TODAY'S COLLEGE GIRLS DISCUSS SEX AND MORALS

HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL COMBINED WITH

Cosmopolitan

AMERICA'S BEST FICTION AND FACT

October, 1931 • 35¢

CANADA • 40 CENTS

- White House Wedding
- Are Our 18½'s Safe in the Army?
  By Senator Estes Kefauver
- Seven Great Stories

Paris Model in New York

"Here's how I Remember! Why don't YOU?"

Bing Crosby

BING CROSBY
starring in
"HERE COMES THE GROOM"
a Paramount Production

"A Sampler puts you in solid!"

"A family like us Crosbys practically need a department of vital statistics to keep up with the birthdays, anniversaries, graduations, engagements, weddings, and other important events. And so I've found, and I've passed the good word on to the four boys, that you can get plenty of help in 'remembering' — with a Whitman's Sampler. A Whitman's Sampler with a suitable sentiment certainly puts you in solid on those happy occasions all our womenfolk hold precious.

"Gary's old enough now to have learned that a Whitman's Sampler at the right time can help you make time with the right girl. As for Linny, the Twins and me, we like to have that everlovin' Whitman's Sampler around the house for personal reasons. We just think it's good taste!"

There is a wide choice of Whitman's packages in a wide price range.

Ranged around Bing, on the fence, are (left to right) Gary; Phil, one of the twins; Linny, the youngest; and the other twin, Denny. "One thing they're never 'on the fence' about is the Sampler," says Bing. "They can make one disappear faster than you can say 'Whitman's'!" Like so many people, Bing also chooses the Sampler to bring bedside cheer to friends convalescing in hospital or at home.

SWEETEST DAY—OCTOBER 20

Give Whitman's Chocolates

A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

The soda fountain became, for our smaller communities, a rendezvous, a meeting place, a sort of clubhouse for the young.

My Favorite Druggist

His life is spent in furnishing ammunition for the eternal war on sickness, distress, and death. Yet he, too, is vulnerable **BY RUPERT HUGHES**

Among my earliest memories is McGrath's drugstore in Keokuk, Iowa, presided over by the tall and amiable brothers McGrath (pronounced "Magraw"). I made countless trips thither as a family errand boy, and one of my memories is very sad. One night I was sent all the way downtown to McGrath's to buy some camphor, because my mother believed that if you took a few drops of camphor in a glass of water it would keep a cold from coming on.

That night, by the time I reached McGrath's, I had completely forgotten what I had been sent to get. I stammered and stuttered up at the tall and patient McGrath brother who was trying to wait on me. He named nearly everything in the store, but I shook my head and finally gave up.

There was nothing left to do but go home, shamefaced, humble, and empty-handed. When I arrived, my sneezing mother reached out to me and gasped, "Give me the camphor, honey."

"So that's what it was!" I cried, and turned and ran back to McGrath's.

On the dismal way along the dark streets, I was immensely cheered by an inspiration, a great joke. I worked on it all the way and as I burst into the bright light of the store, I cried out gleefully, "Mr. McGrath, what I want is camphor! That was what I camphor in the first place."

I covered my ears to muffle the peals of laughter I had anticipated, but neither he nor any of the other listeners got the point. All I got was camphor, and I trudged the long way home in the depths of that gloom than which there is no gloomier—the gloom of one who has got off a joke that inspired no laughter. I have experienced that woe on innumerable occasions since then, but I have never known it to become any less humiliating.

One of the pleasantest customs of Keokuk was carried out by the girls on summer afternoons. They scrubbed themselves pink, powdered themselves white, and put on their dressiest dresses. Then they promenaded together in couples or cliques to McGrath's for ice-cream sodas—and later, for an invention called "sundaes." At the soda fountain the girls met those young gallants who were not working. There was laughter, coquetry, flirtation, and the making of what were later to be called "dates." The soda fountain became a rendezvous, a meeting place, a sort of clubhouse for the young.

In my long life I have known and been indebted to many druggists of all kinds, but the druggist I remember best is one who almost broke my heart.

For a number of years, some time ago, my family and I lived near Bedford Hills, up in Westchester County, New York. I owned a farm there and had occasion at all hours of the day and night to telephone the druggist

for things urgently needed by men, women, children, by dogs, trees, horses, cattle, cats, chickens, plants, and tools.

No matter what the time, the druggist could always be reached, for he lived over the shop with his darling old fat mother, who handled the business when he was carrying packages up the steep hill and along the endless highways.

But I have remembered him best through all these years for his devotion to his mother. It matched hers for him. While loafing in his shop waiting for the train to the city, I came to know them both very well and to be much impressed by their love for each other and for all humanity.

Then, for a few weeks, I noted that she was absent, and he was haggard with overwork. And finally there came the day when a little card was neatly pasted on his locked door:

Closed for one day on acct.
of funeral of my mother.

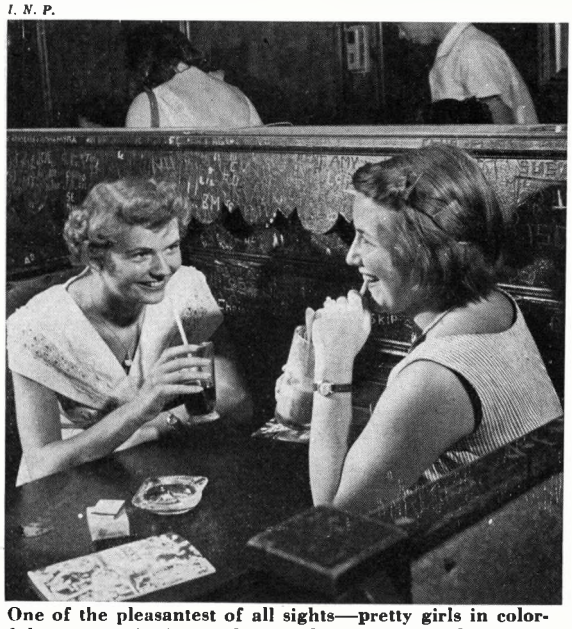
I was shocked, and I grieved for her and for him. In fact, I wrote him a note of the warmest and sincerest admiration for his sweet mother and the deepest sympathy for himself.

In reply to it, I received a letter that I have saved out of the thousands I have thrown away. I have saved it for the poignancy and eloquence of its sorrow, and for its love. It is like a wild cry of agony in the night. This is it:

> My mind is filled with grief and sorrow, and will not serve me as how to thank you for the sympathy expressed in your letter, for the loss of my mother, one whom you knew so little. The world knew nothing of her, but the terrible tortures I endured during all the weeks of her suffering almost changed my little home into a cell of a maniac. When the end came I cried so loud that I must have moved the unopen door quite some space. Need I tell you the cries and the lamentations when the coffin of a good mother was lowered in the grave? There is no justice.
>
> Our reward is neither here nor there when a mother like mine must be confined in a silent, cold grave.
>
> The heart still aches, and I can dwell upon nothing else.

So efficient, so omniscient had druggists seemed to me before my receipt of that letter, that I had thought of them as above the tribulations of ordinary people. Their life is spent in furnishing ammunition for the eternal war on sickness, distress, and death. Yet they, too, are vulnerable. They have hearts. They have, at times, reasons for closing those drugstores that, like churches, firehouses, and hospitals, we count on finding always open in our times of desperate need. THE END

I. N. P.



One of the pleasantest of all sights—pretty girls in colorful cottons sipping sodas on hot summer afternoons.

DO YOU KNOW?

Pharmacists are quite versatile in their contributions to society. The eighteenth-century French apothecary, Antoine-Augustin Parmentier, introduced potatoes into France and popularized their use as a food.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hundreds of millions of prescriptions are compounded each year with scarcely an error. This exceptional degree of accuracy is the result of the specialized training the pharmacist receives.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The word "pharmacist" comes from the Greek pharmakon, *meaning "remedy." The "ist" means "pertaining to." Hence a pharmacist is one whose work pertains to remedies—a maker or dealer in remedies.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Latin, considered a dead language, is, to pharmacists, very much alive. Latin is used in prescriptions because it is an unchanging language. And its universal use makes possible the filling and refilling of a prescription in all parts of the world.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Show globes, the huge glass containers filled with colored liquids you see in drugstore windows, have been used in pharmacies for centuries. Although there has been much conjecture about their origin, a widely accepted theory is that show globes were first used in the early English chemists' shops. They were to symbolize to the public the mystery associated with pharmacy and medicine.

For every woman who leads a double life . . .

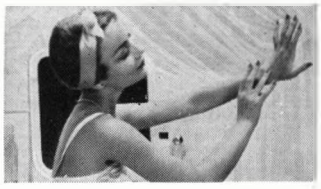
ENDLESS PARTY DISHES keep you endlessly "washing up." But even so you needn't have red, rough hands! Not if you use Trushay, the "beforehand" lotion. So different, oil-rich Trushay guards hands even in hot, sudsy water. Use Trushay BEFORE every wash-up task. Then, at party time, it's . . .

PARTY-DRESS HANDS—lovely smooth hostess hands. You can have them with Trushay's beauty insurance. And Trushay's "beforehand" protection is only *part* of its magic. It's a luxurious, quick softener too—a finishing touch you'll want to use any time. Begin today to use Trushay!

TRUSHAY . . . *the "beforehand" lotion . . . guards your hands even in hot, sudsy water!*

A fabulous skin softener, too! Trushay's liquid velvet smooths away roughness on elbows, heels and knees —keeps them baby-soft.

A delightful powder base! Just stroke on Trushay—see how your powder clings for *hours* without that streaky, made-up look!



Wonderful for chapped hands! What soothing relief! Oil-rich Trushay rescues hands from rough redness. Keeps them comfortable!

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Cosmopolitan Contents

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OCTOBER, 1951

CONCLUSION OF A TWO-PART NOVEL

ARTICLES

SHORT STORIES

SPECIAL NONFICTION FEATURE

FEATURES

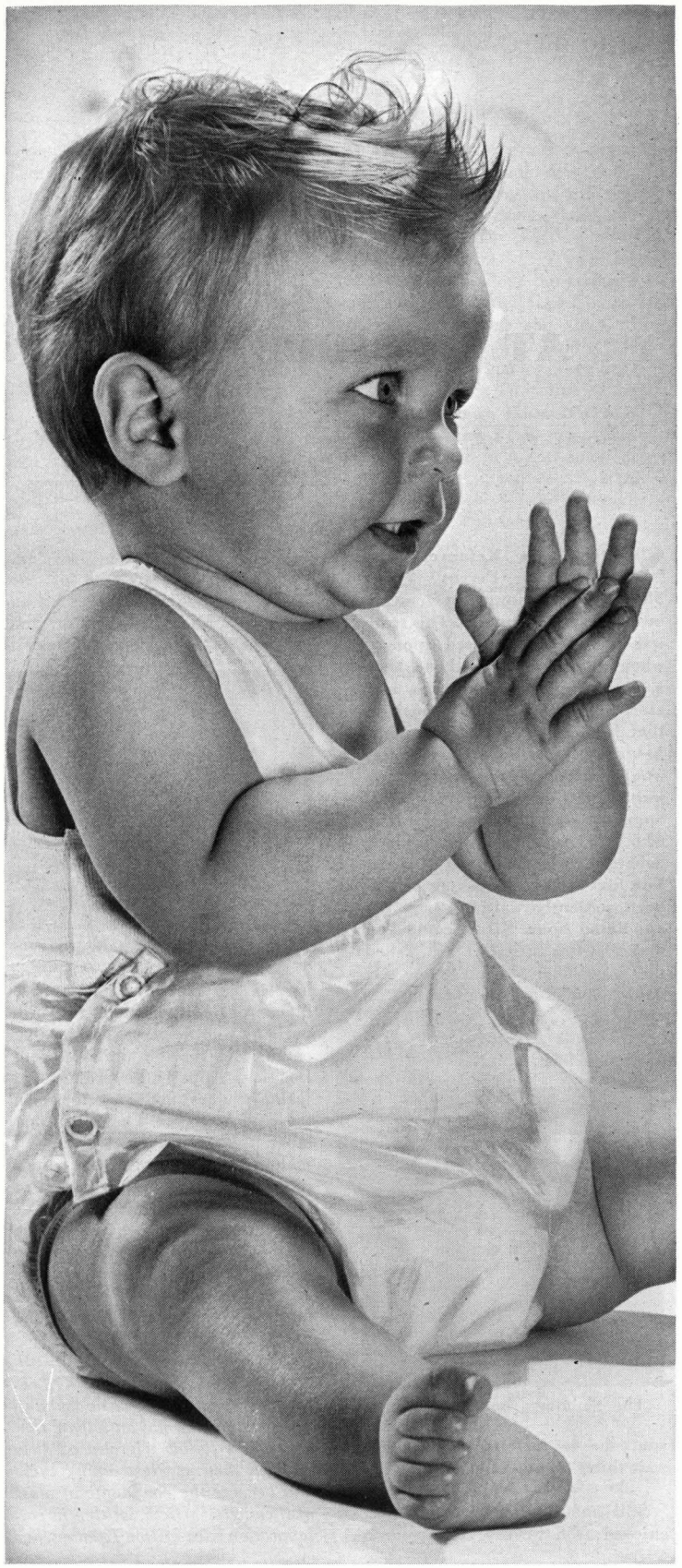
THROUGHOUT THE BOOK

Vol. 131, No. 4

THE COSMOPOLITAN COVER GIRL PHOTOGRAPH BY EDGAR DE EVIA

Hat and veil by Mr. John

COSMOPOLITAN IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HEARST MAGAZINES INC., 57TH STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y., U. S. A. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD; RICHARD E. BERLIN, PRESIDENT; JOHN RANDOLPH HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; GEORGE HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; FRED LEWIS, VICE-PRESIDENT & TREASURER; A. S. MOORE, VICE-PRESIDENT; ROBERT E. HAIG, VICE-PRESIDENT; HARRY M. DUNLAP, VICE-PRESIDENT; R. F. McCAULEY, SECRETARY. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIONS, $3.50 FOR ONE YEAR, $5.50 FOR TWO YEARS, $7.50 FOR THREE YEARS; CANADA, $4.00 FOR ONE YEAR; PAN-AMERICAN COUNTRIES AND SPAIN, $4.50 FOR ONE YEAR; OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, $6.50 FOR ONE YEAR. WHEN CHANGING ADDRESS, GIVE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW, WITH POSTAL ZONE NUMBER IF ANY, AND ALLOW FIVE WEEKS FOR CHANGE TO BECOME EFFECTIVE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. AUTHORIZED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL, POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, CANADA. MANUSCRIPTS MUST BE TYPEWRITTEN AND WILL NOT BE RETURNED UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY SUFFICIENT POSTAGE. COSMOPOLITAN CANNOT ASSUME ANY RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE SAFETY OF UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS.



Tomorrow's Glamour Girl?

maybe...

You naturally want her to grow up to be attractive and sought-after, you hope she will meet nice boys and marry one of them. Of course you do.

When she's a little older you will encourage her to guard her charm and daintiness . . . you will, of course, see to it that, above all, her breath is sweet and wholesome. For, without such appealing freshness, her other good points may count for little.

Her best friend in this matter is Listerine Antiseptic. It has been a family standby for more than sixty years. Literally millions rely on it as the *extra-careful* precaution against halitosis (unpleasant breath). A night-and-morning "must" against offending and especially before any date.

You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly freshens and sweetens the breath . . . and keeps it that way . . . not for mere minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

TO KEEP THAT BREATHLESS CHARM

What Goes On AT COSMOPOLITAN

CONCERNING A PARIS MODEL IN NEW YORK, A WAC AT FORT LEE, AND A SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE

Senator Estes Kefauver, who wrote "Dear Parent" (page 38), is well known—at least to owners of television sets. This truth was strikingly impressed upon us when we arrived recently to keep a luncheon date with the senator. A headwaiter informed us that he was not yet at his table. Assuming that any headwaiter would recognize the senator, we waited outside the dining room. Some twenty minutes later, a man who (to us) was unmistakably Senator Estes Kefauver bid us join him at the table where he had been patiently waiting since the appointed hour. "How could you make such a mistake?" we asked the headwaiter. "Didn't you recognize him? Don't you have a television set?"

"No," he replied firmly. "I have no television set. Faye Emerson, she is furious at me. *She* wait thirty minutes."

The Senator from Tennessee

◆ ◆ ◆

Still another luncheon date we enjoyed (did we say editors have a hard life?) was with Mrs. Paul Douglas, movie-star wife of the actor Joe McCarthy writes up on page 54. Mrs. Douglas, or Jan Sterling, as the movie marquees call her, is an exceedingly attractive blonde of delicate but perfect proportions who displays a refreshing enthusiasm for the work of Paul Douglas. Apparently professional jealousy does not exist between these talented two. What about that other, more insidious brand of jealousy, we inquired? Miss Sterling thereupon delivered herself of her opinion on husbands: The safe husband—and we assume she means Mr. Douglas—is a man who arrives at a cocktail party, looks around, *knows* he is capable of bowling over any girl in the room, but doesn't *want* to.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Douglas

◆ ◆ ◆

When we asked Mildred K. Lehman to report on the basic training of a WAC *we did not anticipate that she would follow a group of girls through their* entire *training cycle and become the confidante of most of them. Her article, written in collaboration with Milton Lehman, her*

Army-wise husband (ex of Yank *and* Stars and Stripes*), appears on page 66. For cynics who doubt that the* WACs *are sold on the service, we offer the following let-*

Private Eleanor Carney, WAC

ter, written to Mrs. Lehman by one of the girls shortly after finishing basic training at Fort Lee:

"Dear Mrs. Lehman:

"The barracks are pretty well cleared now. They gave us our orders in the mess hall Wednesday night. It was very quiet—not a sound till the orders were read—then came the laughing and crying, ohs and ahs. That evening we had a platoon party. It was wonderful. Some girls felt so bad about leaving they didn't come to the party. And when the party broke up there was hardly a dry eye. This morning every time someone left we all cried, and no one was ashamed to show their feeling. Sincerely,

"Private Eleanor Carney, WAC"

To which Mrs. Lehman adds, "I felt terrible myself."

◆ ◆ ◆

Mort Weisinger's essay on large-denomination currency (page 135) reminds us of the late ship-building tycoon, Robert Ingersoll Ingalls. In 1948, angered by his only son's divorce and plans for remarriage, Ingalls decided to buy out his offspring's share in his corporation. His son's interest came to $2,120,000. Confident that the sight of all that money in cold cash would be more tempting than in check form, Ingalls scraped up 2,120 thousand-dollar bills and hired armed guards to take them to his son. His scheme worked. The son promptly sold out.

November COSMOPOLITAN promises to be a big and lively issue. Pollster **George Gallup,** who ate crow after the Truman landslide in 1948, tells "Why We Won't Be Red-Faced in 1952." . . . You've all heard the story about the farmer's daughter; well, November COSMOPOLITAN brings you the story of "The New Farmer's Daughter." It seems she's changed a great deal lately. . . . What is it like to be screen star **Jane Russell's** husband? **Vincent Flaherty** gives you the answer in his close-up of football and screen star **Bob Waterfield,** who *is* Jane Russell's husband. . . . You may or may not have wondered who dresses—or undresses—the glamorous ladies of television. **Dorothy Kilgallen** will present the person responsible, designer **Cell Chapman.**

◆ ◆ ◆

Now and again in our excursions around New York, we have noticed a girl who struck us as being of surpassing beauty. We didn't know who she was, but we never forgot her face. Now she is on the cover of this month's COSMOPOLITAN*, and we still know only her first name—Sophie. Sophie—she uses no other name—is the most famous model in all of France. Now head model for Jacques Fath, Sophie*

"Sophie"—just "Sophie"

feels Paris models are underpaid. She came to this country last year to earn enough money for a mink coat—and was able to buy two. This year it's a convertible. Sophie is 5 feet 8½ inches tall, has a 34-inch bosom and 33½-inch hips. Her waist is an incredible 20 inches. Like most beauties, she does not meet the conventional standards of pulchritude. What makes her unforgettable is an unconscious elegance that women either have or have not. Sophie has!

GOOD THINGS

IN SMALL PACKAGES

QUICKLY TOLD TALES BY ALBERT MOREHEAD

Talk of New York

There are 1,250,000 manhole covers on New York's streets, and every street in town is torn up on an average of at least once a year. About 10,000 new houses are built within the city limits every year. New Yorkers get 1,500 parking tickets a day and pawn 1,500 watches daily (at the depths of the Depression they were pawning 5,000 watches a day).

Taxi!

Joe, having hacked the streets of Chicago these thirty years, has had almost everything happen to him. Passengers have instructed him to drive them to Los Angeles, to New Orleans, to New York. But he swears that a fare he had last summer tops them all.

Two New Yorkers, having attended a convention in Chicago and having imbibed heavily, developed a sudden yen for home.

"Hey, taxi!" one of them called as they staggered out of the hotel. "Take ush to New York." He opened the door of Joe's cab, started to climb in, then drew back.

"No, you firsht," he said to his companion. "I get off at Sheventy-shecond Shtreet."

Post-Mortem

"Why did you lead that diamond?" roared one partner.

"I didn't have a heart," replied the other partner mildly.

"Who said anything about a heart? Didn't you have a black suit?"

"Yes, but I was saving it for your funeral."

Getting Even

Every pedestrian will envy a friend of ours who has constructed a little gadget that he carries in his pocket. It makes exactly the same sound as an automobile horn, and whenever a motorist honks at him, he takes out the gadget and honks back vigorously.

Last Laugh

"Yes," said the Englishman who had been touring the States, "I was in Indiana. It's in Pennsylvania—you know, where the Wyoming Valley is."

His American friends snickered, but what do you think? The Englishman was right. Indiana is the name of a city in Pennsylvania, and there's a beautiful valley in Pennsylvania called the Wyoming.

Putting on the Ritz

W. Somerset Maugham was lunching at the old Ritz-Carlton in New York when a friend pointed out a pretty girl across the room.

"That's Gypsy Rose Lee," said the friend. "Would you like to meet her? Besides her other exploits, she writes books, you know."

"No, thank you," said Mr. Maugham, "I'm always nervous in the presence of authors."

Incidentally, although his biggest popular success has been with *The Razor's Edge* and his greatest critical acclaim for *Of Human Bondage*, his own favorite novel is *Cakes and Ale.*

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She loved him and he was her husband, yet his world was not hers . . . and sometimes he seemed a stranger.

NEW YORK 22 by Ilka Chase. A sparkling, new novel by the author of IN BED WE CRY, PAST IMPERFECT, and I LOVE MISS TILLIE BEAN. With a penetrating edge, Ilka Chase lays bare the glamorous, amorous private lives of New York's fashionable, fabulous Sutton Place set. *(Publisher's list price $3.00)*

When Georgiana Goodyear fled to Paris in search of romance, it's not surprising that Allen Goodyear drifted to another woman.

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Dream Jobs for Women

I.N.P.

PRIVATE SECRETARY IN THE PENTAGON

There's history on her dictation pad. She knows instantly how important you are. Her boss is General Omar N. Bradley, top man in uniform • BY STACY V. JONES

Assuming you are a secretary and believe that this is a pleasant career for a young woman, imagine being secretary to the nation's top man in uniform—General Omar N. Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Through your typewriter pass directives and memoranda that affect millions of people, possibly even the fate of the world. At your desk—on their way in to see your boss—pause great military men, diplomats, and foreign notables—some quite handsome!

The girl who really has this job is a slim ash-blonde named Velma Cameron. Over a door near the Pentagon's river entrance, in the outer ring reserved for the plushiest offices, is a large sign—CHAIRMAN, JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF. Inside, facing this door, is Miss Cameron's desk. Passers-by all glance in, curious about what goes on in the office of the country's top military man. The younger officers also want a glimpse of Velma. She is probably the target of more polite stares than any other girl in the Pentagon.

The generals and admirals who ask her for appointments with Bradley—and sooner or later all the top military glamour stops at her desk—can't help becoming interested in Velma Cameron herself. She has a quiet manner and a pleasant smile. As a major who peered in to catch a glimpse of her remarked, she might very well be a model. She looks tall and tailored; few would guess that she makes her own clothes. Five feet five and a half inches in height, she stays at 115 pounds without dieting. She has indeed done some amateur modeling, and her ambition once was to become a designer.

Mrs. Cameron lives by herself (she's divorced) in an "efficiency" apartment on Washington's upper Sixteenth Street. She finds the city just as neighborly as her home town of Leavenworth, Kansas. At her favorite drugstore she sees people she knows, and sometimes gets messages. The office opens at eight-thirty, which means early rising, but if she walks a few blocks she catches a ride to the Pentagon with Vice-Admiral John H. Cassady. At night she rides home with some other neighbor.

On her desk in the morning Velma Cameron finds a sheaf of invitations to embassy and private parties that the Bradleys have received, with notations as to which are to be accepted and which regretted. The social replies are handwritten. When the Bradleys entertain, they give her a list and she carries on from there; recently she wrote by hand four hundred cards for an at-home.

