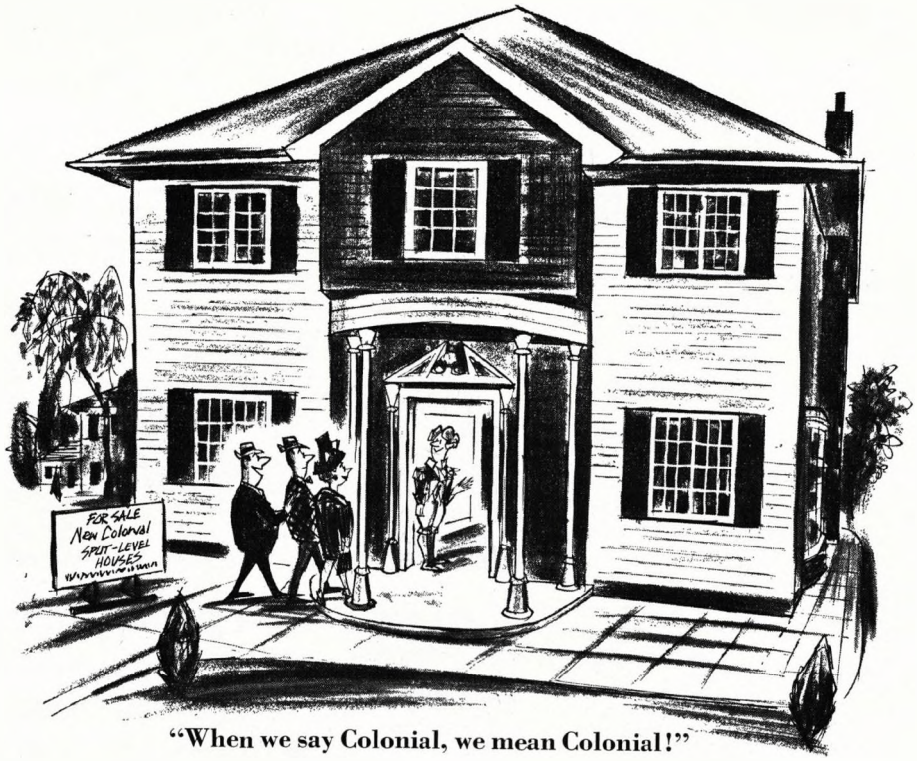
Where do we stand? Are we really accepting a new morality? *Should* we accept it? Are we, like some primitive peoples, beginning to regard virginity in a bride as a sure sign that she lacks charm? Are we moving to fulfill a prophecy that Dr. John B. Watson, one of psychology's early greats, made some thirty-four years ago: "In fifty years, unless there is some change, the tribal custom of marriage will no longer exist"?

Trial marriages fail because of deep-rooted guilt, embarrassment, and the expectation of failure itself.

One point is clear: the experimental attitude toward marriage deserves attention from everyone. Not only is it a growing phenomenon in its own right, but it also puts modern marriage itself on trial. For, whatever else it means, each trial relationship reflects a profound distrust of marriage, vintage 1962.

Yet trial marriage itself is under heavy fire. The case for it is that, by resolving conflicts before marriage or in the early years of marriage, it leads to better marriages and so reduces the number of divorces, but the prosecution, noting that it violates the deepest tenets of the Judaeo-Christian tradition, charges that it is not only immoral, but also inhuman and ineffective.

As for those who have lived and are living through it—the honest experimenters and the dilettantes, the escapists from responsibility and the searchers for truth—behind them all looms their Olympian desire to outwit the grim fate of a bad marriage. Yet, fate often remains an invincible adversary and the trial marriage, however satisfying, bears but a distant relation to a real marriage. THE END

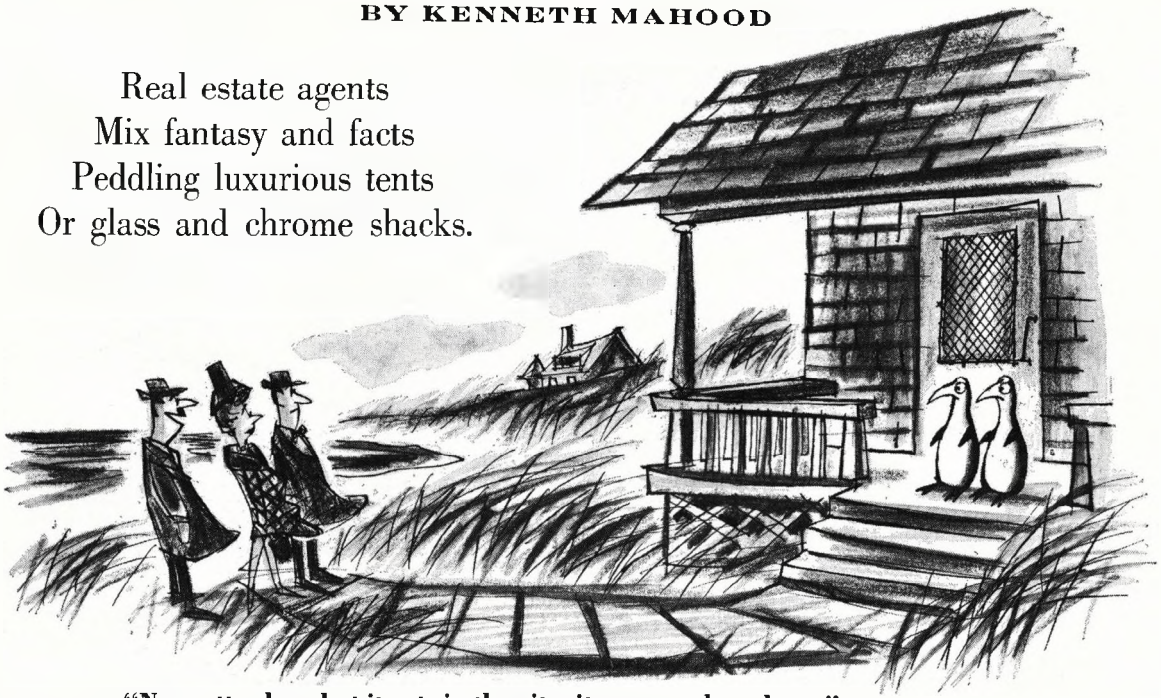


"When we say Colonial, we mean Colonial!"

The Twenty-Year Mortgage

BY KENNETH MAHOOD

Real estate agents
Mix fantasy and facts
Peddling luxurious tents
Or glass and chrome shacks.



"No matter how hot it gets in the city, it stays cool out here."

"That's as far as we will go; suburbanite, yes—exurbanite, no!"

"... and as an added inducement, we've included a few extras that you don't find in the ordinary house on the market today."

"Reverend, you must admit heaven on earth is pretty hard to find."

A CUP FOR REMEMBRANCE

Sometimes it's too easy to forget. Life changes, and we think everything is changed. . . . But then a tangled thread of memory of the past convinces us that some things never change.

BY ALMA SCOTT ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

Virginia and I were in her patio, enjoying that pleasant hour just before the kids get home from school. When you've known each other as long as we have, there's seldom any real news, so we just share the odds and ends of living.

With me, it's usually something one of the three boys has done, and with Virginia it's usually Karen. And since Karen was about to be married, the talk kept coming back to her that afternoon.

"We went in to San Francisco yesterday, Anne," Virginia said lightly. Too lightly, but I didn't catch it right away. She looked quite as usual: thoughtful and restrained, with the gentleness of brown eyes and a small-boned face framed with light hair. Her sandaled foot set the glider moving a little. "Karen wanted to pick out some things for the apartment," she went on. One hand caught the glider still, and she laughed. A small, catching laugh, the kind you make when you know something's funny even if it hurts.

"She wanted to pick out her wedding dishes. And she did . . . a really *good* set of plastic!"

Well, I laughed, too, knowing what Virginia meant. We were brought up to think of china and sterling as a bride's dream. I'm thirty-six and Virginia only thirty-eight, so I found it mildly amusing to discover we were as antiquated as horsecars and antimacassars.

"Very practical," I grinned. "It sounds like Karen." As soon as I said it, I was sorry; I try never to voice any opinion of Karen. I know how troubled Virginia is, anyway, and right then I could see the familiar despair in her brown eyes.

It would be different if Karen were really her daughter, but she's not. Karen was Virginia's brother's child; her father was killed in the war, and her mother, in an auto accident. So Karen, at eight, came to Virginia and Clint, the child they'd always wanted and couldn't have.

It should have worked out wonderfully, because they really loved that child. But it didn't. Maybe Karen was too old for the change, or perhaps her mother's neglect had already isolated her. And maybe she was just born bright and brittle and don't-touch-me.

Karen was thirteen when they moved out here to California, just a few blocks from where we were already living. And even in the pleasure of being reunited with Virginia and Clint, I had to accept seeing Virginia hurt, and keep my mouth shut. Because the one thing Virginia couldn't face was the certainty that Karen would never return her love. Clint has his work as a C.P.A.; Virginia has only Karen.

Still, I couldn't see why she should care what kind of dishes Karen chose, and it wasn't like her to make so much of a little thing. She stood up then, and suddenly I understood.

"Why don't I make us some tea, Anne?" she said, and I thought: *The blue Wedgwood. Of course. How could I forget that?*

"I'd love tea," I said automatically. I watched her walk toward the house, wondering if she had consciously made the connection herself. Or did she, too, think of the lovely blue china only as part of her gracious dining room now?

It's funny. You get used to today, and the things that once seemed so important diminish to mere possessions, part of a well-equipped house. You forget. The Second World War, the way you lived then, seem part of another life.

But it wasn't another life. Virginia's reaction to the plastic, my recognition of her feeling were reminders that we were the same people; what happened then happened to us.

I don't suppose Karen could ever understand Virginia's reaction; that's part of the gulf between them. But I could, because I was there to share that other time when the blue china was all Virginia had to remind her of the kind of life we lead now. When we were as young as Karen is now, and learned so much. Or thought we did.

The Wedgwood and Virginia . . . Wilmington and May Belle. My thoughts went instantly to that day in Wilmington, as though there must be some useful meaning in that sharply poignant memory. I hadn't thought of May Belle for years, but as I sat looking at the redwood-and-brick house, not really seeing it, I couldn't help searching back for the tangled threads linking that day to today.

Do you remember? Do you remember . . . It always makes me think of the song Beatrice Lillie sings. But you don't have to be very old to remember the War, if you were as young as we were then. And I was only eighteen when Bob and I

After the boys left, it was impossible. May Belle just settled into the brown velure chair, listening to the radio and knitting.

A CUP FOR REMEMBRANCE (continued)

were married, right after he graduated from the Air Force cadets. If you remember, then you know why we wouldn't wait, and why my parents gave us their reluctant consent.

And you know that when I say I knew Virginia when she didn't have a bathroom to her name, it's more than a joke; it happens to be true. There were three couples sharing the one in the flat in Wilmington, Delaware, where we lived.

It seems incredible now that we could have felt so lucky to have the flat, but when Bob drew an assignment to the Air Transport Command we felt so blessed with luck that we'd have lived in a tent just to be together. The flat was better than that and, when Bob was made copilot on Clint Newell's crew, we were invited to share it.

Three bedrooms, a living room furnished in attic antique, a big kitchen more or less supplied with odd dishes and flatware. It was the dishes that Virginia minded most, more than the crowded bathroom or the broken-down furniture.

Each of us had his peculiarity, as each of us had something impractical he carried along: mine was a battered phonograph and records. Bob had a set of Shakespeare. Clint had his cameras and albums. Ellen and Hal Corley, the third couple, had framed pictures of their Boston relatives.

Maybe we all carried along what we couldn't bear to forget. Some talisman of a real existence. With Virginia it was the Wedgwood china, delicate and lovely. I could understand; we both came from Detroit although we hadn't known each other there, and I knew where she lived. I could fill in the background of white linens, sterling, the Duncan Phyfe table.

We teased Virginia about the Wedgwood, as we teased Ellen about her Boston accent, but we loved it. With all the strangeness of living together, it made us feel we all cherished the same values, the dream of a peacetime home after the war.

The flat was crowded, but we were young; in the too-short intervals that the boys were there, we cooked and talked and were very close. But it was when they left again, vanishing suddenly into the dark silence of wartime, that we who were left behind knew how much the closeness meant. I would think: *Clint is a good pilot; it's a good crew.* And try not to think of the things that could happen even to a good crew. The sand in the gas supply, enemy fighters and submarines, the engines failing in mid-Atlantic. . . .

After they left, we would go back to the flat together to wait, two weeks or four, or longer; no one knew. Ellen and I helped at the hospital, and Virginia served at the housing bureau, small activities to relieve the feeling of life suspended. But that first evening we needed something more than busyness. We cooked eggs or soup, saving ration points, but the table was set with blue Wedgwood and we put good music on the phonograph.

To this day, when I hear Beethoven's Sixth Symphony, the Pastoral, my throat gets tight and I glance at the telephone instinctively, with pure hatred.

Oh yes, we had a telephone. The crew had to be alerted to leave. We were lucky. And sometimes, staring at the cold, black instrument of torture that refused to ring with news of them, I almost wished Bob would go overseas. Almost.

We were lucky. There were men in the Marianas and on Guam who didn't come home. We were lucky, but, when the telephone was silent too long, we felt fear and futility twist inside.

We didn't say any of that, of course. Like women everywhere, we worked at creating a home for the boys to return to. It seemed very important to keep what permanence there was intact against the ever-present threat of separation or disaster; it was our only defense. The familiar decencies, the china and good music, clean linens, were antidotes to the chaos of the world outside.

And then, everything changed. Hal Corley was transferred, and Ellen went home to Boston. And May Belle came.

We didn't know it when Clint first told us about it, but with May Belle the war was entering our lives in a new way.

Clint and Bob had just come from the base that day, tired from a long flight from Scotland, but too edgy to relax. Clint kept turning the radio on and off, his broad face tight.

"I want Luke Henderson as navigator in Hal's place," he said abruptly. "If I get him, he and May Belle can move in here."

"*May Belle.* From Meridian. Miss-is-sip-pi." Virginia's normally pleasant voice gave it a distinctly nasal twang, and I caught on. Clint and Virginia had lived in Meridian for a year. Few towns look good in wartime; add to that the ghastly places where military personnel had to live, and you could see why Virginia didn't like Meridian. Still, I thought then, there are lots of nice southerners as there are nice people everywhere. May Belle might be very nice.

I forgot that Virginia apparently knew May Belle.

She looked at Clint, and she didn't argue. Crews certainly didn't need to live together, but Clint liked it that way: he felt it made them more of a team. And if Clint wanted it, she would have lived with a gorilla. You have only to think of your loved one flying across the vast Atlantic toward the tiny speck of Ascension Island, to know why.

Luke Henderson joined the crew, and they moved in.

Virginia and I had determined to be nice to May Belle, but from the moment she walked in, it was impossible. She was quite pretty, in a pale blonde way, but she was loud, vulgar, dressed (when she got around to dressing) in sleezy, too-tight dresses. And she was plain, everyday dirty. The one bathroom became a horror of spilled powder, loose hair, and gray scum in tub and washbowl.

We did try, but May Belle's pale blue eyes mocked our efforts to be charitable; she seemed to exaggerate her slovenliness just to annoy us. And it did. Getting to know people so different, from so many places and ways of life, was exciting and fun when it was out at the air base. Living with someone so unlike us was something else again.

Luke was a darling: lean, loose-jointed, with a delightful dry humor. But wherever had he found *her*? Well, Bob told me that: in a beer joint the boys went to in Meridian. But why? Luke wasn't handsome, but he was charming and educated, and we knew his father had left him a trust fund so that he could finish medical school after the war. May Belle a doctor's wife back in Elmira, New York? It made us laugh, without amusement.

For the truth was, we felt May Belle had taken advantage of Luke's loneliness, as happened so often in those days. Our dislike of her was abetted by sympathy for Luke. Her mocking disparagement of the values we tried to hold on to seemed evidence enough that she would destroy Luke just as carelessly.

We were young, with no recourse except to tolerate May Belle with a politeness that fooled no one. Luke could see she didn't fit in, and he was miserable, but we told ourselves it was better for him to discover his mistake right away. We felt sorry for Luke.

When the boys were home it was bad enough, but after they left, it was impossible. May Belle just settled into the brown velure chair, listening to the radio and knitting.

Oh, that knitting. I've said we all carried something around. Luke had a set of books he never opened and a gun he'd used for hunting, back home. May Belle had her knitting.

She was very good at it, her fingers clicking the needles in and out, in and out. But what she knitted were argyle socks, and, if you remember, the military wore uniforms even off duty then. Argyle socks, utterly useless to Luke. It figured.

We couldn't shape any home life with May Belle sitting there, and we stopped trying. We worked extra time at our jobs. We thought about the boys coming home together, and bit back the angry words.

But Virginia put the Wedgwood away, out of sight in the cupboard.

I knew how she felt about that china, and I didn't blame her. It represented something to her, something May Belle couldn't understand or respect.

Three long, difficult months went by and then it was November. The crew came home for a week, and, four days before Thanksgiving, they left again. All at once, it was too much; I couldn't face the holiday, without Bob, at the flat.

Virginia and I were both on the Red Arrow that night, sitting up in a crowded day coach. Going home. For the first time since Bob and I were married, I was going home.

Our parents were at the station to meet us, and we separated. And everything was just as I'd dreamed it: Mom and Dad, my sister Sally with her husband and children. Turkey, and talk, and the big square brick house filled with warmth and serenity, despite the undercurrents of wartime demands.

And yet by the day after Thanksgiving, I knew I was going back, not staying until Bob phoned as I'd planned. It was hard to explain, but I think Mom understood; at least she didn't argue.

I called Virginia, and I can remember I wasn't even surprised when she said she'd go with me. We met at the station, and kissed our parents good-by, blinking back tears. Yet we left without a backward glance.

The return trip was a slow unwinding of the first, and we talked. I tried to tell her my feeling, but I didn't need the words; Virginia knew. Going home had been like looking at an old snapshot of yourself that makes you realize, suddenly, how much you have changed. Too much had happened to us, with marriage, the war; we couldn't fit into the old childhood security. Our real life was the one we were making right then, with all its instability; we felt the challenge of that life pushing us into uncharted paths. And vaguely, we felt a stirring of the willingness to accept that challenge.

Perhaps that explains our sense of hurry, taking a cab from the station in Wilmington. But when we went up the dark front steps and into the flat, everything was just what we should have expected.

There was May Belle, sitting in the velure chair in a bathrobe, with the knitting in her hands and a great pile of candy-kiss wrappers on the table beside her. Not only that, an ash tray overflowing with cigarette butts. It even smelled bad in the room.

I felt a curious disappointment, a letdown that slowly spread into anger, as though somehow May Belle had deliberately destroyed our vague, but genuine, wish to be tolerant.

"You're back. Cain't have had much of a time in Dee-troit," May Belle said; she flipped the sock she was knitting airily, but her light eyes had a flat, animal-like hostility. I could sense Virginia's anger matching my own, even before she spoke.

"It smells like a zoo in here," she said, and the very control of her low voice made the fury obvious. She walked over to one of the side windows and opened it, and the candy wrappers drifted to the floor. May Belle didn't say anything, but the mockery in her pale blue eyes suddenly charged the room with a tension almost palpable, as though the ugly smell was that of an electrical storm about to break, with all the pent-up resentments and frustrations of three months exploding into words.

Virginia dropped her coat on the couch

and went into the kitchen; I guessed she was going after a broom. She was mad enough to sweep up those candy wrappers right in front of May Belle.

I heard a queer, choking sound. I was slipping out of my own fur jacket, and I pulled it back on as I started for the kitchen. She must have been hurt. . . .

Virginia was standing beside the broom closet, her hand braced against the door. White-faced, stunned, she was looking at the table.

A chicken, crusted with grease, lay stiffly at the center. Surrounding it, like drab imitations of a Thanksgiving color picture, were potatoes and soggy vegetables, slabs of corn bread. And every dish on the table, every dish on the old white sinkboard nearby, was of lovely, fragile Wedgwood.

None of the food looked to have been touched, except to smear it around and make a deliberate mess.

Virginia looked at me, in her brown eyes a plea for something rational, an explanation. It could only be senseless spite . . . yet May Belle couldn't know we'd be back in less than two weeks. Would it have stayed right there, waiting for us? A shiver went down my spine at the thought of so much antagonism.

No. I felt sure, at once, that there had to be another explanation than spite, something outside the rational framework in which we thought. And slowly, dreadfully, perception grew within.

The candy wrappers, the cigarette butts loading the ash tray, the animal flatness of her pale eyes. I closed my own eyes, and saw what had edged itself into my consciousness before: the argyle sock in May Belle's fingers. A misshapen, enormous sock that neither Luke nor anyone else could wear. As though she had been sitting there knitting, knitting, not even seeing it.

Sitting there alone for days, with that telephone, the radio giving out a constant "*We-interrupt-this-program-to-bring-you . . .*" but never with news of Luke. Waiting, not even sure Luke would come back . . . to her.

That crazy dinner, with no one to eat it, like a last desperate gasp before the walls of fear and loneliness closed in. It was all there, for even very young eyes to see, and I wasn't feeling very young any more. I looked at Virginia, and knew she saw it, too.

But what could we say? May Belle could meet anger with defiance, but she couldn't accept pity from us. I felt a ridiculous hope that the telephone might ring, something might happen, to divert us all. But I knew it wouldn't; we were caught helplessly in our own anger. No one else could take the burden of responsibility away.

Virginia brushed at a lock of light hair, her eyes intense with thought. Then she turned and went on, and I followed her numbly.

"I'm glad you thought to use the good china, May Belle," she said; there was no hint that she'd noticed anything strange. "I should have told you to, but I guess I'm silly about it because I'm not as used to having it as some people are. I know they say it has to be used, or it goes dull. Like sterling, I suppose."

I held my breath; May Belle would never buy that. But she did.

"Why shuah. I thought ever'body knew that." Her mouth pulled down, and some of the flatness left her eyes. "Back home, we use it ever' day. My grandma says there's plenty more where it come from."

I doubt that she believed it, or cared, any more than we did; she caught at the idea the way a person balanced at the edge of a grim precipice might catch at a flimsy rope. And so did we.

You'd think the boys would notice the difference in the atmosphere of the flat, but they just came in and settled down to flying talk. Bob did tease me some, the first night he was home, about my liking May Belle now.

"She's crazy about Luke." I told him, as though that explained everything; to me it did. Perhaps we would never have any more in common than the knowledge of what it meant to love and to wait in helpless fear for the loved one's return, but that was enough. Nothing else was important. But I didn't say any of this to Bob; there were so many things we never said then.

That Christmas, the boys were gone, and I think we all shut away any memory of it. Except one: Christmas morning we opened a few presents, just the ones from each other. In mine, and in Virginia's, we found a pair of argyle socks.

"They're for after the war," May Belle said tersely, but we already knew why she had knitted them. Having nothing from the past to cherish, she held on to the future, with Luke.

I carried those socks with me when the crews were split up and Bob was sent to Maine, and later to California. They were long worn out, vanished with the countless pairs that one man and three boys go through, before Clint and Virginia moved out here. By that time, Bob had his Master's and was teaching, and Clint was well established as a C.P.A. May Belle and the socks were almost forgotten in today's so-different life.

We forget. Life changes, and we think everything is changed. But as I watched Virginia come back through the patio door, carrying a tray, I thought: some things don't change. Bob still loves to read. Clint still turns himself single-mindedly to whatever his job is, and when I am depressed I listen to music as always. So it wasn't strange, then, that Virginia should still treasure the china that to her has a traditional sense of value. Not money-value, either.

And it wasn't so strange that Karen's choice of plastic should disturb her out of all proportion, perhaps without conscious thought of the Wedgwood. Karen's choice emphasized the gulf between them, a gulf made irremediable now that Karen was leaving.

In the years I've known her, Karen hasn't changed either; she always did have a remote, don't-touch-me insularity. Since graduation from high school, she had been taking a business course, but all they had to teach her was typing and shorthand; she already had the cool courtesy of an important secretary. And since her engagement to Warren Sanford, she had made no secret of her impatience to be married.

She was going off without a single backward glance . . . not even the small affectionate regret that would have erased the hurt from Virginia's eyes. There are times that raising three boys can be rough indeed, but I've thanked my stars often to have them, and not Karen.

I moved the ash tray from the outdoor coffee table, and Virginia set the tray down carefully. The blue Wedgwood was lovely against the white linen tray cover.

"I brought both lemon and milk," she said. "I couldn't remember which you used in your tea. Isn't that silly?"

"We haven't had tea for a long while." I said absently. I was looking at the Wedgwood, and remembering all the times I had seen it, and how long ago it all had been. And how much it had meant, when it was all Virginia had to remind her of the kind of life we now lead, and which we now take for granted.

I was thinking of that day in Wilmington, and the depths of compassion and wisdom revealed beneath Virginia's youthful exterior then. And wishing that I could find some of the same wisdom to offer her now.

I could assure her that Karen's choice of plastic meant nothing except that her tastes were quite different. But Virginia would agree to that, quickly and reasonably, and there would still be the wordless sense of failure in all her efforts to be a mother to Karen.

It did seem that we must learn from experience, but I couldn't find the words to turn Virginia's understanding of May Belle into an equal understanding of Karen now. Karen was too close to her.

I sat back, sipping the hot, fragrant tea, then held the cup down to look at it.

"Do you hear from May Belle?" I asked suddenly. "May Belle Henderson?"

Over her teacup, Virginia's eyes looked startled; she set the cup down, smiling a little as she saw the connection.

"Oh. I'd forgotten. We did used to hear. You know, a card at Christmas with a few lines on it. They were in Elmira. Luke's in general practice there, and they have two lovely little girls; their pictures were on the card one year. Luke's and May Belle's, too; Luke's getting bald and May Belle was quite plump. Contented-looking."

"They made it, then. I'm glad." I drank my tea slowly, thinking of those last weeks in the flat when May Belle worked so hard, covertly and almost defiantly, to adapt herself. And remembering, too, that terrible day when we very nearly pushed her over the edge of sanity, in our blind, young anger. Because, in her loneliness and fear, she had misused a few pieces of china!

Do you remember . . . do you remember . . . then you're much older than I . . . but Virginia isn't much older, and I could see that she remembered, too. There was a shadow across her eyes.

"She was crazy about Luke," I said then; suddenly I knew how I could find the words I needed. And I knew why, of all the people I've known, it was May Belle to whom my thoughts instinctively had turned: mere words alone can never carry the conviction of something experienced and shared.

"That's *why* they made it, don't you see?" I went on. "Because she did love Luke so much!" I leaned forward, urgently. "Virginia, does Karen love Warren that way? Do you think she does?" It was a dangerous question, because I wasn't sure myself that she was capable of love. But Virginia nodded at once.

"Yes. Yes, I know she does, Anne." Her gaze was very sure, but obviously she was puzzled at my vehemence. I smiled, and sat back.

"Then that's all that really matters, isn't it?" I knew she would follow my unspoken affirmative: if May Belle could change, then Karen could. If Karen could love, deeply and truly, she could grow with love into an acceptance of love from others. This was one thing Virginia could believe in, could trust.

There were a lot of things I wanted to add: that Karen would take with her all the good that Virginia and Clint had given her, and the differences would fade away. That the values Virginia had tried to instill were far more important than an appreciation of fine china. But I didn't need to say any of it.

"Thank you, Anne," Virginia said quietly; her eyes were clear and thoughtful. "You'd think I'd learned that, wouldn't you? But we learn, and forget, and make the same mistakes all over again. I keep losing my perspective in little things that don't matter. And I suppose we all resist the idea that the young generation has to live life directly and be shaped by it, not by our experience." She sat a moment, silent; I felt sure she was thinking of Karen, not alone, but as part of that generation. Then she smiled at me. "We forget how easily we left our parents, too."

I thought of that train ride back to Wilmington; it was true. I'll try to remember, a few years from now, but I suspect I'll forget again.

A long shadow from the almond tree was almost touching the edge of the flagstone terrace, and my thoughts had already turned to the immediate need to get home before the boys did, when Virginia spoke again.

"I'll tell you something that will please you, Anne," she said, keeping me a moment longer. "Something you don't know, apparently. Remember the southern names May Belle told us about? The double first names? Well, May Belle gave her first little girl one. . . . Virginia Anne."

I was pleased; I don't know when anything has pleased me so much. After all the insensitivity, the immature blindness . . . I couldn't swallow for a foolish lump in my throat.

"I sent her a baby present from both of us," Virginia went on; she knew why I didn't answer. "You can guess what it was, too. A blue Wedgwood cup."

Not a very practical present for a baby, but it was the perfect present for May Belle. It isn't the practical things you cherish and carry with you because they have a meaning you can't bear to forget. It's the books, the battered phonograph, the gun that reminds you of pheasant shooting back home. The pictures of Boston relatives. And the argyle socks that won't be of any use until the war is over and you have your man home to stay.