While she's busy with the social notes, Army, Navy, and Air Force officers arrive to give the general his 8:45 A.M. briefing. After that, he disappears for *(Continued on page 129)*

...beautifully Betrothed

... and ready to choose her precious Wallace Sterling Silver. Of course, she will select a Wallace pattern—because Wallace Sterling is truly exquisite ... the only designs that capture the full glory of precious Sterling ... the only designs superbly sculptured in full-formed "Third Dimension Beauty."

Pictured, Grande Baroque Sterling Tea Set 5-piece with Silver Plated Waiter 23" ... $860.

Famed designer, William S. Warren, created these exquisite Wallace patterns in "Third Dimension Beauty." He gave each design the full-formed quality of true sculpture. Each piece is lovely not only in front, but in profile and in back as well. Be sure to see these Wallace patterns—the only sterling silver designs with "Third Dimension Beauty." Six piece place settings from $32.50 to $43.50 including tax.

Please turn to page 101 to see other Wallace Sterling Silver patterns

Readers Write

Nest Egg

TUCSON, ARIZONA: I was so impressed with Mr. A. Vere Shaw's common-sense approach to investing money, as given in Sylvia Porter's July article, "$2500 to Invest," that I would appreciate having more information on how he operates his investment-counseling business.

—MRS. RUTH G. JEFFRIES

Your letter is being forwarded.
—THE EDITORS

Senators Russell and Hill

Apology

COLLEGE PARK, GEORGIA: I wonder how many people will point out that you have a picture of Senator Richard Russell of Georgia inserted in Alabama Senator Lister Hill's portion of your August article, "Can We Keep the Peace?" —I. C. DAVIS

So far, fifty-two readers have discovered our error. We are ashamed.
—THE EDITORS

Not Funny?

WEST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY: Three of my friends seem to have misunderstood Mr. Williams' article, "How to Borrow Money," in your June issue. My friends thought he was making a serious attack on banks. I was surprised at their reaction because I think the article was intended to be funny. But I'm bound to say that after a careful rereading there seems to be ground for their impression. It takes a funnier man than Mr. Williams to sustain the quality of his humor for 3,600 words, and before long a deadly earnestness sets in. From there on it reads as if Mr. Williams were really writing to vent his displeasure at some of his neighbors. A reader always wonders about such things. It would be interesting to know.

—LESTER GIBSON

Mr. Williams definitely did not intend to bite the hand that feeds so many of us. ***—THE EDITORS***

Eisenhower for President?

DES MOINES, IOWA: William Bradford Huie's article in the July issue, "Truman's Plan to Make Eisenhower President," like most of the guesses published today about the probable nominees for the 1952 Presidential election, ignores important facts, puffs up minor information far beyond its real significance, and fills in with fabrications. It is a transparent effort to label General Eisenhower a conniving and ambitious politician.

Does this article reflect the editorial stand of COSMOPOLITAN?

—RAYMOND E. HAYES

***Some readers have called this article violently pro-Eisenhower and others have labeled it anti-Eisenhower. Its bias, if any, is that of its author and not* COSMOPOLITAN'S.**

—THE EDITORS

Perfect Honeymoon

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: I had a wonderful time on my honeymoon—maybe because I sometimes read articles like "Advice to Honeymooners" [July issue], believe the worst, and get the best. I agree a certain amount of adjustment is necessary, but when two people want their marriage to last, each is going to realize he's not perfect and try to overlook the other's faults.

We got a flat tire driving down a pitch-black road on the way to the resort we were to stay at, and according to *your* article my husband's asking me to hold the flashlight while he worked on the flat would be grounds for either hysterical crying or a divorce since it was much warmer in the car. Really!

I had a terrific time on my honeymoon and so did my husband.

—MRS. EDWARD C. MCGLOIN

True love?

Shelley and Farley

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: Congratulations on the Shelley Winters story ["Tempest in a T-Shirt," August issue]. You might like to know she's terrific in a madcap comedy called "Behave Yourself!" to be released soon. Shelley will be co-starred with Farley Granger (her off-screen true love).

—JOHN SPRINGER
RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.

Picture of the Month

When an American goes to Paris, he goes to find his dream of love. Paris has kindled more hearts, minds, pens and brushes than any other city in the world. But we doubt if there could be a more convincing token of her enchantment than is offered by top musical producer M-G-M in its new Technicolor triumph, "An American In Paris".

Fresh in idea, new in form, heart-tuned to the stirring music of George Gershwin, "An American In Paris" has captured the youth and spirit of the most romantic city in the world.

The genius of Gene Kelly enlivens the production even beyond his contributions of acting, singing and dancing. His personal talent search resulted in the signing of lovely 19-year-old Parisian danseuse Leslie Caron to play opposite him. She is crop-haired, *gamine* and utterly charming.

Of their many stunning dances together, special mention goes to the climactic "American In Paris" ballet, which glorifies the world of art in six color-splashed scenes. This is the most breath-taking and spectacular dance achievement yet seen on the screen.

Gene plays an ex-G.I. artist who has never had an exhibition, while his sardonic friend, Oscar Levant, is a pianist who has never given a concert. They meet handsome Georges Guetary, popular French singer and when he introduces them to Leslie, the spark of inspiration starts hopping. There's added inspiration in the person of blonde and beautiful Nina Foch.

What a joy to hear the unforgettable Gershwin favorites "Nice Work If You Can Get It", "'S Wonderful", "Love Is Here To Stay", "I Got Rhythm" and others; and Oscar Levant, at the piano, leads an 80-piece orchestra in Gershwin's rousing "Concerto in F".

Paris is in every pore of this life-loving musical. All of its charm, all of its *elan* seem to be epitomized in the glorious "Stairway to Paradise" number, which presents the flower of French Femininity. So if you can't get abroad this year, your best bet is to see "An American In Paris".

★ ★ ★

"AN AMERICAN IN PARIS", to the music of George Gershwin, stars Gene Kelly, and introduces Leslie Caron. Oscar Levant, Georges Guetary and Nina Foch are featured. An M-G-M picture in color by Technicolor, with story and screen play by Alan Jay Lerner and lyrics by Ira Gershwin, it was directed by Vincente Minnelli and produced by Arthur Freed.

Memorable Scenes from "A Streetcar Named Desire," *starring Vivien Leigh as tormented Blanche Dubois, Marlon Brando as brutish Stanley Kowalski, Kim Hunter as his loyalty-torn wife.*

STANLEY (as Stella embraces him after a quarrel): *Don't ever leave me—don't ever leave me. Sweetheart . . . baby . . .* (He rises and takes her in his arms. The house is dark. He carries her into it.)

BLANCHE: *Give those back. Now that you've touched them I'll burn them!* STANLEY: *What are they?* BLANCHE: *Poems a dead boy wrote. I hurt him the way you'd like to hurt me, but you can't.*

STELLA: *Stanley! What are you doing?* (Shoving her out of the way, Stanley rushes to the radio, picks it up, carries it to the window, and throws it out.) *Drunk—drunk—animal thing—you!*

Movie Citations

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Tragic *star of "Streetcar."*

Two fine pictures are being released this month: "A Streetcar Named Desire," by Warner Bros., and "The River," under the banner of United Artists. They both deserve Cosmopolitan Citations as the Best Productions of the Month.

"A Streetcar Named Desire," which as a play won the Pulitzer Prize and the New York Film Critics' award, and was a Broadway and a London triumph, is bold, brilliant, and frequently shocking. Its tension mounts until it is nearly unendurable. Tennessee Williams, certainly the most discussed playwright of our day, did the screen adaptation of his highly controversial work for producer Charles K. Feldman. He has learned a lot about screen technique since his earlier adaptation of "The Glass Menagerie."

With Vivien Leigh as the pathetic dreamer, Blanche Dubois, and Marlon Brando as the brutish Stanley Kowalski, "Streetcar" burns with frustrated passion. Studies of loneliness have rarely proved popular on the screen, but here the painfully touching pull of Vivien's wish to love and be loved in contrast with Brando's lust to destroy builds to scenes of physical and mental brutality such as the camera has rarely recorded.

Miss Leigh's work is a little disappointing. She has made herself a bit too old, too battered to suggest the candlelight mood of Blanche's flight from truth. Because she is so sensitive an actress, she *(Continued on page 88)*

Radha, lovely young Indian dancer, is just one reason why "The River"—its brilliant cast largely unknown—wins a Cosmopolitan Citation as one of the Best Productions of the Month.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

An inspired Claudette Colbert, in "Thunder on the Hill," clears a girl convicted of murder —and walks off with a Cosmopolitan Citation for one of the Best Starring Performances.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The other winner of a Cosmopolitan Citation for a Best Starring Performance, Jane Wyman, is a selfless governess in "The Blue Veil," an unabashed and utterly appealing tear-jerker.

What's New IN MEDICINE

CLEFT PALATES, cleft lips, or both, which afflict over 200,000 Americans, can now be corrected with really dramatic results. Hundreds of patients, ranging from 3-month-old infants to a 68-year-old man, have been made normal in appearance and speech through pioneering techniques worked out at the Cleft Palate Clinic in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Among results of the teamwork of dental surgeon, psychiatrist, and speech specialist: A baby girl born with cleft lip and palate won a beauty prize; a young man whose speech had been wholly unintelligible graduated from college with honors; a 68-year-old man was able to talk for the first time.

MISCARRIAGES *were avoided in 76 of 82 women with histories of unsuccessful pregnancies. Moderate doses of ethinyl estradiol and thyroid were used until the 35th week of pregnancy. Only two women thus treated had premature babies. Many of the women who delivered full-term babies had had four or more previous miscarriages.*

AGED PEOPLE benefit from the gland chemicals ACTH and cortisone even if they don't have arthritis. These drugs, according to a distinguished researcher, act like a tonic. They help prepare older people for operations by making them feel better, improving their appetites, and getting them into general good shape. A short course of treatment with these drugs helps older people with painful injuries to get out of bed and move about sooner. It also helps those with chronic skin troubles, inflammatory eye conditions, allergic asthma, or thrombophlebitis.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE *of nervous origin, the most common type, has been partly relieved by two newly tested drugs—1-hydrazinophthalazine and 1-hydrazino-4-methyl-phthalazine. Given to 50 patients, these drugs showed good results in reducing blood pressure.*

ARTHRITIS AND RHEUMATIC diseases have been treated with the antibiotic drugs—particularly terramycin—with dramatic results. This supports an important theory: Rheumatic diseases may be caused by an invisible organism in the tissues to which rheumatic patients become hypersensitive. Researchers believe that ACTH and cortisone may simply block abnormal reactions caused by this hypersensitivity without affecting the organism itself. This would explain why symptoms return after ACTH and cortisone are discontinued. The next step is to find a weapon to attack the organism itself.

A NEW PAIN-KILLING *technique for postoperative and cancer patients has produced impressive results. The method: administering by vein a weak solution of alcohol in water. The alcohol kills pain and anxiety without producing a doped feeling. Unlike morphine and other opiates, it does not interfere with breathing or constrict blood vessels.*

RUPTURE OF THE STOMACH is usually regarded as an adult disability. But a recent report tells of rupture of the stomach occurring in two newborn infants. Surgery saved one of them. Such ruptures may be caused by a failure of the stomach wall to form properly.

CRAVING FOR ALCOHOL has been treated with large doses of vitamins in preliminary experiments with 85 alcoholics at a New England hospital. Each day the patients got a pill containing ten times the normal body requirements of vitamins A, C, D, and the whole B-complex series. Another group of patients received dummy pills. The vitamins markedly decreased the craving for alcohol, and brought on a helpful sense of well-being.

CANCER OF THE PROSTATE, *which is stimulated by male hormones, has been treated for years by castration, which shrinks the cancer and checks further growth. Castration, either by surgery or use of female hormones, has saved thousands of lives. However, many prostate cancers recur after castration. This is because the adrenal glands, which also produce male hormones, increase their output after castration. Until now, nothing could be done about this, as the adrenal hormone (cortin) is essential to life. But cortisone, the antiarthritis hormone, now promises to change the picture. Recently two men near death from a recurrence of prostate cancer had their adrenal glands removed. The men survived only because daily oral doses of cortisone took the place of the cortin their bodies no longer manufactured. Four months after the operation, the men were back at work.*

TETANUS SPASM has been overcome in some patients by the use of mephensin and phenobarbital sodium. The spasm associated with tetanus is very painful and often causes the body to bend in an arc.

COMPILED FOR COSMOPOLITAN READERS BY LAWRENCE GALTON

STERILE MEN *may be helped by a new technique: injections of a hormone called pregnenolone acetate. After some months of weekly or semiweekly injections, 18 of the 40 men treated fathered children. In nine cases, it took less than three months for the wife to become pregnant. As a result of these injections, several of the men gained five to ten pounds, and a few found that they felt better and tired less easily.*

COW'S MILK can cause a number of reactions in youngsters allergic to it. A recent medical report tells of a hundred and forty children who suffered hives, constipation, sneezing, colic, vomiting, coughing, and loud and coarse breathing. All these symptoms were relieved as soon as milk was eliminated from their diet and soy milk substituted. Until this allergy to milk was recognized, the children had submitted to many tests and treatments and, in some cases, even surgery. After abstaining from cow's milk for three or four months, most of them were able to drink it again without aftereffects.

ABSCESSED TEETH *do exert an effect on skin diseases, according to a recent study. Seventeen middle-aged patients with eczema of the legs got prompt relief when abscessed teeth were extracted. In two cases of pustular rosacea—a chronic skin disease involving the nose, cheeks, chin, and forehead—abscessed teeth were found to be the focus of infection. After they were removed, the skin improved. Two cases of chronic hives were cured by removing abscessed teeth.*

ATHLETE'S FOOT can be cleared up by twice-a-day applications, in powder or ointment form, of a new drug called asterol dihydrochloride. Complete clearing or marked improvement was achieved in 48 of 54 cases. Dramatic results were noted in cases of five to seven years' standing that had persisted in spite of many different types of treatment.

I WISH

Here's an exercise in the art of conversation. First comes a comment made *to* you; then three replies *you* might make, only one of which proves that you get the drift. If you pick 14 or 15 right, you're superb; 13, just wonderful; 11 or 12, average-plus.

BY LINCOLN HODGES

1 What perfect *decorum.*

(A) *So well styled!*
(B) *So well matched!*
(C) *So well behaved!*

2 A *beatific* expression!

(A) *Blissful!*
(B) *Kissable!*
(C) *Mystical!*

3 That's pure *sophistry.*

(A) *He's a slow thinker.*
(B) *He's a wise man.*
(C) *He's very misleading.*

4 It's near the *ailanthus.*

(A) *By the tree?*
(B) *By the monument?*
(C) *By the main gate?*

5 A *viscid* liquid appeared.

(A) *Dirty?*
(B) *Sticky?*
(C) *Smelly?*

6 It's a *salubrious* climate.

(A) *Makes you feel sick.*
(B) *Makes you feel good.*
(C) *Makes you feel sad.*

7 They ate a *succulent* pig.

(A) *So young!*
(B) *So fat!*
(C) *So juicy!*

I'D SAID THAT!

8 That's the *nadir*.

(A) *New boss?*
(B) *New mineral?*
(C) *New low?*

9 He's a *peripatetic* parson.

(A) *He waves his arms.*
(B) *He roves about.*
(C) *He prophesies.*

10 He studied *entomology*.

(A) *Early words?*
(B) *Early birds?*
(C) *Early worms?*

11 It's a nasty *proclivity*.

(A) *A corkscrew climb!*
(B) *A straight drop!*
(C) *A dangerous bent!*

12 Hit in the *solar plexus*.

(A) *On the button?*
(B) *In the breadbasket?*
(C) *Below the belt?*

13 What a *spate* of words!

(A) *Fast talk?*
(B) *Fighting talk?*
(C) *Foolish talk?*

14 He's a *testy* chap.

(A) *So honest.*
(B) *So irritable.*
(C) *So careful.*

15 They live in *penury*.

(A) *In utter seclusion.*
(B) *In dire want.*
(C) *In abject fear.*

ANSWERS

1 **C** Decorum (de-KO-rum) is proper behavior or social form. It comes from the Latin word *decor*, beauty.

2 **A** The Latin words *beatus*, happy, and *facere*, to make, give us beatific (be-uh-TIF-ik), meaning blissful.

3 **C** The Sophists were Greek thinkers who taught how to argue so that the worse might appear the better. Hence sophistry (SAHF-us-tree) came to mean deceptively subtle or misleading reasoning.

4 **A** An ailanthus (ay-LAN-thus) is a tree. In Latin, *aylanto* means tree of heaven.

5 **B** *Viscum* is the Latin word for mistletoe, from which birdlime—a very sticky substance—is made. Hence viscid (VISS-id) means sticky.

6 **B** Salubrious (suh-LOO-bree-us) comes from *salus*, a Latin word for health and safety. It means conducive to health or well-being.

7 **C** Succulent (SUCK-yuh-lunt) means juicy. It comes from the Latin, *succulentus*.

8 **C** The nadir (NAY-d'r, or NAY-deer) is the lowest point. It comes from *nazir*, an Arabic word meaning opposite the zenith.

9 **B** A peripatetic (pehr-ih-puh-TET-ik) parson is one who moves from place to place; the word comes from Greek words meaning to walk about.

10 **C** Entomology (en-tuh-MOLL-uh-jee) is the study of insects. The Greek word *entomos*, cut in, sires our word because the bodies of most insects seem to be almost cut in half. (Similarly, the Latin for cut in, *insectus*, gives us insect.)

11 **C** A proclivity (pro-KLIV-uh-tee), from a very similar Latin word, means a leaning, or constitutional bent.

12 **B** The solar plexus (SO-l'r PLECKS-us) is a nerve center behind the stomach; hence the pit of the stomach.

13 **A** A spate means a rush or outpouring. The original meaning of the word was a freshet or downpour of water.

14 **B** The Old French word *testu*, obstinate or headstrong, is one of the words from which we get testy (TESS-tee), meaning easily irritated, peevish.

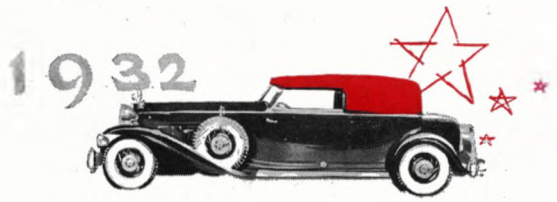
15 **B** Penury (PEN-yoo-ree) means extreme poverty, from the Latin *penuria*, meaning want or need.

Jon Whitcomb's Page

JON

JOAN BENNETT'S EYE WARDROBE. If it will make the nearsighted brigade feel any better, Miss Joan Bennett put on her first pair of glasses at the age of eight. Equipped with enormous, smoky-blue eyes through which she sees but dimly, she turns a liability into an asset by frankly resorting to camouflage. Miss B.'s whole life has been one spectacle after another, so to speak. She told me recently she can't hear well without her glasses. Here's a list of the procession of ornaments to be found from time to time on the Bennett nose: plain frames of red, green, light blue, pink, or violet; wild plaids; frames made to look like daisies; rhinestones; octagonal frames in white shot with silver; miscellaneous concoctions in exaggerated harlequin shapes for lounging around a pool. As we talked, I admired Miss Bennett's Lucite frames fitted with blue lenses that made her cornflower eyes even bluer. I said I was glad to meet a girl who hadn't suffered from the Glasses Problem in romance. "My daughter Melinda will do all right, too," she said. "She's blind as a bat."

THE YEAR AUTOMOBILES WERE PRETTIEST. *Maybe you share the sentiments of Melbourne Brindle, an artist who belongs to the Down-with-Streamlining school of thought on car design. He feels that cars have become steadily less exciting, and that nowadays all makers copy each other's lines until they all look alike. Mr. B. tracked down a 1932 Packard Eight and painstakingly restored it to new. He and his wife drove it*



over to my house recently and parked next to my 1949 convertible, a car of which I had been moderately fond. I must say the Medal for Style went to the 1932 entry. In addition to the strong flavor of ritz that hangs about a car arranged for privacy and low passenger visibility, Mel's Packard is now mechanically better than new. To a Dietrich convertible-victoria body and a 150-hp motor that originally wore an $8,000 price tag, he added hydraulic brakes, a down-draft carburetor, and new tan leather upholstery. To accommodate modern low-pressure tires, new Cadillac wheels were fitted with Packard hubs and spokes. The Packard plant supplied new parts where necessary, the chromium is fresh, and so is the black-lacquer spray job. Mahogany running boards were handmade by Brindle. I was astounded at the clothes Mr. and Mrs. Brindle were wearing in this regal hot rod. Bluejeans and open shirts! I made them go home and put on tails.

BARN CIRCUIT. My favorite remark of the past summer-theatre season was made during a performance of "For Love or Money," starring John Loder. An actor cast as a handy man entered, bowed to Mr. Loder, and said, "Sir, the station wagon is in the trunk."

MAIL POUCH. FORT WORTH. *Here it is Saturday night—not the loneliest night in the week for me; they are all lonely—and here I am, at home all by myself. I'm tall, wear nice clothes, have shining hair, sparkling eyes, and glistening teeth. There must be just millions of eligible young men in this world, but I'll be darned if I know how to meet them. Guess I'm just obnoxious. Well, back to my book.*—AN OLD MAID.

Get your nose out of that book and give Texas a chance.

SEATTLE. *Sometimes, inadvertently, I read your page. I think you see yourself as a "slick-magazine illustrator with a flair for the bon mot." I always expect you to burst out with "peachy keeno" or "razzmataz," which would date you more blatantly but no less effectively. Even your work is sheer whimsey.* —MISS M.C.

Have you ever, inadvertently, been sawed in two?

YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA. *In this month's* COSMOPOLITAN *there is an illustration by Alex Ross. I should like to see you do something in this line.* —MISS S.

Mr. Ross says if there is anything to be done in his line, *he* will do it.

Now...

parfum

Passionnément

beloved Lucien Lelong Paris perfume

Warm, poignant... a magnificent French fragrance for you to use and use lavishly, extravagantly, inexpensively! $9* *for a large, 2 oz. bottle*

bottled and packaged in France

LUCIEN LELONG

perfumes

Once more, it's the plain package that makes it possible...

and since you can't wear the bottle, why pay for it?

*PLUS TAX

COSMOPOLITAN'S

Practical Travel Guide

Send all budget-trip requests to EDWARD R. DOOLING, Director, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Descriptive literature will be cheerfully furnished, but it is not possible for us to make individual replies to every request we receive.

We have about ten days for an October motor tour. Would like it to be scenic and leisurely. What do you suggest? —*S. C., Hartford, Connecticut*

A—Why not follow the flaming foliage? Go through the southern end of the Berkshire Hills, across the Hudson, and through a corner of the Catskill Mountains, over the Kittatinny Range in northwest New Jersey, thence through the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania, along the Skyline Drive in Virginia, the beautiful Blue Ridge Parkway in North Carolina, and into Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Return north through the tobacco belt and tidewater Virginia, with stops at Williamsburg, Richmond, and Washington.

I feel I will look very silly hauling out my guidebooks and my note pad to do arithmetic every time I want to pay a bill in a foreign country. Isn't there some simple general rule I can follow to avoid such embarrassment?
—*Miss N. A., Shreveport, Louisiana*

A—There is a simple little cardboard slide rule called the "Changeputer" that quickly translates United States currency into foreign funds at government-approved exchange rates. It covers the currencies of Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Israel, British Isles, Germany, Italy, Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland. It also shows the monetary units of the countries covered and tells the amounts of foreign currency you are permitted to bring into each country.

• *I am going to Rome, and I understand that in Italy, as in other European countries, a service charge is usually added to your hotel and restaurant bills. Is it necessary to tip in addition to this?*
—*Mrs. M. O., Columbus, Ohio*

A—Wages are low in Italy, and it is the custom to give a small tip to supplement the service charge. A veteran traveler to whom I spoke recently said she gives a tip averaging about twelve or fifteen cents in United States money to bellhops, chambermaids, valets, and elevator operators in hotels. The concierge, who is the most helpful of all hotel employees, should be tipped substantially. Small tips should be given waiters, cabdrivers, train conductors, gondoliers, guides, and theatre and movie ushers.

This Month's Budget Trip!

My girlfriend and I have a late-fall, two-week vacation and a desire to see Florida. We're interested in a budget trip by any means of transportation.
—Miss T. L., Brooklyn, New York

A—There are many all-expense, package, and independent prepaid trips to Florida. Some typical budget trips are outlined below. Details and descriptive literature are being mailed to you. Remember that rates change with seasons on Florida tours. Double-check on rates and time limits before you start.