Virginia Anne may never see the cup as anything but a nuisance, too delicate for an up-to-date, functional house.

But May Belle will. May Belle remembers, too. THE END

The Bridge

Every heart has its secret—and Laura had never told hers until that day on the bridge. It was the day after her nineteenth birthday....

BY PETER S. FEIBLEMAN ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McCLELLAND

It belonged to George and me; I don't know why I went to see it that day.

I had been to see the bridge four times in the last year—and each time I only stopped and watched it from the bank of the canal, and then walked home. I never went nearer than fifty feet below the bridge, on the grassy jagged place that touches the black canal water, the water smelling of tar and mud and worse, empty things, and I would stand there with the wet wind catching my skirt, throwing it from side to side, not seeing me; and I would feel as thick and blind and empty as the wind. I don't know why I picked the day after my nineteenth birthday, and just started walking; and walked all the way to the bridge.

It is a short, chunky, dark wood bridge over the narrow canal that runs into the lake, just outside of town. There is never anyone on it. People prefer to use the two other better bridges—both of them larger, made of steel, and sturdier looking than this one.

Facing downstream, to the left, is a long paved street that runs parallel to the canal; and next to that a fence made of mesh metal, and across the fence a cemetery four miles wide. Through the cemetery fence you can see pruned trees, and sometimes the soft sheen of the mausoleums and white clam-shell paths against the deep sweet green of winter grass. But on the other side of the canal there are only a few high wild trees and some unkempt small houses; and then more houses, and beyond them the wide, gaping curve of the lake. Straight ahead, where the canal and the lake meet, is the city Yacht Club.

It is an ordinary club, the same as any yacht club in any other Southern city on the water. It is an ordinary dank canal and an ordinary bridge.

And I started walking from uptown at four o'clock in the dusty shining November afternoon. A usual late fall day, drab, turning cold. A blinding gray sky like solid tin, unchanging, flat—senseless and airless—with pale yellow edges. It made you feel frozen on the ground.

I crossed the street from the University, and began to move along the rough gray pavement under the line of hackberry trees; I wasn't thinking about the bridge. I didn't really know where my mind was.

I wasn't even trying not to think about George.

I was cold inside, and walking.

I had gone about three miles when a blue convertible pulled over; the driver was smiling. A medical student from the University. I had seen him around the campus. "No thanks," I said.

He kept talking, and talking.

"I don't want a lift, thanks," I said. "I'm not going anywhere in particular. I want to walk."

He smiled again. "Hey," he said, "you, Miss Special. Where do you go at night?"

"Home," I said.

"That right? She just goes home?" The smile turned wet. "Honey, a girl who looks like you just goes on *home?*"

I began to walk again.

"Hey now," the man said. He was following very slowly in the car, with his head out the window. There was another man, silent, sitting on the seat next to him; cheekbones in a long, bleak face.

The driver said: "You never talk to anybody? Is that a fact? Come on now, a girl with your . . ."

So I had to stop again; and I stood and turned, and looked at him full in the face.

He opened his mouth to speak, and then he saw my eyes, and the smile disappeared. He put a hand up. "Okay," he said. "Never mind."

And it was only after he had jerked the car into gear and driven away that I knew I had been thinking about George and that I was going to the bridge.

I went on walking.

We went on walking. . . .

But nothing happened till we were fifteen.

George was the only person I ever knew who put salt on potato chips. He put salt on everything.

I hated salt. George Taylor had a middle name he didn't use. "Tyson," I said once, "you shouldn't pour like that before you taste it."

"I just happen to like salt," George said, "and my name is just *George*." I knew he didn't approve of his middle name.

We went on walking.

When George Taylor and I were nine, he did something to upset me once a week. I was the only girl he ever walked with, he loved me, and one morning he put a garter snake in my clothes locker.

After we were thirteen, he stopped pretending to meet me by accident on the way home from school; he waited outside the classroom instead. He walked me home, along the canal, every day. I didn't like him much then. His family was very wealthy. He had too many mus-

"I think you're just private," he said. "There are private people. I don't think you're strange."

The Bridge (continued)

cles, and a scrawny mind. He knew my father was a pharmacist because my father worked in the same drugstore that sent prescription medicines to his father's house, and it was only after he was thirteen that George quit waiting till a bottle was empty so he could soak off the label and throw it at me as a spitball. But even after he stopped, I didn't like him much, and once he said: "Are you in love with anybody?"

"No," I told him. We went on walking.

We were going along the canal, by the cemetery, to the bridge. A hard, glassy, summer afternoon, full of hot sounds and crickets. Big bugs and things were moving the dark cemetery grass on my left, and on George's right I could see the glint of the sky in the black canal water.

"I was told you were in love with somebody," he said. "That's what they told me."

"They told you wrong." I wasn't much interested, and I didn't believe him anyway.

"With . . . somebody. Somebody." Trying to sound bored.

I didn't say anything.

"Just *some*body," he said.

I shrugged. There was an oyster barge going up the canal, and I watched a chip in the side where some of the oysters had spilled out. One of them dropped into the water while I was looking.

"You want to know who?"

I knew George well enough to know I would never get it out of him by asking. "Who what?"

George made a tired face. "The person it is they told me you were in love with."

"Not really," I said.

"I suppose you don't want to know *who* it is?"

"Nope."

"Harry Fenway," George said. He yawned.

"Don't gap," I said. "Put a hand over your mouth." I was getting annoyed. He had a habit of yawning on purpose, and it was a hot afternoon.

George yawned again. Then he said: "It's supposed to be true that girls mature faster than boys, but I don't see it."

"Don't?"

"No," George said. "Frankly, I don't see it."

This Harry Fenway was two years ahead of us, and an all-around popular person, and I knew George was making the whole story up to test me just because he had seen me talking to Harry that morning. So I let him.

He said: "I suppose soon you're going to think you're ready to start going out on dates with older people. I suppose you'll *try* and date *older* boys just so you can prove you can."

"Could be," I said.

George cleared his throat. "Like . . . what's-his-name. You know who I mean. Harry Fenway," he said.

I didn't say anything.

"Would you go out with him if he asked you?"

"Who?"

"*Harry Fenway*."

"Could be," I said.

George picked up some speed. The sun looked as if it were melting in a flat white sky. We passed a sweaty, middle-aged man in shirt sleeves who wobbled a little.

"Did you see that man? That man was drunk," George said.

"Yes."

"You should be very thankful I walk you home every day," George said.

"Should I?"

"Girls get raped all the time," he said. "Right out in the middle of the street. You never know who's going to just walk up and rape you."

We had come to the bridge.

George never came further with me than the edge of the water. I only lived two streets on the other side of the canal, past the trees; he always turned and left me where the bridge began and went back up to the canal to where he lived. The Taylors had a house with a big green lawn on one of the expensive residential streets beyond the cemetery. My family's house was on the wrong side of the canal.

"Well," I said. "Good night." I could tell he was hurt.

He waited, and stared at me. He had the biggest eyes I ever saw: the color gray of a sky that is building to storm, with just a few lighter flecks like iron shavings around the edges. He sniffed and leaned over and spit carefully into the canal. We both waited for the splat when it hit. Then he turned his back and walked away.

"That was six years ago." I said.

"What was that, lady?"

I looked up. I had come to an intersection at the foot of Canal Street. I was waiting for a green light, halfway across the street, and I had spoken out loud to a policeman.

"Nothing," I said.

The policeman grinned. "You was talking to yourself. You said, 'Six years ago.' "

"Yes," I said.

"Something happen six years ago?"

"No," I said. "Nothing did."

". . . Oh, come on."

I could tell the policeman was still grinning, but I didn't much care. and he was wrong. It wasn't six years ago that it happened. It was four.

It was only four years ago that . . .

The light turned. and I went on across the street. The policeman stood still. I

could feel his grin against the side of my face as I passed. . . .

Our birthdays were six days apart; the month before we were fifteen, there was a dance which was at Anne Simpson's house.

"You're a very good dancer," George said.

"Am I?"

"You are, actually," he said.

We were doing a slow waltz, and I had on an orange chiffon dress. My mother had made the dress for the party, and I was wearing a corsage of two white gardenias from George.

"You're a good dancer." George said, "because you are naturally lascivious."

"Thanks," I said.

I wasn't sure what it meant, but I knew from the casual, slow way he said it that he had been practicing. George sometimes brought me little presents of new words.

The waltz changed to a fox trot, and we went on dancing.

"Most girls dance like they were leaning forward," he said. "You know what I mean? Like a tent. Your average girl is afraid to use her pelvis."

"Is she?"

"Yup."

"Why?" I said.

George coughed and raised both eyebrows. "Reason is obvious," he said, "it seems to me."

He let go my right hand and put both arms around my waist, and we danced some more.

"Am I afraid to use mine?" I said.

"No." George said, "like I say, you're naturally lascivious. You use your pelvis. A girl should be both lascivious and intelligent." He had heard the whole thing somewhere, and had memorized it.

I did a little bump.

"But I wouldn't go too far," George said. I could feel from his neck that he was beginning to color.

I waited awhile and did another one.

"Why don't we quit for a while," George said. "Feel like a drink?"

We went over to the punch bowl, and George ladled out two glassfuls. Anne Simpson's mother smiled at me. Then we went outside. "I think it's spiked," George said. "Somebody must have spiked it."

"With what?"

He put his tongue in, and folded it back into his mouth. He looked as if he were thinking. Then he nodded. "A fifth of pure gin," he said.

The story had been going around at school all day that somebody was going to slip gin into Anne Simpson's punch, and I had heard it, too, but so had Anne's mother, and she hadn't left the punch bowl all night. It was pure fruit juice and ginger ale with a little white wine.

We walked around an oak, and I pushed the moss out of my face. There was a dark space by the trunk, and George stopped. I stopped beside him.

It was one of the times he wanted to kiss me and didn't know how to begin. George and I hadn't ever necked. He was too shy. He only kissed me on the side of the mouth every Saturday night when he took me home from the movies. Every other time he wanted to, he got confused.

I squeezed his hand, and waited.

"Is that punch glass in your way?" he said.

I gave it to him. He took both the empty glasses in his left hand.

"It was hot inside," he said. "It isn't so hot out here."

I shook my head.

"Actually," he said, "it's cool."

I waited.

George stretched. "Feel like some more punch or something?"

"No, thank you."

"Don't?"

"I don't feel like any more punch," I said.

We stood in the deep oak shadow; George shifted his weight to the other foot and cleared his throat.

"Did you ever happen to see the statistics on necking in The Kinsey Report?" he said.

"No."

We stood awhile. Then he pointed. "Look at that," he said.

I pretended I didn't know what he meant, and turned to look. Anne Simpson and Harry Fenway were sitting in a long garden swing, necking.

"Necking up a storm," George said.

"Yes."

George leaned closer. I stood very still.

"Adults don't neck much," he said. "Only about five minutes before they . . . It's a symptom of immaturity, necking longer than that."

"Is it?" I asked.

We stood and watched Anne and Harry. George shifted his weight to the other foot. "In my opinion, they should be finished by now," he said.

I sighed.

George cleared his throat. "They look so young," he said.

I turned around, and walked back to the house.

"Hey," George said. "You upset or something?"

"No."

We went inside and finished the dance.

And later on, walking home, George said: "Do you want to know what I believe?" And before I could answer, he said: "I don't believe anything. Not any

more. I don't see the balance of the world," he said, "like I used to. Everything is moving too fast. I can't even stop living long enough to catch up with my life. The world is spinning lopsided. It's like the world lost its balance and I can't find it."

"Why not?"

"Just can't seem to," he said. "That's why I don't believe anything."

"Give me a for instance."

"For instance anything," George said. "Your father works in a drugstore. That's worse than if your father worked for my father; every time they send over a new prescription to our house, I don't know what I believe. We have a boat at the Yacht Club and one of the biggest houses around, and you didn't even have a room of your own."

"I have a room now," I said.

I had a room of my own ever since my brother died. My brother was much older than I, and one summer he worked in a garage by the lake, and a truck backed up and hit him while he was walking home. He was thrown into the lake.

"Tell me again about how your brother was killed," George said.

He had made me tell him the story so often, he knew it better than I did. "The doctor told us he was dead before he fell in the water. He was killed instantly, and there wasn't any blood. He didn't drown."

"But your family never got the insurance? They didn't even sue?"

"There wasn't any insurance," I said, "and there wasn't anybody to sue; the man in the truck was poorer than we were."

George lifted both hands, flat, as if he were holding up the sky.

"I don't understand it," he said. "I just don't know what I believe. It seems to me there has to be a balance. There has to be a right and wrong to things. Or else he just died for no reason at all."

I shook my head. "There is never any reason to die," I said.

George made a whistling sound. "How could there be a reason to live, if there wasn't a reason to die?" he said. "Where would the balance be?"

"I don't know."

George raised his shoulders. "There has to be a balance to the world," he said. "It seems to me that everything should balance."

Then he said a funny thing. A thing that didn't follow. He said: "I hate the Yacht Club."

And he didn't talk any more the rest of the way home.

He had never spoken like that to me before; and for a whole two months afterward he wouldn't kiss me good night, even after the movies.

Then I got angry and we hardly talked, and we didn't look at each other, and we were falling in love.

We found out after we were fifteen, in the drugstore on the corner of Wilson and St. Claire. It was almost evening, and I was having a ham sandwich, and George was having a bacon, lettuce, and tomato. I picked the bread off the left half of my sandwich, and when I took the saltcellar in my right hand, I knew.

It took George about a minute and a half longer. Then he just said: "Ham is salty to begin with. I thought you absolutely hated salt."

I hadn't moved. I was staring ahead, holding the cellar upside down over the ham, and it was still pouring. "Yup," I said.

"Thought you didn't like the taste of salt."

"That's right." I said. "I didn't."

George looked at the ham, and then he looked at me. "Hey. That's enough. Why don't you look what you're doing? Why don't you quit pouring it?" he said.

"I don't know."

"Maybe you better quit," George said.

I looked down. There was a reasonable pointed pile of salt about an inch high.

"Quit pouring it. Quit. Just don't sit there crying into that salt," George said. "Look what you're doing. Boy, is that ever a mess."

He reached over and took my wrist, and I opened my hand. The cellar bounced off the table.

"Let's get out," he said.

After we walked a few minutes, he said: "Do you think you will ever love anybody else?"

"No."

"Sure?"

"Yes," I said.

"How can you tell?"

"I don't know," I said. "I just know."

We were going along the canal. The sky was getting dark, and we were walking quickly, hurrying—as if we had someplace to go.

"We're fifteen now," George said. "Can't really tell. I mean you've got a lifetime ahead of you, you might . . ."

"I wouldn't love anybody else, George," I said. It came out flat and simply, as if I were telling him the time.

"Well. All right," George said. "If you say so."

We had come to the bridge.

I sneezed. Then I started to say: "Good night."

But George said: "No."

I looked around.

"We're here," I said.

But he kept walking.

I backed ahead of him halfway across the bridge and I said: "Where are you going, George?"

"A little further. There's something I want to do."

Then I stood still and waited. "You never come further than your side of the bridge," I said.

I could begin to see it now, in the distance. It looked thin and dark against the gray of the sky. I was alone, walking beside the cemetery; and I was nineteen; and there was no one else on the street. There wasn't even any sound now but the clack of my heels on the pavement.

But there was someone else ahead of me. Someone standing on our bridge.

A strange face; a stranger. A peculiar, tall looking man I had never met before. Too thin and lanky.

Standing there, looking over at the water. . . .

George kept walking and he said: "Today I do."

"You don't," I said. I was laughing. "You know you never come any further than your end of the bridge."

"I'm coming today," he said softly. "I'm coming across today." His mouth was set, and there was a heavy pulse I hadn't ever seen before, in one side of his neck.

"What for?" I backed across the wooden boards again, still laughing.

"I want to do something," he said.

"Like what?"

"I'm going to show you," he said.

Then I turned my heel and swayed once to the side, and George was there and caught me.

He held me there, shaking in the beginning dusk. Then I stopped laughing.

There was no noise. He looked at me for half a minute before he did it, with his eyes wide and the flecks inside the gray shifting and swarming and moving in silence like a sky just before the first storm I ever saw. Then they came closer, and all I could see was his eyes, and he didn't shut them when he kissed me.

It took a long time.

"There won't be anybody else," I said.

We went across the bridge to the soft dark grass and the deep ragged tree shadows like pieces torn out of the night and I said: "I will not ever love anybody else in my life, nobody but you." I put my arms around his shoulders and I pulled him down on top of me on the grass.

The man with brown eyes was standing on the bridge, faced in my direction. He was about twenty-four. I didn't know him. It made me angry: no one ever stood there. It made me sick, and then it made me angry again.

I had come to the uneven place on the embankment upstream, and I was looking at him from there. I hadn't been further than that in four years. Since Father saved a little money, the same year it happened, and invested the money in

stocks, and the investment paid off; we moved to a better section, in town. I started going to the University. I had never gone back all the way to the bridge.

Then I thought the man must be fishing or asleep, but he wasn't. He was only standing there.

I put a foot out, and walked the distance to where he was.

He said: "You're the girl who doesn't like talking to people." He sounded surprised.

I watched him, and I didn't answer. Cheekbones.

He looked sheepish and awkward. "I guess you don't remember . . ."

"I remember you," I said.

He was the man who had been sitting next to the medical student in the blue convertible. The friend of the man who had wanted . . .

"Where's your friend?" I said.

"He's gone. I only got a lift out as far as the lake. I wanted to see the lakeside. Then I walked back here."

"What are you doing on the bridge?"

"Nothing special. Just enjoying the view." He was frowning at me now.

"What view?" I said. "There isn't any view." I could hear the anger rising in my own voice.

He turned and looked back up the canal toward the lake. You couldn't see anything but black canal water and telephone poles. A couple of barges and another, bigger bridge in the distance, and nothing beyond that. You couldn't even see . . .

"You can't even see the Yacht Club from here," I said. "What view?"

He turned back to me, frowning. "I was just taking a look. You sound as if you mind my being on this bridge."

"Mind? Yes," I said.

"Why?"

"I just mind."

"But why?"

"Nothing that you would understand," I said.

"Try me," he said.

I looked at him, but he wasn't laughing. I said: "It's mine."

"What is? The bridge?"

I nodded.

Then I waited for him to laugh, or say something about it being a public bridge, but he didn't.

He said: "If it's something private to you, I'm sorry."

"That's all right," I said.

"I guess maybe everybody has some kind of bridge that is private to them."

"That's a funny thing to say," I said.

"I'll be leaving it then."

He took his foot off the railing, and straightened up. A lanky, lean man, ordinary-looking from up close. Nothing special about his face, but good bones. Nice eyes, but nothing extraordinary about him.

I walked across and joined him on the bridge. "What's your name?" I said.

"Jack Worthington."

"You and your friend are medical students?"

"He isn't my friend," he said. "I hardly

"There won't be anybody else," she said.

know him. I just asked for a ride out to the lake. He was going that way."

"That's funny. I thought he was your friend."

He shook his head. "I don't have many friends here," he said. "I'm from out of town."

"Are you?" I said: "My name is . . ."

"Yes I know," he said. "It's Laura."

"Oh."

"He told me about you while we were driving out here. After he tried to pick you up. You're really very well-known," he said.

I kept looking, but he wasn't even smiling.

"Where?"

"In town. For not talking to anybody. You once hit somebody who tried to talk to you. You don't go any place except the University. You don't go anywhere at night."

"I go home," I said.

"But you're not married."

"No," I said.

"Waiting for somebody?"

"No," I said.

"Is there . . ."

"No," I said. "There isn't. Only my family. I just go home," I said.

He pulled his jacket down in front. Then he cleared his throat. He looked helpless.

"Look, Jack Worthington," I said. "You can go along now. I'm strange."

"I think not," he said. "No; I think you're just private. There are private people. I don't think you're strange," he said.

I looked away. Then I put my tongue out on the edge of my upper lip.

We stood there awhile.

He didn't move.

"Would you like to know something?" I said.

"Yes."

I said: "I never cry."

"Don't you?"

"No," I said, "I never do. I didn't cry when it all happened. I mean when they came and told me about it. I didn't even cry the next day, at the funeral. I was not invited to the funeral," I said, "but I stood and I watched it. They put him in the cemetery over there across the canal. You should see it. It's the best cemetery in town."

Jack Worthington leaned back against the railing. He looked awkward and serious, almost stern. "The best," he said.

"You see," I said, "I don't talk to anybody because I don't have anything to say. So I made it a rule."

Jack Worthington said quietly: "Yes."

"His name was George," I said. "George Taylor."

"That's all?"

"George Tyson Taylor," I said. "But he didn't ever use his middle name."

"He didn't favor it?"

"He hated it," I said. I waited.

"It's strange the way there are some names that people don't like."

"That's right," I said. "Isn't it?"

"I mean there are some names that are only right if they belong to somebody else."

"That's exactly right," I said.

Jack Worthington said: "I knew a boy once named Tyson."

"First or middle name?"

"I don't know," he said.

"Did he like it?"

"I think he hated it," he said.

I walked to the other end of the bridge.

Then I stood with my back turned and watched a lumpy cloud straight ahead, the color of an oyster. It was the shape of an oyster, too, but squeezing apart at the indentation. In a little while it would be the shape of a figure eight, and then it would be two clouds. I guessed it was about a mile to the right of the Yacht Club.

The Yacht Club was where George went that Sunday, taking sailing lessons so that he could sail his father's boat, and when he went for his lesson that day it had been raining and he slipped and dove down between the pier and one of the motor launches. It was a very simple place to fall; but they didn't find him for two hours, and then some propeller had ripped his side wide open, but the doctor said that had happened after he died because he only died of the fall. The fall broke his neck.

Jack said slowly: "He was killed, wasn't he?"

"Yes," I said. "That's right. He was killed."

We stood for about three minutes, and Jack Worthington didn't say anything, and I watched the cloud. It didn't do what I thought it would. The wind must have changed. The cloud didn't break apart.

"You were there?"

"No," I said. "I wasn't there. I've never been to the Yacht Club. I was at church. Then I started home, and the ambulance passed me, and then I heard some people talking about it."

"What did you do?"

"I didn't do anything," I said. "I just went home."

Jack Worthington swung around and faced in the other direction, toward town. He raised his left foot and tied the shoelace, standing on one leg.

The sky had started to fill. It had changed while we were talking. It was dark, and full of clouds now, shifting and swimming down to mix with layers and flecks of lower, lighter clouds; it was building up to a storm. It was beginning to look familiar; but I couldn't seem to feel the gray; and then I did.

After Jack Worthington finished with the shoelace, he squinted overhead.

"Think it's going to rain," he said. "Let's go."

I turned, and we crossed over the bridge again and started walking back toward town. Jack Worthington loped gently along, swaying ahead of himself like a giraffe. The Yacht Club and the bridge were in back of us, and the cloud.

"Never told anybody?"

"No," I said.

"Nobody knew?"

"They knew we used to go together," I said. "School kids. Nobody knew we were in love."

The flat street ahead of us looked wet, and it was endless and dark and empty like the day.

"You just don't talk to anybody."

"I make it a rule," I said.

"You want to break a rule and go have a cup of coffee with me?"

"It's nice of you," I said.

"Will you?"

Then I stumbled on a stone by the embankment.

"You'd better take my arm," Jack Worthington said.

I took it. And we went on. I could hardly see ahead.

"I used to come this way twice a day," I said. "I used to live back there."

"Did?"

"That's right," I said. "I did."

It looked like several miles to the wet, dark city.

I said: "It happened the same week we fell in love."

"And you didn't do anything?"

"I told you; I went home."

"Nothing else?"

"You don't understand," I said.

"What?"

I told Jack Worthington: "It seems to me the world ought to balance."

"Yes," he said. "I guess so."

"I don't want anybody else," I said.

We went on walking.

"I don't want anybody. I can't even cry."

"You've been crying ever since you stepped on the bridge."

"If I have," I said, "that's why I can't see."

We went on, and I stumbled again.

He shadowed his eyes against the dark gray glare, and watched the sky to our right, over the cemetery.

"I wish you could see that sky. I was right. It is going to rain," Jack Worthington said.

"Probably."

"Not that it would matter."

"No," I said. "It wouldn't matter at all."

THE END

Lady From Boston

Ben knew Catherine was far too good for him—but somehow she was the one girl he couldn't get out of his mind....

BY MERLE CONSTINER ILLUSTRATED BY O. J. WATSON

By the time Barry arrived, Margaret had come to a firm decision to tell him good-by.

Her romance had started obliquely. She had graduated from college, come to Boston, and put an ad in a library journal as a genealogical expert, which she certainly was; and almost immediately had been summoned by aristocratic old Mrs. Trumbull to write a history of Trumbull Enterprises for the Trumbull family archives.

At first she had worked in the mansion's great library. Then Barry Trumbull had somehow become a part of her life and dreams, and to escape temptation she had moved to her workshop, to her little room on shabby Curlue Street. But Barry had followed her here. Every afternoon he dropped by, his eyes caressing her, while he offered some historical suggestion.

Up to now she had spoken to him across the door chain. Today she would ask him in, explain matters to him in detail, and tell him a firm good-by.

She had both read and heard about families like the Trumbulls, and the lives they led, and how they felt about such flotsam as herself.

Hearts like Margaret Taylor's, without money or distinguished lineage, were a penny apiece. Barry's family would never accept her. And she loved him too much to blight his life.

She had gotten over her crying, when he knocked.

He came in blandly, wary at this change in his reception. He carried a dusty old eighteenth century portmanteau which he placed carefully among the papers on her desk. "This time I've really got something," he said. "Mother found it in the attic."

It was a calf-bound ledger, almost a yard long and a foot and a half wide. It had brass corners and a brass lock. "It's a business account book of some kind," said Margaret, interested despite herself. Suddenly the eager archivist, she produced a hairpin from her pocket, bent it, and had the ledger unlocked before Barry could blink.

"It seems to be some sort of diary or narrative."

"Let me see," she said.

Side by side, they read it:

17, Budd Street, Boston
November 12, 1815

A year has passed, and as Catherine and I seem to be unable to speak of very little else, and as I keep thinking of things I have left out, I have decided to reconsider the whole thing, and write it down for her.

For actually, from my point of view, it is a record of how she almost got away from me.

To tell a story like this intelligently, you must put down all the basic facts, even those that are well known. You must relate everything, not only things that were heard and discussed at the moment, but also later, and put them all together.

My name is Ben Trumbull. I am a pauper law clerk. I live here with Mr. Darnley and his daughter, Catherine. About twenty months ago they took me, in my poverty, and gave me board and room for

Catherine added the date, 1825, and a note: "There is nothing as exciting and comforting as love."

a pittance, despite their personal trials and tribulations (which I will discuss later). They did this out of their great humanity.

This story really began with Mr. Darnley, so I must tell it that way.

This last year, 1814, shall always be remembered here in Boston as the year of the terrible British blockade. It was a year of hardship, and hunger, and sudden fortunes. The greatest of these fortunes, of course, came largely one way, in out of the sea from schooners, brigs, sloops, with their lavish and exotic cargoes, prizes taken from the enemy in cannon-hell and blood by privateers on distant and lonesome oceans and sent home with skeleton American crews. Profits from these tigerish raiders were shared by owners, officers, and crew, to a traditional scale of rank and ownership. One of the finest craft ever to leave Boston in this trade was the brig *Saladin*.

Eleven months hence from the beginning of these events she had slipped away to the east, into the great nothingness of the Atlantic. Since then, there had been no word of her.

She was owned by three men, each having invested in her equally. Two of these men were very prosperous, but the third, once prosperous, was now ruined by the blockade and was in dire distress. This third man, Mr. Temple Darnley, grave and middle-aged, was in normal times a cloth importer. On Budd Street, not far from Dock Square, was the shell of what had once been his little kingdom, three fine buildings in a row, each linked to its companion by a slate-paved colonnade, his splendid warehouse, his countinghouse, and his three-story home.

Desperately, he lived for one thing, for word from the sea.

When it came, it came just after midnight, out of the fury of an autumn storm, as he sat alone in his countinghouse, laboring over his empty accounts. The street door flung open and a man reeled in.

He was a small man with clammy eyes and lumpy, silver-buckled shoes. His fuzzy coat and knee breeches were wrinkled and mouldy, and his black yarn stockings were baggy and foul. Along the left side of his face ran a lavender scar, new and glossy. Mr. Darnley, catching his breath, knew him instantly. He was Gun Captain Glass, of *Saladin*.

"You seem surprised to see me," said Gunner Glass. "Well, I've got good news for you."

Mr. Darnley began to tremble. He thought first of all (as he said later) of his daughter Catherine. Now she could have decent food and clothes. He produced a demijohn and mug and poured his visitor a drink.

"And what of our ship?" he asked, keeping the excitement from his voice.

"She's gone."

"Gone!"

"Aye. And officers and crew all dead —all, all save me."

When he could speak, Mr. Darnley said, "How did it happen?"

"We were short of water and food," said Gunner Glass, "so we put into Corunna, in north Spain. I had got this from a cutlass in the Irish Sea." Here he touched his scar. "It was festering in a very bad way, so they put me ashore, without a penny to my name, in the little hospital. Well, the second morning, as *Saladin* was taking on her stores, in came a British ship of the line and two frigates, out of nowhere, catching her helpless. A hundred and fifty-four guns to *Saladin*'s twenty. I watched it all from the shore, with the townsmen. They blew her into a cloud of fiery tinder."

"And how did you get back to us?" Mr. Darnley asked.

"I cut inland east and north, to the port of Santander on the Bay of Biscay. There I negotiated. A sailor has his ways."

"You are ahead of any dispatches."

"I made it my business to be."

Numbed, Mr. Darnley said, "You said you bore good news. How can this possibly be called good news?"

Gunner Glass leaned forward, and Mr. Darnley drew back.

"This is good news for you, personally," said Gunner Glass. "I'm making this report to nobody but you. Who owns *Saladin*? Mr. Gresham, Mr. Sweet, and you. I have a feeling that if you move smartly, you can sell either of them your share, and handsomely. And for a thousand dollars, a thousand gold, I'll keep out of sight until you unload."

"Get out of here," said Mr. Darnley.

"Think it over," said Gunner Glass. "But hurry. I'm at the Barbados Inn, on Vendoo Court."

With that he was gone, out into the rain.

Mr. Darnley snuffed his candle and went home. The tall house, set flush with the pavement, was spectral and quiet. His wife was long dead and no one lived here, now that the servants were gone, but himself, Catherine, and me.

I was in the kitchen, alone, sewing a button on my waistcoat. It was a great, barnlike kitchen. Most of its elegant copper and ironware had been sold for flour and meat. Mr. Darnley entered, smiled warmly but listlessly, and seated himself at the far end of the table. He wanted company, but not conversation. We were occupied thus when Catherine entered.

She emerged from the slotlike door by the fireplace, the door to the enclosed staircase that corkscrewed upwards around the chimney. She walked across the flagstones and sat beside her father. She wore heelless slippers, silver, tied with ribbons cross her bare instep, and a white silk gown, thick and soft as deerskin and embroidered with silver. Slippers, gown, and embroidery were immaculate but frayed. She was eighteen, black haired, with milk-white skin.

She smiled also, but I sensed desolation in Mr. Darnley, and so I withdrew. I took my mended waistcoat, climbed the spiral stairs, and threw myself on my bed.

My bedroom is directly over the kitchen. By some eerie trick of sound, when there was no fire in the kitchen fireplace, kitchen voices came up the chimney, out of my fireplace, in every syllable and vibrant inflection. There was no way I could avoid eavesdropping. Many a tragic family conversation had I listened to, but this was the unhappiest.

In an expressionless voice, Mr. Darnley told Catherine about Gun Captain Glass and the burning of *Saladin*.

"And this Gunner Glass was wounded and put ashore, and so missed it?" she said.

"That's right," said Mr. Darnley. "But the point is that we are wiped out, that we no longer have any hope."

I knew exactly what they were talking about. To my embarrassment, they had few secrets from me. I have no family. Mr. Darnley and his daughter are dearer to me than life itself. Night after night, I had heard them talk this way. I was fully familiar with their hopes in *Saladin*. I knew about Miss Catherine's circle of gentlemen friends, and how it was getting smaller and smaller as money got scarcer and scarcer. I knew about this wonderful cosmetic all Miss Catherine's female friends were making, but Miss Catherine couldn't make, because its ingredients were a calf's foot, bread, rice, eggs, butter, and camphor.

Mr. Darnley said, "Now I must inform Mr. Gresham and Mr. Sweet."

"At this hour?" said Catherine. "In the rain?"

"Yes," said Mr. Darnley. I could hear him leave.

For a moment, the house was silent.

The shabby little room on Curlue Street was very quiet. Margaret closed the covers of the book.

Then Catherine spoke. Her voice went out over the kitchen flagstones, up the chimney, down into my room, and across the carpet to me, where I lay on my bed.

"Good night, Mr. Trumbull," it said.

I turned to stone.

Then I realized it was not an angry voice, but a friendly voice.

I fell from the bed, dashed across the room, and jammed my head into the fireplace.

"Good night, Miss Darnley," I said politely.

I tried very hard to keep it polite and proper. After all, I was just an impoverished nothing.

In the little room on Curlue Street, almost a century and a half later, Margaret Taylor, twenty-two, and Barry Trumbull, twenty-six, stood side by side, reading silently, the only sound being the rhythmic turn of the pages.

"Why, that's old Benjamin Trumbull, the founder of the family fortune," said Barry, wryly. "And he seems to be quite poor, doesn't he? Poor, but rather nice."

"They're all poor here," said Margaret. "So that doesn't prove anything. And don't interrupt." They went back to their reading:

• • •

Out in the night, Mr. Darnley headed west, and after many blocks came to Cambridge Street, and to the residence of Mr. Moffat Gresham. The wealthier merchants and businessmen were starting to build in this neighborhood and Mr. Gresham's speculations had made him prosperous enough to ensconce himself with the most affluent. His home was big, square, classic, and expensive. To Mr. Darnley, Mr. Gresham was merely a glib, blustery affiliate whom he had met through Mr. Sweet when they had formed their little corporation. He felt nothing toward him, neither friendship nor antipathy, but it agonized him to be bringing such news.

At the second knock, Mr. Gresham opened the door. Elevating his lamp, he said, "Why, it's Mr. Darnley. Are you in trouble? Come in."

He was a big man in a voluminous nightgown. His round, hairy face was solicitous.

In a torrent of words, Mr. Darnley told of Gun Captain Glass and of the battle action at Corunna. "So we have lost our ship," he said quietly.

Mr. Gresham seemed submerged in thought.

Suddenly, he said. "I will buy your share of *Saladin*, giving you sixty cents on every dollar you invested, right now."

So much money in hand, even be it salvaged money, would be pure treasure to Mr. Darnley.

Badly shaken, he said, "But the vessel is nonexistent."

"This is your belief," said Mr. Gresham. "My belief is to the contrary. I believe *Saladin* is shipshape and that this Gun Captain Glass is up to some sort of a swindle. I am a businessman, and act according to my judgment. My judgment says for me to take a chance."

"No, no," said Mr. Darnley, harassed. "I couldn't. I would be selling you ashes and smoke."

He placed his hat carefully on his old-fashioned queue, nodded good night, or rather good morning, and set out in the predawn for Lynde Street and Mr. Sylvester Sweet. He was suddenly lonesome for his boyhood wife, and for Catherine, and even for me (he later insisted). The rain stopped, and the puddled streets became clear and black with the promise of ice. Mr. Sweet's opulent new home, with its peaked, balustraded roof, stood in a midget garden at the corner of Lynde and Winslow. Mr. Darnley mounted the marble steps to the sumptuous front door.

Mr. Temple Darnley and Mr. Sylvester Sweet had once been friends, almost close friends. Mr. Sweet, like Mr. Darnley, had been a cloth importer, and there had been a time when Sweet, on Cornhill, and Darnley, on Budd, were considered the giants in the trade. The blockade had strangled Mr. Darnley. It had hurt Mr. Sweet, too, but some said a little smuggling had saved him, and even connivance with the British Navy. It had been Mr. Sweet who had organized The Saladin Company.

Mr. Sweet answered Mr. Darnley's knock in a wine-colored robe of lush Devonshire velvet. He was a cadaverous man, with a fixed gaze, and when he smiled he smiled on one side of his face only, leaving the rest of his face dead and stony. He smiled now. In a burst of concern, he said, "What in the world, Temple?"

"I've had very bad news," said Mr. Darnley.

Once more he told the unhappy story.

This time, he included his visit to Mr. Gresham, and it was Mr. Gresham as much as anything else, apparently, that interested Mr. Sweet.

"He says he likes to take risks," said Mr. Darnley.

"That's true," said Mr. Sweet. "He does. But he is a very shrewd manipulator and there is something about all this that makes me uneasy. If he offers you sixty cents on the dollar, I'll offer you sixty-five."

"But why?" said Mr. Darnley, stunned. "Why?"

"I scarcely know," said Mr. Sweet. "I have the urge, and I certainly will never miss the money. Maybe my conscience bothers me. I was the person who got you into this in the first place."

The slate gray streets were astir with tradesmen and cartmen when Mr. Darnley returned home. Catherine and I were in the kitchen, at the table, a candle between us, eating our frugal breakfast of boiled barley and molasses. Mr. Darnley joined us and Catherine served him. "Mr. Trumbull seems to understand the entire situation," she said. "So tell us what happened."

"As soon as they heard the news," said Mr. Darnley, "they wanted to buy me out, each of them."

It seemed to me that this was a good place for a little advice, so I said, "I don't believe you ought to sell."

"Of course I ought to sell," said Mr. Darnley, crossly. "But somehow I just can't."

He plodded up the stairs, to bed.

Apologetically, Catherine said. "I'm sorry you didn't know him when he had his money. He's a little nervous without it."

"That's only natural," I said courteously.

That morning, for the first time, she went with me to the front door. "Don't work too hard," she said, maternally.

"Maternally" had been crossed out and above it, in exquisite feminine script, the word "generously" had been substituted.

"Who does she think she is," said Barry, "to be mutilating such a priceless document?"

"Not mutilating," said Margaret, maternally. "Improving." They read on.

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I had hardly walked a half block before I knew what I had to do. The very first thing, I had to talk personally with this Gun Captain Glass, and see what was really what. Gun Captain Glass and only Gun Captain Glass held the true answer.

Vendoo Court, deep in the wilderness of the waterfront, was a small pocket off an alley, tightly enclosed by foul, ancient buildings. Midway in the rickety circle, like a grimy glass gem in a pewter finger-ring, was a big squalid gable-end house with steep tiled roofs, which bore the sign: Barbados Inn. Its ground-floor windows bellied outward, over the antique brick pavement. I knew this to be one of the town's most vicious neighborhoods. But in the pink and gold of the morning, everything looked gay and falsely cheery. I entered.

The low-beamed bar parlor was empty but for a blowsy female throwing clean sand on the floor for the day, and sweeping, as was the custom, in attractive de-

signs. I asked for Gun Captain Glass and was directed down a narrow passage to a small, plum-colored door. I knocked, and entered.

It was a small room, like a ship's cabin. There was a bed, a chair, and a washstand. A man stood at the washstand, stripped to the waist, bathing his corded body in the yellow light. The man turned, and by the scar on his cheek I knew him. It was Gun Captain Glass. He was drunk. The room reeked with rum.

There was a scar on his chest, too, somewhat older than the scar on his face, and this was truly a terrible scar.

"Grapeshot done that," said Gun Captain Glass, as I stared at it. "Grape from the merchant brig *Elaine* of Liverpool, homeward bound around the point of Gibraltar. I almost died at the time. Who are you and what do you want?"

I introduced myself. "I room at Mr. Darnley's," I said. "The Darnleys are very dear to me. Is the ship *Saladin* in fact destroyed?"

"Aye. Totally."

"Will you swear so?"

"I have said so," said the ugly little man in a burst of rage. "And I am not a liar."

Suddenly, I believed him. Completely.

"There is something dishonest going on," I said quietly. "And I'm pretty certain that it's directed against Mr. Darnley. I don't have much money, but I'll pay you half my salary for a year, for two years, if you'll promise to give it up, whatever it is."

"I hate landsmen," said Gun Captain Glass, in a savage frenzy. "You, and Sweet, and Gresham, and Darnley, all who have never seen a pike or a boarding net. Now leave my sight, and quick!"

There was a dining room in the Darnley house, quite a formal one, but it had long fallen into disuse. During this era of severity, the family ate in the kitchen. Tonight, however, when I arrived, I found that a supper table had been set in the back-hall alcove, by the two latticed windows. The meal was an extravagantly luscious one. All through the meal, Mr. Darnley was joyous. What had he to be joyous about? And where had the food come from?

"Mr. Darnley," I said, shocked, "you went out and peddled your watch. Your father's watch."

"Why not?" said Catherine. "We're celebrating."

"Celebrating what?"

"My peace of mind," said Mr. Darnley. "Listen here, Temple Darnley, I said to myself, you're torn with indecision. Does *Saladin* exist, or doesn't she? It's the indecision that's tormenting you. Cast it out. Decide something."

"And what have you decided?" I asked kindly.

"I've decided Mr. Gresham is right. That our ship still exists. That we have nothing to worry about. That we'll just have to be patient."

"You see," said Catherine. "It's really simple. It's all in the way you decided it. Have some more mutton."

Suddenly I knew what I had feared all along. I loved her. And I knew that I must put this from my mind, for I was nothing, and the Darnleys were the Darnleys.

We were sitting in the bare drawing room, Catherine mending, I just sitting contented in her presence, and Mr. Darnley waiting for bedtime, when we realized, all of us, that the house was growing cold, and that we were on the verge of a bleak winter. There was a rattling at the front door. Mr. Darnley left the room and returned with Mr. Sweet.

"I come once more to offer to buy your share in *Saladin*," Mr. Sweet said softly. "For our old friendship. To save you from complete ruin. Let me do this, Temple. As a matter of auld lang syne."

I said, "Do you believe the ship really exists, sir?"

"It is this element of doubt," said Mr. Sweet, "which permits Mr. Darnley to honorably accept my offer."

"I'm afraid I must decline," said Mr. Darnley graciously. "But thank you."

Mr. Gresham arrived an hour later.

He stood on the same spot Mr. Sweet had stood on, and once more made his bid of sixty cents on the dollar. As he talked, his big hairy face worked convulsively, urgently, persuasively.

"I'm afraid I must tell you what I just told Mr. Sweet," said Mr. Darnley. "I'm satisfied with things as they are."

"I don't believe I'd sell to Mr. Sweet," said Mr. Gresham, making a grimace. "He could sell it to someone less scrupulous, and cause a good deal of tragedy."

"Tragedy?" said Catherine. "How?"

"The name *Saladin*, properly handled, could make a great deal of money," said Mr. Gresham. "Regardless of whether she exists or not. If the owner of the share is a rascal."

Mr. Darnley was interested. "How?"

Mr. Gresham explained. "First I must tell you what you already know about the construction of such a privateer vessel as ours. She will be built in a little shipping yard, probably, and just about the whole village will somehow take part in her construction. *Saladin*, of course, was built in a little village up in Maine."

He paused, and scowled.

"There is a tremendous *esprit de corps*," he said, "among the people who build a privateer. Someone could take that share of yours, Mr. Darnley, up to that village, break it up into small lots, and offer it piecemeal, and find many eager buyers. Even if the ship was gone, so long as no one knew it."

Their faces showed their horror.

"Of course, Mr. Sweet would never do a thing like that," said Mr. Gresham. "But it might slip out of his hands."

"And you want to buy because you think *Saladin*'s still all right?" I said.

"That's it," said Mr. Gresham.

"Do you really believe that, sir?" I said.

"For sixty cents on the dollar, I do."

Mr. Darnley took him to the door, waved good night to us, and wandered up the broad front stairs.

"Do you know what?" said Catherine, when we were alone. "Something is beginning to come over me. I'm beginning to believe they're right, Mr. Gresham and Daddy. There's nothing wrong with *Saladin*. She's fine. She's wonderful. I can see her in my mind's eye and she's beautiful and perfect."

"Is that so?" I said politely. "Think of that."

That was Monday night. Four days passed, four long days, and, incredibly, nothing happened. The Darnley house grew colder and more desolate, and food diminished almost to the vanishing point. Catherine grew over-quiet, and a shadow of gauntness touched her cheeks.

During this time, I was almost berserk from worry, and tortured, too, by the memory of Gun Captain Glass's two scars. Something in the back of my mind told me they were incongruous to known facts, and therefore held extraordinary significance, but I was unable to rationalize them.

The blow came Friday morning, out of a clear sky.

Mr. Darnley, Mr. Gresham, and Mr. Sweet were holding a little meeting in Mr. Sweet's office, when a naval officer entered and handed them a copy of an of-

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ficial dispatch. The dispatch said simply that at Corunna, Spain, Aug. 7, privateer *Saladin*, captain and crew, had been totally destroyed by a British 74 and two frigates. The information had taken a long way home, the officer explained, from Spain to Paris, eventually, by sloop of war, through the blockade with other dispatches to North Carolina, then north by horse.

When he had gone, Mr. Sweet said, "So this man Glass was right."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Gresham.

Mr. Darnley himself was unable to speak.

"What do you mean, perhaps?" said Mr. Sweet. "This is final."

"Not with me," said Mr. Gresham. "Even a naval dispatch can be in error. It alters the odds, but it remains a gamble. I will still buy your shares, yours as well as his. However, I'm afraid the proposition must be slightly different now."

"Different?" said Mr. Sweet.

"Yes," said Mr. Gresham. "Our negotiation must be valid in a court of law. Therefore, each of you will sell me some small piece of minor property that you own, plus your interest in *Saladin*."

"What property?" said Mr. Darnley.

"You, your warehouse. Mr. Sweet, possibly a minor warehouse, too. We can settle it here, now. I think we can work out something that will be attractive to all concerned."

"It's your money you're wasting," said Mr. Sweet scornfully. "But even then, I'll have to think it over."

"I'll have to think it over, too," said Mr. Darnley, unhappily. "I like my warehouse."

That night, after supper, after Mr. Darnley had gone to his room, I heard all this from Catherine. Soon, she, too, went up to bed. I bolted the doors, snuffed the light, and, in my turn, also retired. By eight o'clock the great house was dark, silent in its grief.

Stretched on my bed, I considered the situation. And no matter which way my thoughts wandered, they always returned to Gun Captain Glass. At Corunna, Gun Captain Glass had been penniless; he had said so. Without doubt, he had worked passage home on some fast America-bound smuggler. But this would be passage purely, with no pay involved. He had left Corunna without money, he had arrived in Boston without money. Yet he had established himself at Barbados Inn and that took funds. How had he accomplished this? Most likely he had sold some small but valuable trinket, some intimate token that he was accustomed to carry on his person.

There was no doubt, of course, where he had sold it. He had sold it somewhere in Black Horse Lane.

Next day at noon, at my lunch hour, I set off briskly for Ann Street.

Black Horse Lane, branching east from Ann, deep in the waterfront, was a narrow, zigzagging passage a block long, so thin and gulchlike that much of its slimy brick paving was never touched by sun. Open stairways ran up from it to hidden aeries above, and shadowy steps ran down from it to basement warrens. It was a street of thieves' kitchens and low-grade shops. Battered pewterware and chipped crockery were displayed here, and cat skins for fur, and dog skins for gloves, old clothes, old bottles, and great wicker hampers mounded with the carcasses of plump pigeons.

The fifth shop in the line brought results.

It was a cellar shop, shrouded in half-light and crowded with the dim forms of broken furniture, fowling pieces, and goodness knew what. As I came to a halt within the threshold, a toothless man materialized from the gloom and stood malevolently at my side.

"A silver pitcher has been stolen from my master," I said pleasantly. "By our footman, a man named Glass, a small man with a purple scar on his cheek. We understand that he sold it to you and is now living riotously at Barbados Inn on the proceeds. Is this true? We could of course be mistaken."

"I do not buy stolen goods," said the shopkeeper venomously.

"Then we are in error," I said. "And I shall tell my master. I hope he will be convinced. He is very excited. He wants to swear out a search and seizure against you."

"Wait a minute," said the shopkeeper frantically. "I want no trouble. I think I recall your man."

I waited genially.

"This is very bewildering," said the shopkeeper. "He gave his name as Glass, and was as you describe him, but he gave his calling as privateersman. And now that it comes back to me, he did sell me something—but that is strange, too, for it was not a silver pitcher. It was this."

From beneath a counter, he took an old rag and unwrapped it. Within was a gentleman's razor case, very beautiful, containing a set of seven expensive English razors. The case itself was green morocco. It was gilt-stamped with an English baronial crest. I returned it to the shopkeeper.

"It's all very curious, isn't it?" I said blandly. "But I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll forget you entirely if you'll send a message for me to Glass, at his inn. Just say that Benjamin Trumbull has been to see you, and would like to talk to him as soon as possible."

The shopkeeper clamped his lips, and nodded.

I thought perhaps this little scene would bring results on the morrow, but it brought them that very evening, and in a most startling manner.

On Budd Street, just east of the Darnley residence, was a desolate area which had been half gutted by fire; what had once been a short row of shops was now a cavernous stretch of empty buildings, grass grown, and leaning, charred timbers. Twilight had long gone into dark when I returned from my office. There was a high bright moon and the street was glazed with moonlight and crisscrossed with charcoal shadows. I was just passing this burned-out area when Gun Captain Glass stepped from the blackness and jostled me with his shoulder, backing me up against an embered door frame. Again there was that vapor of reeking rum, and this time there was a great pistol, as big as an anvil, driven cruelly against my chest.

"It will do you no good to shoot me," I said mildly. "I have made a record of how I have spent the day, and that shopkeeper in Black Horse Lane will want no part of a murder."

"What is this story about a footman and a silver pitcher?" said Gun Captain Glass hoarsely.

"A ruse," I said patiently. "To find out a little more about you. That fine razor case you sold, where did you steal it?"

"I didn't steal it. It was give to me."

"By an Englishman?" I said sceptically. "I see it bears an English crest."

"Yes, by an Englishman," said Gun Captain Glass. "What's so impossible about that? An Englishman on the schooner *Glascow Lass*, in the Skagerrack. I came into his cabin and there he was, and I was mannerly with him and when he seen I wasn't going to rob him at all he give me that razor case as a present."

"I see," I said.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," I said amiably. I knew I had heard something very important, but I didn't know what.

Mr. Darnley was out, puttering about his empty warehouse, and Catherine was alone in the kitchen when I returned. I sat myself across the table from her, over a very small bowl of molasses and boiled barley, and told her of the day's events. She listened, fascinated.

Suddenly I began to yell. "That larcenous Mr. Gresham. We're rich!"

"You're tired, aren't you?" she said.

"Why don't you close your eyes and rest a bit?"

"I know what I'm talking about." I said violently. "We're rich."

She waited. I said, "All along those scars of Gun Captain Glass's have been bothering me. Now I know why. He said he got one from a cutlass in the Irish Sea. That's certainly a battle action, isn't it? And he's got a big chest wound, from grapeshot. This one he got off Gibraltar, in an engagement with a British merchantman. And finally that razor case."

"What about the razor case?" she asked.

"He got that on board another English vessel, this time up in the Skagerrack. The point here is *on board*. From a cabin. I stood out there on the street ten minutes ago and listened to him describe a boarding party, and didn't realize it."

"What does all this mean?" she asked.

"It means *Saladin* has been doing a lot of fighting. And that nobody has said anything about it. I'll tell you what happened. After *Saladin* was destroyed at Corunna, Gun Captain Glass took a fast vessel, likely a smuggler, home. When he got to Boston he sold his razor case, which he probably got just as he related, then took lodgings at his inn. Then he went to Mr. Gresham. *First to Mr. Gresham.* And from Mr. Gresham he learned they hadn't come in yet."

"What hadn't come in?"

"The prizes! For almost a year, *Saladin* had been busy fighting her head off, taking prizes and sending them home. It has to be, you see."

"Then why haven't they arrived?"

"They'll be in. They've been held up by the blockade."

"I see," said Catherine solemnly. "Together, Gun Captain Glass and Mr. Gresham worked out this little conspiracy. Give out the partial truth, that *Saladin* was destroyed, to panic Daddy and Mr. Sweet, then to grab their shares. An interest in even a destroyed *Saladin* would be ownership of her prizes." After a moment, she said, "What shall we do?"

"Wait," I said. "Dissuade your father indirectly if he decides to sell his warehouse, and just wait. My guess is not long. In the meantime we don't mention this to anyone."

"And Mr. Sweet is really a good friend."

"You bet he is, and you must never forget it."

"What will happen to Mr. Gresham?"

"He'll be dealt with, discreetly, by his associates, the gentleman merchants of Exchange Lane. His career is over."

The first of *Saladin*'s prizes to arrive was a nine-hundred-ton brig, monstrous and beautiful as a floating castle. She came in scaly with ice, having slipped by the great ship of the line *Sceptre* and her family of frigates and little gunboats. The captain was a Vermont man who had been a mate on *Saladin*. *Saladin* had taken seven rich prizes, he said, and the others were safe in the Penobscot. He'd come on down to report to the owners at headquarters. He brought the total manifests.

A few nights later, Mr. Darnley, Catherine, and I sat in our kitchen with roast duck on our chins, before a roaring fire. Catherine, for the fourth time, was going through the sheaf of manifests. She was now again on the last page.

flour . . . spices . . . dyestuffs . . .
bacon . . . China silk . . . dried figs
damask . . . chocolate . . . ironware . . .
one Bengal tiger . . . calico . . .

"I see something here I'd very much like to have," she said.

"It's irregular," said Mr. Darnley benevolently. "And it will take a little time. But it can be arranged."

Suddenly, he froze. "What do you refer to?"

"Chocolate," she said. "I'm starved for chocolate."

"You know what I thought she wanted?" I said.

"I thought the same thing," said Mr. Darnley. "The Bengal tiger."

So ended the narrative. Immediately below it, halfway down the page, Catherine's delicate script had appended the date, 1825, and a note:

This is ten years later. Ben and I have been married nine years. We have three children. He has tripled my father's business.

There is nothing as exciting and comforting as love.

And again, beneath it, Ben Trumbull's firm muscular penmanship came in with a final line:

Yet because of my pride, I almost lost her.

• • •

The shabby little room on Curlue Street was very quiet. Margaret closed the covers of the book, and laid it gently on the desk.

"Think of that," said Barry, talking fast. "They almost lost each other. Because he thought he was too good for her."

"That isn't what he thought at all," she said. "You've got it backwards."

"Well, anyway, it's a record of how she almost got away from him, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said. "I guess that's what he meant it for."

"But we can't let that happen to us, can we?"

"No," Margaret said. "No, I guess we can't." THE END

THE GIMLET AFFAIR

She was as conniving a blonde as ever tried to steal another girl's husband. . . . Now she was dead, found murdered in a lonely lovers' lane. And the police wanted to know why.

BY FLETCHER FLORA ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT WEAVER

It was late in the afternoon of a day that was in June and I was in my office, developing a feeling of sadness that was already pretty bad and would keep on getting worse, because that was the kind of evening it was going to be.

You know the kind of evening I mean? It goes on and on in the softest kind of light, and there's a breeze that barely stirs the leaves of the trees, and in among the leaves are about a million cicadas sawing away with their legs, or vibrating their wings, or doing whatever cicadas do to make the sad-sounding and lovely racket they make. It is the kind into which you withdraw alone to weep without tears, remembering every pretty girl you ever kissed or didn't kiss, and thinking with sorrow of things you haven't done that you will almost certainly never do. It is an adolescent kind of emotionalism, immune to reason. A man in its spell is in danger.

I was in its spell, or beginning to be, and in danger, although I didn't know it. I leaned back and made a little tent of fingers over which I sighted through Venetian blinds at the neon sign of the Rexall drug store on the corner across from the Merchant's Bank Building, in which I had, second floor front, my office. At that moment, I was distracted by the red head of Millie Morgan, which appeared in the doorway and came into the room. Millie is my secretary, and her head was followed, naturally, by the rest of her. The rest of Millie happens to be even more distracting than her head, and the fact that my wife tolerates her amiably is less of a commentary on my stability than on my wife's serene confidence in her own assets, which are, in fact, considerable.

"If you have no serious objections," Millie said, "I'll leave now."

"No objections," I said. "Go on home."

"I'm not going home. I've got a date for cocktails and dinner with an engineer. We may try sex."