By auto: **A sixteen-day tour, with ten days in Florida, visiting Silver Springs, Silver River for a jungle cruise; Weekiwachee, the spring of the mermaids; Tampa and the Cuban colony known as Ybor City; Saint Petersburg; Sarasota, with its art museum and jungle gardens; Naples; the Tamiami Trail; Miami Beach; Lake Wales and the Singing Tower; Cypress Gardens; Daytona Beach; and historic Saint Augustine. Total estimated cost is about $150 per person on basis of two people sharing double room throughout.**

By rail: **A fourteen-day tour, with twelve days in Florida at Miami Beach, including swimming, nightly dancing and entertainment, free movies, transfers to and from hotel, moonlight cruise, motor-coach tour, and a half-day fishing trip. Estimated cost per person about $261 using Pullman train and lower berth; about $200 using modern coach train.**

By air: **Spending seven days and six nights at Miami Beach, including transfers to and from the airport; sightseeing trip to Hialeah Race Track, Seminole Indian Village, and University of Miami; sightseeing cruise on Biscayne Bay; night-club visit; moonlight cruise; free movies; swimming; nightly dancing and entertainment. Estimated cost per person about $200, using air-coach plane on scheduled air lines.**

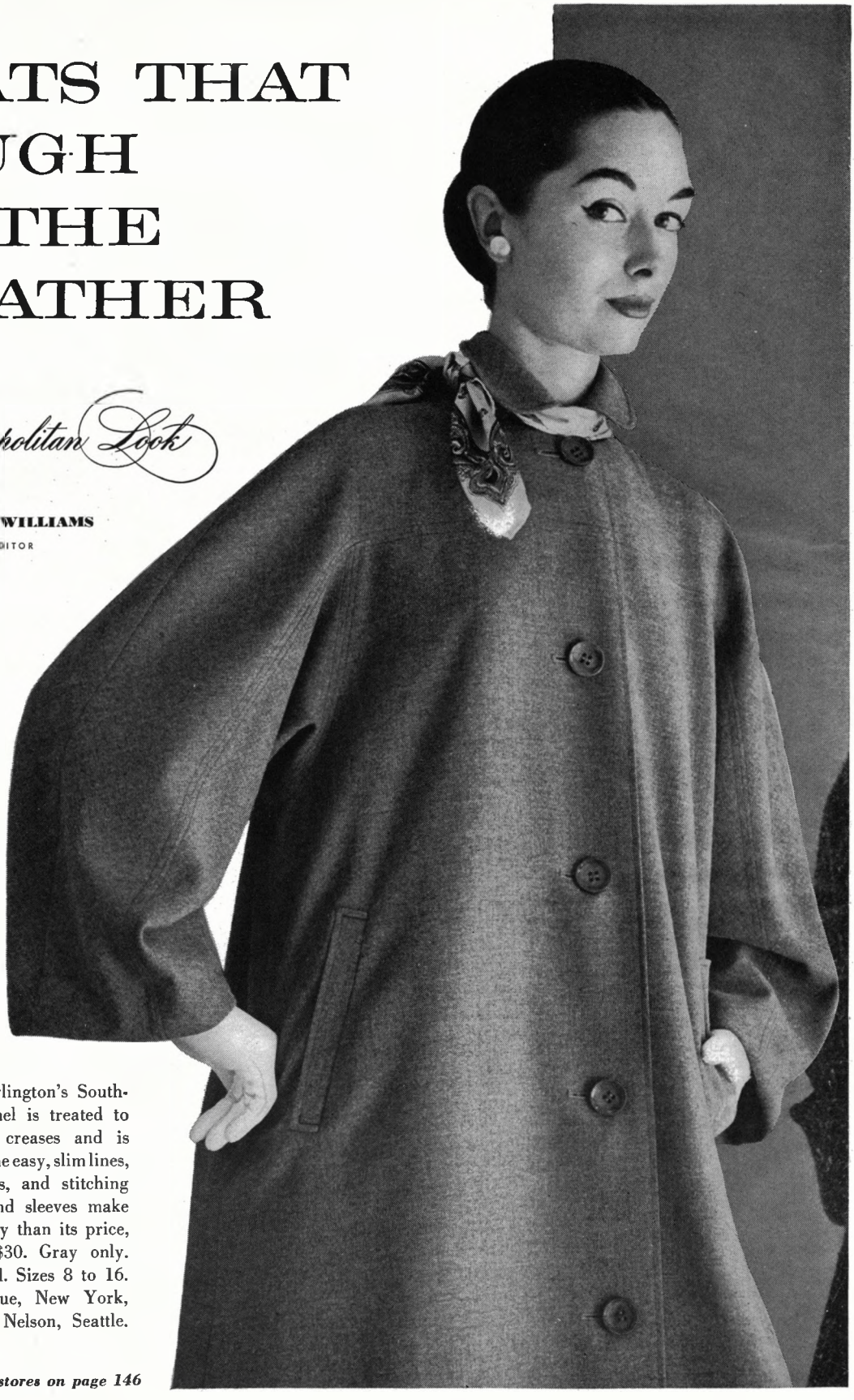
By bus: **For a thirteen- or fourteen-day tour, including stops at Washington, D.C.; Raleigh, North Carolina; Augusta, Georgia; Tampa; and Saint Petersburg, where you have a day for sightseeing or relaxation; down the west coast and across the Tamiami Trail through part of Everglades National Park; four days in Miami Beach with sightseeing tours by bus and boat; through central Florida to Ocala and Silver Springs; then Daytona Beach and Saint Augustine before returning north. Estimated cost per person about $180 to $190.**

(Copies of the Florida budget trips and other budget trips are available to all readers on request.)

COATS THAT LAUGH AT THE WEATHER

The Cosmopolitan Look

BY VIRGINIA C. WILLIAMS
FASHION EDITOR



Raincoat of Burlington's Southdown rayon flannel is treated to resist spots and creases and is water repellent. The easy, slim lines, dropped shoulders, and stitching detail on yoke and sleeves make it look more costly than its price, which is about $30. Gray only. By Duchess Royal. Sizes 8 to 16. Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, and Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.

Both coats also at stores on page 146

Greatcoat with a claim to fame for its good lines, curved sleeves, wide cuffs, and rolled collar. The handsome nubbly-textured imported wool comes in backgrounds of oxford-gray, navy, rust, each flecked with gay colors that give a plaid effect. Sizes 10 to 18. About $80. Swansdown. B. Altman, New York; Emery, Bird, Thayer, Kansas City, Mo.; Hutzler's, Baltimore.

(Continued on next page)

(continued)

A LITTLE FUR . . .

Fluffy white-fox collar lends an air of elegance to otherwise simple fall and winter clothes. About $28. Marvella rhinestone pin.

Silver-mink-tail circlet, shown here wrapped three times around the neck, to wear with daytime clothes, collarless coats. About $23.

Prices include federal tax

The Cosmopolitan Look GOES A LONG WAY

Photos by Stephen Colhoun

Civet-cat stole, a sweep of handsome fur, can be worn many ways because of its 84-inch length. About $89. Velvet rose Flower Modes.

Norwegian blue-fox-tail boa to distinguish a plain suit or dress with its misty, taupe-gray color, its luxurious length. About $20.

Furs on these pages at Harold J. Rubin, 52 East Fifty-sixth Street, New York.

HOW TO GET IT FROM THE GOVERNMENT

Good news for stinkpotters, map collectors, and medical students • BY STACY V. JONES

FELLOWSHIPS, TRAINEESHIPS

A research fellowship or a traineeship supported by the Public Health Service may appeal to you if you are entering medical research or a related field. These are open to both men and women and may be used at any approved university or similar institution in this country or abroad.

The 450-odd research fellowships, for holders of bachelor's, master's, or doctor's degrees, carry stipends varying from $1,200 to $3,600 or more a year, depending on educational qualifications and family situation. They are for research in cancer, heart disease, mental health, dentistry, experimental biology and medicine, and microbiology. Address Research Fellowship Branch, National Institutes of Health.

About 450 traineeships are offered by the National Institute of Mental Health in psychiatry, clinical psychology, psychiatric social work, and psychiatric nursing. Stipends vary.

More than a hundred traineeships are granted by the Professional Training Program, National Cancer Institute, to young graduate physicians interested in special training in diagnosis and treatment. The stipend is ten dollars per working day.

The National Heart Institute appoints about fifty young physicians each year as trainees in the prevention, diagnosis, and special treatment of cardiovascular diseases, at $3,000 a year ($3,600 with dependents).

The address for all of these institutes is Bethesda 14, Maryland.

PROOF OF CITIZENSHIP

If you haven't a birth certificate you probably can obtain a near equivalent, acceptable for many purposes, from the Census Bureau. Write for an age search blank, and fill in your exact address and the name of the head of your household on each decennial census date. Census will send you a transcript, back to your childhood, of its records about you. The fee is one dollar, or three dollars if you're in a rush.

More than two million people used such proof of citizenship to qualify for restricted jobs during World War II, and applications from a new group of war workers are now coming in.

PLUM

The prize for collectors of free Government publications is always the Department of Agriculture yearbook, the 1950-51 edition of which is* Crops in Peace and War. *Each senator has 550 copies to give away, and each representative 400. If your congressmen are fresh out, you can buy one from the Superintendent of Documents at $2.50. The current edition, which is illustrated and runs to 960 pages, tells what happens to crops after they leave the farm.

WITH THE STINKPOTTERS

Any citizen, male or female, who is seventeen or older and has at least a quarter interest in a yacht, motorboat, airplane, or amateur radio station, may join the Coast Guard Auxiliary. This is a nonmilitary organization, with some social life, that assists the regular Coast Guard, on a voluntary basis, in flood and rescue work, and helps patrol regattas. The members are given instruction in boat operation and safety, fly special ensigns, and may, if they wish, wear uniforms obtainable at cost from the Coast Guard.

The basic unit is the flotilla, which must have at least ten members and ten boats, planes, or ham stations. Many flotillas have headquarters at yacht clubs. The auxiliary has 12,500 members and 6,000 boats (mostly motorboats, affectionately known as stinkpots) assigned to flotillas in the United States, Alaska, and Hawaii. For information, address Commandant (PA), United States Coast Guard.

CHARTS AND DOODLES

The Coast and Geodetic Survey will send you with its compliments a list of decorative charts made nearly a hundred years ago by artist-draftsmen who ornamented them with harbor views, headlands, and landmarks. The charts, which have been reproduced on an old-fashioned hand press, are for sale at from $1 to $2.50. With the list, and without charge, you'll get a copy of sketches and doodles made by James McNeill Whistler when he was a Survey employee.

If you're airborne or waterborne, ask for the free "Aeronautical Catalogue" or the "Catalogue of Nautical Charts and Related Publications." The Survey also publishes special global charts on which air distances may be measured, and large-scale planimetric (noncontour) maps of coastal areas.

BEST SELLERS

The official most often mentioned in this space is the Superintendent of Documents, who sells Government publications from his stock of thirty million copies. In person he is an energetic young career man named Roy B. Eastin. After studying the ways of the Chicago mail-order houses a few years ago, he set up a room at the Government Printing Office to handle the thousand items in greatest demand; these usually go out the day orders are received. For visitors, there is a well-lighted bookstore with two thousand current publications on display.

You won't find any novels among them, but five hundred popular numbers are listed in a free booklet, "Government Best Sellers." The subjects run from hell ("Damage from Atomic Explosion and Design of Protective Structures") to breakfast ("The Breakfast Meal in Relation to Blood-Sugar Values"). These two booklets are yours for a dime each.

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

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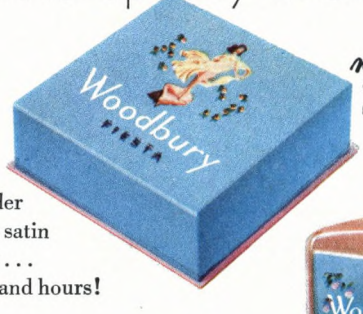

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The Mystery of Nora

BY DONALD M. BERWICK

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

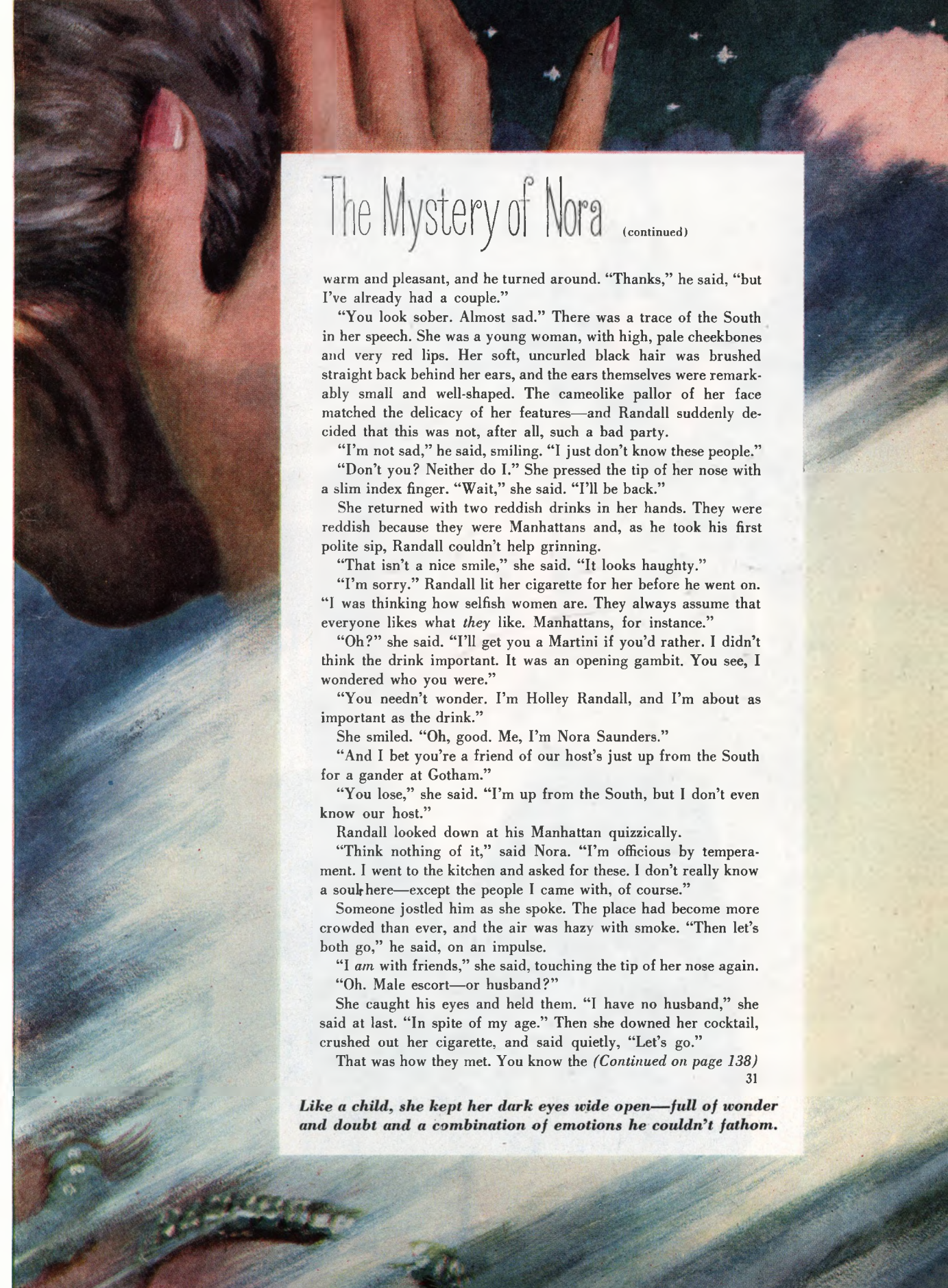
Holley Randall met Nora Saunders at a cocktail party on the Saturday night before Labor Day. You know the kind of party. A married couple Randall knew only casually had invited him over for a drink—a most informal invitation: "If you're unlucky enough to be in town for the weekend, drop down on Saturday, why don't you? There may be a couple of amusing people. Around seven, say." Ever since his divorce three years before, Randall had lived alone in antiseptic bachelorhood; he was always glad of a bit of company. And so he had "dropped down"—and had discovered, to his dismay, that it was a very large, if still informal, party. Dozens of people were milling about, some in tight groups, others wandering in and out of crowded rooms alone, their lips set, their eyes searching.

Randall accepted a Martini and decided to gulp it down and leave, but it was a smooth drink and so he had a second. Then, relaxing slightly, he murmured a word or two to his hostess and took off by himself to see what he could find. His was a solitary life, devoid of emotional involvement, but he was, after all, only thirty-eight—and on an occasional night like this he *did* rather wish he belonged.

But everyone seemed either aloof or intensely preoccupied. He stood on the fringe of a chattering group that paid no attention at all to him, halted momentarily on the edge of another, and finally retired to a corner, to twist his empty glass moodily between long, nervous fingers. Then a voice at his shoulder said. "Wouldn't you like a drink?"

It was a woman's voice, one that was

Is anyone as vulnerable as a worldly-wise bachelor —in the clutches of an inexperienced woman?



The Mystery of Nora (continued)

warm and pleasant, and he turned around. "Thanks," he said, "but I've already had a couple."

"You look sober. Almost sad." There was a trace of the South in her speech. She was a young woman, with high, pale cheekbones and very red lips. Her soft, uncurled black hair was brushed straight back behind her ears, and the ears themselves were remarkably small and well-shaped. The cameolike pallor of her face matched the delicacy of her features—and Randall suddenly decided that this was not, after all, such a bad party.

"I'm not sad," he said, smiling. "I just don't know these people."

"Don't you? Neither do I." She pressed the tip of her nose with a slim index finger. "Wait," she said. "I'll be back."

She returned with two reddish drinks in her hands. They were reddish because they were Manhattans and, as he took his first polite sip, Randall couldn't help grinning.

"That isn't a nice smile," she said. "It looks haughty."

"I'm sorry." Randall lit her cigarette for her before he went on. "I was thinking how selfish women are. They always assume that everyone likes what *they* like. Manhattans, for instance."

"Oh?" she said. "I'll get you a Martini if you'd rather. I didn't think the drink important. It was an opening gambit. You see, I wondered who you were."

"You needn't wonder. I'm Holley Randall, and I'm about as important as the drink."

She smiled. "Oh, good. Me, I'm Nora Saunders."

"And I bet you're a friend of our host's just up from the South for a gander at Gotham."

"You lose," she said. "I'm up from the South, but I don't even know our host."

Randall looked down at his Manhattan quizzically.

"Think nothing of it," said Nora. "I'm officious by temperament. I went to the kitchen and asked for these. I don't really know a soul here—except the people I came with, of course."

Someone jostled him as she spoke. The place had become more crowded than ever, and the air was hazy with smoke. "Then let's both go," he said, on an impulse.

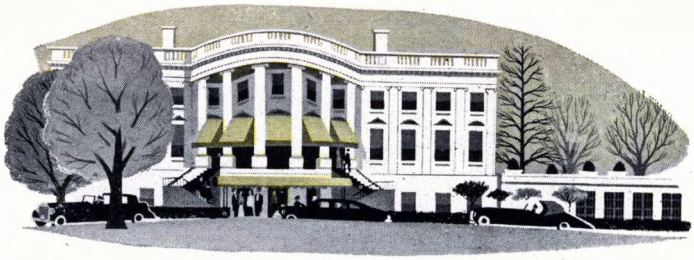
"I *am* with friends," she said, touching the tip of her nose again.

"Oh. Male escort—or husband?"

She caught his eyes and held them. "I have no husband," she said at last. "In spite of my age." Then she downed her cocktail, crushed out her cigarette, and said quietly, "Let's go."

That was how they met. You know the *(Continued on page 138)*

Like a child, she kept her dark eyes wide open—full of wonder and doubt and a combination of emotions he couldn't fathom.



White House Wedding

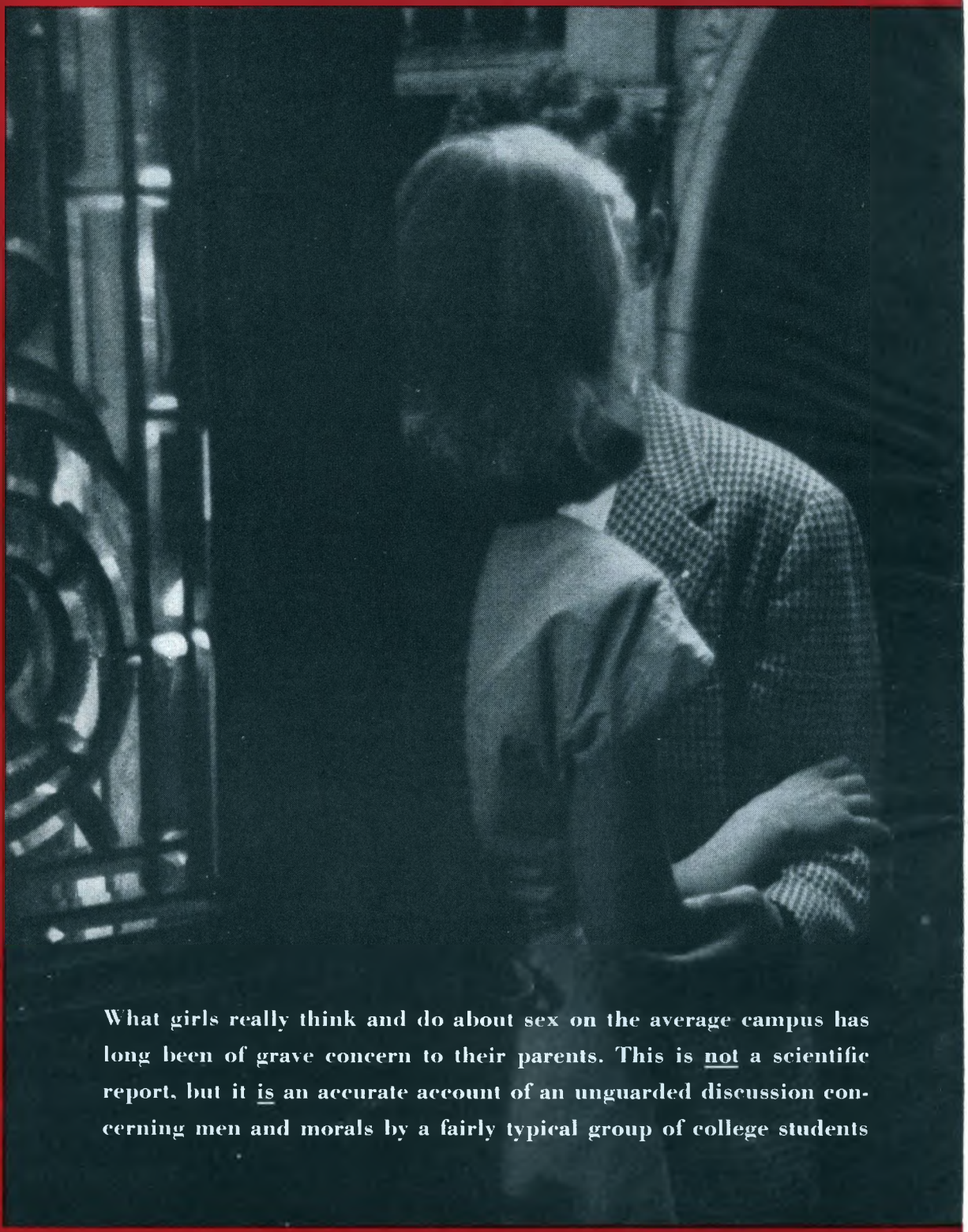
What would happen if, as is entirely possible, Margaret Truman should marry while her father is in office? Who would be invited? What gifts would she receive? Here is an imaginary but by no means improbable account of what the ceremony would be like • **BY GABRIEL PREVOR**

Amidst a brilliant assemblage of the notables of the world, Miss Margaret Truman, only child of the President of the United States, was married at noon today in the flower-decked historic East Room of the newly reconstructed White House. The ceremony, in which the President escorted his daughter to the altar and gave her away to the bridegroom of her choice, was conducted by the Bishop of Washington. Margaret's marriage brought to fruition a romance that had been the subject of wild rumor and equally wild speculation throughout the nation and the world for almost a year before the White House issued the President and Mrs. Truman's official announcement two months ago that their daughter was to be wed.

Following a colorful reception and an eventful wedding breakfast, the couple left the White House for a honeymoon on the lavish and secluded Newport estate of Mrs. Perle Mesta, United States Minister to Luxembourg. By a well-thought-out stratagem that would have done credit to the logistics experts at the Pentagon, the newly wedded pair cleverly *(Continued on page 119)*

MARGARET TRUMAN: *The only questions are* when *and* to whom.

Color Photo by Wide World. Drawing by Jack Weaver



What girls really think and do about sex on the average campus has long been of grave concern to their parents. This is not a scientific report, but it is an accurate account of an unguarded discussion concerning men and morals by a fairly typical group of college students

What Today's College Girls Believe about Sex

BY MICHAEL DRURY

What would you hear if you could sit in on a college girls' bull session on sex? Would you be shocked? Here is a chance to find out—the running account of one such outspoken discussion that involved two dozen undergraduates from colleges in a number of states—New Hampshire, California, Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania, Oklahoma, and others. Varying in age from nineteen to twenty-two years, these young women had grown up surrounded by war. Peace they regarded as a state of not shooting.

Most of them had a church or Sunday-school background. Not one of them had read the Kinsey Report. Two girls had tried to, found it dull going and discarded it. "All statistics get boring after a while," one of them said. Only one claimed she would like to read it, "but it's hard to get hold of. I'm curious, and everyone else is, too." All, however, had read something about Kinsey's book, but they did not see what he had proved or disproved or what conclusions, if any, he had drawn from his investigations. As one girl put it, "All I know is Kinsey proved most men have sex experience before marriage, and I already knew that."