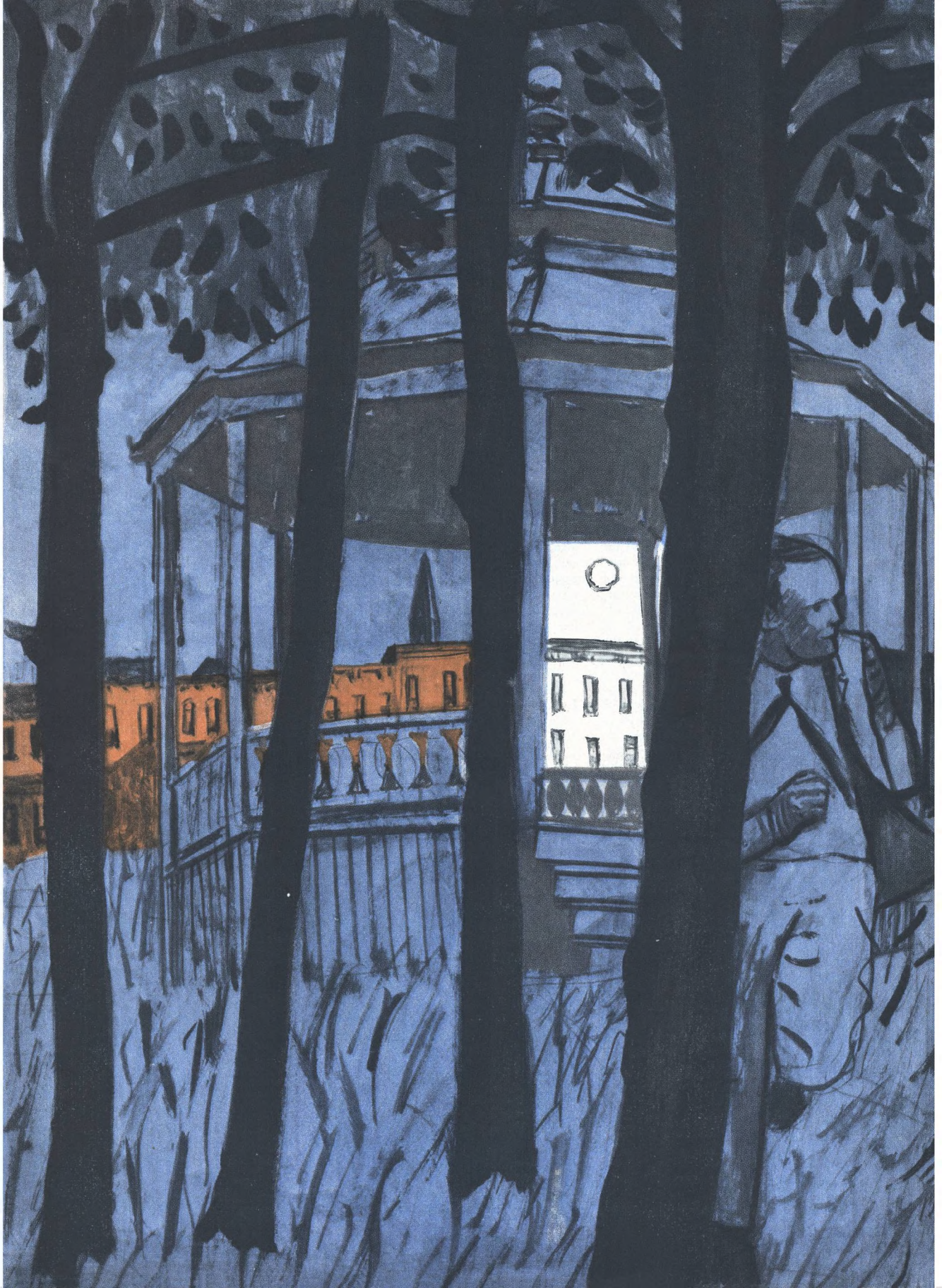
"You'll like it," I said. "It's fun."

I watched her go through the doorway, and then sat down and submitted again to the abortive sorrows of the incipient evening, the elegiac contemplation of going and gone. I sat there alone for about twenty or thirty minutes, I think, before looking at my watch and seeing that it was almost five thirty and time for me to be starting home.

I got up and went through the outer office into the hall, and there on the frosted glass of the door in neat little gold letters was a name, W. Gideon Jones, which was mine, and a designation, attorney-at-law, which was what I had become and what I was.

It seemed to me that an attorney-at-law was something a man might be if he

I thought I had better get away from there fast. I turned and went, leaving her lying as she was.



THE GIMLET AFFAIR (continued)

didn't have the imagination or daring to be something else, and I stood there looking at the neat little gold letters and thinking of all the fine and exciting things I had never done and would never do because I was a picayune fellow who had lived all his life, time out for the university and a service hitch, in one small city of thirty thousand souls and a million cicadas.

Although it was a trim and unsatisfactory state of affairs, it was something that had to be accepted and lived with, and it occurred to me that acceptance might be a hell of a lot easier if I were to go over to the Kiowa Room, which was the cocktail lounge in the Hotel Carson, and have a couple of Gimlets before going home. So I went there and did that, and I would have been better off, as it turned out, if I hadn't.

The Gimlet was good, the bartender was taciturn, and I was grateful for both of these conditions. The bartender's name was Chauncy, and he had skin the color of Swiss chocolate surrounding large, limpid eyes that expressed mutely a legend of sorrow. I sat on a stool at the bar with my back to the room, and there were shadows in the glass behind the bar, the dim reflections of remote patrons. I drank the Gimlet unmolested and was well on with a second, supplied by Chauncy in response to a gesture, before someone spoke from behind my left shoulder into my left ear.

The voice came clearly from the distaff side of sex, and it contained a remarkable husky quality that I had heard before and remembered well. You do not quickly forget this kind of voice under any circumstances whatever, and you do not forget it at all, even after seven years of silence, if you have heard it with all the nuances of tenderness and passion and, sometimes, anger.

"One of the nicest things about coming back to a place," it said, "is meeting old friends in general and some old friends in particular. Hello, old friend."

I looked into the mirror and saw the face that went with the voice, and it was practically the same face that had gone with it when I had last encountered them together. Part of gone. Part, although I didn't know it, of the natural conspiracy of a particular day.

I spun slowly, half a turn of the stool, and faced the face directly. Beth Webb was its name. I had loved it once, and it had loved me. It had said so, at least, although in the end it hadn't acted so.

"Well, for God's sake," I said. "Hello."

"You look about the same," Beth said. "Has it actually been seven years?"

"Seven lean years. The period of famine. Wasn't there something like that in the Bible or somewhere?"

"Darling, I'm sorry. Has it been difficult for you?"

"Not at all. Everything has been fine."

"Well, you mustn't sound too cheerful about it. I'll feel better if you suffered just a little. What's that you're drinking? It looks good."

"It's called a Gimlet, and it's made of gin and lime juice."

"It doesn't sound quite as good as it looks. I'll have one with you, however, if you'll ask me."

"Excuse me. Will you have a Gimlet with me?"

"Yes, I will, thank you."

I ordered one for her with a gesture to Chauncy, and another for myself with the same gesture, which made one more than I'd planned to have, and I carried both of them over to a little table where she had gone to sit. It was a very small table, and we accidentally touched knees for an instant under it, and I thought sadly that it had been a long time, seven lean years of famine, since I had touched her knee, either accidentally or on purpose, under a table or elsewhere. She was wearing a black dress with a narrow skirt, a sheath, and a tiny black hat on her pale blonde head. I had a drink of my third Gimlet while she was having a drink of her first.

"How do you like the Gimlet?" I said.

"Much better than I expected. I think I would like getting drunk on them. Would you care to get drunk on Gimlets with me?"

"Time was I'd have accepted with pleasure. Now I must beg to be excused. Sorry."

"It's just as well, I guess. Tell me about yourself. What have you been doing all this time?"

"Routine stuff. Practicing law. Getting married."

"I heard about that. It made me want to cry. What is your wife like?"

"Small but potent. Brown hair and nice legs and a warm heart. Her name is Sydnie, but I call her Sid. We were married three years ago."

"She's lucky. You tell her I said she's lucky."

"Cut it out, Beth. She's not lucky, but she's satisfied. So am I, and it's a nice arrangement."

"I can't seem to remember her. Did I know her?"

"No. She came here after you went away."

"How convenient for you. You see how things work out, darling? It's a law of compensation or something."

"Is that what it is?"

Was it? Going was still going, but gone had come back, and I thought it might be the law of diminishing returns. I could hear the cicadas as plain as plain, all up and down the streets of town in a thousand tremulous trees.

"Darling," she said, "my Gimlet is all gone."

"They're very small and go quickly," I said.

"Have another with me. Please do."

"I will. Damned if I won't."

I went to the bar and got them and brought them back. I handed her a glass with a small bow, and our fingers touched. I sat down, and our knees touched.

"Why have you come back?" I said.

"Didn't I tell you? To meet old friends."

"I know. Old friends in general and some old friends in particular. Am I general or particular?"

"Very particular, darling. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes. Of course. I'm the fellow you were going to marry before you married Wilson Thatcher."

"Surely you can understand why it was necessary for me to marry Wilson."

"Surely. All that money."

"That's correct. It was the money that made me. Several millions of dollars is a very serious temptation, you know. A girl can scarcely be blamed for yielding to it."

"I don't blame you. Your decision was sensible."

"It really wasn't a decision. It was just something that happened. We were out dancing at this place on the highway, and Wilson got loaded and wanted to make love, and I said I was saving myself for the man I married, which was almost true, if not entirely, and he said, well, let's get married, then, and it was simply too good an opportunity to pass up."

"Thanks for the information. There's nothing like a primary source in the study of ancient history. The rest, however, is a matter of record. So you got married by a justice of the peace, and so you went to California a week later, and Wilson became manager of the California branch of the Thatcher factory. Shirts and jeans for the general market. Uniforms made to order. I hope you were very happy."

"It wasn't so bad for a while, but it didn't last long, as you know."

"Three years, wasn't it?"

"Almost four. Wilson was unreasonable as a husband, but in the end he was quite agreeable."

"So I heard. No nasty publicity at all. Just a quiet settlement between the two of you, after which you went off for a divorce. I trust that the settlement was a substantial one."

I held her and kissed her and took a deep breath of the scent of her hair to smell after she was gone.

THE GIMLET AFFAIR (continued)

"Oh, it seemed like a great deal of money at the time, especially when Wilson might have been able to avoid giving me anything at all; but now it doesn't seem like so much, because it's almost all gone."

"So soon?"

"You know how it is when you are going different places and enjoying yourself. You become sort of careless about expenses and things."

"What different places?"

"Places like Miami and Rio and Acapulco."

"No, I don't know. I've never gone to those different places."

"They're very expensive if you live well."

"It's better to have lived and lost than never to have lived at all."

It came out of me just like that, just a little differently than it had come out of Tennyson. I remembered that it was from *In Memoriam*, and I thought that it was appropriate, everything considered, that it happened to be. In memoriam of Gideon Jones. In memoriam of Beth Webb. Beth Webb Thatcher. In memoriam of going and gone and never, never.

"You'll find things cheaper here," I said.

"I don't plan to stay, darling. Only a day or two. The truth is, I really came to see if Wilson might be willing to give me some more money. He has plenty, of course, and wouldn't miss a little more."

"He's married again, you know. His wife may object to his giving money to an ex-wife with no legal claim to it."

She laid an index finger alongside her nose and looked at me with a sly and intimate expression. "As far as that goes, Wilson himself may object a little."

It occurred to me suddenly that there were probably people in the lounge who knew Beth and me and the brief bit of pre-Thatcher history in which we were involved. This, I knew, would be the stuff of gossip, if not of scandal, and I began to get a notion that I'd better get the hell out of there, but I didn't want to go. What I wanted to do was stay. I had recovered a bit of gone in an hour of going, and I wanted to keep it until the last Gimlet.

I thought of my position in the community, and it made no difference. I thought of my duty as a husband, and I thought to hell with it. Then I thought of her to whom the duty was owed, sweet Sid among the singing trees of Hoolihan's Addition, and this thought made a difference not lightly dismissed, or not dismissed at all, for the call to Sid was not merely the call to duty, odious word, but the call to later love.

One clear clarion call, I thought.

Tennyson again, for God's sake, I thought.

"I've got to get the hell home," I said.

"Do you, darling? I was hoping we could have another Gimlet."

I stood up and looked down at her, and there she was, looking up, in her black sheath with her little black hat on her pale hair and one sheer nylon knee on top of the other. Smiling, she lifted her glass to her lips, but the glass was empty. The Gimlet was gone, all gone, and I was going.

"Mr. Gideon Jones begs to be excused," I said. "Thank you so much."

This was the Gimlets talking again, but I thought it was a perfect exit line, spoken with restraint and salvaged dignity, and so I turned and walked away, and there by herself at a table near the door was one of the ones who did indeed know Beth and me and our brief bit of pre-Thatcher history. Her name was Sara Pike, thirty and thin and slightly sour, and she was watching me with a carefully composed expression. She nodded and said hello, and I said hello right back with a composure that was, I hoped, equal to hers.

"Isn't that Beth Thatcher you were talking with?" she said.

"Yes," I said. "It's Beth."

"How nice to see her after all this time. She looks hardly a day older."

"That's because she's been living well in different places like Miami and Rio and Acapulco."

I considered that I'd handled that minor incident with admirable deftness, too, and there was an element of pride in my sadness and sense of loss as I hit the street and headed for home. In fair weather, for exercise, I make a habit of walking. This morning I had walked to town from home, and now I walked back home from town. It was quite a way and it took quite a while. It was pretty late when I got there.

I went in the front door and through the house and out the back door, and there on the little flagstone terrace was Sid, staring at cherry-hearted bits of charcoal in the grill. She turned her head and looked up at me without speaking, and I kissed her, and we decided to hold the kiss for a while. Then she sighed and leaned against me, and I could hear her sniff.

"Where the hell have you been?" she said.

"I stopped in the Kiowa Room and had a couple of drinks."

"The thing I like best about you, sugar, excepting a talent or two that I'm too proper to mention, is that you tell the truth under only the slightest duress. You smell like a gin mill."

"I drank Gimlets. Gimlets are made of gin."

"You taste like gin, too. I love gin kisses. Will you give me another?"

I gave it to her, and we held it again between us, and she raised herself on her toes to get closer to it.

"I was wishing you were dead," she said, "but I take it back."

"That's all right. It would be a nice evening for dying if you didn't have to stay dead tomorrow."

"I always wish you were dead when you make me feel like a wife."

"Don't you like being a wife?"

"I don't mind *being* one, I just don't like *feeling* like one."

"Would you like me to kiss you again?"

"I'd like for you to, but I don't think you'd better."

"I could modify it a little if you like."

"No. I'd rather have no kiss at all than a modified one. Modified kisses are what make one feel more like a wife than anything else."

"I'll make a note of that. Not that a note will be necessary. I see that you've been broiling rock lobster tails."

"I was just wondering what to do with them. They've been done for ages and are surely too tough to eat."

"Let's try. It'll be a challenge."

"There's salad and a bottle of white Burgundy in the refrigerator. We can eat out here if you want to. There's still enough light, and the table's all set."

"I want to. I'll take up the tails while you're getting the salad and the white Burgundy."

She went across the terrace and into the kitchen, and I was pouring drawn butter into two little pots when she came out with the salad and the wine. The wine was a good domestic brand from a vineyard in California. It was chilled just right. The rock lobster tails were slightly tough from overcooking, thanks to me, but they were good, nevertheless, because, after all, how tough can a lobster tail get?

"Did you see anyone we know at the Kiowa Room?" Sid said.

"I saw Sara Pike," I said, "and someone I used to know before you and I met. Beth Thatcher. Used to be Beth Webb. She was a girl around town."

Sid dipped a bite of tail into her little butter pot and popped it into her mouth.

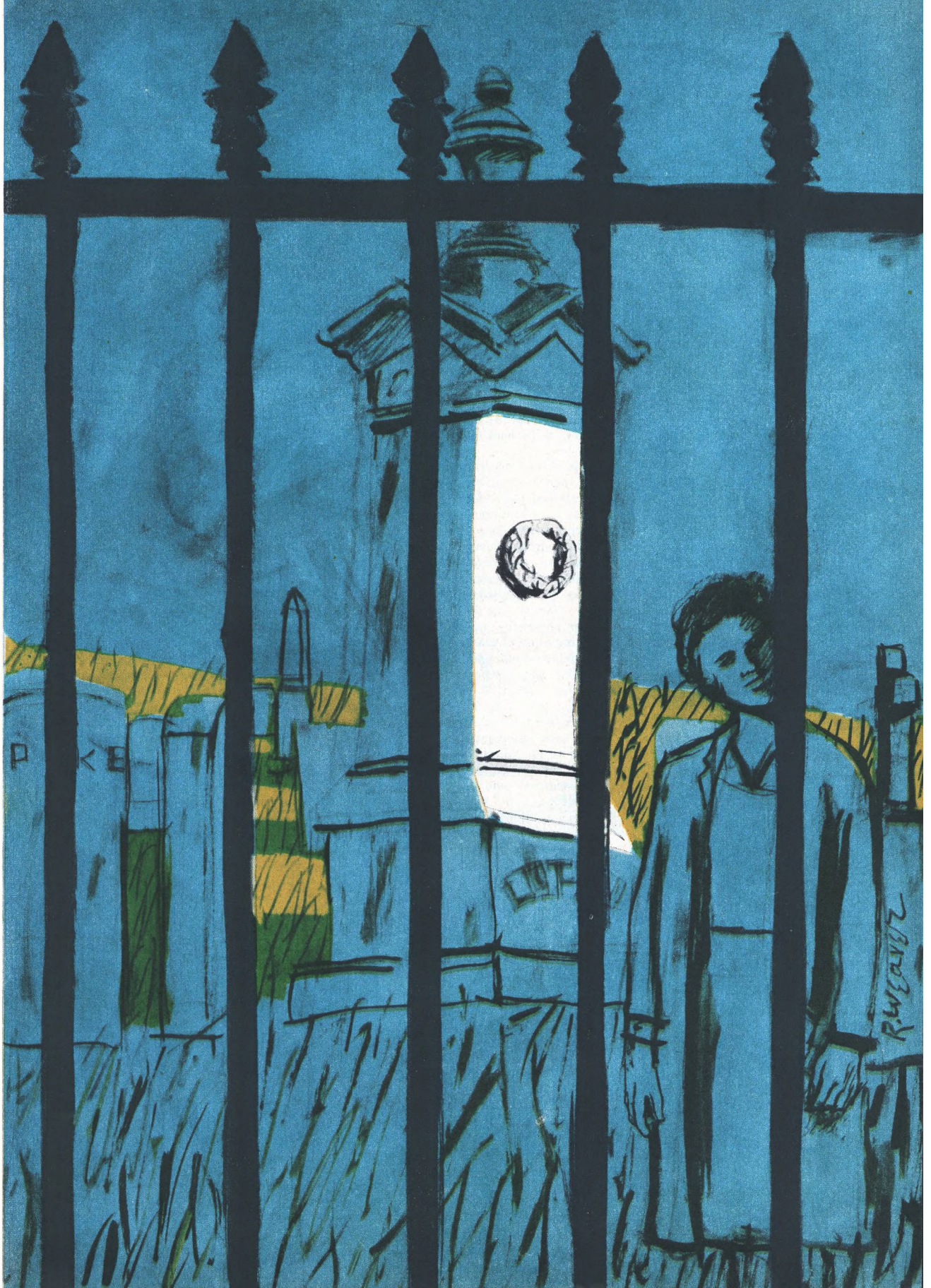
"I've heard about her," she said.

"To tell the truth, we went together for a while."

"That's one of the things I heard."

"She married Wilson Thatcher and went out to California with him. Later they were divorced, and he came back without her when he took over the local

A thin and ghostly shape approached slowly among the headstones.



THE GIMLET AFFAIR (continued)

factory. Now she's in town for a day or two, and so I sat around and had a couple of drinks with her."

"That's fine, sugar. Two drinks with an old girl friend are quite permissible, even if it does mean keeping me waiting and waiting while the God-damn lobster tails get tougher and tougher."

"She asked me to buy her a drink, so what the hell could I do? I had to be courteous, at least."

"Of course you did, sugar, and I admire you tremendously for it. If you keep practicing, you may even become courteous enough to come to dinner on time."

"Oh, hell. If you don't want to be *treated* like a wife, you'd better try not to *act* like one."

"Now, why in hell would you make a remark like that? Have I said a single thing to justify your calling me a dirty name?"

"Oh, cut it out, Sid. Please do. I'm sorry I was late, and I'm sorry I had the damn drinks with Beth."

"Well, now that you're properly contrite, I may as well admit that I may have been a little unreasonable about it. I think it was mostly because you came directly home afterward and covered me with gin kisses. Anyhow, we must become reconciled without delay, because I have to go over to Rose Pogue's for a conference. She and I are conducting the next session of our discussion group, you know, and tonight is absolutely the last chance we'll have to get together and plan things."

"Why do you have to have a conference? Couldn't you each just take a part and plan it alone?"

"No, no, sugar. Not possibly. We need to talk things over."

"Well, if you must have a conference, why must it be so late? It's already eight thirty."

"Honest to God? Sugar, I simply must take a shower and dress and run. Would you mind too much clearing away the things? There are only a few, and you can simply put them in the sink and leave them."

She went inside, and I sat there and finished the white Burgundy. It was pretty dark now, and the moon and a mess of stars were getting bright in the sky. A mosquito began buzzing around my head. I made a couple of passes at it, but it wouldn't go away, and after a minute or two I got up and cleared the table and carried the things into the kitchen. I left the things in the sink, as Sid had suggested, and went upstairs.

Sid was out of the shower but not yet out of the bathroom. I sat down on the edge of the bed in our room and waited for her to come out. Pretty soon she did, as brown and lustrous as a polished acorn, and walked over to the closet and took down a sleeveless dress, pale yellow cotton, that she was going to wear. She pulled it over her head and backed up to me for zipping and then walked over to her dressing table and began to brush her short brown hair with quick strokes.

"Did you clear the table?" she said.

"Yes," I said.

She put the brush on the dressing table and shoved her feet into white flats and came over and sat down on my lap. "Sugar, I'm sorry to run. Really I am. What will you do while I'm gone?"

"I don't know. Maybe read. Maybe listen to music. How long will you be?"

"It's hard to tell. Quite a while, I imagine. You know how Rose is about things. She insists upon considering every little detail that might or might not be important."

"Try to be back soon," I said.

She kissed me then and got up and went out, and I watched her go. Slim brown legs below the yellow skirt. Bare brown arms and slender brown neck bearing erectly her proud brown head. I could hear her going down the stairs. I heard the door slam.

Well, she was gone.

She had deserted me without appreciable concern just when I was full of vague apprehensions and sorrows, to say nothing at all of gin and white Burgundy and lobster tails, and was peculiarly susceptible, as a consequence, to all sorts of idiocies.

I got from the bed where I was still sitting after being kissed and deserted, and went downstairs and washed and dried all the things I had left in the sink. I put the things away in proper places and went out onto the back terrace and looked up at the moon and the mess of stars. I sat down in a canvas sling chair and smoked three cigarettes, which helped to keep the mosquitoes away, and then I went back inside and found a bottle of gin and made a batch of Gimlets with Rose's lime juice.

In the living room, carrying a Gimlet in a glass, I thought I might as well listen to some music, and so I went over to the record cabinet to see what I could find that would seem appropriate to the kind of night it was and the kind of mood I was in. I am ordinarily a Haydn man, and will choose something by Haydn seven times out of ten, but tonight old Papa struck me as being a little too damn cheerful, and so I looked through the records until I came to *Death and Transfiguration*, by Richard Strauss, who was a good composer, too, and I knew at once that this was exactly it.

I put the record on the player and sat down to listen and drink the Gimlet. I drank two Gimlets while listening, and then I started the record again and poured another Gimlet, and I was drinking the third Gimlet and listening to the Largo, the very first part of the piece, when the phone began to ring in the hall.

I went out into the hall and answered it, and a voice said, "Is that you, Cid?" and it was a voice you would instantly know if you had ever heard it before, which I had, and the last time I'd heard it, after seven years, was that very afternoon in the Kiowa Room. I had been trying not to think of Beth, and I had been doing pretty well at it, all in all, especially when Sid had been around as a distraction, but now Sid was gone, lost temporarily to Rose Pogue, and Beth's unforgettable voice had just spoken softly into my ear over a long wire, and for a moment it was just like back there before the lean years, and I had the same sharp, poignant feeling that I used to have then.

What had Beth said? Hadn't she asked if it was I?

"Yes," I said, "it is."

"I'm so glad you're home, darling. What are you doing?"

"I'm drinking Gimlets and listening to *Death and Transfiguration*."

"Still drinking Gimlets?"

"Not still. Again. I took time out to drink a bottle of white Burgundy."

"Aren't you afraid of becoming drunk?"

"Not at all. In fact, I'm cultivating it."

"Darling, are you unhappy?"

"I am. I'm full of gin and sorrow."

"Is Sid there?"

"No, Sid is not here. Sid's gone. Sid is off discussing something with Rose Pogue."

"Really? A thing like that can go on forever with Rose."

"True. Rose is an exceptionally gregarious intellectual type. Windy is what she is."

"Couldn't we get together?"

"We could, indeed, but I don't think it would be wise."

"Oh, come on, darling. Don't be such a coward."

"Come where?"

"Well, I'm staying at the hotel, of course, but I don't think you had better come here. Do you remember Dreamer's Park?"

"How can you ask? We stopped there now and again in the past to do a little necking in the old bandstand."

"That's exactly the place, darling. Wouldn't it be exciting to be in the old bandstand again? Like old times. I'll meet you there if you'll come. Will you?"

"Yes, I will."

"In half an hour?"

"I'll have to walk. It may take a little longer."

"As soon as possible, darling. Please hurry."

She hung up, and I did, too, and if you are thinking that I was a damn fool, I won't argue the point, but I would like to say at least that circumstances were extenuating, and everything, as you can

see, was working just right to come out all wrong in an afternoon and an evening and a night that were filled with the nostalgia and idiocy of going and gone.

Death and Transfiguration was out of the Largo and into the Allegro. I went over to the player and turned the reject dial, and the arm lifted, and the music stopped. I closed and locked the back door and went out of the house the front way, and all this time I was trying to think of Beth only and not at all of Sid, instead of Sid only and not at all of Beth, but this did not work perfectly, or even very well, for Sid is not the kind of person you can just quit thinking of in an instant, even for someone like Beth.

"What the hell!" I said to myself in my mind. "I am only innocently going to see an old girl for old time's sake."

Like hell you are! Sid said in my mind. *You are going to see an old girl for tonight's sake, and not so damn innocently, either, if you ask me.*

I hadn't asked her, but she kept telling me, and I kept trying not to listen and to think only of Beth as I walked along. Dreamer's Park was quite a long walk away, on the other side of town, and as an aid to the exclusion of Sid, who refused to be mute or invisible, I began to remember how it used to be with Beth and me in the pre-Thatcher days, and this is the way it was.

Beth had been a girl around town, born there and growing up there, and I had known her since way back. She had always been the kind of girl that boys notice, even when she was a very small girl being noticed by very small boys, but later, sometime in high school, she was suddenly the loveliest girl in the world. I was lucky then, in high school, for Beth took a fancy to me that was somewhat greater than, if not exclusive of, the fancies she had in varying degrees for others.

This was the early period of our ancient era. The middle period lasted for nine years and was characterized mainly by my absence from town. I spent most of seven of the nine at the state university in pre-law and law, and then I worked two more for The Adjutant General. I was released, as they say, under honorable conditions, and came home. End of middle period.

I had seen Beth now and then during this time, of course, but not often and never for long, and in the final eighteen months of it, not at all. Now I was home to stay, honorable but undistinguished, and there was Beth still. If she was not exactly waiting for me, still she was there. She was more or less engaged, in fact, to Sherman Pike, who was about my age and who had become editor of the *Record*, the local daily, during my absence. Sherm had a good brain and considerable talent, a fine and sensitive fellow, and it was generally conceded that he had a fair prospect of becoming important. I had been anticipating more of Beth, but I was prepared, after I discovered how matters had developed with her and Sherm, to withdraw all claims and look elsewhere for diversion.

But Beth wouldn't have it that way. Her fancy for Gideon Jones was still strong, although not exclusive, and pretty soon we had taken up what we had never quite put down. It was too bad about Sherm, but as things turned out, it didn't make much difference to him, anyhow, for it wasn't long after my return when he went home one evening and died. He'd had rheumatic fever as a boy, and the doctor said that it was an impaired heart that caused it. He was buried on a Wednesday afternoon, having had no time to become important after all, in the cemetery on the east edge of town.

Everything was satisfactory with Beth and me. Even intense and exciting. She went out a couple of times with Wilson Thatcher, and I raised a mild sort of hell about it, but she said it was only for a little variety and to help him spend some money, of which I was short constantly and he never. Then, to get it over with, there was the night when they got married, and that was the end of it. For seven years at least.

I won't go into those seven years, except to say that they were rather distressing in the beginning, and I wished that it had been I who died of an impaired heart instead of Sherman Pike. My own was impaired, I felt, but I didn't die of it, and when Sid came along I was glad I hadn't. We were married after a while, and it was a good marriage, and I thought of Beth only now and then.

Until tonight, that is, when I tried to think of her exclusively in the evasion of my conscience. This sad summer night of gin and cicadas at the end of seven years. Walking through the night across the town in spite of what my common sense told me was wrong, and despite Sid.

In your own town, if it is a town of a certain size and character, you probably have a Dreamer's Park. It is not large, occupying a square block, and it is thickly planted with indigenous trees, possibly oaks and maples and elms and sycamores. Gravel paths, bordered with red bricks set edgewise in the earth, cross the park diagonally from corner to corner, and various gravel tributaries branch off less geometrically from these. In the center of the park, so that the two diagonal paths must coincide briefly to make their ways around it in a circle, is a wooden bandstand badly needing a new paint job and repair.