Their backgrounds were varied: Some were wealthy; some almost poor; nearly all had parents, but one had no mother, two had step-parents, and one had, as she said, "two mothers and two fathers." Her parents had been divorced and remarried when she was small. They were from cities, both large and small.

Photo by Jack Calderwood

(Continued on next page)

from suburbs and small towns, but none come from a farm.

In an unguarded discussion of sex and morals, this is how they talked. . . .

They hooted at the idea that a girl has to pet to be popular. "You don't *have* to do anything," a blonde girl objected. "That's a funny way of putting it. If I like a boy well enough, I'll kiss him on the first date. If I don't like him, I'll never kiss him. Period."

The others agreed with laughter.

—I pet sometimes because I like to, but it hasn't anything to do with getting dates, unless you want to date the wrong men all the time.

—Most boys don't force the issue. In high school they do because they think it is expected of them, but by the time they get to college, most of them have grown up a little. If you have to force it, what's the point? It either happens or it doesn't.

—You get what you're looking for, on the whole. I once went out with a campus wolf, but I didn't even know he was a wolf till the next day when everyone asked me how it was.

—I had a similar experience, only I did it deliberately—went out with a wolf, I mean, just to see what would happen. Nothing did. We saw a show and had a Coke, and then he took me home.

—Didn't he even kiss you?

—Oh, of course; very sweetly, too.

Was there a difference between petting and just kissing?

—Oh, sure. Petting involves some sort of bodily caress. Necking is less serious, though what you call it depends partly on what section of the country you come from.

—I'm beginning to think heavy petting is a form of cheating.

—Say, I heard that, too. The doctor who talked to our sorority said you teach your body to settle for less than the real thing that way. It makes satisfaction in physical union difficult after marriage.

—For everybody?

—Well, maybe not, but for a lot of people.

—Does that mean we ought to go all the way?

—The doctor didn't think so. He said it indicated more restraint, not less.

—Well, what I meant was that petting is selfish. You do it for what's in it for you. They say sex at its best has to consider the other person.

—One of my professors said it has to be a sixty-sixty proposition.

There was delighted laughter over that, and agreement.

—I've got three brothers, and they say if you pet, you're not really a virgin, only technically.

Did they think a double standard was fair? In general, they felt fairness had nothing to do with it. It existed, and they accepted it. A twenty-year-old said she resented having to be a stabilizing influence. "We're human, too," she protested. "Why does the girl have the full responsibility for keeping things under control?"

—Because that's how it is. Men and women are not equal and never will be. Aside from the fact that we're both human, we haven't much in common.

—Oh, I don't agree with that.

—I don't either, but a man has to have experience in sex so he can teach his wife.

—Maybe that was true in our grandmothers' day, but nowadays you can both go to a doctor or marriage counselor and learn together. I'd like that better. I suppose it's useless to hope, but I'd like to marry a virgin.

—All men have two sets of standards, one for women they love and one for women they don't.

About half of them thought it would be nice to marry a man who hadn't had previous sex experience, but agreed it was not likely.

—Society makes boys think they have to have sex relations about as soon as they are able.

—Yes. You're not quite *(Continued on page 145)*

"A good thing about college, as I see it, is that it teaches men and women more about each other."

Photos by Jack Calderwood, A. Devaney, and Frederic Lewis

"Most boys don't force the issue. In high school they do, but by the time they get to college, most of them have grown up a little."

"If I like a boy well enough, I'll kiss him on the first date. If I don't like him, I'll never kiss him. Period."

"All men have two sets of standards: one is for the women they love and the other for women they don't."

"My brothers say they have to talk big and go around with a smirk on their face or the others rib them. I think men talk too much."

Dear Parent:

THIS IS AN IMPORTANT LETTER FROM

Estes Kefauver

Dear Mrs. Smith:

I have your letter in which you express grave concern for the welfare of your eighteen-and-a-half-year-old son, who will soon be drafted into the service. I can understand how you feel. I have a son. He is much too young for the service now—he's just a little boy—but when a father receives a letter from someone like you, it isn't difficult for him to project himself into the future, and therefore I think I know and understand the things that are worrying you.

I've known you and John ever since John, Jr., was a baby, and I'm glad you were so frank in your letter to me, because in answering you I'm going to get off my chest a few things that have been bothering me for a long time.

You're worried about what the service may do to John morally and mentally. Well, let me reassure you. Some of our young people are safer in the service than they are at home. In your case, I don't think you have a thing to worry about. John, Jr., has had the kind of home we like to think of as traditional in America—and that's important. You have been good parents.

I can remember seeing you and John cross the intersection near our house on Sunday mornings with John, Jr., freshly scrubbed and on his way to church. I was almost as proud as you were the day young John broke away in midfield in the game against Central High and scored a touchdown standing up to win the game and the championship. I always thought he was a particularly fortunate boy because you and John showed him so early in life the fine adventures available in the community library. I was glad that he quickly turned to historical novels and biographies.

The fact is, of course, that your son has received proper training at home, in school, and in church, and he can withstand anything this world has to offer, at peace or war and in service or out. If one thing emerged from our recent investigation of crime, it is that the difference between a gangster and a bank president may be no more than an indifferent parent. I will try to give

"Some of our young people are safer in the service than they are at home."

you my personal view of what makes an eighteen-and-a-half-year-old safe in the service.

Many people simply do not realize that our armed forces cannot operate as a kind of university, reform school, psychiatric clinic, or religious retreat. The business of our Defense Establishment is to be ready to defend the country. This is necessary until we achieve what we have sought so long—a peaceful world. The more time the armed forces must spend upon rehabilitating delinquents, educating the improperly educated, and straightening out the mentally mixed up, the less time and men it has for defense of the country.

The Army—and this applies, of course, to all branches of the service—cannot in one or two years undo the neglect of a boy's early training. That neglect makes it far tougher for his officers to make an effective soldier out of him. Therefore, those who neglect their children, or fail to instruct them properly, are more than delinquent parents; they are, in this dangerous age, *saboteurs*. You cannot expect a young man to fight for a home he has never had, or for democratic principles he has never been taught. Desertion, malingering, draft rejection—whether for physical or psychiatric reasons—all, in my opinion, stem largely from neglect by parents and by the community.

A report by the President's Advisory Commission on Universal Military Training puts it this way: "The factors that make an individual fit or unfit to defend his country are many years in the making; when an emergency comes, relatively little can be done to remedy his past lacks and present deficiencies."

The first necessity, I believe, is a good education. By good, I do not mean necessarily a college education—an eighteen-and-a-half-year-old is too young to have finished college, of course. I mean good in the strictly ethical sense. In addition to having sound information about the world in which he lives, is he aware of society's problems, his duty as a citizen, his responsibility for the general welfare, and his country's obligations in the world community? The *(Continued on page 88)*

CHECKMATE

The next move was hers — and if she won, she might also lose BY EDWARD FIELDING

Their small modern apartment was fresh and charming and snug. He left it reluctantly each morning to go downtown and play the role of a rising young architect; she, if she had to go shopping or attend a luncheon, lived in the pleasurable anticipation of getting home again. Of course, it wasn't just a matter of chairs and rugs and end tables. They were in love, uniquely and sublimely in love. A whole year of marriage had done nothing to diminish their sense of completeness in each other. The enjoyment they took in being together was almost childlike in its wholehearted directness. On arriving home, he would say, "Gosh!" with that big easy grin of his, and she would say, "Darling, I've missed you so much all day I ached."

They attracted many friends; people seemed to find it good just to be near such a pleasant fire. So they entertained quite a bit and, in return, found themselves swamped with invitations. But their evenings alone were what they lived for. They spent most of them reading aloud to each other—Shakespeare, Jane Austen, the Brontë sisters, the Brownings. They liked the sound of each other's voice, the mutual understanding that sprang up between them when some obscure but powerful meaning from the printed page came alive in the room.

So, for a while, Ted and Nina Parkinson lived in a kind of heaven. They stuck, as it were, to a routine of bliss. It might have gone on forever if it hadn't been for Aunt Jessie's gift and a certain vague restlessness on Ted's part.

One night, about a week after their *(Continued on page 104)*

Those beautiful eyes were taunting, smiling, superior. Their heartless derision lashed across his bruised masculine ego.

ILLUSTRATED BY
J. FREDERICK SMITH

Why They Argue

BY **PHILIP GUSTAFSON and ERNEST LEHMAN**

The trouble with pointing out what you consider to be rather significant faults in another person's behavior is that such criticism usually goes in one head and out the other. He listens to you, nods politely, and then goes blithely on his way thinking that you are something of a fool. Or else he flies into a rage, denies your charges, and hates you forever after. Somehow, we all seem to be armed with protective devices to keep us from seeing what stinkers we really are.

Now, the next few thousand words could favorably alter the whole course of your life. You could read this article, ponder its implications, do some honest soul searching, and say, "It's true. This applies to *me!* How awful! I'm going to *do* something about this!"

But the odds are infinitely greater that you will snort, "Who, *me?* Like *this?* Nonsense!"

Consider yourself forewarned.

The time is midnight. The place is a living room. (Could it be *your* living room?) The married couple is typical, far too typical.

HE (*turning off the television set*): Now for a nice, cool bottle of beer. (*Starts for the kitchen.*)

SHE (*hopefully*): Oh, dear—I'm afraid there *is* no beer, honey. We're all out of it.

HE (*wheeling in anger*): All out of it? How come? You *know* I drink beer. Can't you see to it that we have some in the house? How many times do I have to—

SHE (*reddening*): Please don't make such a fuss over a bottle of beer, John. If it's that important, why don't you just go down to the corner delicatessen right now and buy some?

HE (*shouting*): How can I? It's midnight! You *know* they close at eleven!

SHE (*voice rising*): Then why didn't you think of it sooner?

HE: Because I didn't *want* it sooner! Anyway, what's

...and love it!

Here's a helpful prescription for that scrapping couple next door—or perhaps someone even closer

that got to do with your always forgetting to buy beer when you do the marketing?

SHE (*hotly*): I don't *always* forget it! A person can't remember *everything*. It seems to me I buy half a dozen bottles of beer and they're around the house for weeks and weeks untouched, but every time we're *out* of it, you want it. I asked you just this morning if there was anything you wanted me to get, and you went through the refrigerator and said no.

HE: I didn't want it then. I want it *now!*

SHE (*heading for the bedroom*): That's just *too* bad. You've got to have everything you want, just when you want it!

HE: And the one place I can be sure of *never* getting anything I want is right here! I notice whenever you invite anybody over you always know what *they* like. When Jean and Larry are here you have plenty of quinine water on hand because they like to drink gin and tonic. I never saw your *sister* come here for a weekend when you didn't have tea in the house because you know she doesn't drink coffee. But when it comes to *me*, your own husband—*nothing!*

SHE (*turning*): I'm not going to take this kind of abuse any longer! I'm sick and tired of it! Are you going to *stop?*

HE: No, I won't stop! Not until you get it into your empty head that—

SHE slams the door in his face and goes to bed nursing her wrath.

HE grabs his hat and coat and storms out into the night to walk the pavements, brooding.

Let me tell you something about this ugly scene. It isn't the first time this couple have played it. They've had quarrels like this time and again, and they will probably go on repeating the same unpleasant pattern over and over until death or divorce do them part. Believe it or not—and I know you are going to find it hard, right now, to accept this—they *like* this kind of argument, they need it, they want it. Even more fantastic, they know how to *bring it on*. And yet, they know not what they are doing, nor why.

You've often seen married couples like this—considerate of their friends, but bitter enemies of each other. You've wondered what mysterious something deep down in their personalities made them fight on year after year despite the awful toll of misery and all their resolutions to stop.

Psychologists are just beginning to learn the reasons for some of this unreasonable behavior. They can now answer some of the questions that have plagued warring couples for so long. "Why does my husband make a scene each time I ask him for money?" "Why does she always ask me just when I've had a bad day on the road?" "Why is my wife always late for appointments, when she knows how it irritates me?" "Why does he always insist I meet him at a time so early I can't possibly make it?" "Why does my husband keep cluttering up the house with his clothes when he knows it drives me crazy?" "Why won't she let me convert the linen closet to a wardrobe closet?" "Why won't he stop picking on me?"

Science has a host of labels for such people. Technically, they can be called "psychic masochists." Dr. Edmund Bergler, a New York psychiatrist and author, has come up with a more colorful term to describe them. In his current book, *Money and Emotional Conflicts*, he calls them "injustice collectors." These are the people who go through life being "wronged" and feeling "righteous indignation" over it, not realizing that they themselves are responsible for this unpleasant cycle, not realizing that deep down in their unawareness there is an urge to be *(Continued on page 98)*

Photo by Angelo Pinto


O'Donnell's Devil

"Tonight I'll whip you and take your woman and train her how to treat a man"

BY STUART CLOETE

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN BRIGGS

Patrick O'Donnell was a big man. Six feet two or three when I met him, and he must have shrunk a bit with age by then. He was as wide as a house. And this is the story he told me. I am a collector of stories. It's my business. My living is my ears and the trick I have of writing down what I hear, and a bit more, too, for the story is in the parts that are not told by the teller, in the pauses that he leaves between his words, in the expression of his face and the movements of his hands.

It's a hard thing for a man to speak of his loves and his hates, to rip out his guts for a stranger, and so the tale he tells, perfected by many tellings, is a fiction he's invented in which he's always a hero and the wrong has been done to, not by, him. Lies?—no, they're not lies. They're the mantle he has thrown over the naked truth so it will no longer hurt him by its beauty or its terror. The psychological boys have a word for it—"sublimation," they call it—but to me it's just a curtain the teller lets fall between today and yesterday, just a blanket to keep himself warm, just a means, ofttimes, to save his sanity.

The place, Cape Town—the bar of the International Hotel. The time— What does the time matter? But it was not just yesterday; for I was younger. More brash and one not given to giving a damn for anyone. Not for God or man. In a way this story changed me and made me see things a different way. It was then I began to see the topsy-turviness of it all, the way men are torn this way and that, and the continuous conflict between God and the devil, with man as the battleground. That's what Pat was, a great big human battleground, his face and body scarred with the wars he'd suffered in the long years of his life.

I don't remember quite how the conversation began. With a cigar, I think. I smoke cigars, good ones, that you could buy in those days for ten cents. I think I offered the old man one, and a drink, too, no doubt.

But the rest I do remember.

"You're a big man," I said. "As big as a house."

"A house," he said. "I'm a castle of a man and a king by my breeding. O'Donnell's the name, Patrick O'Donnell. An' though you've met plenty of Irishmen that said their ancestors were kings, mine *were,* *(Continued on page 82)*

Before the event, I stripped and washed. Mary was terrified. "The man will kill you," she cried.

Three Beauties

...three wardrobes, three points of view

Maggi McNellis,

a tall cameo-profiled brunette with long legs and a ready wit, knows everybody and everybody knows her—"Oh, Maggi? She's sensational!" Her biggest asset is a flair for frolic, friendship, and finery—she's made the ten-best list for six years. Her specialty is sleek, dark satin (opposite page) with flip little jackets. This one is newer than new because of its curved barrel shape (page 48, top left). She moderates TV's "Leave It to the Girls," has authored a book on party games. Maggi likes peanut butter and sparkle jewelry, loathes indecision.

Martha Wright,

"South Pacific's" new Nellie Forbush, is a small, animated strawberry blonde who looks like the girl every boy wants to take home to mother, a fact that infuriates her. She lives with a French poodle named Suzy in a small, modern apartment furnished by shrewd forays on local auctions. Candidly casual, she prefers silver to gold, picnics to parties, sweaters to stoles, and admits that she dotes on lace. She answers all her own mail, can't bear to let a phone ring unanswered. Her major ambition is to play a hussy: "Imagine being *wholesome* all your life!"

Nan Rees,

model-wife of a young Rochester surgeon, went to Bennington, attended the Art Students League, and ran an antique shop before she turned to modeling. She spends weekdays in town working (carries an alarm clock to keep her on schedule), hibernates in Rochester on weekends—"in bluejeans and no face." She loves Hitchcock movies, Renaissance lute music, and chic knits like the lacy shell-stitch sheath at right; loathes clanky bracelets, exotic foods. Her ambition: to have six children and live happily ever after—outside New York City.

←*Maggi McNellis in elegant black-satin sheath from Larry Aldrich*

(Continued on next page)

Stephen Colhoun

Martha Wright shows lovely shoulders in décolletage

Nan Rees wearing slim shell-knit dress from Toni Owen

MAGGI SAYS:

"I like clothes that make an entrance"

Hostess pajamas and ankle-length overskirt by Jean Desses for Raymodes

I like pressure, pavements, and people, and my wardrobe's built around them. I want clothes that are careful in design, fun in fabric, electric in effect—clothes that show *me* off, not my *couturier*. The silk suit the model is wearing below at the right, for instance, and the double-breasted coat at the left—dressy without being complicated, urbane as Radio City, good theatre anywhere. And the narrow, nifty lounging thing opposite with its taffeta overskirt slit from cummerbund to hem is pure whimsey. We always play games at my house, and what hostess doesn't end up sitting on the floor? (Anyway, I'm a pushover for big pockets and push-up sleeves; they give a girl an air and something to do with her hands.)

I dress for men and women simultaneously. Men never know exactly what you're wearing anyway. When they say "You look good," what they really mean is "Black, thank heaven." "Nice hat" means "I can finally see her face." They still go for a guileless touch of white-to-the-face—why else would I be harboring a dozen identical white chiffon scarves in my bureau?

I always wear hats head on, probably because I have a real thing about symmetry. I demand it in people, clothes, and kitchen closets; if a catchup bottle is out of line, I throw a fit. Craig's wife, 1951. Maybe that's why I can't abide temperament and vile dispositions—they're asymmetrical.

For special effects: Add twenty drops of perfume to cologne. It's economical, lasting, and keeps the perfume odor fresh. Eat a low-calorie breakfast on principle.

Find an unusual color and make it your by-line; wear a flick of it with everything.

(Continued on next page)

Fitted broadcloth coat by Handmacher

Pure-silk suit by Jacques Fath for Joseph Halpert

MARTHA SAYS:

"I like two extremes in clothes"

◀*After-theatre supper dress from Frank Starr*

Buying clothes is like being analyzed. You simply sit down and figure out who you're dressing for, where you're going, who you really are. Me, I'm a split clothes-personality. In my nonworking hours I want to live informally, and I feel best in tailored clothes. I'd wear that black-and-white herringbone tweed with the gold, polka-dotted scarf—the one the model is wearing at lower right—for a drink at Sardi's or to hear Peewee Russell. From nine A.M. through midnight on matinee days, I want versatile, suit-type separates to see me through, like those below on the left. A dark skirt, a white shirt. a checked bolero for dash make good sense and good fashion.

I'm in love with wonderful coats of deep-pile, soft fabrics—like the one up in the corner—just because they're so lush. But when I dress, I want to dress to the teeth. I hate double-duty clothes. When I decide to make a splash, I want it to be the biggest, most *bouffant* splash possible, complete

Black alpaca city-country coat by Lumay

with big, noisy skirt and lots of lace. (But bear in mind that men embarrass easy: they like evening clothes that play to th egallery without knocking it into a coma.) I try to make one facet of my wardrobe peculiarly my own. This year, for example, I'm collecting rainy-day things. And I always have one thing made to order, like a forever suit or coat. Makes me feel special every time I wear it. . . . Two tips: Have ready-made clothes expertly fitted. Takes time, costs like mad, pays off. And go on a twice-yearly one-week diet as automatically as you see your dentist. Eliminates those sporadic starvation sessions.

Bolero suit for daytime doings by B. H. Wragge

Distinctive tweed coat-dress by B. H. Wragge *(Continued on next page)*

Gray-flannel dress by Anne Fogarty of Margot

NAN SAYS:

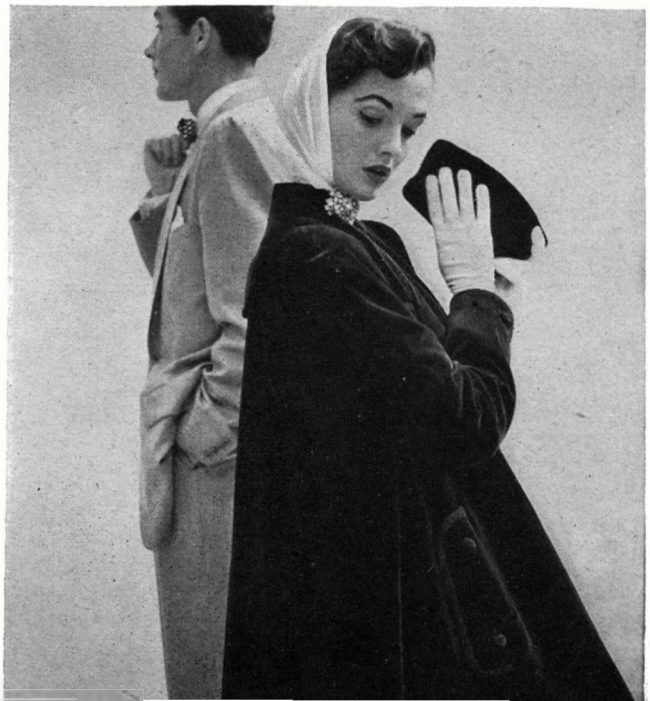
"I want clothes that work for a living—but aren't dull"

Descriptions of these fashions on page 130 and where to buy them on page 84.

When you're a model, a doctor's wife, *and* a commuter, a few clothes have to go a long way and the price tags have to make light reading. My solution is separates, and a basic suit and dress (why do so many women think "basic" means "uninteresting"?) backed up by absolute mounds of mad accessories: scarves, flowers, and junk jewelry. Because my wardrobe has to be sufficient unto the day, the night, and preferably the next season, I can't afford to fall for passing fancies. I need a nine-lived suit, preferably of gabardine like the one on the opposite page, that works all day, catches the plane for Rochester, and goes right on to dinner without a whimper. It must take split-second accessory changes —a chunky pin for dash, a scarf for that crisp look, or a red, red rose. (Jerseys and knits run a dead heat for traveling honors.) I'm mad for gray flannel in any form, and that lovely in the inset on the opposite page is new "Rhinestone" gray—party enough without being too undressed. Sheer witchery with a crinoline! The velveteen jumper-with-jacket is a gold-mine find for me: the satin-piped jacket stays circumspectly on for medical conventions, comes off when we do a big blow at a night club or whenever a discreetly bare look is in order. I tear the padding out of absolutely everything—except that fabulous cardigan coat of imported Italian velveteen at the lower right.

Velveteen jumper and jacket from Toni Owen

Velveteen coat by Jean Desses for Bagedonow



Fashions on pages 46 to 49 and on 52 and 53 are at Lord & Taylor, New York. Those on pages 50 and 51 (except the coat) are at Bonwit Teller, New York. Coat on page 51 is at Peck & Peck.

◀ ***Go-everywhere gabardine suit by Handmacher***

Big Man

Paul Douglas can't understand why it took the movies so long to make him a $200,000-a-year celebrity. After all, he's always lived like one • BY JOE McCARTHY

Three years ago Paul Douglas had the rare experience of waking up one morning to the realization that, at forty-one, he was starting a new career as a four-thousand-dollar-a-week movie star. Another man would have leaned back on the pillow for a moment, a little dizzy at the thought of the changes that were about to take place in his life. Douglas merely yawned and wondered whether it was warm enough outside for a short-sleeved sports shirt. Hollywood held no surprises or changes for him. Although he had never been a screen celebrity before, Douglas had always lived like one.

You might even say that Douglas had lived more like a screen celebrity than most established movie figures. Back in his twenties and thirties, he was accepted and admired by the best people in New York and California café society, a friend of Nunnally Johnson, Charles Butterworth, Mark Hellinger, Bing Crosby, Joe DiMaggio, and Clifton Webb. Tallulah Bankhead, now a rabid Giant fan, was taken to her first ball game at the Polo Grounds by Douglas. "We used to share hangovers," Tallulah recalls. Many of the male stars, producers, and directors Douglas sees today on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, at Dave Chasen's restaurant, or at Humphrey Bogart's or Darryl Zanuck's home were guests at a memorable stag party he threw in Hollywood in 1938, when he was working as an announcer on the George Burns–Gracie Allen radio show. "A lot of their wives are still not speaking to me," he says. Along the road to his Lookout Mountain home, Douglas posted midgets, each one holding a red lantern and a sign reading, "This way to Paul Douglas' party." Above the front door of his house, two more midgets were stationed with buckets of shaved ice. As each guest entered, he was hit with snowballs.

Even as a teen-ager in Philadelphia, Paul Douglas operated in the grand manner. "When I was supporting my mother and myself on fifty bucks a week, I still managed to keep up my subscription to *Yachting*," he says. Martin Gabel, who played the part of a psychiatrist in the recent Douglas picture, "Fourteen Hours," attended West Philadelphia High School when Douglas was a pupil there. "He was a Big Man even then," Gabel says. "He was the fellow who carried a flask and went to New York on weekends. And he's been a Big Man ever since. He's always eaten in the most expensive restaurants, drunk the most expensive wine, and worn the most expensive clothes."

According to one important movie producer, this big-shot quality is the secret of Douglas' appeal for women film fans. "He looks like a successful contractor with friends in city hall," the producer says. "He also looks as if he would fall for a girl from the wrong side of the tracks if she played her cards right. The women in the audience like to picture themselves married to a man like Douglas because, married to Douglas, they wouldn't be standing at a sink all day, up to their elbows in dishwater. They'd have a couple of maids and a mink coat, and they'd eat out in a night club three nights a week. On top of that, Douglas, unlike *(Continued on page 94)*

Douglas likes café society. *"Everything good that has ever happened to me," he says, "happened in a gin mill."*

Darcy lived--well, almost alone--
and rather curiously for a...

Contented Bachelor

By Katharine Brush

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

He was Darcy Hollister—J. Darcy Hollister, on legal papers. The J was for John, and Darcy felt it didn't suit him, which was true enough. It was far too plain a name for such an elaborate little man.

His age was forty-eight, though nobody guessed it; nobody even came close. His successful fibbings on the subject dated back to the nineteen-twenties, when he had aspired to be the baby of his freshman class at Harvard. He had accordingly chopped off three years, then and there, and retreated deep into his teens again; and there had been similar retrogressions at strategic intervals ever since. Nowadays he liked to say, "I am older than God, my dear" in a doleful tone, but with a mocking twinkle. He would wait demurely for his hearers to cry him down; and they always did.

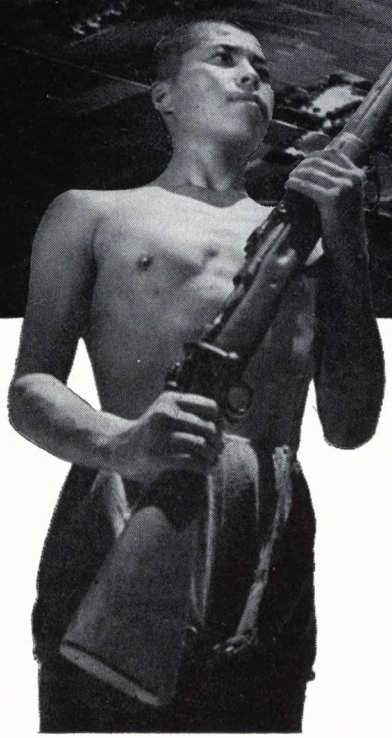
For Darcy had a bland and rosy face upon which life had etched no lines at all, and he had round blue eyes and soft pale hair. He looked like an old choir boy. He even still had dimples, and the appropriate facial expressions—now cherubic, and now witching. His small features dwindled to a tiny chin, almost a chinlessness, and this defect had always worried him exceedingly; he strove to remedy it by means of facial calisthenics, night and morning, and by the furious chewing of great wads of gum in any solitary hour. He was a man of many secrets, and that was another of them.

His height was five feet three, but he felt taller and believed he was. He had a dapper little body, plump around the midriff, and short fat feet that seemed to trot. He dressed conservatively, except for glamorous touches here *(Continued on page 124)*

Only after he had told her everything about his evening would he say, "Good night, dearest," blow her a kiss, and tiptoe out.

Paradise—

Horace Bristol—Black Star



Formosa, *to most Americans, is merely a name in the news. Actually, however, this disputed island is a strange place—lush, beautiful, and dangerous. An American woman who lived there tells you exactly what it is like* **BY MONA GARDNER**

— in Peril!

Formosa is an enchanted land—the incredible illustration in a book of fairy tales come to life. Its black mountains jut up sheerly from lush fields; in its hushed and remote green valleys, ferns grow as big as trees, orchids are as thick as dandelions, and five-hundred-foot rattan creepers weave themselves into dense canopies over the treetops. Summer lasts for eight months without being rank or fetid or blistering; and when, in August, the winter rains begin, there's no problem about getting coal. Just step outdoors and pick up a hunk or two, for coal lies about on the surface in open seams. Tobacco is a weed; just pluck a handful of leaves along the path, dry them, and light up. Formosans simplify the family smoke by rolling cheroots a foot long and suspending them from the living-room ceiling. Everyone in the family takes a puff as he or she goes by—mama, papa, grandma, and eight-year-old sonny-boy.

The island will never attract a grocers' convention. The commodities grocers sell—soap, varnish, tallow, cork, vegetables, and fruit—grow freely at the doorstep. For instance, the kernels of marble-sized berries of one particular tree make an excellent soap. Strip the bark from the paper-mulberry tree, soak it and, once you smear it with sap from the varnish tree, you have a serviceable paper for windowpanes, umbrellas, and half a dozen other uses. Waxen yellow berries of the tallow tree make candles, and gum-tree torches are as good as a flashlight any night. Ramie grass, always underfoot, makes beautiful, sheer linen, and another fibrous plant works up into a durable cloth that is sewn into the local equivalent of bluejeans.

Nature lavishly supplies cinnamon, pepper, pineapples, breadfruit, papaya, coconuts, bananas, tapioca, indigo, sweet potatoes, mangoes, and oranges—all for the price of plucking. Even beans grow on trees—a long, succulent variety, with enough on one tree to keep the family vegetable pot going season after season.

Come to think of it, it would be easier to name what Formosa *can't* grow, than to list the multitude of plants flourishing there.

Weather on the island has an unreal quality. Outsiders say it rains in Keelung—the main northern port—three hundred and sixty-four days a year. Residents indignantly deny this. "It never rains more than three hundred and forty-two days!" they stoutly maintain, huddling in their raincoats. Here then, is Keelung—about the wettest spot on earth. Yet only ten miles inland is a town noted for its continuous flooding sunshine. All over the island, each twenty miles exhibits a distinct and dissimilar season. Formosa isn't the typhoon factory Okinawa is, but lying as it does on the general South China Sea typhoon track, it occasionally gets sideswiped by one of Okinawa's superspecials.

Formosa is leaf shaped, sixty to eighty miles wide and two hundred and fifty miles long—about twice the size of New Jersey. It is bisected from north to south by mountains as sharp and abrupt as a dragon's spine. Twelve- and fourteen-thousand-foot peaks are snow-covered half the year, despite a near-tropical sun overhead. These snows feed Sun-Moon Lake, and Sun-Moon Lake works a gigantic hydroelectric plant that supplies the whole island—even the remote *(Continued on page 90)*

Wide World

Past and present are neighbors in Formosa, where oxen watch the Fords go by.

"Hello, Darling"

Celia was a nice girl who had once been seized with a primitive desire for an unwholesome man. Now she was searching for him—again

BY MARGARET COUSINS

She sat listlessly in the living room of the suite in the St. Regis and listened to her bridegroom splashing in the bath. He was going out to lunch with an old school tie, and she knew his mind was already running ahead to the Yale Club and Abercrombie & Fitch and Brooks Brothers and La Rue and all the places he thought of in connection with New York. After a week of her confining society, he was going to buy a new fly rod and a Homburg hat and revel in the association of males. She did not know why this seemed sweet and touching to her, and she thought, Dear Lord, I must keep myself from turning into his mother.

"I thought you'd want to be alone for a while, Celia," he shouted. "Just to get your bearings. So have yourself a time. I'll be back around five."

She had an impulse to cling to him and say, "Take me with you, Scott. I'm scared!" but she had learned not to cling, so she just kissed him sedately.

I could stay here, she thought. I could pull the shade and lie on the bed, and then I'd be as safe as I am at home. But then she thought, If he should happen to come back, he wouldn't understand.

She decided it might be better if she dressed and went to Bergdorf Goodman or Bendel's or Hattie's, as he seemed to think she might—places she had never been and never expected to be—and then to the Colony for lunch, where she certainly had never been and where there would be nothing to remind her.

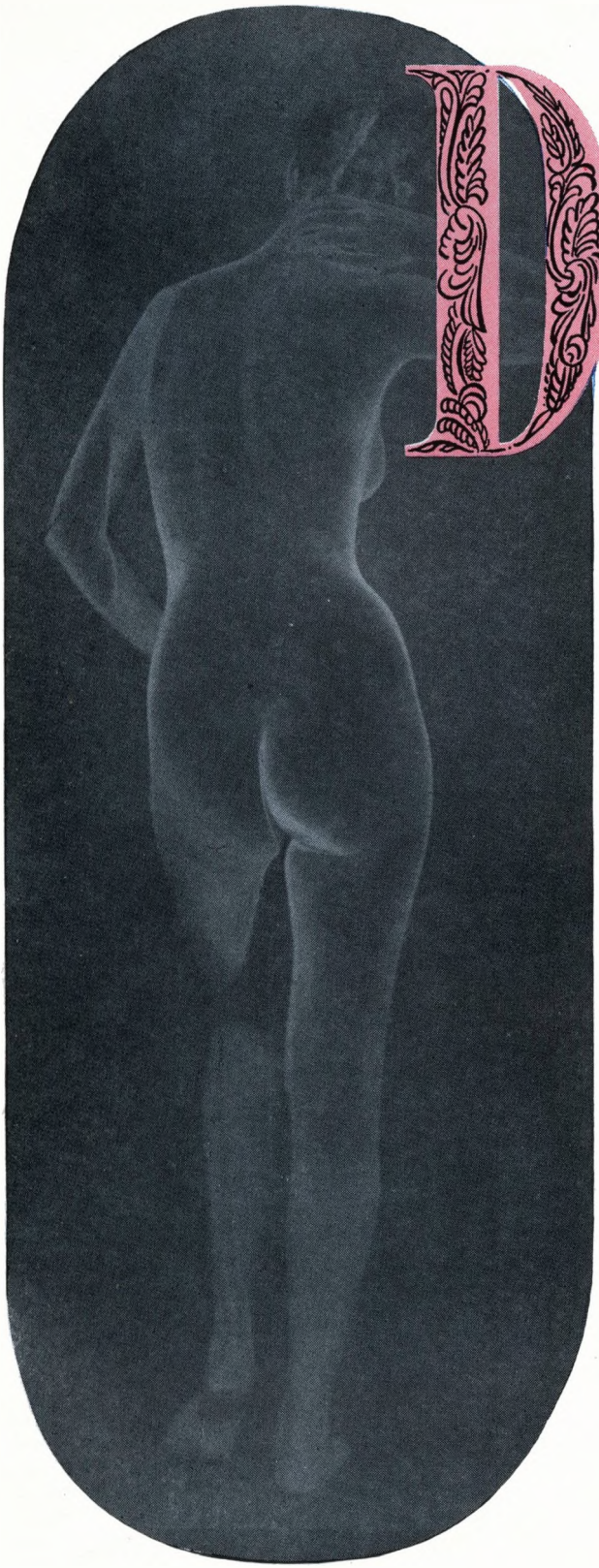
By the time she had descended in the gilt-scrolled elevator and walked through the marble lobby and down the steps into Fifty-fifth Street she had begun to feel foolish. Who can go back? she thought. She knew she was not the *(Continued on page 141)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

She was confused and frightened by the painful pictures her mind created for her, but she

could not seem to do anything about the things she kept thinking.

What you might as well know about . . .



DEOD

They're awfully important in the pursuit of happiness, but even your best friends won't tell you these facts

One day in 1918, a young advertising copywriter named Jim Young dropped into the Union League Club of Cincinnati to meditate about something that should never have crossed the mind of a gentleman. That subject, thanks to his cogitation, cannot possibly now escape a single literate man, woman, or child.

Mr. Young was thinking that women do not always exude a pleasant odor.

Young's immediate problem was to write the copy for a product that had been invented by a surgeon to keep him from perspiring during operations. The surgeon's young daughter had used it to keep her underarms dry. By 1918 she was selling it, with Young's help, as an aid to personal daintiness. But market researchers had reported that two out of three women said they didn't need a deodorant because they didn't perspire.

Okay, reasoned Young. A woman should know whether or not she perspires. But can she be sure she doesn't give off an unpleasant odor?

Back in his office, Young picked up a picture of a beautiful woman raising her right arm to embrace a young man in a moonlit garden. Under it he wrote, "Within the curve of a woman's arm! It ought to be the sweetest and daintiest thing in the world. And yet, unfortunately, it isn't always. . . ."

Sensitive nostrils quivered when the ad appeared. Subscribers threatened to cancel their subscriptions. Jim Young's women friends passed him by, noses in

By Caroline Bird

Photograph by Maxwell Coplan

ORANTS

air. But apparently they did as he told them. His client's sales jumped 112 per cent. Other deodorants whispered publicly what your best friends won't tell you. A new industry set up shop on the odorless path to love and success.

Since then avoiding body odor has become big business. Heaven only knows how much soap, dentistry, tooth cleanser, laundering, dry cleaning, toilet water, perfume, powder, and chewing gum is enlisted against this scourge. We spend over fifty million dollars a year on direct weapons alone. There are now at least three hundred and fifty liquids, creams, powders, pads, and sticks to smear, rub, or spray on the body; there are pungent washes and pastilles to sweeten the air in your mouth; and at least one mechanical device literally takes your breath away when you breathe in through it. Latest weapon is chlorophyll pills, which, it is claimed, will remove all human odors.

Perspiration is a highly individual product. No two people give off precisely the same odor. Women are supposed to emanate a stronger body odor than men, the lean and the fat more than the medium-fleshed, and the middle-aged more than the young and the old. According to some with imaginative noses, the scent of blondes is like musk, brunettes are reminiscent of prussic acid, and redheads are the most aromatic of all.

Doctors paid a lot of attention to the smells of diseases before they had more effective diagnostic tests. Early medical books advised that plague smells like honey, scarlet fever like hot bread, measles like recently plucked feathers, and insanity like yellow deer or mice.

There are a few rare disorders that have no symptoms other than their odor. Anemic, undernourished, alcoholic, or neurotic individuals are occasionally afflicted with "bromidrosis," or bad-smelling perspiration. For some obscure reason, people with flat feet are prone to "hyperidrosis," or excessive perspiration. These diseases are dangerous only to the pursuit of happiness.

Bad breath is another social hazard. It has many causes. Almost anything floating around inside the body is apt to come out of the mouth in small, aromatic particles. To prove it, a doctor once produced a garlicky breath in a young boy by rubbing garlic on the child's feet. Liquor, faulty digestion, or even perfect digestion of fats can poison the breath from the stomach. In addition, the mouth itself adds to the problem. The tiniest grain of unswallowed food can make itself widely known, to say nothing of the effect of bad teeth and aromatic foods.

Until about a century ago, people took human odors philosophically. Even today European women, who buy nail polish by the carload, are indifferent to the appeal of our deodorant ads.

Some thinkers say we Americans are revolting against the whole fifth sense. We have surrounded every word meaning "smell" with unpleasant connotations until we now have no really untainted general word for it. Even words like "scent" and "aroma" are beginning to smell a little. According to the long-hairs, the decline of the right to smell is of a piece with our Puritan reaction against the body and all its works. They prophesy a dreary millennium of scentless flowers, songless birds, and flavorless food.

But despite their restricted role in modern living, the senses of taste and smell are better conductors of emotion than sight and hearing. People who think there's something unworthy about buying perfume won't buy leather or shaving cream or a deodorant that is absolutely unscented. Dr. Donald Laird, a noted popular psychologist, once *(Continued on page 102)*

Aggie brought the gun *and the handcuffs over to Joe—and not an instant too soon.*

The Sighing Sound

THE CONCLUSION OF A TWO-PART STORY

BY JEROME WEIDMAN

The connection was made so quickly that, in spite of her confusion and terror, Aggie felt another stab of shocked surprise. It was almost as though Seward McLaughlin, eighty-five miles away, had been expecting her call. It was almost as though her father-in-law, who owned so much and controlled so many, had given orders that the wires between his gray-stone mansion in Brixton and this isolated retreat on the shores of Lake Michigan be kept open.

It made no sense, of course. Even Aggie had not known, until the moment of their arrival the night before, that Ben was bringing her to Pine Lodge for their honeymoon. It was fantastic to think that Seward McLaughlin could know his daughter-in-law was calling to tell him that Ben, whom she had married less than twenty-four hours earlier, had vanished.

But was it any more senseless or fantastic than her marriage itself?

Ben McLaughlin was the scion of the most powerful family in the state, the heir to one of the largest fortunes in the Midwest. She was a penniless orphan who had managed, after two years of hard work, to become what Joe Winant called a damned good newspaperman. Yet Ben McLaughlin's parents had been eager to have her marry their son. So very eager, in fact, that she had been rushed into the marriage within two days after she had first met Seward McLaughlin and his wife. It was as though, from the moment *(Continued on page 148)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

The Lady Privates of Company D

How does the Army make soldiers out of a group of quivering, homesick girls? What really goes on inside a typical WAC barracks? • • • **BY MILDRED K. AND MILTON LEHMAN**

Amazingly enough, the First Platoon was happy. It was also somewhat confused, exhausted, and homesick after its first week of basic training. Still quivering after the first Saturday inspection at the WAC Training Center in Fort Lee, Virginia, the new recruits sat gingerly on their footlockers, careful not to muss their stiffly starched skirts. They were waiting for Acting Sergeant Frances P. Hall of Bakersfield, California, who had shepherded them through their first week of basic training, to tell them how they had made out in the inspection. Sergeant Hall, the daughter of a Regular Army sergeant, obviously knew her way around.

"Relax, women," the blonde sergeant said. "We didn't do badly, but we didn't do well enough for the First Platoon. A footlocker was out of line. Two shirts on the rack were unbuttoned. One girl had a dirty uniform in her civilian suitcase. Somebody had tried

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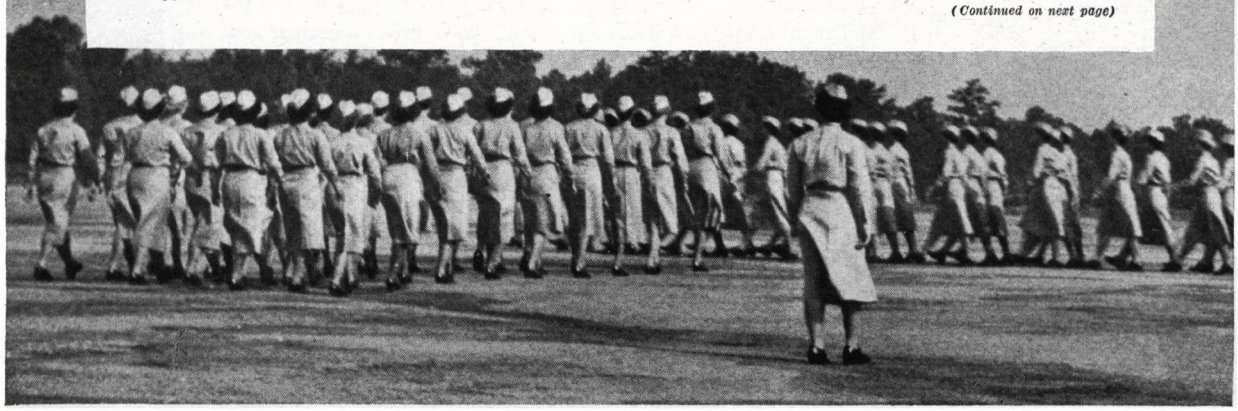


Photos by Bernice Adler

PRIVATE RUTH DONAHUE *writes daily to her husband, a corporal in Korea—and receives six or seven letters a day in return (the barracks record). Before her enlistment, she was a switchboard operator.*

DURING A FRIDAY-NIGHT GI PARTY, *the girls scrub everything in sight, usually to the strains of "Oh, Mom, I Want to Go Home." Saturday is inspection day, and many a pass hangs on whether an officer can find a dust speck.*

RANK HAS ITS PRIVILEGES. *And in the case of Sergeant Frances P. Hall, it's her own pink-and-blue room.*

PRIVATE ELEANOR CARNEY, *pert and pretty, was voted the outstanding trainee of Company D.*

THEY ARRIVE IN CAMP *in high heels, sandals, and other feminine frippery—feet pinched prettily.*

. . . AND CONVERT TO THIS—*less attractive, more practical, and less distracting to male GIs.*

"Just to get out of this place and see one nice-looking guy," the blue-eyed brunette from Kansas sighed. "The only men I've seen so far are GIs on garbage detail."

to clean her physical-training shoes without removing the laces. And the latrine looked mighty shabby.

"So now, women, we're going to smarten up," Sergeant Hall went on. "We're going to stick to our barracks in our free time and really learn to be soldiers. We're going to make the First Platoon the best darned platoon in the whole battalion. If we get through next Saturday's inspection with flying colors, we'll be in line for a pass! And now," she concluded, repeating a familiar question, "are you happy in the service?"

"Yes, Sergeant!" the recruits sang out.

The WACs took their restriction philosophically—they hadn't had much freedom yet anyway. So far their free time had consisted of two visits to the Post Exchange—under escort of their noncoms—for the purpose of buying soap powder and liquid starch; a stop at the WAC beauty shop for short haircuts; and a few hours in the company dayroom with its soft chairs, Coke machine, and Ping-pong table. Their working hours had been so crowded that they'd had neither time nor hope for much relaxation.

But the thought of a pass was captivating. Sitting on her bunk, a blue-eyed brunette from Kansas looked at the aging barracks around her and voiced the platoon's general sentiment. "Just to get out of this place and see one nice-looking guy," she sighed. "The only men I've seen so far are GIs on garbage detail."

The barracks, though scarcely glamorous, had been brightened considerably by Sergeant Hall and her assistant noncoms. Since Army regulations said nothing about the color of latrines, bulletin boards, scrub brushes, wash buckets, or tin cans for cigarette ashes, these had been painted a feminine pastel pink. The latrine was decked out with pink mirror frames, pink shelves over the sinks, pink toilet doors, and pink elephants bounding across the drab pine walls. The ancient barracks, its floor joists creaking from a decade of soldiers, had been home to the First Platoon since the day of its arrival at Fort Lee the week before.

That morning, some hundred and fifty volunteer women, from Maine to Honolulu, arrived at Petersburg, Virginia, and were loaded into olive-drab Army trucks and transported to Fort Lee, where they were counted, examined, and sorted alphabetically. The First Platoon, by reason of Army logic, was assigned women whose last names began with the first four letters of the alphabet.

From Adams to Dublin, the First Platoon recruits soon discovered they had plenty in common. In their home towns, they had all fended the same question: "Why did you join the WAC?"

They had joined for many reasons. Private Ruth Donahue of Somerville, Massachusetts, joined after her husband, Corporal Daniel Donahue, left for Korea. "I just had to keep busy," she said. Private Simone "Frenchie" Benoit enlisted from Wichita, Kansas, after the breakup of her wartime marriage to a GI she'd met in Paris. Private Eleanor Carney of Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts, wanted to make the Army her career. Private Virginia Adams, a seamer in a nylon-hosiery mill in Reading, Pennsylvania, signed up after her fiancé, Sergeant Jacque Ramer, was sent to England. Private Ella Booker of Baltimore, Maryland, one of several Negro recruits in the platoon, had long wanted to be a WAC—a noncom as respected and admired as Sergeant Hall. "Shortie" Booker had another reason—"I always wanted to see what the boys were doing."

Lanky Private Marion Cuprys of Williamstown, New Jersey, who lived alone while serving as a nurse's aide in Philadelphia, hoped to train as an Army nurse. "I like it here," she said. "No one is ever lonesome."

The two oldest recruits were Private Virginia Ahrens

(Continued on next page)

YOU MEET MEN *at the service club, if you're not on a night-training problem, if you're not all in, if you don't have to write home. Here, Privates Marie Carpenter and Pauline Bigler chat with soldiers while another* WAC *dances.*

Tables set with fine linen, sirloin medium-rare, an air-conditioned movie, a handsome male recruit seeking companionship—these are what WACs *dream of during basic training.*

and Private Agnes Dorsch, both of Detroit. Dorsch, a short, bespectacled woman, had been in training as a nun until she'd left the convent to care for her dying mother. Ahrens, a crisp, snappy blonde, had been an employee of a diaper service in Hollywood, a carhop in Salt Lake City, a crap-table operator in Reno, and a beauty-parlor operator in Detroit.

In their first week of training, the new WACs learned to dress in five minutes flat, a talent that would undoubtedly amaze their boyfriends back home. "Ten minutes is pure luxury," Private Donahue boasted. "In that time I can shower, dress, put on make-up, curl my eyelashes, and still have plenty of time left in which to have a cigarette."

The recruits always called each other by their last names, which they could read on the identification tags on their blouses. Private Booker one day introduced a young girl from the next platoon as her "very best friend." "This is Estelle," she said. "What's her last name?" someone asked. "That *is* her last name," Booker replied. "I never asked what her first name was."