The park is old, as age is reckoned in your town, and not so much use is made of it now as used to be. A few children play there on warm, dry days. The green benches under the trees are mostly occupied by old men who have nothing much to do, and who walk there slowly to sit and rest and dream before walking slowly home again. At night, sometimes, lovers stop by.

This was Dreamer's Park, to which I was going, and after a while I got there. Arriving at the bandstand, I went a quarter of a turn around the circle and up the rickety steps. The stand was also circular, with a shingled peaked roof, and all around the perimeter was a built-in bench that was no more than a hard seat braced at intervals with two-by-fours, open space between the seat and the floor. I sat down on the bench and began to wait, looking out into the park and listening for the sound of Beth's feet on the gravel walk, but the only sounds I heard came from the four bounding streets, where cars and pedestrians passed sparsely in four directions.

Time passed. So, on the four streets, did the sparse cars, the even sparser pedestrians. And so, in the bandstand, did the expectations of Gideon Jones, who had been tricked and traduced in the tradition of the past.

I stood up and walked across the bandstand to the other side, my steps a truncated series of hollow sounds on the rotting boards. The last step brought the toe of my right foot into the space beneath the circular bench, and it made contact suddenly with something soft but substantial down there on the floor. I stood for a moment with breath and motion suspended, and then I breathed and backed away a step and bent down. There was something down there, all right, under the bench, and I touched reluctantly what felt like flesh. Soft flesh beneath my fingertips. Nose, eyes, mouth. Sinking down all the way onto my knees, I struck a match and looked at Beth beneath the bench. Beth's face with open, empty eyes, and somehow I was not in the least surprised. The match burned my fingers, and I let it fall.

What did I think? Well, I thought that it was just like Beth, by God, to come to such a sticky end, and that she had surely come in amiable innocence to die with utter wonder that anyone on earth would wish her dead. I thought that it was too bad to kill her, and that whoever had done it should be ashamed of himself. I thought that now I would never have the chance to say goodby to her properly, never in this world. I thought that I had better get the hell away from there if I knew what was good for me.

I stood and turned and went, leaving her lying where she was, a long way in the end from Miami and Rio and Acapulco and places like that. I walked directly home, and the cicadas were silent in the trees, and the sad summer night was sour. The house was dark, and I went upstairs and undressed in the dark and got into bed and lay there under a sheet, thinking. My thinking, however, was not very clear or coherent, and the truth is that I didn't know what to do, or

THE GIMLET AFFAIR (continued)

if I had been smart or stupid in doing what I had already done.

What I was in, plainly, was a mess. Someone had killed her, and I had walked into it full of gin and nostalgia, with nothing more on my mind than a minor infidelity, and who had done it, for whatever reason, was something that might never be known if I became involved and placed at the scene, for it might be decided that I was as logical as anyone else could be, besides being convenient. If this developed, as it might, it would be advisable to have alternate suspects in mind, and I tried to think of some, but the best I could do on short notice was Wilson Thatcher, who wasn't very convincing in the part.

Most likely, it was a local glandular nut who had followed her to the park or had simply discovered her there by accident in the dark bandstand. Still, as I remembered her in the brief and tiny flare of the match, she had shown no signs of struggle or abuse. No bruises or abrasions or torn clothing. Neither had her face in its final expression shown any of the agony or distortions that are supposed to be left by strangulation, which would have been a reasonable technique in a murder that no one had anticipated or planned. There had been only the expression of wonder that this was actually happening to Beth Webb Thatcher, who had lately been living well in various pleasant places.

It occurred to me then that I had no acceptable evidence, aside from her being dead, that she had been killed at all. And being dead is really no evidence of having been killed, for it is possible to be dead from merely having died. I could recall no blood, no wound, not even any bumps. Was it possible that Beth had simply and suddenly died? The odds against it, I thought, were far too great to discount for even so unpredictable a long shot as she. She had been lying on her back, under the bench where she must have been pushed, and somewhere on her back where I couldn't see it, there was surely the mark of whatever had killed her.

I wished Sid would come home. I was in no mood for conversation or entertainment, but I was more than ready to welcome a warm and comforting presence. Just someone around. Someone to lie lightly and breathe softly and sleep sweetly beside me. Not just someone, either. Sid or no one. Specifically Sid, and here she came.

I heard the car in the drive and her steps on the stairs. She came into the room and, after lighting a small lamp on her dressing table, stood looking at me with her hands on her hips. I could see her fuzzily through slits and lashes.

"Well, I'll be damned," she said.

She walked over to the bed and bent over and examined me thoroughly. She bent nearer and sniffed.

"Stoned." she said.

She went away into the bathroom, and pretty soon she came back barefooted, having kicked off her white flats, and got out of what she was in, and into what passed for a nightgown. In the gown, a blue shortie with tiny white rosebuds here and there, she returned to the bed and sat down on the edge and again examined me critically.

She shook me by the shoulder, but I kept my eyes closed in simulation of the stupor she had charged me with. I kept on lying there with my eyes closed, but then there was a small and painful explosion on my left cheek which was repeated instantly on my right cheek, and it seemed to me that simulation had become entirely too risky to sustain. I groaned and opened my eyes and groaned again.

"What the hell's the matter with you, sugar?" she said.

"I'm sick," I said.

She laced her hands around a knee and rocked back on her pretty pivot with a derisive expression.

"Sick! You're loaded, sugar. That's what you are."

"Nothing of the sort. I had a few more Gimlets, I admit, but I'm not loaded."

"Where are you sick?"

"It's my stomach. Something terrific is going on down there."

"Well, you can hardly expect to drink Gimlet after Gimlet for hour after hour without having something go on in your stomach. What you need is a big dose of Kaopectate."

"Like hell I do."

"Nonsense. You'll take a big dose immediately, and later you'll be glad."

She got up and went into the bathroom again and rattled around and came back with bottle and spoon. She poured a spoonful of Kaopectate and poked it at me, and in order to avoid getting soaked, I sat up and opened my mouth and permitted her to pour it down my throat.

"There you are," she said. "That wasn't so bad, was it?"

"Bad enough."

She went away with the bottle and spoon and came back without them. Sitting on the edge of the bed in the same place and position, she watched me for a while without speaking, and I began to feel uncomfortable.

"Are you feeling any better yet?" she said.

"Not yet."

"It's a shame that I must treat you like a baby and be with you every minute. It does seem that you should be able to behave yourself without being under constant surveillance. The wonder is, I suppose, that you weren't into more mischief than you were."

"The mischief I was in was mischief enough, believe me."

"What do you mean? I don't like the sound of it. What did you do besides drink and drink and get your belly in an uproar? What else?"

I hadn't intended to go off in this direction, and I was simply gone before I knew it. I admit freely that I just wasn't made for the solitary bearing of bad trouble and grim possibilities.

"What else I did," I said, "was meet Beth Thatcher in the old bandstand in Dreamer's Park. At least I went there to meet her, although I didn't, as it turned out. She called and said she wanted to see me, and a lot of things were working together to make me go. She was the one who suggested Dreamer's Park, and I went there to meet her, but I didn't because she was dead."

We sat there looking at each other after my confession, and she didn't appear to be exceptionally angry, hardly at all, but I wasn't fooled by this, having known her pretty well for some time now. She was probably thinking, in spite of her deceptive, serene gravity, what a pleasure it would be for her to attend my funeral after having personally got me ready for it.

"As for me," she said at last, "I am not so concerned with your having found her dead as I am with what you would have done if you hadn't."

"There's no use speculating about that, so far as I can see. She was dead, and nothing was done."

"On the contrary, there's a great deal of use in speculating about it. One could very easily reach some mighty interesting conclusions, although the range of possibilities of what could be done in a dark park is so broad that it almost staggers the imagination."

"Damn it, there was nothing of any consequence intended. You know how this town is, and what would have been said about us if we had been seen together. We merely wanted to avoid gossip, that's all, and Dreamer's Park was just a place that occurred to her and seemed reasonable to me because it's a place we had been before, a long time ago, and a place where couples still go now and then."

"I know that couples go there, and I know what for. Your explanation, however, is just ridiculous enough to seem characteristic, and I'll consider accepting it. But now, I suppose, I had better consider the rest of the matter. You've made a mess of things by drinking gin and sneaking off in the night to meet someone who turned up dead, and it's plain that I must consider what's to be done about it. Isn't it expected of a person who finds a body to report it to the police or someone?"

"Yes, it is. It's expected."

"Then why, may I ask, didn't you do what was expected?"

"Because she was dead from having been killed. Because I wanted to avoid the suspicion of having killed her. It would probably be difficult to explain to a cop how I just happened to be in that damn park at such an hour."

"That's true. It's even difficult to explain it to me. Wouldn't it have shown you were innocent if you reported the body?"

"Not necessarily. They'd be sure to think it might be a trick."

"I doubt that you'd be seriously considered a suspect, sugar. A man who is too cowardly to take a dose of Kaopectate would hardly commit a murder. How was she killed, by the way?"

"I don't know. I only saw her for a few seconds by the light of a match, and I didn't see any wound or anything."

"Then how the hell do you know she was killed at all?"

"It seems probable."

"I agree that it does. Dreamer's Park in the middle of the night is hardly a place where one would go deliberately to die naturally. Do you know what I think?"

"No. What?"

"I think that there is nothing to be done except let things work out as they will. If bad comes to worse, you are at least a lawyer and can defend yourself competently."

"Thanks. That's very reassuring."

"How are you feeling now?"

"Cheerful and confident. I always feel cheerful and confident after finding a body under incriminating circumstances."

"I mean your stomach, sugar."

"Oh, my stomach's all right. It's fine."

"You see? Kaopectate works wonders."

She went over and turned off the little light on her dressing table and came back and lay down beside me in the darkness. I could hear her breathing evenly, and smell the sweet scent of her, and after a while feel the soft warmth of her, and we lay there for a while quietly before she spoke again.

"Sugar," she said, "is it possible that you killed her after all?"

"No."

"One could conceivably believe it."

"A few minutes ago you said that one couldn't."

"I know, but I've been thinking it over, and I've decided that it's possible. After all, I am as unlikely a murderer as you are, and if she were here alive at this very moment, I'm quite sure I would kill her with pleasure."

I woke early after going to sleep late. Sid was still asleep on her side, curled like a cold child in a sprinkling of white rosebuds. Outside, in the bright light of morning, a cardinal was screeching his pointed red head off, telling everyone to cheer up, cheer up, and I thought to myself, like hell I will.

I went into the bathroom and bathed and shaved and brushed, and then I dressed and decided that I might find myself a little more tolerable if I were full of hot coffee, and so I went downstairs to the kitchen and put on the pot. I drank the coffee black, two cups, after which I went out into the hall to the foot of the stairs and stood listening for sounds of life above, but there weren't any. There didn't seem to be anything left to do but go, and so I went, walking, and it was still pretty early when I reached my office.

An hour and a half had passed when Millie came, half an hour late, and it took her ten minutes more to get from her desk to mine. She looked fairly fresh and alert, and smug enough to justify the assumption that something pleasant had recently happened to her.

"Good morning, Mr. Jones," she said. "You've got bags under your eyes."

"So have you."

"I was up all hours. Were you?"

"Never mind. How was the engineer?"

"Determined. Original, too. He was interesting and challenging, but not entirely successful."

"Next time, give in. You'll get to bed earlier and to work on time."

"Well, aren't we sour this morning! What happened to you last night?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Well, then, that explains everything. That's the worst kind of night of all."

In my opinion, she was wrong, but I didn't feel like continuing the discussion. Having had the last word, she went back to her desk in the outer office, and a few minutes later I could hear the busy sound of her typewriter.

The morning got going much as other mornings had been getting going for something like seven years, and at ten fifteen Millie took a coffee break in the Hotel Carson coffee shop. She returned at ten forty, ten minutes late, and came on directly into my office. I could see at once by her glittering eyes that she had been stimulated during her absence by more than caffeine.

"The most shocking thing has happened," she said. "I heard all about it in the coffee shop."

"Shocking things are happening all the time everywhere," I said.

She hooked half of her bottom on the edge of my desk and inspected the fingernails of her right hand. "You remember Beth Webb Thatcher? I think you used to know her."

"You know damn well I used to know her. I used to go with her fairly regularly. In fact, exclusively. I thought for a while that I was going to marry her, but I didn't, and I'm glad. This is all ancient history."

"Well, now she's dead. This is modern history. In fact, it's current events. This morning a couple of kids went into Dreamer's Park to play in the old bandstand, and there she was. Beth. Dead. Someone had slipped a long, thin blade into her from behind, and she had died of it. Just imagine. All this was happening to her while an engineer was happening to me and nothing at all was happening to you."

I thought I was prepared for it, but it made me sick. I guess I showed it, pallor or something, for Millie unhooked her bottom from the desk and came around and hooked it on the arm of my chair and put an arm around my shoulders.

"I'm sorry, Gid," she said. "I'm just a witch, that's what I am."

"Think nothing of it," I said. "It's no more than the natural shock of learning that someone you once knew intimately has died suddenly from having a long, thin blade slipped into her from behind."

"You're a good boss and an understanding fellow," she said, "and I love you."

"I'm all for that," I said. "If there's anything I need at the moment, it's love."

"Shall I lock the door?" she said.

"Well, no," I said. "It's Platonic love I need."

I went on sitting there, looking pale or something, and she went on sitting there beside me, hooked on the arm, with her arm around me. I was grateful for the arm, grateful for her bright red head and for all the rest of her, and even grateful for Plato, who gave it a name and kept it decent.

"Who do you suppose did it?" she said.

"I don't know. Local legend gives me a reason, but I'm innocent."

"It may have been a nut. That's always possible and frequently convenient."

"So it is. What else did you hear in the coffee shop?"

"Only that Beth came to town yesterday. Only that everyone is wondering why, and no one seems to know."

"Also that everyone, by this time, knows that she and I had two Gimlets together in the Kiowa Room yesterday afternoon."

"It's good to know the facts. I've heard everything from Martinis to Daquiris and from one to six."

"That's interesting. Did you hear anyone say that I killed her?"

"Not exactly. All I heard was one man say that you *should* have killed her if you didn't. He was a friend."

"Some friend," I said bitterly.

At that moment, someone came into the outer office, and Millie went out to see who it was. I waited for her to come back and tell me, but she didn't. Sid came instead. She came around my desk and kissed me with sufficient warmth to make me feel wanted again, and I held her for a minute, smelling her hair.

THE GIMLET AFFAIR (continued)

"I've been feeling perfectly miserable," she said.

"So have I, and for a good reason. What's yours?"

"I wasn't asleep at all this morning when you left. I was only pretending. It was deceptive and cowardly, and you were no sooner gone than I wished I hadn't done it."

"I don't blame you for wanting to avoid me. I would have avoided myself if it had been possible."

"You mustn't be *too* self-critical, sugar. It makes a bad impression. What you must do is concentrate on your good qualities. You have a number that I can name if you wish."

"Thanks very much, but I think it will be more therapeutic if I can discover them for myself."

"Meanwhile, will you give me an honest answer to a candid question?"

"As honestly as my character permits."

"Good. If Beth had been alive when you went to meet her last night, what would you have done?"

"We'd have talked, and maybe held hands and kissed and got sloppy about the past. Then we'd have said good-by, and she'd have gone away, and I'd have been glad that she was gone."

"Sugar, you have said exactly the right thing. I even feel rather tender toward you for being such a chump. What we have to concentrate on now, since this has been settled satisfactorily, is how to keep you out of trouble if possible, or how to *get* you out of trouble if it becomes necessary."

"I've been thinking myself that this problem should have priority."

"We're agreed on that, then, and we're again, I hope, on the best of terms."

"Well, I'm madly in love with you, non-Platonic style. You may call that being on the best of terms if you choose."

"I do, sugar. There are absolutely no terms better. I'm feeling fine now, and rather hungry. What time is it? Couldn't you leave for lunch?"

"It's eleven, and I could."

"Let's go, then. We'll have a drink before lunch, that's what we'll do."

We went into the outer office, and I told Millie I was going to lunch, and if I wasn't back by noon to lock the door and go to lunch herself. She said all right, and Sid and I went on downstairs to the street, which was hot and full of sunshine.

"Where do you want to go?" I said.

"There's a buffet in the Kiowa Room."

So we went on over to the hotel and into the Kiowa Room. We served ourselves and found a table in a corner, and a girl who came to pour coffee was induced to bring a couple of Sidecars, which were what Sid decided we should have, and we emptied our glasses slowly and started on our plates. We hadn't said anything since entering the room, not a word to each other, but our silence was warm and comfortable, and everything was fine for the present, even though later it might not be.

"Do you know what I would like to do this afternoon?" Sid said.

"No," I said. "What?"

"I'd like to go swimming and lie in the sun."

"I wish I could go, but I can't."

"Couldn't you possibly arrange it?"

"I can't possibly. There's some work I have to finish on a case I'm sure to lose, and at three o'clock I have an appointment with a man who wants to sue another man."

"I'm sorry. It's such a disappointment."

"You go on, anyhow."

"No, I don't want to go without you."

"I wish you would."

"No, no. I'll go home and sit on the back terrace and go over my notes on the meeting with Rose Pogue. They're rather confusing right now, and need to be straightened out in my mind. Rose is very intellectual, as you know, and is inclined toward making things confusing that usually wouldn't be."

"Rose is a school teacher, and it's expected of her to be intellectual."

"She only teaches second grade. Is it expected of teachers who teach second grade?"

"Possibly not. I admit that Rose is an exceptional second-grade teacher."

"It's a pity that everyone can't be exceptional at something. I try and try to be, but I can't."

"In my opinion, you are exceptional in many ways without trying at all."

"Sugar, what an absolutely charming thing to say. Are you sure you can't take the afternoon off?"

"Not completely off. But maybe I can get through early."

"That's something, at least. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pick you up in the car, and we'll drive straight home. Will you be finished by four with the man who wants to sue another man?"

"Finished and waiting."

Oh, well. That's the way it went. We never mentioned what was in the back of our minds, sometimes in front, but I knew that she had come downtown to have lunch with me in a public place because she knew that what had happened would dredge up old matters, unpleasant at best and disastrous at worst, and, in her own way, she was making a public declaration of faith.

What she was doing was wonderful, and what she was was little and lovely and tough as a boot.

As it turned out, the three o'clock appointment was canceled, which was a relief, and I decided about that time that I'd call Sid and have her come on down and pick me up. I had my telephone out of its cradle and my index finger pointed at the dial when Millie cracked the door to the outer office and poked her red head through the crack.

"There's a man here to see you," she said.

"I don't want to see a man. I want to go home."

"His name is Cotton McBride, and he's a policeman. Not just an ordinary policeman, either. He's a detective."

"Damn it, I know who and what Cotton McBride is. Did he say what he wants to see me about?"

"No, he didn't. You obviously haven't done anything illegal today, so it must be something left over from last night, and I'm wondering how someone could get involved with the police on a night when nothing at all happened to him."

"Never mind. Send Mr. McBride in."

"It's Lieutenant McBride. That's what he said."

"Thanks very much. Send him in."

She withdrew her bright head with its bright, inquisitive eyes, and I thought how odd everyone becomes when anything sufficiently extraordinary happens. Because of what had happened last night to Beth, a call by a cop was suddenly something with all sorts of implications.

Cotton McBride must have been ten years older than I, but I had known him casually for a long time. He was thin and dry, with limp pale hair and round shoulders and a chronic expression of quiet despair, and he did not look much older than he had twenty years ago. This was not because he kept himself looking young, but because I couldn't remember a time when he hadn't looked old. Even as a kid he had seemed dry and withered and a little tired, always wearing his expression of quiet despair. He wore it now with a wilted seersucker suit and a black string tie.

"Hello, Cotton," I said. "Millie says I ought to call you lieutenant."

"I heard her. That's a neat redhead, Gid, but she doesn't show much respect."

"I wouldn't take it personally if I were you."

"You always had an eye for the lookers, Gid. I remember that about you."

"Do you? Maybe so. It's not an uncommon post-puberty trait among males."

"What I'd like to know is how you get that little wife of yours to tolerate a redhead like that."

"My wife's vain. She simply can't conceive of my looking twice at anyone but her."

He sat down uninvited in a chair beside my desk, dropping his stained straw hat on the floor beside him. "I never had any luck with the girls myself. Guys like you had all the luck."

"Some of it bad, Cotton. Girls have a way of being bad luck at times."

"That's true enough. I've seen more than one man in bad trouble because some woman got him there. On the other hand, I've seen women in the same condition because of some man. Like the one who got herself killed out in Dreamer's Park last night. Beth Thatcher. You heard about it, I suppose."

"I heard."

"Seems to me you used to know her pretty well."

"Pretty well."

"That was a pretty dirty trick she played on you years back. Something like that can sometimes do peculiar things to a fellow. It sticks. Maybe he thinks he's forgotten all about it, and then something brings it back, and it's as bad as ever. Maybe worse."

"Oh, for God's sake, Cotton. She got married and went away, and she was gone seven years. She quit being important quite a while back."

"No, she didn't, Cid. She was killed last night, and that makes her still important. Anyhow, it makes her important all over again. What I've been wondering is, why did she come back to town?"

"I can answer that. She had been living well in various places where living well is expensive, and she was broke. She needed some money, and she thought Wilson Thatcher might be willing to give her some for old times' sake."

"If you ask me, that's a hell of a poor reason for giving away money."

"If I know Wilson Thatcher, he would agree with you."

"Maybe you don't know him so well."

"Is that so? Why?"

"Because she wasn't broke when we checked her room at the hotel this morning. There was a purse of hers in the top drawer of a chest, and there was five grand in the purse."

"You think she got it from Wilson?"

"Who else? Did you give it to her?"

"Oh, sure. I've been paying her five grand a month for years. She was blackmailing me."

"You're trying to be funny. I guess, but I'm always open to suggestions."

"Blackmail? Don't be a fool, Cotton."

"I'll try. It wasn't you I had in mind, though. Hell, I know you don't have the kind of money you need to pay blackmail. Wilson Thatcher's different. Wilson has most of the money in the world. I talked with Wilson this morning, but I've got a notion I'd better talk with him again."

"Did Wilson see her before she died?"

"He says not. He says she called him at the factory early yesterday afternoon and tried to make an appointment with him, but he told her to go to hell. He hadn't heard about her being dead until I told him, but he didn't seem particularly surprised. That could be because he already knew without being told, though. What do you think?"

"You're the detective, Cotton. You do the thinking."

"Seems to me that you might be willing to help. It might turn out to be in your own interest if you did."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"It's plain enough. As far as anybody knows now, there's as much reason for suspecting you as anyone else, and the quicker it turns out to be someone else, the better for you."

"Is that what you came here to say? If it is, you've said it and I want to go home."

"You needn't get sore, Cid. Why I really came is because you probably knew her better than anyone left around here, except maybe Wilson, and I thought you might know something that happened in the past that might help us now. The way it looks to me, she was sure as hell killed, for whatever reason, by someone right here in town, and probably you and I both know whoever that person was."

"Not necessarily. Someone could have followed her."

"There aren't any suspicious strangers in town that I know of."

"He could have come and gone. Murderers don't usually hang around after they've committed murder."

"It could have happened that way, but I don't believe it. What's bothering me right now as much as anything else is why she was out there in that park alone, late at night."

"She may have just walked out there for sentimental reasons. Dreamer's Park has played a part in most of our lives."

"I don't believe that, either. It doesn't explain why she was killed there."

"Assume a nut. There she was in the dark park for sentimental reasons, and there at the same time, for reasons of his own, was a psycho. It was something that just happened."

"No. The killing was too neat. Nuts are generally messy. Whoever did this just slipped a long, thin blade into her from behind, and that was all of it."

I remembered her face in the light of a match, the fixed wonder that was almost an expression of serenity, and it was in that instant, for the first time since finding her dead in the old bandstand, that I realized fully that dying had not made her someone with nothing to do with anything that had happened, and that she was still, although dead, the same person I had known and loved and ached for and wanted once to marry. I had said that she had quit being important a long time ago, which was true in a way, but I suddenly hoped with all my heart, which was hurting, that a particular person turned out to be even sorrier

THE GIMLET AFFAIR (continued)

than I that she had died in the particular way she had.

"What's the matter?" Cotton said.

"Nothing," I said. "Why?"

"You're looking funny."

"Am I? I don't feel funny. I was wondering what you've done with her."

"The body? It's over in a back room of Paley's Funeral Parlor. You might be able to see it if you're interested."

"Thanks. I might be interested."

"You haven't been much help, to tell the truth. If you get any better ideas, you let me know."

"I'll do that."

He retrieved his stained hat and left, and after a minute or two, I went out and downstairs and east on the street three blocks and two blocks south to Charlie Paley's Funeral Parlor. I found Charlie's office, Charlie in it, and he said Beth was ready, and took me back to see her.

She was lying in this little room just off the alley, and it seemed to me a bleak and depressing room to lie in, even dead, but Beth didn't seem to mind, her face serene and still fixed in wonder, although it was now apparently the wonder of a dream, for her eyes were closed. Charlie went away and left me with her, and I stood there and tried to say silently the proper good-by that we had never said, but it was simply something that couldn't now be wrapped up neatly after being and ending in such disorder, and after a fair trial that came to nothing I went back to the drug store across from my office and called Sid.

She said she was getting ready to come. I crossed the street and stood on the curb until she came, and we went home.

At something like seven, or thereabouts, we were out on the back terrace in a couple of sling chairs. The cicadas were up there in the trees, and under the trees the shadows had a kind of blue transparency.

"Sugar," Sid said, "hasn't it been a pleasant evening?"

"Yes, it has. It has been an evening to remember."

"It makes me happy when I am able to show you a good time."

"You show me the best time of anybody. Nobody could possibly make a time half so good as you."

"I wonder, though, if I have been entirely successful."

"Why should you wonder?"

"For the past half-hour you've been silent and sad-looking. Are you becoming depressed about something?"

"I'm a little depressed, but not excessively under the circumstances."

"It may become worse, however, if you just continue keeping everything to yourself. The psychological consequences of something like that can sometimes be quite bad. What happens is, you break out with all sorts of nasty traits that nobody can understand but that are really the results of whatever it is you're keeping to yourself."

"I surely wouldn't want that to happen to me."

"Neither would I. A certain number of nasty traits are natural and expected in anyone, but it would be difficult, to say the least, to keep on being in love with someone who kept breaking out with more than his share."

"I promise that I'll try to avoid anything of the sort."

"Well, there's very little you can do about it, once you have repressed something long enough to do the damage. Besides, I'm dying of curiosity to know if anything special has developed. Has there?"

"I don't know how special it is. Cotton McBride came to see me in the office this afternoon."

"Cotton McBride? Isn't he that faded-looking little man who is some kind of policeman?"

"Yes. He's a detective, and that's a kind of policeman."

"Why on earth did he come to see you?"

"He thought maybe I could tell him something that would help him find whoever killed Beth."

"Why should he assume that you could tell him anything of the sort?"

"Oh, he's simply working in the dark, I think. As a matter of fact, I *was* able to tell him something that may help, although it wasn't from any farther in the past than yesterday."

"What were you able to tell him?"

"Beth was broke. She came to town to ask Wilson Thatcher for money. She didn't see anything unreasonable in this, even though Wilson's married again, but Beth was always assured that anyone would be happy to give her anything she wanted whenever she wanted it."

"How do you know she was broke? Did she tell you so?"

"Yes."

"I'd like to know if Wilson did give her money. In my opinion, he wouldn't have been such a fool."

"You're right. Anyhow, he said he didn't. He said he refused to see her. That's according to Cotton McBride. Cotton wasn't so sure about it, though."

"Not so sure? Why not?"

"Because, as it turned out, Beth had five thousand dollars in her room at the hotel."

"That's quite a lot of money for someone to have suddenly just after being broke."

"Not so much for someone who liked to live well in places where living well was expensive."

"Nevertheless, it's quite a lot of money to most people, including Wilson Thatcher. He may have more money than is decent, which he does, but I've never known him to display exceptional generosity in giving any of it away, and I'm willing to bet that he didn't voluntarily give any to an ex-wife for nothing more than the asking."

"I'm inclined to agree. So is Cotton."

"Do you think he gave it to her because she forced him in one way or another?"

"This is one line of reasoning that seems indicated."

"It's absolutely fascinating, isn't it? What do you suppose Wilson could have done to make him susceptible?"

"I can't imagine. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that he cheats on his income tax, but I can't see him doing anything really juicy."

"You never can tell, however. Some people are deceptive in such matters. Wilson Thatcher may not have always acted like a deacon just because he looks like one. Suppose he did something once that he doesn't want known, and your precious Beth tried to blackmail him because of it. Wouldn't that be an acceptable reason for his killing her if it could be proved?"

"Acceptable, indeed. I can detect a couple of flaws in the supposition, though. In the first place, why pay her five grand and kill her afterward? Why not kill her before and keep the five grand in the bank?"

"Perhaps he had to give her the money as a kind of down payment until he could get her in a position to kill her."

"I concede the possibility, but I have no faith in it. Flaw number two, in my judgment, is even more critical. I consider it extremely unlikely that Wilson deviated from propriety enough to make him a subject for blackmail. Having known him and Beth both from away back, I'm satisfied that the deviations, whatever they may have been, were on the distaff side. This view is supported by the nature of their divorce. Wilson, as you pointed out, is only slightly poorer than Croesus and could have been tapped for a steady increment of magnificent proportions if he had been vulnerable. Nothing like this happened, however. A settlement was made quietly, and Beth went off quietly for her divorce. A few years later, she turns up broke. I submit that any major diversion by Wilson, felonious or merely scandalous, would have kept her living well in Miami and Rio and Acapulco and places like that indefinitely."

"At any rate, you clearly admit that she was not above blackmailing him, which is very enlightening, to say the least."

How can you possibly hope to explain someone who could surely have made blackmail seem like an amiable and reasonable negotiation, conducted without

malice in the friendliest fashion with the most sincere wish for no hard feelings? I was silent for quite a while, having nothing convincing or even safe to say, and finally Sid said something more.

"Never mind, sugar," she said. "I'm only interested in protecting you from the consequences of your foolishness, whether it was seven years ago or last night. Did Cotton McBride have any notion that you went to Dreamer's Park?"

"I don't think so. Why should he?"

"Do you think it would make things difficult for you if he found out?"

"I think it would."

"In that case, we must be prepared to lie about it convincingly if necessary, and we had better agree at once on the lies we will tell."

"I'm wondering if it might not be better to tell the truth."

"Certainly not. Put any such nonsense right out of your head. The truth is so ridiculous that even I, as you will recall, had difficulty in believing it, and I have no doubt that the police would find it absolutely impossible. You could hardly avoid an effect of duplicity, to say nothing of positive imbecility."

"Thanks."

"We have to be realistic, sugar. I'm bound to say that you haven't been especially brilliant in this matter. You had better consider my opinions carefully if you want to escape some unpleasant consequences, and it's my opinion that we must lie if necessary."

"That may be a problem. After all, you were with Rose Pogue, so you can hardly go on record as being with me, and I was alone all the time, which is impossible to prove."

"Don't be dull, sugar. As a lawyer, you surely realize that you don't have to prove that you weren't in Dreamer's Park. It will be entirely up to the police to prove that you *were*."

She made it sound remarkably simple and sensible and even honorable, as if candor and deceit had somehow exchanged places with one another, and I was diagnosing this with the intent of further discussion when there was suddenly a soft, dry sound from a rear corner of the house behind us, and I turned my head and looked back there to see who or what had made the sound, and it was no one but Wilson Thatcher who had made it by coughing to attract our attention. I stood up with a queer feeling to face him, and he came across from the house to the terrace with a long-legged stride that appeared to be a kind of slow-motion lope.

Sid had said that he looked like a deacon, although possibly not always acting like one, and I guess that's what he looked like if a deacon is tall and thin with lank black hair and a dyspeptic face with pale blue eyes tending to project. I thought to myself, watching him approach, that he had surely been no match for Beth, who had surely given him a bad time while it lasted, and I felt sorry for him all at once and hoped that his trouble, if he had any, was no worse than mine, which might be bad enough.

"Hello, Wilson," I said.

He held out a dry hand, which I took and released, and he looked over my shoulder at Sid, who had risen and turned, and relaxed his face in a thin smile.

"I rang at the front door," he said, "but no one answered, and so I took the liberty of walking around the house. I hope I'm not intruding."

"Not at all. Come over and sit down."

"Thanks, Gideon." He stood for a moment with an air of abstraction, staring off into the dusky yard and popping his knuckles by flexing his fingers. "Perhaps I should have waited and come to your office tomorrow, but what I want to talk about is urgent and delicate. I preferred coming here, if you don't mind." He folded into a chair in a kind of boneless surrender to it. "The truth is, I may need a lawyer."

"You already have several lawyers," I said. "What do you need with another?"

"Company lawyers. They're all right for business matters, but this is something different. Personal. To be frank, I've committed an indiscretion that may prove extremely troublesome."

I wondered if he was referring to murder, the slipping of a long, thin blade into Beth from behind, and I thought that indiscretion, if he was, was a discreet word for it.

"Indiscretions sometimes have a way of proving troublesome," I said.

"Yes," said Sid, "don't they?"

"My indiscretion," Wilson said, "was the telling of a lie."

"That's very interesting," Sid said. "We were discussing the telling of lies as a matter or prudence just before you came."

"A lie," I said, "is scarcely a legal problem unless it was told under oath."

"It wasn't told under oath," Wilson said, "but it was told to the police, which is the next thing to it. Now I've been compelled to retract it as a result of a later development, and my position has become difficult if not precarious."

"Maybe you'd better tell me directly what it's all about," I said. "That is, if you're serious about wanting my opinion. Not that I'd recommend me in this case. I may need a lawyer myself pretty soon."

"Well, you may have guessed that it concerns someone we have both known quite well."

"Beth, you mean. I've guessed."

"Yes. Yes, of course." He cleared his throat and popped his knuckles. "I've been told that you saw her and talked with her at the Carson yesterday."

"That's right. She told me she had come to town to ask you for money."

"She told you that? Beth was an incredible person. I was never able to understand her at all. I can't imagine any other woman on earth who would openly imply that she was attempting blackmail."

"Did you say blackmail?"

"Oh, that wasn't what Beth called it, but you know how Beth was. She had a genuine belief in euphemisms. Anything was what you called it. She was perfectly charming, and she was surprised and hurt to discover that I wasn't anxious to give her twenty thousand dollars."

Sid made a derisive sound, but I made no sound at all for several seconds, because I believed what he said was true, and I was trying to understand why in the devil he had said it, to me or to anyone, for it gave him a motive for murder that even Cotton McBride would be able to appreciate.

"Twenty thousand dollars is a lot of money," I said. "It ought to pay for a pretty big mistake."

Wilson sighed and seemed to sag a little more in his chair. "I was simply stupid, and I suppose stupidity is always expensive. You remember when Beth and I separated out in California? I made a very generous settlement, it seems to me, for I don't mind telling you that I could have gotten off without paying her a penny. Not a single penny. It would have entailed a lot of unpleasantness, however, and I was glad enough to settle.

"Anyhow, she took what I gave her and went off to get a divorce, which was part of our understanding. Soon after she left, I came back here, and later on I got notice from her that the divorce had been granted. I married again, and everything seemed to be satisfactorily settled and almost forgotten until Beth showed up here yesterday and told me that I was a bigamist."

"A *what*?"

"A bigamist. She said that she hadn't ever actually gotten the divorce, but it wasn't really anything to worry about, for she was willing to go away quietly again, and all that was required of me was to give her twenty thousand dollars to go on."

"Didn't you sign any divorce papers or anything, for God's sake?"

"Yes, I did, but she said they were phony. She had them drawn up by a disbarred lawyer she met somewhere, because, she said, being married made her feel a little more secure in case something came up to make having a husband handy. I admitted in the beginning that I was stupid."

"I hope you haven't been stupid enough to tell this to anyone else."

"That's what I wanted to talk with you about. I told Cotton McBride that I refused to see Beth, but then he found the five thousand dollars in her room, and later I had to admit that I'd seen her and given her the money, because he was sure to find it out one way or another.

THE GIMLET AFFAIR (continued)

and it would only have looked worse for me if I kept on lying. But I didn't say anything about my being a bigamist, or blackmail, or that the five thousand, which was all I had in the office safe, was only an initial payment on twenty. Now I'm afraid it will all come out, and I'm wondering if it wouldn't be better to tell it voluntarily in my own way."

"Do you realize the probable consequences if you do?"

"Yes. I'll be suspected of killing her. I may even be arrested." He got up abruptly from his chair with an unfolding motion and stood looking into the darkening yard, and I could hear once more that soft, measured popping of knuckles. "It was damn inconsiderate of Beth to let me go on thinking I was divorced, getting married again and all, but it was even more inconsiderate to come back here and get herself killed. Still, you know, I can't seem to feel any malice toward her for it. I wish that things had turned out better for her than they did, but there's no use in wishing to change what is over and done with. Her father died when she was a young girl, you know, and her mother died several years ago, while Beth and I were in California. Do you happen to know if there are any other relatives living?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, she must be buried, of course, and I guess I'm the logical one to see that it's done. I'll buy a little place for her in the cemetery and make the arrangements. It can be done quite simply and cheaply, I think. There's no sense in making a great fuss about it."

Sid and I had stood up with him, and now he suddenly made a jerky half-turn toward us and an odd little half-bow from the waist that somehow managed to give an effect of great courtliness.

"Thank you for tolerating my intrusion. It's been a relief to talk to someone, but I'll have to decide for myself, after all, what I must do. I won't ask you to treat this as a privileged communication if you feel that you shouldn't. Now I'll say good night."

He completed his turn, now away from us, and walked to the house and out of sight around the corner. There was a kind of lanky, loping dignity about him that was touching, and he was quite a puzzlement besides.

"I wonder why he really came here," I said, "and I wonder why he told us what he did. I can't see any sense in it. If Beth made a bigamist of him, it seems to me that the sensible thing would simply have been to keep quiet about it. Chances are, now that Beth's dead, that no one would ever have known."

"Well," said Sid, "I'm most relieved to know that there is a fatter suspect in this business than you, and I'm pleased, moreover, to discover that he has behaved, all in all, with even less intelligence."

"He seemed sad and confused," I said. "I felt sorry for him."

"If he had popped his knuckles just one more time," Sid said, "I'd surely have screamed."

On Saturday we buried Beth. Charlie Paley moved her up from the rear room to the chapel for the occasion, and I don't think it took more than twenty minutes to get the service finished from first to last. There was a minister who said a few words about hope everlasting, and a semi-pro tenor about town sang a song with organ accompaniment, and the song he sang was "Somewhere the Sun Is Shining."

Well, it was shining right outside, although not for Beth, and after the service I drove out in it to the cemetery. Sid was with me, and maybe a dozen other people in other cars. Wilson Thatcher was there, but not his wife, and Cotton McBride was there, and so was Sara Pike. The grave was in a corner of the cemetery where the graves came to an end, and just across a fence there was a field full of white clover. Altogether, it was as pretty a place as one could wish to be dead in, although I'm sure Beth wouldn't have wished, if she could have, to be dead in any place whatever.

Sid stood beside me and held my hand, and when it was all over we turned and left. I still didn't feel, walking away, that I had said good-by to anyone, or that I had finished anything that needed finishing. What I felt was at odd ends, the strange disconsolate sense of leaving undone what I would never get back to do. Sid and I had not spoken since leaving Charlie Paley's Chapel, and we didn't speak now until we had left the cemetery and were back into town. Then she asked me if there was anything I especially wanted to do, and I said that I especially wanted to go home.

"I thought you might feel like going somewhere and doing something," she said.

"Home is somewhere," I said, "and anything I want to do can be done there."

"Do you have anything particular in mind?"

"Yes, I do. I have in mind to mow the yard."

"In order to keep you company, I'll do something outside, too. Perhaps I could clip around the edges of things while you're mowing."

"Good. I'll appreciate the company."

We rode along silently until we turned onto our street and approached our drive. Sid was sitting with her legs folded under her and her nylon knees showing below the skirt of the plain black dress she had worn in deference to a funeral, and I could see from the corners of my eyes that she looked, in silence, a trifle sad and pensive.

"She looked much younger than I thought she would," she said suddenly. "What happened is just too damn bad."

"Yes, it is," I said. "It's just too bad."

I turned into the drive and stopped, and we got out and went into the house together. Sid peeled off toward the kitchen, and I climbed the stairs to our room and changed into old clothes. Then I went downstairs and into the garage and started the power mower and began to mow the front yard. After a while, Sid came out in short shorts and began clipping along the brick border of a flower bed in front of the house. She looked altogether charming and distracting, and not at all domestic.

I finished the front yard and then went on into the back. After a couple of times to the alley and back, I killed the engine under a tree with the idea of going into the kitchen for something cold and wet, but then I saw Sid coming with two cans of beer, which met the specifications perfectly. We sat under the tree, flank to flank and drinking slowly, and it was by way of being a pretty good time after some bad ones until Cotton McBride appeared at the side of the house and came on back to where we were.

"Hello, Cotton," I said. "It's a hot day."

"Ninety-eight in the sun," Cotton said. "Those beers look mighty inviting. I'll tell you that. If I wasn't on duty, I might have a good cold beer myself."

"I shouldn't think one beer would interfere with your duty," Sid said. "My experience has been that one beer doesn't interfere with much of anything."

"What I came out for, Sid," Cotton said, "was to have a private talk about something important."

"Let me tell you something," Sid said. "There isn't going to be any private talk that doesn't include me as one of the private parties, and so you may as well get any notion to the contrary out of your head."

"I don't know about that," Cotton said. "You can't be intruding on police business, Mrs. Jones."

"Sid," I said, "go get Cotton a beer, for God's sake."

"I'm not at all sure that I care to give him a beer," Sid said.

"That's all right," Cotton said. "I don't believe I want one after all."

"Of course you do," I said. "I'm about through with mine, and I'll have another one with you. Go get the beers, Sid, please."

"I'll go only on condition that I'm included in the private talk," Sid said.

"How about it, Cotton?" I said. "Can Sid be included?"

"I guess it won't do any harm," Cotton said, "although I can't imagine that it will do any good, either."

"In that case," Sid said, "I'll go."

She stood up and tugged at her short shorts and started for the house, and Cotton sank down onto the grass and took off his stained straw hat, exposing pale limp hair plastered damply to his skull. He sat there in a wilted heap with his legs crossed before him at the ankles. In a couple of minutes, the screen door banged and Sid came back with the beers. She passed one to Cotton and one to me and sat down with the third.

"What has been said while I was gone?" she said.

"Nothing," I said.

"We were waiting to include you," Cotton said.

"Then there's no sense in waiting any longer."

"No, there isn't." Cotton had been looking at Sid's brown legs, but now he took a swallow of beer and began looking at me. "You remember what I told you in your office? How Wilson Thatcher denied seeing Beth or giving her any money?"

"I remember. You said you were going to talk to him again."

"I talked to him all right. He claims he lied the first time about not seeing her, because it might incriminate him or something, but he changed his mind and decided to tell the truth, and the truth is, according to him, that he arranged to meet her and give her the five grand."

"Where did he meet her?"

"He says he picked her up on a corner, and they just drove around a few minutes, and then he let her out on the same corner, but I've got a notion it's a lie."

"What makes you think so?"

"Hell, I just can't see any good reason why he should give her five grand if he was going to kill her afterward. Besides being a waste of money, which isn't like Wilson, it would make us think of him first thing."

"Then maybe he didn't kill her. The fact that he gave her the money, if it *is* a fact, is the best evidence of his innocence."

"You think so? I might agree if it wasn't for something else that I know and you don't." He paused and swallowed more beer and looked at me with a sly expression in which there was a touch of smugness. "Did you know Wilson Thatcher was a bigamist?"

This was clearly intended to be a bomb, which it had been at the time Wilson exploded it on the back terrace, but now it barely popped.

"Oh, cut it out," I said. "That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard."

"It's a fact, just the same. At least Wilson says it is, and I can't see why a man would say something like that about himself unless it was true."

"I can't see why he'd say it at all, true or otherwise."

"He was afraid we'd find it out ourselves, and then it would look all the worse because he hadn't told. He didn't even know it himself until Beth Thatcher came to town to put the squeeze on him. The five grand, Wilson says, was just a down payment on twenty, and he was going to get the rest of it for her the next day. There's a couple of pretty good motives for murder. You get rid of a wife who makes you a bigamist while you're saving fifteen good grand that would otherwise have to go after five bad."

"Oh, sure, Cotton. Two wonderful motives. And so he just handed them to you out of pure charity and a natural desire to be hanged."

"All right, Gid. You don't have to go on with it. It looks like the guy's going out of his way to make trouble for himself, and that's just the thing that bothers me. Fact is, I'm wondering why he doesn't just confess to the murder and be done with it.

"He doesn't, though. He swears he never saw her again after paying the five grand, but I'm still not convinced that he actually paid her anything at all. Damn it, he didn't have to make any down payment, like he said, and it doesn't seem reasonable that he would have done it if he intended to kill her. Besides, what the hell kind of a reason for killing someone is this bigamy business? Or even for paying blackmail? It wasn't deliberate, and he could have proved it. He could even have proved that Beth tricked him into it by a kind of fraud or something, which would have put her in a hell of a lot more trouble than he was in. The most it would have meant to him in the end, I suspect, was a little scandal and humiliation and the inconvenience of getting his second marriage legalized. I can maybe see a rich man laying out a bundle to avoid a scandal and all, but I can't see him committing murder over it. Not if he's got any brains whatever, which Wilson Thatcher has."

"Speaking of brains," Sid said, "you have almost convinced me that you may have some yourself."

"What's that?" Cotton said.

"Well," Sid said, "you have obviously thought everything through, and weighed one thing against another, and you've come up finally with all of these brilliant deductions, and it seems to me that this requires a certain amount of brains, however inadequate."

Cotton's ears had turned red, and I could see that he was somewhat hotter than the hot day. "Thanks very much for the compliment, however inadequate."

"You're welcome, I'm sure," Sid said. "I don't agree, however, that your final conclusion regarding Wilson Thatcher is sound. The weight of evidence surely indicates that he is sadly deficient in brains, if not totally without them. I'll concede, however, that he must have had the glimmering of intelligence required to keep him from getting into a great sweat over the silly bigamy business, but I can tell you another person who would have got into the greatest sweat imaginable, even if she had all the brains in the world, and the person I mean is no one but *Mrs.* Wilson Thatcher."

Cotton was looking at her with his mouth open, and so was I. Finally Cotton drained his can of beer and then began to read the label, at least the big print, as if it were something instructive or comforting, possibly a short prayer.

"Now what in hell, exactly," he said, "made you say that?"

"What made me say it," she said, "is being a woman with a husband, and I don't mind admitting that I would be

THE GIMLET AFFAIR (continued)

considerably upset, to put it mildly, if another woman came along suddenly and told me that he had been her husband first and still was. Moreover, if this happened to be the result of a deliberate dirty trick, I'm sure I would try my best to make her sorry or dead. Although I have more brains than I need, and am not given to behaving as if I needed more than I have, I'm bound to say that my own reaction would be more emotional than intelligent in such a case."

Cotton was still reading the label, forming with his lips the shapes of the words. He did this silently, his expression rather imbecilic, but I could tell that he was listening intently and thinking as furiously as his inadequate brains permitted.

"There's something else I'll tell you, if you care to listen," Sid said.

"I don't believe I care to," I said.

"As for me," Cotton said, "I'm listening."

"It is apparent," Sid said, "that someone who is emotional about something is more vulnerable to threats than someone who isn't, and if I were married to a man who was also married to someone else, and if I wanted to make a good thing of it in the way of getting some money, I'd surely give serious consideration to the woman as the one to get it from. You might be surprised to know how absolutely neurotic a woman who thought she was a wife would feel about having it known by everybody that she wasn't really, and had been sleeping practically publicly with someone else's husband."

Cotton turned his beer can, now empty, around and around in his hands. He seemed to be trying to find his place among the words, which he had apparently lost. Suddenly, giving it up, he lay the can gently in the grass and got onto his knees and then to his feet.

"By God," he said. "Oh, by God."

Turning without another word, he walked away and around the house and out of sight.

"What's the matter with him?" Sid said. "Is he mad or something?"

"I don't think he's mad," I said. "I think he's just a little disturbed."

"It was damn impolite of him, if you ask me, not to thank us for the beer."

"He didn't intend to be impolite. He was abstracted. 'Stunned' may be the word."

"Oh, nonsense. I only pointed out a few things he should have thought of himself."

"It was a deft job of directing suspicion toward a woman who is probably as innocent as you are."

"Well, if she's innocent, it will do her no harm in the end, and I'm convinced that it will be favorable to our own cause. In order to keep you out of jail, if possible, we must have as many suspects as can be arranged."

"I see. Sort of a calculated confusion. Well, as Voltaire said, let us tend our garden."

I got up and started the mower and finished mowing the back yard, and Sid sat under the tree and watched me do it.

Monday was a bad day. It started out all right, a brisk walk to the office and Millie already there in a good humor with her bright head cocked like a woodpecker's, and it stayed all right, if not exceptional, until mid-morning, which was about the time that Millie took a call from the county attorney, who wanted to talk to me. The county attorney's name was Hector Caldwell. We were about the same age, and he had always been a friend of mine, but he was compelled in his professional capacity, as it turned out, to treat me in an unfriendly fashion.

I took up the phone and said, "Hello, Hec," and he said, "Hello, Gid," and I said, "What can I do for you?" and he said, "I wonder if you could get over to my office right away?" and I said, "Well, I don't think I can make it right away," and he said, "I think maybe you'd better," and I knew in an instant, although his voice was pleasant, that I had no choice.

In the outer office, Millie was waiting for me when I passed by. "You be careful what you say to that Hector Caldwell."

"You've been listening on the extension again," I said.

"Don't admit anything," she said.

"You're just a crazy redhead. What makes you think that I've got anything to admit?"

"I don't think you necessarily have, although I wouldn't bet on it, but I think *he* thinks you have. Who does he think he is to be ordering you around?"

"He thinks he's the county attorney, that's who, and I think you'd better quit listening in on my telephone conversations."

"Maybe you shouldn't go talk to that Hector Caldwell at all. I'll let you hide out in my apartment if you want to."

"When I married Sid, she made me promise to give up staying with girls in their apartments. She's unreasonable about such trifles."

"I was only trying to help. I have a notion for some reason that you may need all you can get."

Which was a correct notion, as I shortly learned.

I went downstairs to the street, bright and hot with sunlight, and I worked up a quick sweat walking three blocks to Hec Caldwell's office. When I got there, Hec was waiting for me behind his desk, and Cotton McBride was standing at a window with his back to the room and looking down into the street through the upper section of the window above a one-ton air-conditioner installed in the lower. Hec stood up and asked me to sit down, which I did. Cotton turned away from the window and stood there, looking at me with an expression that suggested a bad taste in his mouth, while Hec sat down again and started looking at me, too, and between the pair of them, staring like that, they made me feel pretty uncomfortable.

"Well," I said, "you asked me to come over, and here I am."

"So you are," Hec said. "Thanks for coming."

"What's the occasion?"

"No occasion. Just something that's come up. We hope you'll be able to help us with it."

"Anything to oblige. What do you want me to do?"

"What we want you to do," Cotton said, "is quit playing fancy with me and everyone else and tell the truth for a change."

"Who says I haven't been telling the truth, and who says what it is that I haven't been telling it about?"

"I say it, that's who says it, and what it's about is the murder of Beth Thatcher, and I'm the one who says that, too. Anyhow, you haven't been telling *all* the truth, if any part of it, and you'd better start telling it right now if you know what's good for you."

"I'm not so sure about that. I've just recently had advice from two pretty shrewd characters, and one of them presented a convincing case for the advantages of telling lies, and the other one said not to admit anything."

"No need to get excited," Hec said. "Gid, Cotton's somewhat annoyed with you, as you can see, and maybe he's justified, and maybe he isn't. That's what we want to find out."

"I'm all for that," I said. "Let's."

"All right." Hec opened the belly drawer of his desk and took out an envelope. "This was delivered to the police station this morning. Regular mail. You'd better read it."

He passed it across the desk, and I took it. It was a cheap envelope, addressed with a typewriter. Pica type. Local postmark. I removed a single sheet of paper from the envelope and read what was on it: *Ask Gideon Jones what he was doing in Dreamer's Park the night Beth Thatcher was killed. Don't let him tell you he wasn't there, because he was, and I saw him.* No signature, of course. No X's and O's for love and kisses. I put the sheet back into the envelope and handed it across the desk to Hec.

"I thought you said this was no occasion," I said. "I beg to differ. I've just been accused of murder for the first time in my life, and in my judgment that's an occasion as big as any there is."

"Who accused you of murder?"

"Whoever wrote that note."

"No. The note just said to ask you what you were doing in Dreamer's Park, and we're asking. What were you doing there?"

"Assuming that I was there at all to be doing anything?"

"True. I'll put that question first. Were you there?"

Well, what the hell! Sid had told me to lie and had patiently explained the advantages of it, and I wanted to lie and had the lie all ready on my tongue, a single, lousy little two-letter word beginning with *n* and ending with *o*, but I couldn't pronounce it. All I had to do was to get a consonant and a vowel off my tongue in proper order, but I couldn't do it, I simply couldn't. And so I told the truth and made an admission at the same time in spite of the sagest advice from separate sources to do neither.

"Yes," I said.

Hec looked surprised and uncomfortable, and Cotton looked something I couldn't see, for I wasn't looking at him. I could hear him, though, and I heard him make a little wet smacking sound with his lips that seemed to have in it a quality of satisfaction.

"Why didn't you say so before?" Cotton said.

"You didn't ask me," I said.

"It's your duty to tell something like that to the police without being asked," Cotton said.

"That's right, Gid," Hec said. "You know it is. You should have told Cotton. Why didn't you?"

"That should be obvious," I said. "I wanted to avoid being suspected of killing someone I didn't."

"I don't know that you're suspected of killing anyone yet," Hec said.

"As for me," Cotton said, "I don't know that he isn't."

"That's what I thought," I said.

"You'd better tell us why you went there and what you did there," Hec said.

"I'll be happy to," I said. "I went there to met Beth at her request, but I didn't meet her because she was dead."

"Why didn't you report her death to the police?" Cotton said.

"I didn't report it because I didn't know it."

"You mean to say she might have been dead in that old bandstand all the time you were there and you didn't even see her?"

Having considered my answer carefully for a split second, I retreated to Sid's prepared position.

"I mean to say," I said.

"What I can't figure out," Hec said, "is why you agreed to meet her in Dreamer's Park at night. There doesn't seem to me to be any good reason for it."

"As for me," Cotton said, "I can think of *two* good reasons, and the other one's murder."

"You aren't even half right," I said. "Dreamer's Park is a place of sentiment, and we were going to say good-by, and it seemed appropriate to say it in a sentimental place. Besides, I had been listening to cicadas and drinking gin."

"Maybe you'd better just tell us what happened in your own words," Hec said.

"Well, I was alone in the house, and the phone rang, and it was Beth. She asked me to meet her and say good-by, and I asked where. That was when she thought of Dreamer's Park, and I agreed to go there to meet her."

"What time was this?" Cotton said.

"I'm not sure," I said. "As I explained, I'd been drinking gin. Pretty late, though. About nine thirty."

"Go on, Gid," Hec said.

"There isn't much farther to go. Just across town to Dreamer's Park. When I got there, I sat in the bandstand and waited for Beth, but she didn't come. Finally I went home and went to bed, and the next day I heard she'd been murdered, and that's all there is to it."

"I've got a feeling," Cotton said, "that there may be more."

"Did you see anyone at all while you were in the park?" He said.

"No one," I said, "except a few people, at a distance, passing along the streets. No one in the park itself."

"That's too bad. It would be helpful to you if we had someone else to suspect, but we don't, and now we have the problem of what to do with you."

"That's no problem," Cotton said.

"What's your suggestion?" Hec said.

"What we have to do," Cotton said, "is hold him on suspicion."

"I guess that's right," Hec said. "I'm sorry, Gid, but I guess we have to hold you. You were there and all, and you didn't tell about it, and that makes you suspicious at the very least."

"I feel chosen," I said. "May I go back to my office and tidy things up a bit?"

"I'm against it," Cotton said. "You can't let a murder suspect run around loose to do things like that."

"By God, Cotton," I said, "it's impossible for me to tell you how much I admire your devotion to duty. Do you think it would be permissible to make a couple of telephone calls?"

"I can't see any harm in a couple of telephone calls," Hec said. "Can you, Cotton?"

"That depends on who he calls and what he says," Cotton said.

"Who are you going to call, Gid?" Hec said.

"A couple of pretty seamy characters. Millie Morgan at the office and Sid Jones at home."

"I can't see any harm in calling Millie and Sid," Hec said.

"Thanks. May I use your phone?"

"Sure. Go ahead and use it."

I did, dialing the office number first, and Millie answered.

"Hello, Millie," I said. "This is Gid."

"Why are you calling? Why don't you

THE GIMLET AFFAIR (continued)

come back and tell me what Hec Caldwell wanted with you?"

"Unfortunately, that's not possible at this time."

"Will you be long? I can hardly wait to hear."

"It appears at the moment that my absence may be prolonged. Cotton McBride, who is listening to this end of our conversation, is of the opinion that it may be permanent. In brief, I've been hauled into custody."

"Are you serious?"

"Never more so."