The WAC schedule was so furious that often there wasn't time for even the briefest of pleasantries. For several days, Private Helen Budnick, a large, quiet girl, was confined to her bunk with a slight case of grippe. One morning, Private Pauline Bigler of Columbus, Ohio,

Photos by Bernice Adler

MAIL CALL *is the favorite time of day. The old saying, "Write your man in the service," has undergone a change in gender. A girl's prestige in her barracks depends largely on the volume of mail she receives, provided it is male.*

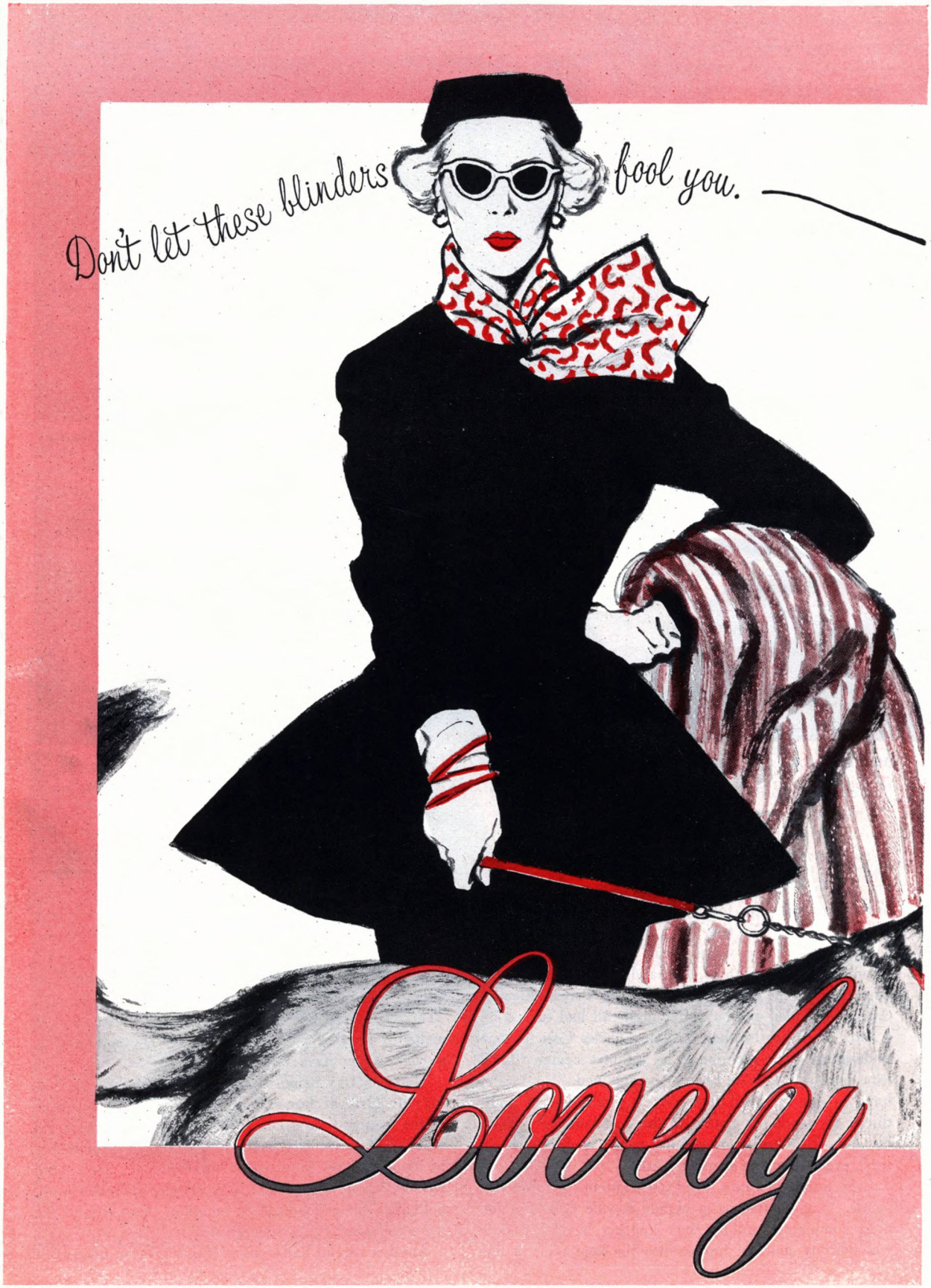
paused to ask Budnick how she felt. As Budnick opened her mouth to reply, the public-address system bawled orders to fall out for Physical Training. "Sorry," snapped Bigler. "No time."

The pace of the WACs' basic training would have astonished their brothers, husbands, and uncles who'd gone through the Army's basic training. Private Eleanor Carney exploded one day after mail call had turned up a letter from her brother, Private Charles Carney, then undergoing basic training at an infantry center. "Look what he says," Private Eleanor complained. "He doesn't have to get up until five o'clock—we're up at four-thirty. He sends his clothes to the post laundry—we do our own. He's had two weekend passes so far—and we can't even leave the company area."

Even under pressure, the First Platoon's griping was gentle. Virginia Adams, a blonde kewpie doll of a soldier, complained mildly that knotting her GI necktie was nothing short of impossible. She kept tying it like a hair ribbon. Susie Dublin of Union City, Tennessee, was shattered to discover that her long tresses were strictly against regulations. "They never told me my hair would have to be cut," she drawled unhappily as Private Ahrens, the former beauty operator, sheared away. Private Benoit, her English seasoned with Gallic excitement, examined herself in the mirror and exclaimed, "This cannot be Simone! I put on the lipstick, and it melts in the hot sun. I put on the mascara, and it streaks. Never have I look so terrible."

Mother's Day came early in basic training, reminding the girls of home. Some girls waited five hours in the company dayroom to get their calls through the crowded circuits. One mother, detecting a strong note of homesickness, inquired over the phone, "Isn't there *anything* you want, dear?" "Yes," her daughter said, holding back a floodtide of emotion, "please send me the attachment to my steam iron."

Another recruit had written *(Continued on page 114)*


Don't let these blinders fool you.
Lovely

And keep your eyes on that Seeing Eye dog!

A charming short-short BY RALPH BERTON

The night room clerk, Mr. Snodgrass, tallied Mrs. Stanton's incoming luggage with the eye of a connoisseur, while his hands gave each other a discreet dry wash. Four large and six smaller airplane bags (a matching set); a stack of colorful hatboxes from the best shops of Paris, Las Vegas, Bermuda; two fur coats on the arm of a personal maid—and five wardrobe trunks.

The trunks were a revealing touch. Usually, trunks travel via rear entrances and freight elevators, but Mrs. Stanton did not permit her trunks to enter that nether world where members of the lower orders could fling them about, send them to the wrong address, or stand them on damp, dirty surfaces. Such hazards are borne submissively by ordinary travelers, but they will not do for the Mrs. Stantons. So Mrs. Stanton's trunks stood massed in the lobby at midnight *(trunks* in the lobby of the *Exeter!)*, *(Continued on page 133)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC VÁRADY

Sight

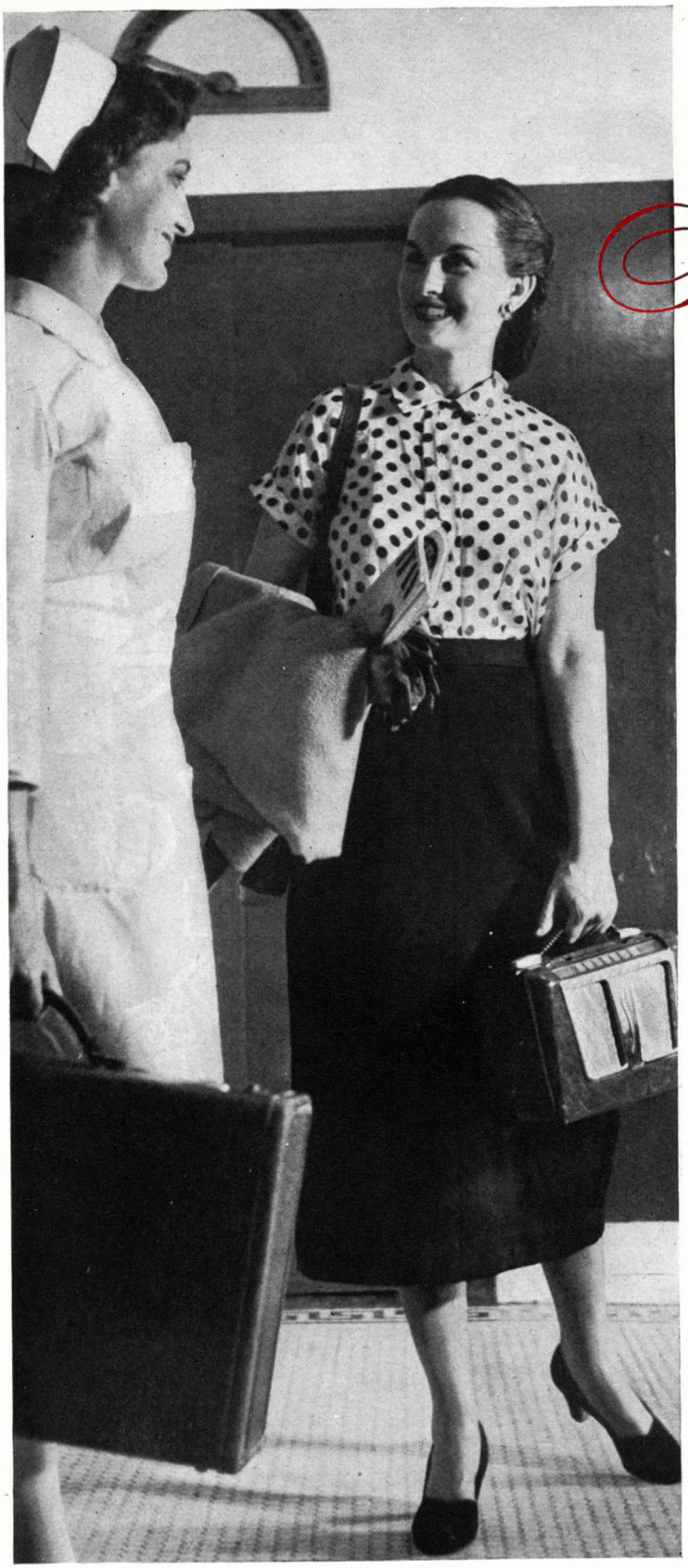


Photo by Angelo Pinto

How to

The patient's fear is one factor that modern surgery may be unable to conquer. These common-sense rules will help you to overcome that unreasonable anxiety

BY ANN CUTLER

At some moment in their lives, most people face the disquieting fact that they must undergo an operation or—as our grandmothers dramatically put it—go under the knife. The immediate reaction is both physical and psychological.

Old fears, survivals of the days when all operations were dangerous, are regarded by doctors as a greater deterrent to the success of an operation than infection. Most of these fears are needless, for surgery has made giant strides in the past fifteen years. Modern operative techniques and methods of treatment are as different from the methods of yesterday as is the jet-propelled plane from Lindbergh's two-seater. As a result of new scientific discoveries, the surgical bed has become less and less a bed of pain.

However, an operation is still a dramatic event, with the patient cast in the leading role. The movies and fiction have heightened the drama by picturing the brilliantly lit operating theatre, the men in white working with machinelike precision, and the delicate instruments. But as the operating theatre has be-

Face an Operation

come more complex, the risks have grown much smaller. Of the eighteen million patients who entered hospitals throughout the United States during 1948, forty-four per cent underwent some kind of surgery. Improved operating procedures, the prevailing practice of getting the patient out of bed quickly, more diversified types of anesthetics, miracle drugs that combat infection, and new methods of dealing with shock, which was once the specter of every operating room, give patients an excellent chance of spending years talking about "my operation."

But surgery is not a passive process for the patient. How soon after it he will be ready to resume his normal routine depends to a large extent on himself.

Learning that you need to undergo surgery is always a shock. You wouldn't be normal if you didn't dread the experience. But the human mind adjusts to the inevitable; once you have accustomed yourself to the idea that an operation is necessary, there are many things you can do to make the operation a complete success and shorten the time of convalescence.

Doctors interviewed from coast to coast stressed the importance of preoperative care. The chances are that several weeks will elapse between the time you are told you need an operation and the morning you are wheeled into the operating room. How you spend those weeks of waiting will determine to a large extent the outcome of the surgery and how long it will take you to recover.

The rules doctors lay down for getting into the best possible preoperative state are based on sound medical and common-sense ideas. They advise well-balanced meals and plenty of rest. Smoking should be cut down, and alcohol should be taboo. All this does not mean, they emphatically declare, that you should go to bed and treat yourself as an invalid. On the contrary, follow your usual routine whenever possible. By enjoying yourself and remaining cheerful, you will build up your morale along with your stamina.

However, there is a type of patient who, when faced with a stay in the hospital, takes a daredevil attitude. He decides to "eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we operate." Such a patient was Charlie C., who was scheduled for major abdominal surgery. For weeks before entering the hospital, Charlie entertained his friends, attended drinking parties, stayed up late every night. As a result, Charlie gave his surgeon a bad time, almost died, and then spent three months recuperating instead of the customary two weeks.

In contrast to this dangerous behavior is the case of Mr. J., a man of sixty whose painful backaches were diagnosed as the result of a slipped disk, and for whom an operation was recommended. Mr. J. went calmly about preparing himself for the job ahead of him. His doctor suggested that he include in his daily diet an abundance of meat, milk, eggs, dairy products, fruits, vegetables, and whole-grain cereals. Mr. J. also took a daily supply of vitamins and made sure he got sufficient sleep. He went to the office as usual and in the evenings played bridge with friends or attended the movies with his family.

When he entered the hospital, the examining doctor found him in excellent physical condition, and his morale was high. His operation was a complete success, and he was home in a little less than two weeks—minus backaches. Shortly thereafter, he was able to return to his office.

Dr. Morris Fishbein, former editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, advises patients about to undergo surgery to acquaint themselves with the facts in order to gain confidence.

"To fear the unknown is normal," says Dr. Fishbein. "The patient has a right to ask his doctor to explain the operation in lay terminology. He should know of what his trouble consists, the operative procedure, and what to expect in the way of time in the hospital, time away from his job. When the patient knows all the facts, his fears are usually allayed."

No lay person is competent to decide for himself that he is a candidate for the operating room. A medical man must make the decision. He may, after examining you, recommend a "wait-and-see" period. If after a time he is convinced you need surgery he will tell you so and will suggest a surgeon.

But if, after you have met and talked with the surgeon, you do not have absolute faith and confidence in his skill as a surgeon and his integrity *(Continued on page 116)*

Why, Oh Why...

BY RAYMOND LOEWY

Most people can't be happy unless they find something new to worry about every day. For those unfortunates who lack the material that screams are made on, we offer suggestions and a measure of relief. There are countless petty annoyances right in your own back yard. For the imaginative, they provide plenty of opportunities for worry and fret without resorting to major subjects, like the atom bomb or the Daily Double.

For instance, let us see what supreme choler can be aroused by the modern motorcar:

You are a guest at the country home of friends. It's a stormy winter night; there is a violent rainfall. You decide it is essential for you to go to the village drugstore before retiring.

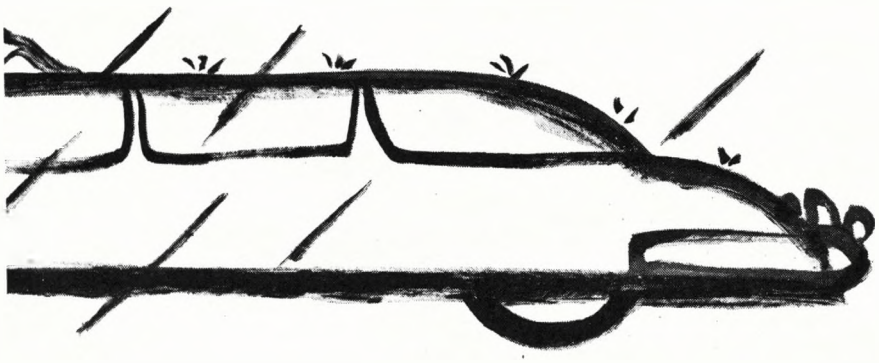
"Take the convertible, Jack," your host offers. "It's parked right in front. Here are the keys."

You dash through the cold rain and turn the door handle of the cream-colored beauty, a SUPERSTAR 8. It is locked. But you have two keys. It does not take you long to locate the lock—but this lock has no keyhole. There must be a keyhole! All locks have keyholes, you reason. Ah, here it is. Thoughtful engineering has protected the slot with a revolving disk.

Now, which key? A lucky man, you pick the right one on the first try. With the skill of a safe-cracker in the dark, you manage to insert it—upside down. It jams. A good jerk, and it's out. Next you try the wrong key right side up. Again it jams. Another yank, and it's out again! Now, back to the right key the right way. There we are! The lock is open. You try to turn the handle, but this one happens to be a pull type. So you pull—and nothing happens. You must, it seems, push a button and pull at the same time. You practice, using both hands, and finally get the hang of it. The door opens, releasing a goodly waterfall that was in reserve somewhere. Drenched, you jump in quickly—and are greeted in one throat-catching blaze of light by the magnificent sight of an instrument panel dazzling with hundreds of chrome gadgets.

But it is a short glimpse, because when you slam the

. . . DO THEY MAKE LOW-SLUNG CARS FOR HIGH-SLUNG PEOPLE? LOCKS WITHOUT KEYHOLES? A FAMOUS INDUSTRIAL DESIGNER LISTS OUR MODERN ERA'S IRRITANTS



door the light automatically switches off. Having never driven a SUPERSTAR 8, you fumble in the darkness for the light switch that will reveal the ignition lock. The first knob you pull invariably remains in your hand, making you feel a bit silly. This is the cigarette lighter. You fumblingly put it back in its place and pull the next knob.

This one does not move; it belongs to the rotating sisterhood. As you turn it, you hear an angry whine, accompanied by sinister cracking noises. The canvas top strains at the leash and rebels against being retracted while in locked position. As you hurriedly turn the knob to the left again you, too, experience a taut feeling. The next knob in line also rotates, setting off one deep, muted clank from the depths of the machinery. You sense that you have caused some radical change in the machine's most intimate histology. You mentally label it Mystery Knob number three, to be investigated later. The fourth knob turns out to be a pull type, and quite stiff. One good pull and a loud metallic ZANG! announces that you have opened the hood. The next button is the Lucky Strike "Hit Parade." The sixth knob in line—which does not rotate, pull, push, or spin—finally flips sideways; the weather inside the car begins to change noticeably. Knob seven gets the windshield wipers into rapid, efficient action.

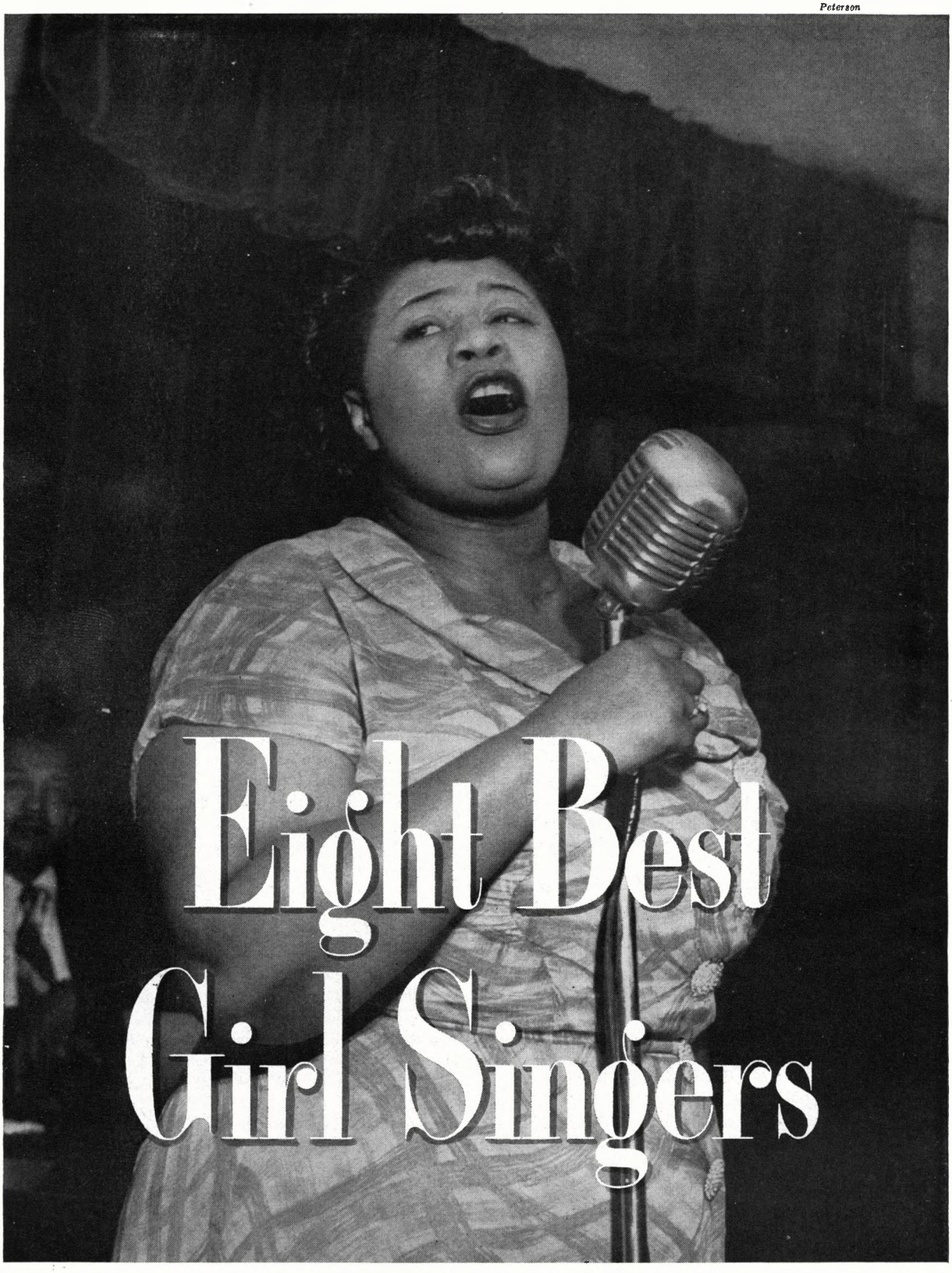
Having closed the hood, turned off the radio, and declimatized the interior, you leave the windshield wipers on and turn to number eight—another Mystery Button. Shifting to a higher plane, you discover unit nine, which neither rotates nor pulls, but hinges down. You now have a handful of gum wrappers, cigarette butts, and burnt matches.

Back to the lower level. One good pull and you've got your old friend the cigarette lighter in hand again. Back it goes! With the help of a few sparks from the flint of your cigarette lighter (out of fluid), you locate a new bank of knobs below the edge of the instrument panel. They bear slender hieroglyphics of artistic merit and a high index of illegibility. An adventurous spirit enables you, in rapid succession, to: open the left air scoop, wind the clock, change to overdrive, raise the antenna, spray the already deluged windshield with more water, and open the right air scoop.

You decide you don't need that tube of shaving cream. You rush back into the house. Bed, at last, where you spend the rest of the night speculating on those Mystery Buttons. Without doubt, you have effected some important changes in the private lives of the clutch and the transmission. But what? And did you, or did you not, turn off the climatizer? Will the battery be dead in the morning?

Household annoyances offer almost unlimited possibilities for worry. These can be broken down scientifically into groups, divisions, and subdivisions.

Least interesting is the *coarse type.* Its most common prototype is the sticking drawer that moves on the bias and jams. We do not advise wasting fine technique on this low-order nuisance. Instead, we recommend brutality. There is a certain *(Continued on page 92)*



The remarkably talented *Ella Fitzgerald is the most versatile of the eight leading girl singers. She has done practically every type of song. Her recordings of "Flyin' Home" and "Lady Be Good" are probably the most astonishing vocal accomplishments ever put on wax. Yet when she started her singing career as an amateur, she flopped miserably.*

Peterson

Lee Wiley *is the most artful interpreter of show tunes. Her renditions of Gershwin songs are tops.*

Peterson

An all-time *great, Mildred Bailey may well be the best girl singer of all. She helped launch Bing Crosby.*

Sharland–Black Star

"The Sparrow," *as waifish Edith Piaf is known, sings impassionedly about the anguish of unrequited love.*

A jazz expert picks them and tells you why he thinks they're the greatest. Naturally, not everyone will agree • BY GEORGE FRAZIER

Of the eight girl singers who seem to me to be the best around today, three are North American Indians. This may be sheer coincidence, and I suspect it would be a mistake to invest it with ethnological implications. What does seem significant, though, is that seven of these girls are over thirty (several of them *well* over, in fact) and the eighth is only a few months shy of it. All of them have been singing professionally for many years. If nothing else, this proves that these are females endowed with durability and spunk as well as with talent. Theirs is a demanding line of endeavor—cruel, unpredictable, overcrowded, and a good deal less remunerative than is generally believed.

Although no one knows exactly how many girls earn their living

Peterson

The Boswell Sisters *were a superb trio. And after they broke up in 1936, Connee emerged as a talented soloist.*

Acme

Youngest *among the eight best is Kay Starr, who can take a song and build it to a smashing climax.*

Acme

The most magnetic *of Broadway's girl singers is Ethel Merman, who has been packing them in for twenty years.*

Acme

Her inspired version *of "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" vaulted Mary Martin into the best-girl-singer ranks.*

Eight Best Girl Singers (continued)

Which singers would you choose?