"Have you admitted anything? What are you suspected of?"

"I'm suspected of murdering Beth Thatcher."

"You didn't, did you?"

"I'm happy to say I didn't."

"I didn't think you did, really."

"It's too bad that present company isn't as easily convinced."

"Cotton and Hec? Those two clunkheads have absolutely no brain between them. Is there anything I can do to help? Maybe I could get that Hec Caldwell in a compromising position that would enable us to put some pressure on him."

"Don't bother, please. Just be a good girl and take care of things. Good-by, now."

I hung up and took a deep breath and began to dial my home number. Hec Caldwell leaned back in his swivel chair and looked past me at Cotton McBride with an expression of complacency.

"You see, Cotton?" he said. "Nothing was said that could do the least harm."

"Nothing harmful was said at this end of the line," Cotton said, "but I'm not so sure about the other."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "our conversation was innocent at both ends. The only thing you might find objectionable was her calling you a pair of clunkheads."

"There you are," Cotton said. "That's a smart-aleck redhead if I ever saw one. She has no respect for anyone."

"Why did she want to call us names like that?" Hec said. "That's no way to talk about public officials."

I had dialed, and the phone was ringing. It rang and rang and no one answered. I was just about to hang up, having decided that Sid had gone out somewhere, when all of a sudden she was on the line breathlessly.

"Hello, hello," she said. "Who's there?"

"Gid's here," I said.

"Sugar, is everything all right? Why did you call?"

"I called to tell you that I won't be home for dinner tonight."

"How exasperating! Why won't you? Where will you *be* for dinner?"

"For dinner I'll be in the county jail as the guest of Cotton McBride and Hector Caldwell."

"Don't be absurd. No one has dinner in the county jail."

"Oh, yes, someone does. A number do, as a matter of fact. The prisoners, I mean."

"What's that? Prisoners? Are you sure you're sober? I hope for your sake, as well as mine, that this isn't the beginning of another Gimlet affair."

"Not at all. Whatever they serve in the county jail, I'm sure they don't serve Gimlets."

"Tell me the meaning of this at once. Do you hear me?"

"I hear you. What I'm trying to say is that I'm being arrested on suspicion of the murder of Beth Thatcher."

"Nonsense. How can you be arrested for killing someone you didn't kill? Who's arresting you? Is it that idiot Cotton McBride?"

"Cotton and Hec. It's a co-operative job."

"What I'd like to know is how the hell they can arrest you without any reason whatever."

"They think they have one. Someone wrote a note and told them that I went to Dreamer's Park the night Beth was killed."

"Who wrote the note?"

"I don't know. It wasn't signed."

"Well, an unsigned note doesn't prove anything. Any nut could write an unsigned note. Surely, after what I told you, you denied being there."

"I didn't, unfortunately. I admitted it."

"Admitted it? Actually? Sugar, were you temporarily insane or something?"

"Hell, I can't explain it. It just came out."

"Well, the damage has been done now, and we'll simply have to make the best of it. It's perfectly clear to me that I must take a hand in this directly if anything sensible is ever to be done."

"What do you plan to do?"

"I'll think of something." She was silent for a few seconds, and when she spoke again her voice had receded and saddened. "I'll have to think of something all the time to avoid thinking of you in jail. Sugar, I can't bear to think of you in jail."

"Sid. I'm sorry."

"For what, sugar?"

"For everything."

"Oh, no. Not for everything. In many respects you've been a superior and interesting husband, and I love you as much as ever and maybe more."

"And I you and no maybe."

"Sugar, I'm about to cry, and I don't want to."

"I've got to hang up now. Will you be all right out there in Hoolihan's Addition all alone?"

"I don't intend to be alone very long. And you tell that clunk-head McBride not to come sneaking around here picking my brains again if he doesn't want to be shot as a trespasser. I'll tell him myself if you'll only put him on the phone."

"I'll tell him. Good-by, Sid."

"Good-by, sugar."

That was about it. I put the phone in its cradle and pushed it away from me. It had been bad enough, as it had to be, but not as bad as it might have been.

"Tell who what?" Cotton said.

"You're who," I said, "and what is that you'd better not come sneaking around picking Sid's brains again if you don't want to be shot."

"What the hell's the matter with that woman? She can't be threatening an officer of the law in line of duty."

"She also called you a clunk-head. That makes two people in ten minutes. I'm beginning to think there must be some truth in it."

"Did she say anything about me, Gid?" Hec said.

"Nothing much. She concentrated on Cotton."

"Well, I suppose she'll never speak to me again after this." He stood up behind his desk and looked strong and resigned and slightly noble. "It's one of the penalties of a job like mine. You do your plain duty, no matter how much it may hurt you inside, and someone always hates you for it."

"As I see it," Cotton said, "my plain duty right now is to take the prisoner over to the county jail, and I'm going to do it."

"That's right, Gid," Hec said. "It's Cotton's duty to do it."

So he did his duty, and we went. I had tried to be brave and assured and all that prideful stuff, and maybe I managed to make the picture pretty well, but I didn't feel it. Inside, like Hec, I was hurting.

I have a notion I was hurting worse.

The county jail was a red brick building erected near the turn of the century in the center of a square block of grass and trees and flowering shrubs. It was two stories high, and my accommodations were second floor rear. I had been there four hours that seemed like four weeks when Harley Murchison, the jailer, came up and opened my grill and said that I had a visitor.

He took me down to a small room on the first floor, and there was Sid. I went over and put my arms around her, and she hung on for a few seconds, and I could hear a little choking sound in her throat, followed by a sniff in her nose. I sat down in a chair by a table, and she sat down in one beside me. We held hands.

"What have you been doing?" I said.

"I've been trying to run down that idiot Cotton McBride, that's what, but he's

never anywhere I go, or at least someone says he isn't, and it's perfectly apparent by this time that he's trying to avoid me."

"Have you talked with anyone at all?"

"Only Hector Caldwell. He was so full of noble regrets and windy pretensions that I was nearly sick on his carpet, but at least he called here to the jail and said that I was to be allowed to see you, and so here I am."

"If you love me, will you do something for me?"

"I'm not sure. I'm forced to recognize that you're not always the best judge of what is for your own good. However, what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to go straight home and be good. Let me get out of this thing the best I can alone."

"Excuse me, sugar, but to this point, in spite of my telling you exactly what to do and say in certain situations, you have shown almost no ability for getting out of it. On the contrary, you keep getting deeper and deeper *into* it. Please tell me why you think things will be any different hereafter."

"Because this anonymous note isn't sufficient evidence to base an indictment on, and Hec Caldwell knows it. My arrest on suspicion is just a kind of gesture, that's all."

"There. That's exactly what I mean. You assume without any earthly reason that Hec Caldwell will suddenly begin to think and behave intelligently. This is clearly impossible, for he doesn't have the necessary brains, and he is, moreover, under the influence of Cotton McBride, who has even less. Now, sugar, what I want you to do is tell me exactly what was said in the telephone conversation between you and Beth. Just begin at the beginning and don't leave anything out for the sake of discretion. What you might leave out could be the most significant of everything, and we can settle later any issues that may arise from your being honest."

"All right. First, she asked me if it was me on the phone, and I said it was. Then she asked me what I was doing, and I said I was drinking Gimlets and listening to *Death and Transfiguration*, and she said something about drinking Gimlets still, and I said not still, but again, because I had taken time out for a bottle of white Burgundy. Then she asked if you were home, and I said no, that you were off discussing something with Rose Pogue, and she said that something like that with Rose might go on forever. Right after that she asked me if I would meet her somewhere, and I asked where, and she remembered Dreamer's Park and suggested it, and I agreed to go. Incidentally, I ought to warn you that I didn't tell quite all the truth to Hec and Cotton. What I didn't tell them was that I found the body and didn't report it."

"It's a relief to learn that you followed my instructions to that extent, at least. It really would be too bad to have you kept in jail for such a minor offense after you have been proved innocent of a major one."

"Yes, it would. I couldn't agree with you more."

About that time Harley Murchison came to the door and coughed, which was a sign that it was time for Sid to go. I held her and kissed her and took a deep breath of the scent of her hair to smell after she was gone.

"You're not a bad sort," I said. "As wives go, you're quite satisfactory."

"I know. In some ways, I'm even exceptional."

Then she sniffed and wiped her nose and went, and where she went and what she did, while I went nowhere and did nothing, make a story that you may not believe if I haven't been able to make you see her as she was. I don't know exactly what she did and said in all instances, for I wasn't with her, but I'm sure I can use my imagination and tell it all with verisimilitude, if not with precise accuracy, from what she told me afterward, and what I heard from others, and most of all from simply knowing Sid and what, in given circumstances, she would most likely do and say.

Where she went first, after leaving the county jail and me in it, was to my office to see Millie Morgan.

"Here you are, Millie," she said. "I was afraid you might be gone."

"A few minutes later I'd have been," Millie said, "but I'm glad I'm not. Have you seen Gid since that stupid Hec Caldwell put him in jail?"

"I just came from seeing him. I don't think it was so much Hec who put him there, however, as Cotton McBride."

"In my opinion, they were both in on it and equally responsible. What on earth makes them suspect Gid of having murdered Beth Thatcher? He called me on the phone and said they did, but he didn't see why, and I've been dying to know ever since."

"Because he went to Dreamer's Park the night she was killed there, and someone apparently saw him and wrote a note to the police about it."

"Well, what a dirty trick! Whoever did it?"

"That's not known, for the note wasn't signed."

"Isn't it rather odd that Gid would go to Dreamer's Park in the middle of the night? Did you know he was going?"

"No. I only learned that he went after he had gone. To tell the truth, he went there to meet Beth."

"The hell he did! If he were my husband, I don't believe I'd be quite so amiable about something like that as you seem to be."

"It's not that I'm so amiable, really. It's only that I'm forced by circumstances to appear so. I may yet, when the time is right, decide to deprive him tem-

THE GIMLET AFFAIR (continued)

porarily of a few privileges for going off like that the minute my back was turned. Now, however, he is in jail and in trouble, and I must get him out."

"How do you intend to do it?"

"I'm not sure. I'll have to investivate and see what I can discover. As a beginning, I've been trying to find that sneaky McBride, but he's been avoiding me."

"Is there anything in particular that I can do to help?"

"Not immediately. There may be something later, however, and it's reassuring to know that you're available."

"Don't mention it. In the meantime, I'll keep things going here at the office. It's my professional opinion that Gid's practice will benefit from all this. He will get a certain amount of publicity, which is always good in the end, and when he is proved innocent, thanks to you, everyone will eventually forget how it really was and think that it was due to his own cleverness as a lawyer."

"That's quite encouraging, I must say. Would you like to go somewhere and have a drink or something?"

"I'd like to, but I don't think I'd better. I'm scheduled for a scrimmage with a certain engineer this evening, and I need to keep a clear head."

"In that case, I'll run along. Good-by for the present."

"Good-by." Millie said. "Let me know the instant I'm needed."

Sid went downstairs and stood still for a moment to consider her immediate future. She thought she might as well try once more to catch Cotton McBride, and so she went over to the police department in City Hall, and Cotton was there, and she caught him.

"Here you are at last." Sid said. "Where the devil have you been?"

"I've been busy," Cotton said.

"That's certainly so. You've been busy making mistakes and the worst kind of fool of yourself. Why have you put Gid in jail without a word of warning to me or anyone else?"

"Because he's a murder suspect."

"And why, precisely, is he a murder suspect?"

"Because he was in Dreamer's Park about the time Beth Thatcher was murdered there."

"What time was that?"

"He said he left home about nine thirty, and he walked to the park, so it must have been around ten o'clock."

"Truly? It's incredible how you can make such clever deductions. I wasn't asking what time Gid was in the park, however. I was asking what time Beth Thatcher was murdered."

Cotton, who had his mouth open in position for his next remark, stood looking at her for a few seconds in silence, his mouth still open in position, and then he sat down slowly in his chair and took a firm grip on its arms. Sid, uninvited, sat down in a chair across from him.

"That's not exactly known, of course," Cotton said.

"How interesting! What time, *in*exactly, would you say she was killed?"

"Damn it, it's impossible to do more than make a scientific estimate. The coroner says it was between seven and eleven."

"It must be wonderful to be able to make scientific estimates, and I don't see how that coroner manages to do it. He isn't even a doctor, let alone a scientist."

"The post-mortem was done by a doctor."

"Naturally. A general practitioner who would have trouble diagnosing rigor mortis itself, without regard for the time when it started."

"Now, I'll tell you something, Mrs. Jones. You're always going around making critical remarks about the police and the medical profession, and I want to warn you that you'd better stop. It's not right."

"Isn't it? I'd like to point out that being critical of a doctor and a policeman and a coroner is not quite so serious a matter as putting someone in jail for the silliest of reasons."

"Gid was in the park during the estimated time of death. He's admitted that he was, and that's reason enough to hold him."

"I believe you said the estimated time of death is four hours. Seven to eleven. How many other people were in the park in that time?"

"How would I know? We didn't have the park under surveillance."

"That's a very significant admission, don't you think?"

"I'm not making any admissions or anything else. The point is, Gid's the only one we *know* was in the park, and he went there specifically to meet the victim, and he had a reason to hold a grudge against her."

"Because she married someone else? That was a favor. If she hadn't, Gid would never have had the chance to marry me."

"Well, it's not my place to argue the relative merits of two women."

"That's correct. I'm glad to know that you know what your place isn't, even if you don't always seem to know just what it is."

Cotton took an even firmer grip on the arms of his chair, his knuckles turning white, and breathed deeply several times.

"There's nothing to be gained from arguing," he said finally.

"I agree." Sid said. "It would be much more profitable to discuss the murder case. We have already established, for example, that you don't really know when the victim died, or who was with her when she did. Now I would like to know what makes you so sure you know *where* she died."

"Damn it, she died in Dreamer's Park."

"Did someone actually see her killed there?"

"No, but that's where she was found, and no one in his right mind would lug a dead body around town when it would be safer and easier to leave it where it became dead. Besides, Beth Thatcher called Gid and arranged to meet him in the park. That's where she went and where she was killed."

"It must be a great comfort to have a dogmatic mind. As for me, I'm never so sure about things. Was the weapon that killed her left in the wound?"

"It was not. We haven't found it yet. It'll be necessary, by the way, to search your house and yard."

"We can settle that when the time comes. What I want to know now is how much blood there was."

"Not much. The wound was just a sort of puncture, made by a thin blade. The doc says it wasn't exactly a blade, as a matter of fact. It was more spikelike."

"But the paper and everyone have constantly referred to it as a blade."

"It was just something that got said and repeated. What's the difference?"

"I'm of the opinion that there's considerable difference between a blade and something spikelike. It's obvious that you've been sloppy or deceptive in numerous instances. I consider it odd that there wasn't more blood, although I'll concede that something spikelike would probably cause less bleeding than a blade."

"Thanks so much. The truth is, there wasn't even enough bleeding to wash away all the dirt."

"Dirt? Did you say dirt?"

"That's what I said. There must have been some dirt on the weapon, because there was some at the edge of the wound, and a little inside."

"Well, this is getting odder and more interesting all the time, and it seems to me that you've given far too little attention to details that deserve more." Sid stood up and walked away a couple of steps and looked back over her shoulder at Cotton. "By the way," she said, "if you actually plan to waste time searching our yard and house, be sure you bring a warrant with you when you come to do it."

"I know," Cotton said sourly. "Otherwise, you'll shoot me as a trespasser."

The evening *Record* carried a startling account of how Gideon Jones, prominent young local attorney, had been detained by authorities on suspicion of murdering Beth Webb Thatcher, formerly the wife of Wilson Thatcher, prominent business executive. Sid read the account carefully from beginning to the end, and although the grounds for suspecting Gid-

con Jones were made perfectly clear in short words that could be understood even on the fringes of literacy, there was not the slightest suggestion that Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Thatcher were legally Wilson Thatcher and Thelma Bleeker, or that they had been blackmailed as a result by the legal Mrs. Wilson Thatcher, who was dead from having been killed, and that they might, therefore, quite reasonably be considered suspicious themselves. There was clearly a minor conspiracy to spare the Thatchers public embarrassment unless it became absolutely unavoidable, and it was Sid's indignant opinion that the Thatchers were not one bit more worthy of being spared than the Joneses, who had not been spared at all.

The next morning, with this on her mind, Sid went to the Thatcher home. It was a big house on an old street, and it sat well back from the street behind a deep yard. Sid pushed a bell button beside a heavy door flanked by narrow panes of leaded glass. Soon, the door was opened by a maid, who asked Sid what she wanted.

"I want to see Mrs. Wilson Thatcher," Sid said. "Please tell her that Mrs. Gideon Jones is calling."

The maid, after a quick recovery from a startled expression, said that she would see if Mrs. Thatcher was in. Sid was allowed to wait in the hall until the maid returned with Mrs. Thatcher's regrets that she was feeling indisposed and unable to receive anyone.

"In that case," Sid said, "I would like to see Miss Thelma Bleeker."

"Who?" the maid said.

"Miss Thelma Bleeker."

"I'm sorry. There's no one here with that name."

"Nevertheless, I'd appreciate it if you would go and tell Mrs. Thatcher that Mrs. Gideon Jones wishes to speak with Miss Thelma Bleeker."

"If you will just wait here," the maid said.

She went away again and came back again. Mrs. Thatcher, she said, had decided to see Mrs. Jones after all, and so Mrs. Jones followed the maid into a small room off the hall, where she was left, and pretty soon Mrs. Thatcher came to join her there, and with Mrs. Thatcher was no one but *Mr.* Thatcher.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jones," Wilson Thatcher said. "It's a pleasure to see you again."

"As a matter of fact," Sid said, "it clearly isn't, and we will probably all feel more comfortable if no one tries to pretend that it is."

Thelma Thatcher (at least by squatter's rights) examined Sid intently. She herself was rather tall and angular, with large hands and feet and a long upper lip that gave her a kind of squirrelly look. She must have represented, Sid thought, a typical reaction from Beth. Old simple Wilson, having had too much of one extreme, had palpably taken on too much of the other.

"Perhaps we had all better sit down," Wilson Thatcher said.

"No, thank you," Thelma Thatcher said. "I don't wish to."

"I don't either," Sid said.

"It is evident from her use of my maiden name," Thelma Thatcher said, "that Mrs. Jones intends to exploit information that was foolishly divulged to her, and I think she had better tell us exactly what she wants. There's no sense in politely skirting the matter."

"What I want," Sid said, "is simply to get Gid out of jail, where he has been put by a pair of idiots without a brain between them."

"You seem to feel that we can help you. Please tell me how."

"By telling the truth, that's how. It was all in the paper about Gid, but there was nothing there, not a single word, about how Beth Thatcher came here to blackmail one or both of you for bigamy. In my opinion, that's as good evidence for murder as going somewhere you shouldn't have gone at a time when you had much better have been anywhere else."

"We have no obligation to tell you anything whatever."

"If you don't want me to tell everything I know to everyone I meet, you will."

"It's apparent that you have no sense of decency."

"That's right. All I have is Gid in jail, and I want him out."

"What do you want to know?" Wilson Thatcher said.

"I want to know exactly what Beth wanted, and I want to know why you came deliberately to our house and told us a lot of things that there was no need to tell anyone, let alone us."

"I came because I was afraid. I was merely trying to divert to myself suspicions that I erroneously thought would fall upon my wife."

"I prefer to judge for myself whether they were erroneous or not."

"I didn't want to go to the authorities, although I later did, because I thought they might consider it odd for me to confess so much without reason. I wanted them to know, however, in order to keep their attention away from my wife, and so I chose to tell Gideon because he was the one person, aside from me, who would have the greatest personal interest in Beth's death, and because I could talk to him under the pretense of seeking legal advice. As you probably guessed, I told several lies. I suppose I was pretty transparent."

"What you were," Thelma Thatcher said, "was a fool, Wilson, if you will kindly keep quiet. I'm sure I can relate what happened much more quickly and clearly than you would find possible."

"Quickly and clearly is the way I want it," Sid said, "whoever relates it."

"Very well," Thelma Thatcher said. "One of the first things this little witch did after arriving in town, apparently, was to call Wilson at his office, but he had the good sense to refuse to see her, and I must admit that it was the only occasion in this whole affair when he showed any sense whatever. I doubt that she cared, however, for it was me she really wanted to see. As a woman with a sense of shame and pride, I would almost certainly be willing to pay handsomely to avoid being publicly humiliated and disgraced, whereas Wilson is reluctant to pay anything for any reason unless interest or dividends are assured.

"She came here to see me, and there was no doubt that she was telling the truth about never having gotten the divorce, for she even invited me to check the records in the place where the divorce had supposedly been granted. She spoke as if it were all a kind of party game which everyone should accept in the best of humor, and then she said she only wanted twenty thousand dollars to go away. She promised to go somewhere and finally get a genuine divorce, after which Wilson and I could quietly get married again, and everything would be all right."

"It wasn't necessary to give her a cent," Wilson said. "There wasn't a thing she could have done that wouldn't have been more unpleasant for her than it would have been for us."

"Do you think so?" Thelma Thatcher said. "Well, I am naturally reluctant to be known publicly as an extralegal concubine to a bigamist. I preferred to pay the money, and I did. At least, five thousand dollars that I happened to have in the house. I gave it to her with the promise that I would give her the rest that night. She left then, and I went to the bank and got the fifteen thousand dollars from my personal account. It may seem like a lot of money to give someone with no guarantee that she wouldn't be back for more, but twenty thousand dollars isn't *really* very much money to Wilson and me, however much it may be to some people. I'm sure that Wilson could have found some way to deduct most of it from his income tax. He's clever at such things."

"I don't think we'd better talk too much about that," Wilson said.

"What I want to know," Sid said, "is if she came back for the rest of the money."

"No, she didn't. I told her to come around nine, for I knew Wilson had a business meeting at that time, but she didn't come, and now, of course, it is apparent why she didn't."

"Is it?" Sid said. "It may be apparent to you, but it isn't to me. She called Gid at nine thirty, which was half an hour after she was supposed to have come here for the money, and I would like to

THE GIMLET AFFAIR (continued)

know why she was fooling around making a date with my husband and neglecting business in hand that was a lot more urgent and important. In fact, I would like to know just where she went and what she did between the time she left Gid in the Kiowa Room and the time she went wherever she was killed and met whoever killed her."

"If you want to know," Thelma Thatcher said, "why don't you go somewhere and ask someone who might be able to tell you?"

"I intend to." Sid said. "Thank you for helping me, however reluctantly."

She turned and walked out into the hall, Wilson loping after her to the door and holding it for her as she left. Driving downtown, she reviewed the sequence of events as Thelma Thatcher had related them, and she was convinced that every word of the version was true, simply because it accorded with her own notions of what had probably happened, which she had expressed, indeed, to Cotton McBride on Saturday last.

Downtown, she parked in the lot beside the Hotel Carson and went into the lobby. The clerk at the desk was young and overflowing with ideas and the juices of glands, but he was, although susceptible, reluctant to give out information about a guest, even a dead one, that might be considered confidential, especially to a woman, however stimulating, who happened to be the wife of the man who was suspected of having made the guest dead. Finally, though, he confided that Beth Thatcher had checked her key at the desk late in the afternoon before the night she was killed, and that she had not picked it up again, and therefore could be assumed never to have returned to her room. This was what Sid wanted to know, and she went, knowing it, to see Chauncy at the bar.

She sat on a stool at the bar and claimed his attention. He moved into position opposite her, brown hands with polished nails placed flat on the bar.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"I'll have a bourbon on the rocks, if you please."

The stark simplicity of the order spoke well for her character, and Chauncy, after filling it, lingered and watched her discreetly.

"Do you know who I am?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am. Some faces I forget pretty easy, and some hard. Yours would be a hard one."

"Chauncy, I have a notion that you are an exceptional person. I've often heard my husband speak highly of you."

"Mr. Gideon Jones is a very generous gentleman."

"I suppose you know that he's been put into jail."

"I'm sorry, ma'am. An error, I'm sure."

"Did you know the lady he's erroneously suspected of killing?"

"Only by name and reputation. I remember her from years ago and from the recent evening she was here."

"The evening she drank Gimlets with Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, ma'am. An innocent episode, I assure you."

"I don't suspect Mr. Jones of anything more than a kind of amiable and temporary soft-headedness, Chauncy, and so you needn't try to protect him. The lady is the one I'm interested in, and I wonder if you can remember how long she was here after Mr. Jones left."

"Between half an hour and an hour. I regret that I can't be more exact."

"Do you remember if she was alone all that time?"

"Oh, no. She was not alone. Several people stopped at her table to speak with her, and one or two, as I recall, sat with her until she left."

"When she left, did she leave alone?"

"I think not. I have a vague remembrance of someone accompanying her."

"Does your vague remembrance include a vague remembrance of who that someone might have been?"

"It doesn't, ma'am. It must have been one of the faces I forget easy."

"Is it your judgment, then, that you don't remember the person who may have left here with Beth Thatcher because the person may have a face that it doesn't please you to remember?"

"That's my judgment, ma'am. I believe it's a talent that becomes developed in certain of us who serve in positions that deny us the right to discriminate in our contacts."

"Thank you, Chauncy. You're a gentleman and a philosopher, and it has been a pleasure to talk with you."

"The pleasure was mine, ma'am, and I hope that Mr. Gideon Jones is soon released from jail."

On this elevated plane of mutual respect, which was genuine, Sid parted from Chauncy. She was tired and sticky after a busy time on a hot day, and so she went home and had a shower and lay down on the bed in our room to think about what she had learned and where she now was in relation to it, and where she was, so far as she could see, was somewhat behind where she had been when she started. As stated, she was convinced that Thelma Thatcher had told the truth. She was also convinced that Wilson Thatcher had not been foolish enough to kill anyone over a matter that could have been settled much less dangerously otherwise, although Wilson's potential for foolishness was demonstrably considerable, and that left me out in front all alone, in jail and available. This trend of thought left her feeling depressed and inadequate and wanting to cry, and so she cursed a little and closed her eyes and took several deep breaths and fell sound asleep.

To her surprise, when she woke, it was quite late, going on six. Suddenly she remembered that tomorrow night was the night of the meeting of the discussion group, and she realized that it would be absolutely impossible for her to go. It would be necessary for her to tell Rose Pogue at once, and so she went downstairs to the telephone in the hall and dialed Rose's number.

"Hello," she said. "Is that you?"

"Yes," Rose said. "It's Sid?"

"Yes, it is," Sid said, "and I should have called you sooner, but it simply didn't enter my mind."

"Darling, I was simply thunderstruck when I read in the paper what had happened to Gid. If there's the slightest thing I can do to help, you mustn't hesitate to call on me."

"There *is* something, actually. I've just remembered the discussion group tomorrow night, and I can't be there. Would you mind doing it alone?"

"I won't say that I wouldn't mind ordinarily, but under the circumstances it can hardly be helped."

"It's very kind of you, Rose. I'm sorry to leave you in such a fix."

"Wait a minute. Don't hang up. Were you about to hang up?"

"I was about to, yes."

"I wanted to ask you if matters will be cleared up soon. Do you think so?"

"At first I thought so, but now I'm not quite so optimistic."

"I have been told that Beth Thatcher was quite attractive."

"I only saw her dead, and she was beautiful."

"How unusual. So often dead people aren't. I must say that you are being very steadfast and loyal, and I admire you for it."

"I'm not being steadfast and loyal at all. I am only lonely and wanting Gid home."

"Of course you do, darling."

"Thanks, Rose. Good-by."

Sid went out onto the back terrace and began to think about the conversation between Beth and me, her husband, as I had related it, to see if anything significant could be detected there that had heretofore escaped detection. She had a good memory for details, and she began at the beginning, with the ringing of the phone, and went over them all carefully once, after which she began to go over them again.

The treacherous cicadas were noisy in the trees. In the pale light, the moon was pale in the sky. In the back yard across the hedge, Jack Handy, our neighbor, was watering the grass and making comments in a loud voice to Mrs. Jack Handy, who was apparently somewhere in the house. On a near street, moving

rapidly, was the tinkling sound of the siren bell of an ice-cream man.

"Why," said Sid suddenly, "it's absurd! It's simply absurd!"

She was on her feet with a sense of rising excitement, and she felt in an instant much better than she had been feeling in a long, long time.

Feeling so good, she went inside and mixed three Martinis and brought them out and drank them.

I looked out the window into the yard beneath spreading trees. The grass was dark green and cool-looking and inviting, and I wished I could go out and roll in it like a dog. It was my third day in jail, and I was tired of it. I wanted to go home.

"Sugar," Sid said, "last night I thought of something enlightening."

"Is that so? I've been thinking, too, and the result has been almost precisely the opposite."

"Well, this enlightening thing is something that was said, and it was said, moreover, directly to you. It does seem to me, sugar, that a lawyer—especially an attorney of your caliber—should be a bit more capable of analyzing things and seeing their significance and all that."

"Just tell me, please, what was said that's enlightening."