- ☐ Patti Andrews
- ☐ Toni Arden
- ☐ Kay Armen
- ☐ Mildred Bailey
- ☐ Pearl Bailey
- ☐ Josephine Baker
- ☐ Connee Boswell
- ☐ Lucienne Boyer
- ☐ Teresa Brewer
- ☐ Mindy Carson
- ☐ Rosemary Clooney
- ☐ Doris Day
- ☐ Joan Edwards
- ☐ Nanette Fabray
- ☐ Ella Fitzgerald
- ☐ Helen Forrest
- ☐ Jane Froman
- ☐ Judy Garland
- ☐ Georgia Gibbs
- ☐ Connie Haines
- ☐ Billie Holiday
- ☐ Lena Horne
- ☐ Betty Hutton
- ☐ June Hutton
- ☐ Kitty Kallen
- ☐ Evelyn Knight
- ☐ Frances Langford
- ☐ Julia Lee
- ☐ Peggy Lee
- ☐ Monica Lewis
- ☐ Nellie Lutcher
- ☐ Mary Martin
- ☐ Mary Mayo
- ☐ Ethel Merman
- ☐ Rose Murphy
- ☐ Gertrude Niesen
- ☐ Anita O'Day
- ☐ Patti Page
- ☐ Edith Piaf
- ☐ Jane Pickens
- ☐ Martha Raye
- ☐ Hazel Scott
- ☐ Anne Shelton
- ☐ Dinah Shore
- ☐ Kate Smith
- ☐ Jo Stafford
- ☐ Kay Starr
- ☐ Maxine Sullivan
- ☐ Sister Rosetta Tharpe
- ☐ Kay Thompson
- ☐ Martha Tilton
- ☐ Sara Vaughan
- ☐ Fran Warren
- ☐ Dinah Washington
- ☐ Ethel Waters
- ☐ Margaret Whiting
- ☐ Lee Wiley
- ☐ Julie Wilson

by singing popular songs, the number is probably in excess of fifty thousand. But of these, only a few are assured successes, and even they do not take home as much money as most people think. For there are always the extra expenses—gifts to the stagehands, ads in the trade papers, new photographs, tips here and tips there, money for this and money for that.

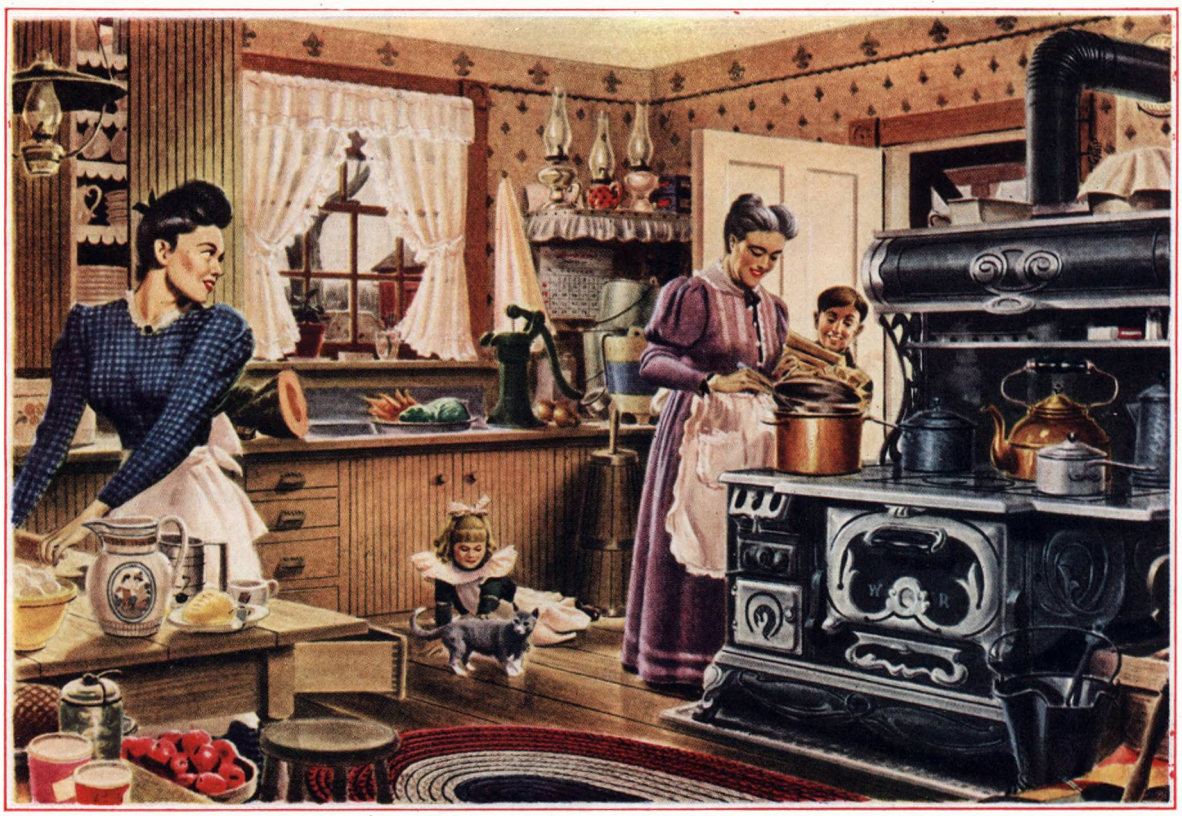
A girl who earns, say, a thousand dollars a week (more than the average salary in the profession) has to pay ten per cent of it to her agent and an equal sum to her personal manager. The press agent she retains to get her name in the columns gets at least fifty dollars, possibly a little more. Her traveling expenses from one engagement to another may come to a hundred dollars, and her hotel accommodations and meals to another hundred. But the five-fifty left from the original thousand is not take-home pay, for she must still cut into it to buy gowns and "special material"—the trade term for lyrics written exclusively for her. At the end of the week, she can consider herself fortunate if she has $300, before taxes, which, while hardly a starvation wage, is not a regular one either. Few girl singers manage to find employment fifty-two weeks a year.

In addition to all the other discouragements, there is the fact that the current sensation of today will more than likely be forgotten by tomorrow. How many people can name the girl whose recording of "Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny!" was such a big hit only a few years ago? Or the girls who popularized, respectively, "Cow Cow Boogie," "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," and "I Wanna Be Loved by You"? Or the band with which Doris Robbins sang? Or the girl who sang "The Lullaby of Broadway" in "Gold Diggers of 1935"?

How many people remember Annette Hanshaw? Or Lee Morse?

Over the obliterating years, only a handful of female vocalists have managed to achieve any measure of immortality. Bessie Smith and several other blues singers; Marion Harris, too; and certainly Ethel Waters, who still sounds wonderful on such old recordings as "Stormy Weather," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," and those in the Liberty album of the score to "Cabin in the Sky." Helen Morgan is still remembered, of course, and so is Ruth Etting. But not many others. And even among the ones whose names endure, only a few had abundant talent. Judged by current standards, for example, Ruth Etting, who was a thing of beauty and presumably a joy forever, would prove a stabbing disappointment. And so, too, would Helen Morgan, who was once the toast of the speakeasies, but who now is merely Nostalgia. The girl singing profession, as it is today, may not be an especially distinguished one, but it is vastly superior to what it was in the twenties. With its best foot forward—that is to say, when evaluated in terms of its eight most imposing representatives—it is entitled to considerable respect.

Of the eight, the most versatile is an easygoing, steatopygous, thirty-three-year-old colored woman named Ella Fitzgerald. Although there are at least a dozen singers who are more famous and prosperous than she, none of the others achieves her *(Continued on page 110)*



IN OLD-TIME FARM KITCHENS LIKE THIS...

Plenty of CHICKEN and Thick, Rich CREAM inspired this Hearty Soup

Down on the farm—where tender chicken and fresh sweet cream are abundant—it's natural these wonderful things should be combined in a rich, smooth soup. And that's just where this delicious soup *was* "born"—in farm kitchens of long ago.

Today, in making Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup, the secret's still the same—chicken and cream aplenty! That's why folks by the millions took to it when it was introduced just three years ago. They found it rich with chicken . . . smooth with cream . . . and made it a family favorite.

Serve this main-dish soup frequently to the really hungry at your house. Get some today!

SO CAMPBELL'S MAKE IT FOR YOU TODAY!

...tender pieces of Chicken
...extra-heavy whipping Cream
...deep-flavored Chicken Stock

Campbell's CREAM OF CHICKEN SOUP

O'Donnell's Devil

(Continued from page 45)

and great ones too, commanding legions, with beautiful women at their beck and call. Strong men they were, and that I got from them. An iron man I was, all iron and brass. Six foot four in my socks, and I could bend a poker the way you bend a lady's hairpin, and with the teeth in my mouth I could bite a six-inch nail in two. And my curse, it was like theirs, tne kings of old.

"Tell me," I said.

"I'll tell you," he said. "I'll tell you how the devil came to me in those days and the long fight I had with him. Some rounds I won, some I lost—for you must remember," he added, "I'm only a man, and the devil has much experience. And sometimes in a fight it's experience that counts—footwork and knowledge of the ring. That's what the old devil has, my boy. He's got strength, but it's the tricks he's got that fool you, the thousand bags of tricks."

"You were a fighting man," I said. (I knew he was, not only from the way he spoke, or because of his size, but because of the way he moved. Old as he was, he still moved on the balls of his feet like an ancient tomcat in an alley—light, careful, and fearless all at once. And I could tell by his cauliflower ear, and a twist in his nose where it had once been broken.)

"Yes," he said, "I was, and a great one. But that was before you were born. Men made money out of me. And I made money, though not as much as they, for in those days a fighting man was just an animal like a horse, and what does a race horse get for the races he wins? Fine oats and hay, and a cut from the whip and a prick of the spurs and maybe a sore mouth when they pull him."

"Sure," I said.

"Well," he said, "that's what I got." Then he went back to the devil again.

"THE DEVIL comes in many forms, Mister, which goes to show how smart he is. Three times he came to me in the form of a beautiful woman; each took what I'd made by my fights and left me. They came offering everything my money could buy in that market, and gave it, too. Everything but happiness. Once he came in the form of a little fat man who offered me everything money could buy if I'd throw a fight. That round I won. But he was always around. For some reason," he said, "the devil was after me. Perhaps because I was so big and easy for him to see. Perhaps because I was so strong, and my strength was my weakness—the place he could hit me below the belt, as it were—for the devil fights foul. The strength of a man and the beauty of a woman give him fine chances for that. Then he did his bottle trick. There's a devil in every bottle, Mister. Then he went back to his woman trick—one of his best for a young man. And there he was at the stage door of every music hall hiding like a coward in the skirts of the girls. There sometimes he won and sometimes I did. A dingdong battle that was, and I still show the scars of it.

"But don't run away with the idea that there was only the devil and me in this. No, Mister, there were angels, too. Angels were more common in those days, but even then they weren't too easy to see. Still had to look for 'em, as it were," he

said. "Angels," he said, "is God's agents on earth, and a queer lot they are. They come as kids standing on a street corner, as lost dogs looking for a home, as an old woman sometimes, or a young one. But the young ones are rare, because the devil generally gets at them first with his promises of things to come if they follow his directions.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "I think sometimes the devil gives girls their riding instructions the way a trainer does a jockey before a race, and that's why there're so many unhappy men in the world. But I was to find something out," he said. "I was to find out that a good woman has everything a bad one has and a bit more as well—her goodness. But you don't appreciate that when you're young."

Now this was all very fine, but there was no story. "The story," I said.

"The story?" he repeated and put down his drink. "Didn't I tell you yet?"

"No," I said.

WELL (he began), it was in the summer on the diggings. I'd given up fighting then and come out here, Kimberley way. I had a claim, an' a wife, too. A very small woman, like a little toy queen she was. So small that I could stand her on my hand and raise her up, like you would a kitten. A small woman with the heart of a lion.

We were happy. It was as if the two of us was alone, though the diggings were crowded with men seeking fortunes in the yellow ground. Bad men most of them, but no trouble to us because of my great size. We lived in a tent, and water was scarce, but we were happy.

Lord, when I think of it, it seems to me there surely can't be anything as ugly as diamond diggings with tents and huts and derricks and cradles; with cursing men and bad women. But if you've got the right woman, the place is nothing, and nothing it was to us. We were going to make our fortune and buy a little farm. For animals I love—there is no beastliness in them. They're the works of God and the devil can't get into them—because of their furry hides maybe, or some other thing that educated men may know about.

Anyway, there we were, and as happy as bugs in a rug, and all heaven in her blue eyes for me to see when I looked into them. Eyes as blue as a loch under a blue summer sky. The ripple of her love in them ruffled them like a summer breeze. Her hair was long and black as a cock blackbird and shiny as the flank of a well-groomed blood horse, and her cheeks were like apricots with a blush to them under the brown, and her lips like dark ripe cherries. Man, I can't describe the small perfection of her. Perfectly made she was, like a big woman seen a long way off, like a good polo pony that's just a big chaser in miniature. If I was a painter I could paint you her picture. If I was a painter 'tis nothing else I'd paint, for surely there was never a more perfect woman.

We had no trouble, but there was a man—a big Dutchman near as big as me, and near as strong—that was always trailing his coat before me trying to stir me into battle. But I wouldn't. Not me, not after I'd given up the game. Killed a man. In Dublin, it was. A matched fight and a fair one, but his ticker wasn't what it ought to be, and I struck him so hard above it that it stopped. By heaven, I was a man then, with power in my arm. But that put an end to it. It was legal enough, all fair, square, and aboveboard, but it rocked me. It rocked me back that, with a blow of me hand, I should kill a man of woman born, so I swore me an oath never to raise me hand again. And often the devil tried to make me, for, Mister, there's nothing the devil hates like an oath. A man swears off wine, off women, off horses, and what does the devil do but try to make him break his word to himself—for that gives the devil a duplicate key to his personality.

But he couldn't stir me, and many's the insult I've swallowed as a trout takes a worm, almost with pleasure, for each time 'twas a small victory against the devil that would have made my mother, God rest her soul, proud of me as she sat up above looking down at her son.

This man, without me knowing it, once arranged a match between us, and a good purse was subscribed, for it would have been a battle of giants and worth while to watch. And when I refused, the poor dumb ox thought I was afraid. Me, an Irish king! But he was always about after that, before me or behind, making trouble—stirring it up as a child stirs the mud of a pond with a stick. He stole my Kaffirs away from me. He damaged my gear. He was a curse to me and mine, but fight I would not, and not because I was afraid.

Yes, I was afraid. Not of him, but of myself, for if I fought, the hot blood of my heart would rise up in anger and the thousand times I had refused to fight would come to the top of me like oil on a pail of water, and I'd destroy him. That was my fear, and the fear of many a strong man before me, for a man's bile is a dangerous thing to tamper with—dangerous to all.

That was the only fly in our ointment, Mister. A big one, but the only one, for ours was a good little claim, and we were washing out some nice little sparklers—which annoyed this man even more, for I had everything: a good claim, a good and beautiful wife. And he had nothing—only this strength that he used on his woman, and on men less strong than himself. A bully was Louis van der Merwe, a bully and a braggart, but a power in the camp.

And so it went between us till one day when he passed while me and Mary was having an argument. Now, in these arguments Mary'd take a stick and belabor me with it, which did me no harm and did her a power of good, strengthening her arm and getting the wickedness out of her soul. An excitable young girl she was, nervous like a little blood horse, and the place was no place for a woman, with the dirt and flies and the hard ugliness of it all, for sure the only lovely things in the Pan were Mary herself and the diamonds we dug. Well, there she was belaboring me with all her heart and might when Van comes by with a friend of his, a man as bad as he, and they laughed to see it.

"Why," he said, "look at the great fighting man being chased by a woman. If she was mine," he said, "I'd soon take the hide off her with sjambok. Women and horses and dogs and Kaffirs," he said, "you got to break. Fight me?" he went on, "why, no wonder you wouldn't dare, when you're frightened of a woman, and a little one at that—"

"Stop," I said to Mary and at once she stopped.

"Say that again, you great baboon," I said. "Say it again, and I'll take the skin off your back to make a collar for me dog."

"Say it again," he said, "that I will, and in front of Cornelius as a witness." Then he called me a coward and my wife a bad name.

AND THAT'S where the devil came into the matter, for the devil naturally was on his side. He could say what he wished about me, but her— And that's what the devil had put into his mouth, the only word that'd make me break me oath. And that I did then and there, for there's nothing little about me. When I make big it's big, an' when I break, it's big, too.

I said, "Tonight, you baboon, I'll do it. Tell the boys. For a long time they've wanted to see it, and now they will. A battle of giants," I said. "No rounds, but we'll follow Queensberry rules, and we'll fight till one of us can't stand up anymore—and that'll be you. Men," I said, "I've fought before. Animals I have loved all me life, but now I'm going to fight something that's neither one nor the other but the worst of both, and I'll kill him."

He didn't look so happy then, but he took it and said, "Tonight, O'Donnell. Tonight I'll whip you an' take your woman from you and train her how to treat a man."

That was nearly the end of him for I picked up a pick handle that was lying loose and ready to my hand, but Mary held me back—her fingers as light as a feather, but on me wrist.

Now a great cloud descended on my

Continued from page 53:

Cosmopolitan's Three Beauties Fashions

Larry Aldrich satin sheath with lined jacket on page 46:

Ardmore, Okla. Jenn-Lee Shop
Asheville, N. C. John Carroll
Houston, Tex. Levy's
Jackson, Miss. Frances Pepper, Inc.
Las Vegas, Nev. Fanny's
New York, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
Shreveport, La. Sue Peyton Shop
Springfield, Mo. The Mayfair Gown Shoppe
Washington, D.C. Julius Garfinckel & Co.

Toni Owen knit sheath on page 47:

Los Angeles, Calif. Bullock's-Westwood
Manhasset, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
Milburn, N. J. Lord & Taylor
New York, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
Phoenix, Ariz. Goldwaters
Rochester, N. Y. Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
Scarsdale, N. Y. Lord & Taylor-Westchester

Handmacher coat on page 48 and Handmacher suit on page 52:

Boston, Mass. Filene's
Chattanooga, Tenn. Loveman's, Inc.
Cleveland, Ohio The Halle Bros. Co.
Detroit, Mich. Himelhoch's
Grand Rapids, Mich. Herpolsheimer Co.
Indianapolis, Ind. L. S. Ayres & Co.
Kansas City, Mo. Harzfeld's, Inc.
Manhasset, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
Milburn, N. J. Lord & Taylor
Milwaukee, Wis. Smartwear-Emma Lange, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn. Dayton Co.
Nashville, Tenn. The Cain-Sloan Co.
New York, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
Pittsburgh, Pa. Kaufmann's
St. Paul, Minn. Schuneman's, Inc.
San Francisco, Calif. H. Liebes
Scarsdale, N. Y. Lord & Taylor-Westchester
Washington, D.C. Jelleff's

Joseph Halpert silk theatre suit on page 48:

Asheville, N. C. John Carroll
Aurora, Colo. Cates, Inc.
Beverly Hills, Calif. I. Magnin
Cincinnati, Ohio Jenny, Inc.
Houston, Tex. The Smart Shop
Indianapolis, Ind. The Wm. H. Block Co.
Little Rock, Ark. The Gus Blass Co.
Los Angeles, Calif. I. Magnin
Memphis, Tenn. Helen of Memphis
New Orleans, La. Leon Godchaux
New York, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
Oakland, Calif. I. Magnin
Oklahoma City, Okla. John A. Brown Co.
Pasadena, Calif. I. Magnin
Richmond, Va. Thalhimers
St. Louis, Mo. Lockharts, Inc.
San Francisco, Calif. I. Magnin
Santa Barbara, Calif. I. Magnin
Seattle, Wash. I. Magnin
Springfield, Mass. Forbes & Wallace
Washington, D.C. Julius Garfinckel & Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C. Sosnik-Thalhimer Co.

Raymodes pajamas on page 49:

Beverly Hills, Calif. I. Magnin
Denver, Colo. Neusteters
Indianapolis, Ind. L. S. Ayres & Co.
Kansas City, Mo. Harzfeld's, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif. I. Magnin
Manhasset, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
Milburn, N. J. Lord & Taylor
Newark, N. J. Hahne & Co.
New York, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
Oakland, Calif. I. Magnin
Pasadena, Calif. I. Magnin
Philadelphia, Pa. The Blum Store
San Francisco, Calif. I. Magnin
Santa Barbara, Calif. I. Magnin
Scarsdale, N. Y. Lord & Taylor-Westchester
Seattle, Wash. I. Magnin
Washington, D.C. Julius Garfinckel & Co.

Prices may be slightly higher west of Denver.

Frank Starr dinner dress on page 50:

Beverly Hills, Calif. I. Magnin
Boston, Mass. Bonwit Teller
Chattanooga, Tenn. Loveman's, Inc.
Chicago, Ill. Bonwit Teller
Cincinnati, Ohio H. & S. Pogue
Cleveland, Ohio Bonwit Teller
Detroit, Mich. Himelhoch's
Hartford, Conn. Louise Shop
Indianapolis, Ind. H. P. Wasson & Co.
Kansas City, Mo. Mindlin's
Las Vegas, Nev. Fanny's
Los Angeles, Calif. I. Magnin
New Haven, Conn. Louise Shop
New Orleans, La. The Kreeger Store, Inc.
New York, N. Y. Bonwit Teller
Oakland, Calif. I. Magnin
Pasadena, Calif. I. Magnin
Pittsburgh, Pa. Kaufmann's
Richmond, Va. Miller & Rhoads, Inc.
Roanoke, Va. B. Forman
St. Louis, Mo. Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Francisco, Calif. I. Magnin
Santa Barbara, Calif. I. Magnin
Seattle, Wash. I. Magnin
White Plains, N. Y. Bonwit Teller

Lumay alpaca coat on page 51:

Albany, N. Y. Honigsbaum
Beverly Hills, Calif. I. Magnin
Fargo, N. D. O. J. de Lendrecie Co.
Los Angeles, Calif. I. Magnin
New York, N. Y. Peck & Peck
Oakland, Calif. I. Magnin
Pasadena, Calif. I. Magnin
San Francisco, Calif. I. Magnin
Santa Barbara, Calif. I. Magnin
Seattle, Wash. I. Magnin
Tulsa, Okla. Seidenbach's
Wausau, Wis. Schmidt's

Margot flannel dress on page 52:

Denver, Colo. Neusteters
Detroit, Mich. B. Siegel Co.
Hartford, Conn. G. Fox
Indianapolis, Ind. L. S. Ayres & Co.
Kansas City, Mo. Woolf Bros., Inc.
Lexington, Ky. Loom and Needle
Manhasset, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
Milburn, N. J. Lord & Taylor
Newark, N. J. Hahne & Co.
New York, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
Rochester, N. Y. Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
St. Louis, Mo. Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc.
Scarsdale, N. Y. Lord & Taylor-Westchester
Syracuse, N. Y. Flah & Co.
Washington, D.C. Julius Garfinckel & Co.

Toni Owen velveteen jumper and jacket on page 53:

Indianapolis, Ind. The Wm. H. Block Co.
Los Angeles, Calif. Bullock's-Westwood
Manhasset, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
Milburn, N. J. Lord & Taylor
New York, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
Phoenix, Ariz. Goldwaters
Rochester, N. Y. Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
Scarsdale, N. Y. Lord & Taylor-Westchester

Bagedonow velveteen coat on page 53:

Beverly Hills, Calif. I. Magnin
Boston, Mass. Jays
Chattanooga, Tenn. Loveman's, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif. I. Magnin
Manhasset, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
Memphis, Tenn. Helen of Memphis
Milburn, N. J. Lord & Taylor
New York, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
Oakland, Calif. I. Magnin
Pasadena, Calif. I. Magnin
San Francisco, Calif. I. Magnin
Santa Barbara, Calif. I. Magnin
Scarsdale, N. Y. Lord & Taylor-Westchester
Seattle, Wash. I. Magnin
Wellesley, Mass. Jays

spirit for I had betrayed myself. I had broken my word. With another I could have gone to him and told him of it. But a man cannot apologize to himself, cannot say he is sorry to himself, for himself is one man he is without the power to forgive.

Nor was Mary a help, poor young girl, for she said, "O'Donnell"—she called me that—"the man will kill you."

"That he will not," I said; and then I knew that she did not know why he would not, for I had not told her of my fighting career that was destroyed like the shining bubble a child blows from a clay pipe, by the death of a man at my hands. My gloved hands, I thought, and here we would fight with bare fists, and I was more of a man than I had been then, stronger, and with greater weight to my body and more savagery in my heart. I tell you, then I feared for myself, and the dark cloud of the storm descended lower over me.