"I suppose I must, if you can't think of it yourself. To begin with, I've been greatly puzzled as to why Beth Thatcher was fooling around making a date with my husband when she should have been attending to more important business. It just didn't seem sensible."

"I'm with you so far."

"Then early last night I called Rose Pogue, and that got me to thinking about the telephone conversation you had with Beth, and all at once it was perfectly clear to me why Beth neglected her business to make a date with you."

"Was it? Is it? Not to me. Why is it?"

"Because she didn't."

"Didn't what?"

"Didn't make a date with you."

"I'm sorry to be contrary and have to mess up what must be leading up to a brilliant theory, but she did. She called me on the telephone."

"I know, sugar. I know *someone* called you, that is. But what makes you so positive it was Beth?"

"Because she said it was."

"Anyone could have said it. That doesn't make it so."

"Look, Sid, it won't do. Honestly it won't. Beth had a voice that sounded like an invitation to bed if she so much as asked for a light. I'd have recognized it anytime, anywhere."

"Please don't be so obtuse, sugar. You have scarcely covered yourself with distinction in this matter up to now, and it's time you made a special effort to do a little better. Surely you can see that the unusual quality of Beth's voice is precisely what would make it so easy to imitate."

"Are you saying that someone called me and pretended to be Beth?"

"Yes. It explains other things and must be true."

"Why must it? You haven't given me any reason yet."

"I was in hopes you'd get it without my help. It would restore my confidence in you somewhat if you could. Can't you? Really try."

"Damn it, Sid, cut it out. I'm in no mood to match wits with you."

"Oh, well, I may as well tell you. It was what was said about Rose Pogue that makes me sure it was not Beth Thatcher who said it."

"All I can remember being said about Rose was that a conference with her might go on and on forever."

"There! You see? You only needed to make a genuine effort, and you thought of it right away."

"Now that I've thought of it, perhaps you'll tell me what it means."

"Why, sugar, how could Beth Thatcher have possibly known that Rose is so talkative and goes on and on forever about matters in detail? After all, Beth left town seven years ago, and Rose only came here three years ago, when she was hired to teach second grade, and it was therefore clearly impossible for Beth to know Rose at all, or anything whatever about her."

She was sitting on the table with her legs hanging over the edge, her eyes bright with pride and excitement. I was standing facing her, and I felt limp all of a sudden, as if my bones had gone soft in an instant.

"Who, conceivably," I said, "could it have been who called?"

"There is nothing difficult about that," Sid said. "It was whoever killed her, of course."

"And who, conceivably, is whoever killed her?"

"As to that, I'm not sure yet, but there are things that can be deduced, and the first deduction is that the killer is surely a woman. It would have been easy for a woman to imitate that special quality in Beth's voice, even if she were no more than a little clever, but it would hardly have been possible for a man, unless he were especially talented and trained, which isn't likely."

"That sounds reasonable enough. Now deduce why this woman, whoever she may be, killed Beth and then tricked me into going to Dreamer's Park and incriminating myself."

"This is so elementary that it doesn't really deserve to be called deducing. Allowing for the possibility of her being a little crazy, she undoubtedly killed Beth

THE GIMLET AFFAIR (continued)

because she hated her, and incriminated you because she hated you also. The incrimination part was sloppy and uncertain at best. There was no assurance that it would work, and it nearly didn't, for you simply kept quiet about finding the body, which you might not have found at all in such a dark place. That is why, after a while, it was necessary to send the note to the police."

"You contend, then, that the telephoner and the writer are the same person?"

"Oh, yes. Naturally."

"I can't quite picture myself as the kind of fellow who could incite such strong emotion."

"Sugar, I'm prepared to testify that you are perfectly capable of inciting strong emotion, but that is beside the point, and we'd better not get into it. Besides, I'm just beginning to get some ideas that may amount to something. As I recall, regarding your telephone conversation, you said you were drinking Gimlets, and whoever was imitating Beth said something about drinking Gimlets *still*. Is that true?"

"Yes. True. And I said not still, but again, because of the wine."

She was swinging her legs now like a small, intense girl watching a foot race or something else exciting, and her face was set in the fiercest imaginable scowl of concentration.

"It's apparent, then, that the person on the telephone, who was surely a woman, was also someone who knew that you had been drinking Gimlets. Since it has been established that it was not Beth, it must have been someone else who was right there in the Kiowa Room watching you at the time, *and there is only one person that I can remember your mentioning by name when you came home late and covered me with gin kisses on the terrace.*"

She stopped swinging her legs and sat very still on the table, and the fierce scowl faded slowly through subtle changes into an expression of childish wonder.

"Sugar," she said, "why would Sara Pike want to kill Beth Thatcher and go to all sorts of extremes to blame you?"

"*Sara Pike!* Are you serious, Sid? You can't be."

"I can and I am. Please answer my question. What did you and Beth Thatcher do to Sara Pike?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all."

"There you go. Answering again before thinking. Of course you did something to her, however unintentional. She certainly didn't kill Beth and incriminate you for nothing at all."

"Well, I can't think of anything. Not a damn thing."

"Isn't it true that Beth and Sara's brother Sherman once went together seriously?"

"True, true, but of damn little consequence."

"We'll continue to think about it and see. At any rate, you said you had done nothing, and already we have come up with something."

"I said nothing was done to Sara. What was done to Sherm was something else, and it amounted to damn little. Sherm was a brilliant sort of boy, and a very nice one. There were no hard feelings. Besides, he died right away, and none of it made any difference to him then, one way or another."

"Well, there it is. You have said it yourself."

"Said what?"

"That he died right away. Dying is surely something."

"Oh, come off, Sid. He'd had rheumatic fever. He died of heart failure."

"Who was his doctor? Do you remember?"

"Yes, I do. Old Doctor Weinsap is who. He was the Pikes' family doctor."

"I don't know any Doctor Weinsap."

"No wonder. He's dead."

"That's too bad, for I'd like to talk with him. Old family doctors are inclined to make mistakes, and sometimes they will even say deliberately, out of a feeling of affection, that dying was the result of one thing when it was actually the result of something else entirely."

"There is no reason whatever to suspect that Sherman Pike died of anything but what Doctor Weinsap said he died of."

"You're far too credulous, sugar. You'll believe anything fantastic, even when the truth is as clear as can be."

"What, precisely, is the truth?"

"The truth is that Sherman Pike committed suicide. That's now evident. It's the only thing that explains why Sara Pike would do what she has done to Beth Thatcher and you."

"I'm not sure, but something in your reasoning seems wrong. Maybe you're starting with a basic assumption that isn't proved."

"You had better leave the reasoning to me, sugar. You'll see. It will turn out that Sherman Pike committed suicide because Beth Thatcher threw him over for you, and all this time Sara has been brooding about it, knowing the truth, and when Beth came back to town, Sara met her and suddenly cracked up and killed her. Something like that is extremely hard on the mind. Everyone knows it."

"Sara took Sherm's death hard, all right, but that was natural. She was nuts about him. For a long time after he died, she was practically a recluse."

"There you are again. You keep trying to argue one way, but everything you say goes the other. Sara did it, and it only remains to find out how."

"It seems to me that it also remains to prove it."

"You're right for once. Idiots like Hec Caldwell and Cotton McBride must have everything done for them."

I walked over to the window and looked out, and after a while I turned and walked back to where she was standing, she having slipped off the table while I was gone.

"Look," I said, "will you do something for me? Will you please do it?"

"I may or may not. It depends."

"Go home. Go home and say a prayer or curse or cry, but let me come out of this in my own way."

"It's plain that you have no faith in me."

"I just don't want you to get hurt or into trouble."

"I thought I was doing so well, too."

"You've done fine. Now let someone else do the rest."

"All right. I can see that it's no use. I was foolish to try."

It was time for her to go, and she went as far as the door, where she stopped. She looked very small and somehow beaten, looking back, and there was something shining in her eyes. Then she left, but she didn't go home. She went, instead, to the office, where Millie Morgan was.

"Hello, Sid," Millie said. "How's the investigation going?"

"Very well, as a matter of fact. Are you still available?"

"I was about to ask if you couldn't make use of me in some way. What do you want me to do?"

"First I had better brief you on developments. It has become apparent that whoever called Gid on the telephone and arranged to meet him in Dreamer's Park was not Beth Thatcher. Beth was already dead at the time, and whoever called had killed her and wanted to incriminate Gid. The killing was probably done somewhere besides the park, and the body taken there afterward. From some other significant things, it was easy to decide who did the killing and the telephoning, but the trouble is that I can't prove it."

"Proof would be helpful. I can see that."

"It will be absolutely essential, and the only way I can think of to prove it is to get a confession by some kind of deception."

"I'm pretty good at deception, and I may be able to help you work something out. Incidentally, am I allowed to know who did the killing?"

"Didn't I say? It was Sara Pike who did it."

"The hell she did! It's almost incredible. What makes you think so?"

"Well, I don't want to take the time to go into it now. As I admitted, I can't

prove it yet, but it's perfectly apparent, as you'll understand later."

"How do you propose to deceive Sara into confessing?"

"We must keep in mind, to begin with, that someone who has killed someone is bound to be uneasy and vulnerable. What I propose to do, if you agree, is to call Sara without identifying myself and claim to have seen her commit the murder. What I intend to do then is pretend to be a blackmailer who wants money to keep quiet about it. I'll arrange to meet her alone someplace where you can be hiding as a witness, and it will be up to me to get her to convict herself by what she says."

"Do you think I'll be acceptable to Hec Caldwell as a witness? I doubt it."

"He may be a little dubious, I admit, but once he and Cotton McBride are put onto her, even they should discover the truth."

"Nevertheless, I think it might be a good idea to have one or both of them there to hear it with me."

"I won't risk it. They might reject the plan and not let us go through with it."

"Another thing that bothers me a little is the feeling that it might be dangerous. Sara's probably unstable, and in fact I consider it likely that she may be secretly as mad as the March Hare."

"There's some danger, all right, but I'm prepared to face it for Gid."

"Well, I'm not quite so dedicated to Gid as you are, but I'll face it with you. When do you intend to call Sara?"

"Now is as good a time as any. Please look up her number in the directory."

Millie looked it up and told it to Sid, and Sid dialed. The phone at the other end of the line rang twice and was answered. It was answered by Sara, who lived alone.

"Is it Sara Pike speaking?" Sid said.

"Yes," Sara said. "Who's this?"

"You don't know me, but I know you, and I know what you've done, because I saw you do it."

"*What's that? What did you say?*"

Sara's voice, Sid said later, was suddenly shrill and almost frenzied, and it was obvious that she was, as Sid had predicted, extremely vulnerable.

"You heard what I said, and you know what I mean," Sid said.

"Tell me who you are and what you want. Why have you called me?"

"I've called to tell you that I saw you kill Beth Thatcher. Don't hang up, or I'll go straight to the police."

"What do you want?"

"We had better meet somewhere and talk about that."

"I don't even know who you are. Are you afraid to tell me your name?"

"Never mind that. Do you agree to meet me? If you don't, I'll hang up myself and you can take the consequences."

There was a long silence on the line, and Sid had an uneasy feeling that there was a great deal of furious and crafty thinking going on at the other end, and this turned out to be true from what was next said.

"I'll meet you in one place only," Sara said. "It must be there or nowhere."

"Where is that?" Sid said.

"At the place where you say you saw me kill Beth Thatcher, and you must tell me right now where that place is."

It was a neat and treacherous little trap, clearly one that Sid should have anticipated, and she cursed herself because she hadn't. She had surely been right in thinking that the murder had been done somewhere besides Dreamer's Park, and if she now said Dreamer's Park she would give herself away as a liar, but she didn't, of course, know where else to say. *But Sara knew where else.* The little trap, however neat and deadly, was also a confession.

Now it was Sid who was doing the furious thinking, and she explained afterward that it was one of the odd experiences in which someone in a crisis is able to do something normally impossible. She was required to know in an instant where Sara had killed Beth, and it was actually a little longer before she knew. All of a sudden she was hearing Cotton McBride say again that the wound had really been a sort of puncture with dirt around the edge, and then she was in the cemetery, helping bury Beth again, and she was seeing now what she had seen then without really noticing, and what she saw was a metal vase for flowers with a spike on the bottom that you push into the ground to keep the vase from falling over. She had, she said later, an exhilarating feeling of assurance.

"Surely," she said assuredly. "I'll meet you beside your brother Sherman's grave."

Silence again. Then Sara's voice, curiously flat and almost apathetic. "Shall we say at eight o'clock?"

"Eight o'clock will be fine," Sid said.

She hung up with a feeling of having done quite well. In fact, she didn't know how she could have done much better.

"Sara's guilty, as I thought," she said. "We're going to meet at eight."

"I could almost swear," Millie said, "that you said beside her brother Sherman's grave."

"I had to name the murder scene to prove I was not lying, which I was."

"How did you know?"

"It came to me suddenly when I remembered the little metal vases with spikes."

"Oh. That explains everything. A cemetery seems an odd place for Beth to have gone with Sara, however. Why do you suppose she went?"

"Well, Gid said Beth was sentimental in her way, and she must have been. It's not so odd, really, that she went with Sara to visit Sherman's grave, especially if Sara suggested it."

"As for me, I can think of many places I'd prefer to a cemetery as a place to meet someone who has killed once and might again. Especially at eight o'clock. Isn't it beginning to get pretty dark right around then?"

"That's only so much the better."

"Where, may I ask, am I supposed to hide?"

"The Pike plot, as I recall, is right next to the Thatcher mausoleum, and the mausoleum's just the place."

"If you imagine that I'm going to hide in a mausoleum at eight o'clock, you're simply mistaken. Or any other time, for that matter."

"Not *in* it. *Behind* it. It's kept locked."

"Well, behind is bad enough, but I agree. What time shall we meet and go?"

"We had better go separately, I think. I'll go by the main entrance, but you had better slip in at the far side near the mausoleum. It will entail some walking through a field, for there is no road approaching on that side. You must give yourself time to be in position shortly before eight."

"I'll be there," Millie said. "You can count on me."

So there they were at eight o'clock, Sid beside Sherm's grave and Millie behind the Thatcher mausoleum. And there at eight also, a thin and ghostly shape approaching slowly among the headstones, was Sara Pike.

She stopped when she was quite near and leaned forward to peer through the shadows. She was wearing a loose, light coat that hung freely from the shoulders, although it was a warm evening, and her hands were thrust deeply into the pockets of the coat.

"Who is it?" she said. "It's Sydnie Jones, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is."

"Why are you here? Was it you who called? It's a trick, isn't it?"

Her voice was thin and clear but somehow remote, as if it carried through the air from a great distance.

"It's no trick," Sid said. "I had to talk with you, and I knew you would refuse if I merely asked."

"Have you come here alone? You haven't, have you? Who is with you?"

"No one is with me, as you can see."

"Are you sure? You could be lying. Someone is behind the mausoleum!"

"No one is there, but you can look if you like."

"I shall. Please stand where you are while I do. I don't want you to come near me."

It was a precarious moment for the plan, and Sid was depending heavily upon the sharp ears and physical agility of Millie, who did not disappoint her. When Sara was at the front of the mausoleum, about to turn the corner to the adjacent side, Millie popped into view at the rear, and she kept popping around corners out of sight just ahead of Sara

THE GIMLET AFFAIR (continued)

until the mausoleum had been circled entirely and she was back where she had started. The suspense to Sid was severe, but the sudden shock of seeing that Millie was not alone was even worse, and the person with her, popping around corners with equal agility, was no one but Cotton McBride.

Sara, having circled the mausoleum, turned and came back toward Sid, stopping about six feet away, her hands still thrust deeply into the pockets of her light coat.

"You see?" Sid said. "There is no one here but you and me."

"Why do you want to talk with me? What do you want?"

"I want to talk with you because Gid, as you know, is in jail on suspicion of having killed Beth Thatcher, but he didn't do it, as you also know, because you did it yourself right here where we are."

"Who says I did?"

"I say it."

"You say it, but you can't prove it. You told me on the phone that you saw me, but you didn't. You've only made some guesses."

"Deductions are what I've made, and they're true ones."

"That doesn't matter. Even the truth must be proved. Who will believe that I did it? What reason did I have?"

"The reason is lying here between us."

"Sherm? Do you mean Sherm? How do you know? More guesses?"

"More deductions. He killed himself, and it was covered up as heart failure because he had had rheumatic fever as a boy."

"You're very clever. You must be very clever indeed. But no matter. It's all true." Sara's voice took on a kind of singsong, crooning tone and tempo. "He was tender and brilliant and very good, and I loved him more than anyone else in the world, more by far than everyone else put together, and then he deliberately killed himself with the sleeping medicine he sometimes used to take at nights. He went to sleep and never woke up, and the empty bottle was there beside him when I found him, and I hid the bottle and told the doctor he simply died in his sleep. He was a friend of the family's and pretended to believe it for our sake, and now he's dead, too, and can never say differently. So far as anyone will ever know, Sherm died in his sleep of a bad heart, but he really died of a bad woman, a pretty little tramp. I loved him and would have taken care of him always, but he didn't want me, he wanted the tramp instead and didn't want to live without her, and so he killed himself, killed himself over that tramp, and left me all alone for all these years."

"I'm sorry. Truly I am."

"Don't dare to be sorry. I won't have you being sorry, for you are married to the man who was partly to blame, but now he is going to pay me back for it, and then *I* will be sorry for *you*."

"Why should you hate Gid? He never deliberately hurt your brother or you or anyone else."

"He took that little blonde tramp and made my brother die. Now I have killed the tramp and destroyed her consort. The waiting was long, very long, but in the end it was so easy. She came here willingly with me, to visit the grave out of shallow sentiment, and I'm not really sure that I intended to kill her in the beginning. I only intended, I think, to tell her the truth. How Sherm died, and why, so that it would be on her conscience the rest of her life. That was foolish of me, wasn't it? To imagine that she would have a conscience? Do you know what she said when I told her? We were standing right here beside the grave, and I told her, and she said, *Well, what a perfectly ridiculous thing to do!* That was when I picked up the vase and stabbed her in the back. The Voice told me suddenly to do it. It was getting late, and I had to do something with her, of course, and the Voice kept telling me what to do. First I hid her body over there in the tall grass of that field, but then I was told to take her to Dreamer's Park and incriminate her consort, who helped her kill my brother. I drove around as close as I could to where she was in the grass, and then I carried her to the car and took her to the park and put her in the bandstand under the seat. It was quite a dangerous thing to do, I suppose, but ever so exciting and satisfying. She was quite easy to carry, for I am much stronger than I look, and it was even easier to deceive her consort later and persuade him to meet her there. He must be a very credulous person. A fool."

"He had been drinking Gimlets."

"It looked for a while, however, as if the consort might escape suspicion, and so I wrote the note to the police, and now everything is working out as beautifully as I wanted it to and as the Voice said it would."

"Is it? Perhaps you are being a bit too optimistic."

"Because of you? Oh, no. It was a mistake for you to come here, or to meddle at all, for now I must kill you, as you must surely see."

"How? Is there a gun in one of your pockets? Is that why you keep your hands there?"

"Not a gun. I know nothing about guns. A knife. I can use a knife quite well. There is no use for you to scream, because there is no one to hear you, nor to run, because I can run faster, nor to struggle, because I am far stronger."

"If you kill me, you will surely be caught."

"No, no. Never. The Voice has assured me that I will not. The Voice comes to me and tells me what to do. Maybe it is the Voice of God. Someday, it will tell me if it is or not, and in the meanwhile it has told me that you must be killed, and there's nothing you can do to prevent it, nothing at all."

"As to that," Sid said, "it seems to me that I have already done much more than my share in this investigation, *and in my opinion it is high time that Cotton McBride begins doing his.*"

Cotton came out from behind the mausoleum then, on the run, and began doing his share to the best of his ability. Sara shrieked and clawed and fiercely struggled, but then, all at once, she became perfectly quiet and stood looking with an air of abstraction across the clustered headstones as if she were listening again to the Voice, which may have been telling her to give up.

"Damn it, Millie," Sid said, "I told you that Cotton was not to be in on it, but you brought him in anyhow, in spite of all my instructions."

"Fortunately for both of us, I did," Millie said. "The more I thought about it, the more I was convinced that it would be helpful to have some muscles present, even of an idiot."

"I admit that you were right," Sid said, "and I, for a change, was wrong."

A few evenings later, we had a little party on the back terrace to celebrate my getting out of jail.

We had Gimlets to drink because Sid said it was important that I not develop a thing about them.

In addition to Sid and me, Millie was there with her engineer, who was still trying desperately with a kind of restrained frenzy.

Hec Caldwell was there with his wife, just to show that there were no hard feelings, much.

Even Cotton McBride was there, a limp and lonely stag because he had never had any luck with the girls and still wasn't having any.

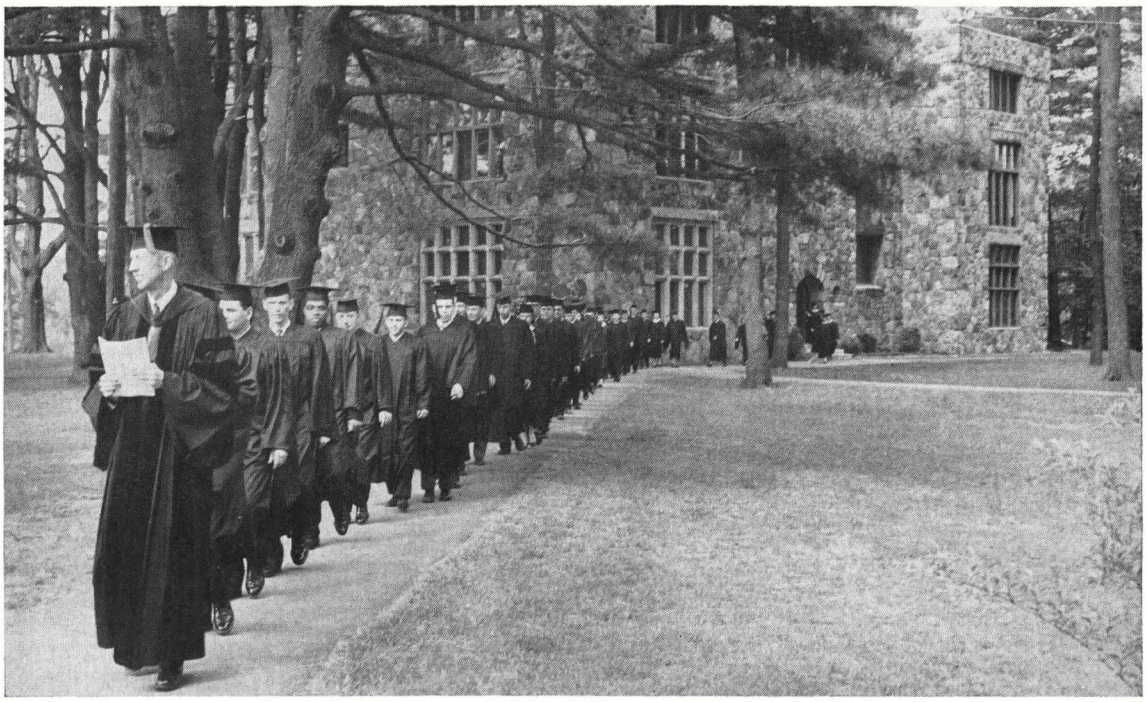
The Jack Handys were not invited, but they drifted around the hedge and got into it.

Everything is clear up to a point, and then nothing is, and what I remember most clearly is Sid saying that I had become much more interesting to her since she had discovered that I was once a blonde tramp's consort.

Another thing I remember pretty clearly is someone saying that he or she wondered what would become of Sara Pike, and Sid saying in response that she would probably plead crazy and be sent for a while to an institution and then be released in due time as all right again.

Which she did and was and probably will be.

THE END



GRADUATING SENIORS at Gordon Military College (Georgia) file ceremoniously across the campus during commencement exercises. Many small colleges, like Gordon, offer the benefits of a well-established tradition.

How Small Should Your Child's College Be?

BY ALFRED T. HILL, PH.D., *Executive Secretary, The Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges*

"My daughter is going to a small college where she will get individual attention."

"I'm sending my son to a large, well-known college where the degree will mean something."

"It's better to be a big wheel in a small college than merely a cog in a large one."

"Only in the large colleges can students study under the greatest thinkers."

Never more than today has the question of the size of your child's college been so fraught with conflicting and unsubstantiated opinions. It is time parents and students alike took a realistic look at the controversy and attempted to make intelligent decisions based on the needs of the individual.

An excellent student from a small farm community, away from urban influence, might find himself swamped by his more sophisticated classmates in a large university, where Bach and Brueghel and Brubeck had been everyday words in their metropolitan preparatory schools. It might take him two or three years to catch up on the cultural background he had missed. On the other hand, suppose your child finds himself in a college which is not only small in enrollment, but weak financially. This could mean second-rate buildings, an inadequate library, a bad laboratory, a poorly paid faculty. Your child would be exposed, for four years, to an atmosphere of mediocrity.

But size is no guarantee of quality. It is just as easy to find mediocrity in large institutions—either public or private—as it is in small ones. It is just as common to find uninspired, second-rate classroom teaching in a large city institution as it is in a small country college.

Selecting a college is not unlike shopping for a suit. You try one on first, and then another, "for size only." Then you consider material, style, and cost. In shopping for a college you would do well to skim through several directories until you have identified perhaps a dozen institutions which appeal to you in terms of size, location, cost, type of control, admissions requirements, and academic program. Your next step would be to send for the catalogues of these institutions and to narrow down your selection to half a dozen. Then you should consult the guidance counselor in your child's high school. And finally, you should go with your child to visit the three or four campuses which hold the strongest appeal for you.

Once you are on these campuses, how can you tell what to look for? First of all, inquire about faculty salaries and the percentage of the instructional budget spent on the library. (You will amaze the admissions officer or president if you do this.) CASC's study, "The Small College Meets the Challenge," shows that students who attend colleges which pay high faculty salaries perform better on national examinations than those who go to colleges where the professors are poorly paid. The logic is simple: high

(continued)

Cosmopolitan's DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND CAMPS

COLLEGES

Your Child's College (cont.)

salaries attract and hold good professors; good professors insist on high admissions requirements; well-qualified students do good work; successful students are happy and remain in college until they graduate.

Provided the buildings are safe, clean, and well-maintained, you need not worry too much about the elegance of the plant. The same study showed that students on campuses with expensive physical accommodations actually performed less well than those on campuses with modest plants. Reason: the money spent on architecture and landscaping might have been better spent on good professors, more and better books, and better science facilities.

Next question: are the admissions policies broad enough to recognize other types of ability besides good high school grades and high test scores? Will the college admit a student with real creative imagination even if this does not register on his entrance examinations? Will the college go out of its way to develop the average boy or girl with a C record in high school but an A-plus character and citizenship rating?

Another question: does the college have a unique academic program, or is it like scores of other nondescript colleges with no imagination, no clear-cut objectives, too many courses in the catalogue, and no reason for existence except to serve as a motel for adolescents?

Final question: does the college have a well-conceived, long-range (ten year) development plan for growth in plant, enrollment, financial strength, and academic quality? If the college—particularly a small private college—cannot meet this test, then beware. The competition is so great that weak little colleges that don't know where they are going, or how to get there, may not survive.

These questions might well be put to all kinds of colleges—large and small—but they are particularly important for small colleges.

If you have answered the foregoing questions, then the matter of size can be considered in better perspective. Let us define a small college as a private liberal arts institution with fewer than one thousand students. Above this point, a college begins to be "medium," and above five thousand, it is "definitely large."

(continued on page 140)

COLLEGES

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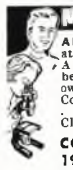

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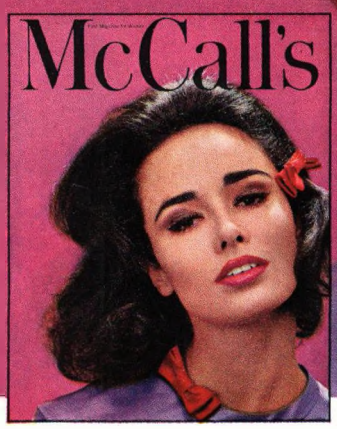

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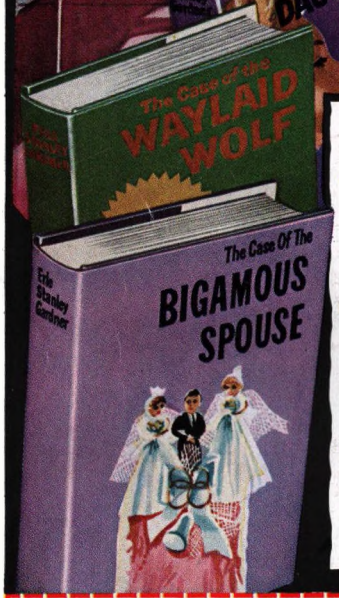

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