IN A GREAT depression, I stopped the boys working. I stripped and I washed in water—so dear was it there on the diggings that it was like washing in liquid gold—and men came and stared at my great limbs bent over the bucket. At my chest like a barrel, and the muscles of my belly that were like iron bands, and those of my back that were like ropes, for the news had gone forth, and they were beginning to wager. The bets were against me, for they argued that had I been a bold, strong fighter, it was fight I would have done long since, considering the provocation I'd had. It has always been my habit to cleanse myself before an event, and the water felt good on my skin and the sun felt good on it, and I flexed myself and sparred a bit to free my shoulders and my back. I hit some fine blows into the warm air. I danced back and forth on the red ground in my bare feet, gripping the dust with my toes. Then I went in and got out my trunks.

Mary said, "What's them?"

I said, "My trunks, my fighting togs." I'd kept them all the years and had not worn them since that day.

"So you've fought before," she said.

"I have," I said.

And a great sorrow spread over her face, and the light that I loved went out of her eyes.

"I fought clean," I said. "There's nothing to be ashamed of in being a fighting man."

"Not that," she said, "not that, but that you never told me. What else, O'Donnell, is there in your black life of which I am as ignorant as a child?"

"Nought," said I.

"No women?"

"There's women in all men's lives, but none so fair as you."

"My heart is broke," she said. "It's on the floor in little pieces and trodden in the dust."

"How would I love you as well as I do," I asked, "if I had not loved others before? Love," I said, "is an art and many must be loved before the light of the day is seen instead of the darkness in which men seek their way. You are light, my love," I said. "You are the dawn, the very life of me."

But this was no comfort to her, being young and inexperienced with men. She spoke no word to me, not one, not even when I left her and went with Maunders, who was a sort of camp captain, to the

When friends drop in, you needn't worry
About fancy food. Nor fuss and flurry.
Serve simple things you fix with ease
Then add the touch that's sure to please

The touch of color—and glamor, too.
And that's the easiest thing to do!
You cool and serve some rich Port wine
Relax—and hear your guests vote "Fine!"

Serve California's fine Port wine with cake and fruit

Rich-red Port wine is wonderful so *many ways* —with fruit, cheese and crackers or any kind of dessert. And wine is so easy. You just cool and pour. Try it — Port wine of California costs only a few cents a glass to serve.

Good things come easy the California Way

When you are dining out, get acquainted with the world-famous wines of California. They are featured by leading restaurants and hotels everywhere. Among those to try are Sherry with your appetizers...California Burgundies, Clarets, Sauternes and Chablis with your dinner...or Port with dessert. Wine Advisory Board, San Francisco, California.

WINE ADDS TO GRACIOUS HOSPITALITY IN MILLIONS OF AMERICAN HOMES

"You'll have to send it first class—there's writhing inside!"

place where they had made a ring. I had a towel and a sponge under my arm, and my trunks in my hand. Black they were, and black my hair and eyes, and black my heart. Black O'Donnell, they'd called me in those days—Black O'Donnell, the terror of the south.

THE RING was leveled off and raked smooth. The ropes were mine cables lashed to rough poles. There were maybe a thousand men waiting, and a scattering of their lights of love in fancy, tawdry clothes. The sun was still pretty high in the sky, and we'd have time to make a long fight of it if we did not make a quick end.

Maunders said he'd referee, though there was not much to do since there were to be no rounds and Van said, "To hell with Queensberry rules. I don't know 'em. A fight's a fight, and we'll fight it rough and fast."

"Gouging and all," I said.

"Sure," he said, "and it's a dead blind man that you'll be when I'm through."

"You don't know what you're saying," I said, and he didn't, because 'twas a rough fighter I was. I knew little of science. My fights had been won without it, by a straight left, a right that could put my fist through a plank door, and a body that was made of brass and iron. No man could take punishment like me. The more the better; all they ever did was to smash their own knuckles against the iron of me. And I'd been a wrestler before I took to the game, and could fight fair with the fair and foul with the foul.

We had no seconds, we had nothing—just the crowd wanting to see the red blood run, and Maunders to keep some sort of order. In the ring Maunders held a towel in front of me while, because of the women in the throng, I put on my togs. There we stood, me and him. He was stripped to the buff. He was as big as me and as heavy, a big-bearded baboon, but he was not as hard as me, and he didn't have a fighter's eyes. No, Mister, he had a bully's eyes. A fighter's eyes are like ice. Van's were hot and angry. My anger had gone long ago, and I was back to being a fighter. Lord, it all came back—the smell of the crowd—the voices—the shouts. Partisans we had now, the Irish and even English backing me, and the Dutch bellowing for their boy. There were a couple of fights in the crowd before we'd begun even.

There was no shaking hands, there were no chairs to rest on, no seconds, no bottles of water for your pal to fill his mouth with and spit into your face. There was just me and him, and the crowd like wolves clamoring for flesh, for blood.

Maunders stood between us with a red handkerchief in his hand. "I'll say one—two—three," he said, "and then I'll drop the rag. When it falls, you start. From then on everything goes," he said; "no holds barred, and it ends when one of you's out cold."

He held up the red bandana. He counted. One—two—three. A sigh like a wind across the plain went up from the crowd.

The handkerchief fell, and we jumped forward.

Now, in a fight like this, what counts is the first hold, so each of us was trying to get hold of the other and avoid being held ourselves.

We were also gauging each other for speed and style. He was a crouching fighter. He leaned forward with his arms out like the baboon he was. I fight standing up like a man. His position was a good one, but not with a man like me. Leaning forward like that he was off balance, and in those days I could move like lightning. I moved about a bit and let him follow me. Like a crab he looked, and then suddenly I went in, got his left hand in mine, turned my back on him, and flung him over my shoulder. Lord, he should have known that one. But his idea was to crush people, to get his arms round them and squeeze them, drive his knee into their groin, and then stomp them when they were down. I knew his style, and before he was up I had him again. But he was clever. This time he fell on his back and threw me with a sort of scissors lock. Then he was on me, his thumbs in my eyes.

"I'll blind you," he said, "and I'll take that woman from you. And when I've had her a month you wouldn't know her, not even if you had eyes to see."

But his wasn't the only bag of tricks, and the devil was in me now. That's a strange thing, Mister, the way the devil changed sides and took advantage of Mary's name. My back was always my strongest point and so was my suppleness. I arched under him, threw up my legs and got him round the neck with them, all with a buck, the way a wild horse might when first he's saddled. Then I was out from under. And now I wanted to get my hands on him, which I did. He had me by the waist and was trying to throw me. But I had his throat in my hands. (Patrick O'Donnell put down his glass and looked at his hand.) My right hand. I moved it to his chin, and my left hand was behind his neck.

"Take that back," I said, "take it back or I'll break you in my hands."

"I take nothing back," he said.

"Take it back," I said.

He spat straight into my face.

'Twas then the devil had his chance, and he took it. "Who's he," asked the devil, "to spit in the eye of O'Donnell, the descendant of Irish kings? Where's the strength you spoke of? Shove, my boy," the devil said, "shove with your right and pull with your left."

And I did.

Man, there was not a sound from all those people around us. The world was silent except for the sound of the crack of that man's spine. He sagged like a bag of mealies and lay crumpled at my feet. Dead as a doornail, he was. Fair it was, as fair as a foul fight can be, but another man lay dead at my feet. My word was broken, so the devil had won the main event.

WHAT HAPPENED?" I asked.

"Nothing," Patrick O'Donnell said. "The fight was fair, and he'd have killed me if he could. There wasn't much law in those days up there. But I was a marked man. A killer, of whom people were afraid. Even Mary shrank from me. She stayed by me, but in the end it killed her. Consumption, they said it was, but I knew better. It was the thought of what I'd done, and it was the devil's work. Because that's his game, Mister, to make you do wrong and then to make you pay. Van der Merwe was the devil's man, and the devil made me kill him. Then I was the devil's man, and he killed my Mary, the light of my life."

"And then—?"

"Then—" He looked vague. "Then I was alone," he said. "I lived one way and another. Alone, with my great love gone, and only a great hate to take its place."

"Hate?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "hate of the devil. And from that day to this I've gone about trying to undo his work and telling men of the subtle ways he works. God's agent," he said, "another of 'em, and a queer lot we are, all with our great love of God and our great hatred of the devil."

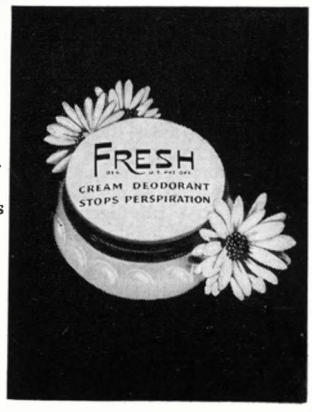
THE END

Are you always Lovely to Love?

At important moments like this . . . underarm protection must be complete.

Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped — and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it **really stops perspiration.** Furthermore with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated to work all over again when you need protection most. **No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.**

New... For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap ... prevents body perspiration odor yet mild and gentle... contains amazing new soap ingredient Hexachlorophene, reported in Reader's Digest.



Movie Citations *(Continued from page 13)*

has some moments of heartbreaking effectiveness, but she never attains the high level of her Scarlett in "Gone with the Wind."

But Brando is constantly arresting, vital, and believable. Beautiful Kim Hunter, as his wife, matches his earnestness, and Karl Malden, as Blanche's blundering suitor, registers forcefully. Elia Kazan's direction is superb.

"THE RIVER," directed by Jean Renoir and written by Renoir and Rumer Godden, was filmed in India by Ken McEldowney with a cast of almost completely unknown players, all of whom give enchanting performances. Together they have made a Technicolor picture of unforgettable beauty.

The story concerns three adolescent girls who are good friends. Two are English and one (played by Radha, a young Indian dancer) is half English, half Indian. The three fall in love with a stranger, a one-legged American soldier who is bitter over the war and his own physical loss. Thomas E. Breen portrays the young man with understanding and tenderness. The way these four young people resolve their problems, sometimes comically, sometimes poignantly, always sensitively, will linger in your mind long after you have forgotten a score of more conventional productions. Much credit is due to adventurous Mr. McEldowney, who gambled his last cent on this film, to Jean Renoir, for his delicate, subtle direction, and to Patricia Walters, for an unusually fine first performance.

Until about a year ago, Jerry Wald was one of Warner's most dynamic producers. Norman Krasna has long been one of our wittiest writers. Now, as Wald-Krasna, they are presenting their first joint production for RKO, "The Blue Veil."

"The Blue Veil" is a highly emotional, sincere, and affecting tear-jerker. It features a performance by Jane Wyman that will put her in line for Academy honors again next spring. She offers a deeply contemplative study of a childless woman who lavishes her overwhelming mother love on one tot after another. She is, you see, that usually most unappreciated of servants, a nursemaid.

Charles Laughton is appealing as a widowed father who falls in love with her. Richard Carlson, as the tutor of one of her wealthier charges, nearly elopes with her. Joan Blondell gives a brilliant performance as a fading actress who nearly loses her young daughter's love to Jane. Natalie Wood portrays the little girl with a charm that makes her just about my favorite child actress.

To Jane Wyman goes a Cosmopolitan Citation for one of the Best Starring Performances of the Month, in one of the best screen offerings I've seen in a long time.

ONLY Claudette Colbert's shining performance in "Thunder on the Hill" keeps Jane Wyman's portrayal from being *the* best. Limited to a nun's habit and thus compelled to do most of her acting with her eyes, and pitted against a stunning performance by young Ann Blythe —Claudette is plain great.

The highly dramatic situation in "Thunder on the Hill" finds Miss Colbert, a nun, sheltering a girl convicted of murder. This girl is played by Ann Blythe with great feeling and dramatic power. The law has found her guilty and condemned her to die, and the mother superior and the other nuns in the convent, in which the girl finds refuge during a flood, believe the evidence. Only Miss Colbert is convinced of her innocence.

Claudette does brilliant work in projecting the conflicts in the nun's position: Although held in the grip of a rebellious desire to help the girl, she never wavers from her wholehearted submission to her vows. She is both the idealist and the practical woman of action. Even as she obeys her mother superior, she disobeys; and even as she achieves exaltation of spirit in the triumph of justice, you know she is getting a very earthy satisfaction from being right.

You'll be held by this picture. You'll be held spellbound by Miss Colbert. And here's a Cosmopolitan Citation for her to hold!

THE END

Dear Parent: *(Continued from page 39)*

responsibility is the parents'—not merely that of the schools and teachers in the community. Have *you*, the parent, taken the interest in your community's schools that you should? Do you *know* what they are teaching your children?

I read recently in a great metropolitan newspaper that the Army's policy of troop information and education was inadequate. The Army, according to this series of newspaper articles, was not able to explain very well to its troops why they were in uniform and what they were supposed to accomplish in terms of the national interest. I remember having read a couple of years before in the same newspaper, and by the same distinguished author, another series of articles revealing a shocking lack of knowledge of American history on the part of high-school and college students. It seems to me that the second series of articles was the inevitable sequel to the first. The young men who were in school a couple of years ago are now mostly in the armed forces. They were admittedly ignorant of American history when they were in school. How could anyone expect part-time Army instructors to make up this deficiency? It would be an educational miracle if the complexities of the cold war and Korea could be taught to men who have little knowledge of what America has fought for in the past. Some of our most illustrious statesmen have failed to grasp the meaning of the present world situation.

Yet education alone is not the answer —nor is native intelligence. Some of the gangsters and hoodlums who paraded before our Senate investigating committee had brilliant minds—brilliant, misdirected minds. Nobody had showed them the right way. They lacked moral direction.

That brings us to the second question for parents to ask themselves. Have they lived up to their responsibilities as parents? Ask yourself if you have been on hand to guide your son when he needed guidance. Equally important, have you let him work out his own problems when to have leaned on you might have unfitted him for the problems of life? Have you taught him the difference between wishing and wanting and the importance of working for what he wants? Have you, by example, filled him with a spirit of responsibility, independence, loyalty, and industry?

MANY PARENTS, I regret to observe, seem to give their children a desire to outwit responsibility rather than meet it. It is difficult to read newspapers nowadays without becoming extremely cynical. Everywhere are accounts of people, often in esteemed positions in public life, grabbing what they can, getting away with outrageous and criminal acts, shirking the duties of office. Every parent must ask himself whether, by example or indifference, he has not passed along to his son a desire or willingness to shirk duty. I lose patience with those parents who seek every avenue of draft evasion for their sons. You would be shocked to know the number who ask their representatives in Congress to get their Johnny deferred —or, if he has been taken, to keep him out of the infantry.

Most important, have you taught him the importance of goodness and God? Cynicism is Russia's greatest ally.

These things, as I said before, don't apply to you, Mrs. Smith, but I wanted to take the opportunity your letter afforded to say many things I have been wanting to say. In conclusion, I should like to quote from a letter written by General Willis D. Crittenberger, now commanding the First Army at Governor's Island, New York:

"Our Army is just as good as the citizenry it represents—no better, no worse. Once your sons and mine are called, the Army will make a thorough endeavor to supplement the training they have received at home, school, and church. Their moral and mental welfare becomes at once the concern of both captain and chaplain.

"But I feel that the Army can hardly be expected to accomplish in one or two years the training our youths may have failed to get at home. The parish priest is charged equally with the post chaplain to teach the young men in his flock the moral righteousness of a just war when their country is attacked. Similarly the high-school principal is just as responsible as the commander of a company or regiment to indoctrinate these same young men with a love for our democratic way of doing things, and a will and ability to oppose anyone who challenges that way. Lastly, the parents themselves fall far short of their duty if they do not practice within the home the high moral and patriotic standards they preach outside.

"If they have given their son strength of character and helped him build an unassailable foundation on which to stand firm, the boy will do well in the Army. In return the Army will respect his endeavors, recognize his worth, and make every sincere effort to help him."

If parents do their job as parents—if they do their best to see that school and church are doing theirs—then they need have no fear about their eighteen-and-a-half-year-old son in the service. He will be safe there—and the country will be safer for having him there.

Sincerely,

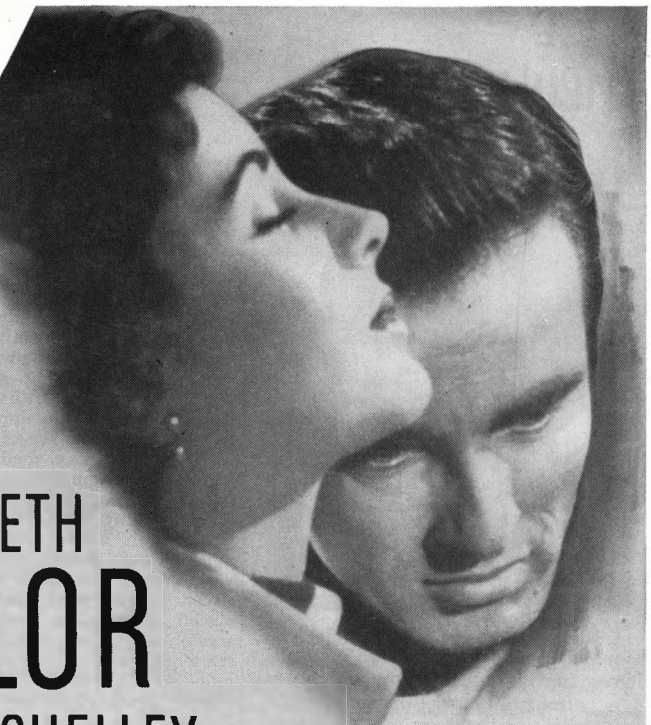
ESTES KEFAUVER

THE END

A LOVE STORY OF TODAY'S YOUTH

filling the screen with ecstasy...
as they seek
a place in the sun!

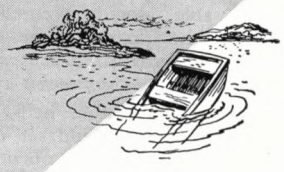
MONTGOMERY
CLIFT



ELIZABETH
TAYLOR

"I'm in trouble
George... bad trouble..."

SHELLEY
WINTERS



in

GEORGE STEVENS'

Production of

A PLACE IN THE SUN

with KEEFE BRASSELLE • Produced and Directed by GEORGE STEVENS • Screenplay by Michael Wilson and Harry Brown • Based on the novel, AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY, by THEODORE DREISER and the PATRICK KEARNEY play adapted from the novel.

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Paradise—in Peril! *(Continued from page 59)*

shacks of head-hunters—with electric light and power.

Toward the southern end of the central spine, a Japanese-built logging train penetrates primeval forests spectacularly by climbing eight thousand feet in fifty-three miles and, in the process, going through sixty-six tunnels. This mountain-goat train brings cedar, cypress, and camphor logs to the sawmills. The logs often attain a sixty-four-foot girth, so it's not unusual for them to get stuck in the tunnels.

On the east coast, the mountains become a formidable rock wall—sometimes white marble, sometimes red, often sooty-black streaked with white—dropping several thousand feet to the ocean. And if the blue intensity of the ocean there is any indication of depth, the cliffs continue downward long after disappearing beneatn the water's surface. Geologists say that there are no sea cliffs in the world to compare with them. Through this stark rock, the Japanese hewed a motor road that serves as a military road today—a tiny shelf curving above stupendous promontories and penetrating frightening gorges where the water runs a milky white over stream beds paved with white marble. Mining engineers say there is untold mineral wealth hidden in these mountains; gold, silver, copper, lead, and iron ore have already been uncovered by superficial scratching. The island's only level stretches, varying between ten and forty miles wide, are on the lush western plain, where great savannas of sugar cane produce the largest crop of sugar in Asia today.

Railroads go the length and breadth of the island, but their total of twenty-five hundred miles of track is misleading. Less than six hundred miles is standard-gauge track accommodating standard locomotives and carriages. The remainder is narrow-gauge sugar-mill and logging track, or the still narrower one-foot-gauge track on which men take the place of engines. The "trains" on these are platform affairs the size of a card table, mounted on small wheels and pushed by coolies. Going "first-class" means sitting in a wicker chair in solitary splendor; "second-class" means hunching on the platform itself, with vegetables, an indignant duck, and an extremely dead fish.

On downhill stretches the pusher leaps aboard, blows a melancholy penny whistle, and occasionally breaks the mad plunge by poking a stick against one wheel and hoping for the best. Long serpentine strings of these push cars bring rattan, sugar cane, indigo, tea, and camphor down from the high, tortuous valleys that engine-powered cars can't penetrate.

FORMOSA is the only major source of natural camphor in the world. Before its monopoly-controlled prices skyrocketed and large American consumers turned to synthetic substitutes, camphor was an important money-maker. The tall, straight, smooth-barked camphor, which appears at the three-thousand-foot level and extends on up, is one of the showiest trees in the jungle. Since it sheds old leaves as new ones unfold, its branches are always enveloped in a dense cloud of glossy green. The leaves give off no odor unless crushed.

Extracting camphor is still a one-family affair; still the work of the former head-hunters; still done in a leaky bamboo apparatus, as crudely as it was two hundred years ago. After the tree is felled, men squat beside the log and chip the wood with hand axes. Women and children carry the chips to a family still, maul them with Stone Age clubs, stuff the pulp into retorts, build up the fires, and wait two days for steam to carry camphor vapor into a crystallization chamber. One log yields enough chips to keep stove and family going for two years.

But camphor is freakish. One tree will yield a high percentage of crystals; another the same size twenty paces away will be barren. One side of a tree can be saturated; the other side worthless. Since no reliable tests have been perfected yet, the log and branches must be laboriously chipped by hand and the chips put through the lengthy distillation process before any indication of their value can be obtained.

Formosa's population of seven and a half million averages about five hundred and forty people per square mile. The majority of the inhabitants are a conglomerate mixture of immigrants who, at one time or another, have migrated to the island from Canton, Fukien, Manchuria, and Japan.

Right now their number is being uncomfortably swelled to include a million and a half mainlanders from central China who can't communicate with the local inhabitants except through interpreters.

THE ABORIGINES of Formosa—who are head-hunters, former head-hunters, and descendants of head-hunters—now number roughly two hundred thousand, have no written language and therefore no written history, and are divided into six hundred and fifty tribes. They are an ethnological puzzle. No two scientists agree about their past: some say they came from Malaya; some say the Philippines. Still others say Papua, or even Samoa.

Since they speak seven different languages, build vastly different houses, and weave different cloth for differently styled clothes, the probability is that at some shadowy dates in antiquity they came from all these places in successive waves. Their weird minor-toned tribal music and primitive dances are equally dissimilar. Their one great point of similarity has been their exuberant desire for each other's heads, which they clean meticulously and set in a row on the family mantelpiece. The longer the row, the greater a man's social prestige and the better his chances of making a good marriage.

Lately many of them have acquired a taste for radios, store shoes, and American jazz, and the girls use American lipstick, wear nylons, and have permanent waves. But the young men are still segregated in bachelor houses, and the women tend communal granaries, measuring out the millet supply each morning for each household. Prostitution is unknown on this island, and adultery is punishable by death for either husband or wife.

Back in the days when head-hunting was the national sport, these early Formosans farmed the fertile western plain.

Then Chinese immigrants started pouring across the shallow, choppy, ninety-mile-wide Formosan Straits, bringing with them their heritage of war, pestilence, and famine. In China they had been used to fighting over land, food, shelter, and survival. So they went at it tooth and nail with the Formosan natives, grabbing crops and land, and frequently paying for the grab with their heads. By degrees, this incessant warfare drove the head-hunters off the plains to remote gorges, to camphor forests, to higher and higher eyries on the central spine.

When, in the seventeenth century, the Manchu dynasty conquered China, it likewise annexed Formosa, and during the following two centuries became heartily sick of the deal. Rebellions on the island were as seasonal as crops: it cost more to collect taxes than the taxes themselves, and whole regiments of six-foot Manchu guards were decimated in the process. By the middle of the nineteenth century, Peking was ready to sell Formosa, or give it away with a pound of tea.

ODDLY ENOUGH, the most likely customer was the United States. Each season as many as seventy-eight American clipper ships were loading camphor there and, in 1860, if Secretary of State William H. Seward (who later purchased Alaska for $7,200,000) had had his way, the United States would have bought Formosa. But Congress, with the gathering clouds of civil war hanging over the nation, rejected his proposal. Had it decided to purchase Formosa, the history of Asia in all probability would have been vastly different.

In one generation after the Japanese took over by treaty in 1895, the island did a somersault out of the Dark Ages. They paved highways, built bridges and railroads, set up agricultural seed stations to improve the three principal crops of sugar cane, tea, and rice, reforested mountain slopes that had been denuded of camphor, dredged harbors, erected lighthouses, vaccinated everyone within reach at free health clinics, and established universal education. Mild head-hunters were moved down to better homes on agricultural land; the more recalcitrant ones were segregated on mountaintops behind four hundred miles of electrically charged wire fence.

Meanwhile Formosa became a human laboratory. Predatory Hakkas from Canton, big, plodding Manchurians, pigmy Papuans, fun-loving, indolent Malayans, fierce Igorots, gentle, musical Samoans, and painstaking, ambitious Japanese went into the pot. After a few generations of intermarriage, they have come out Formosans—a human amalgam different from any of the ingredients that produced it.

There are now about six million of these hot-blooded, sturdy, ambitious, virile, rather tall Asiatics. They can't be overlooked in an assay of the island. They greatly resent the grievous burden Chiang Kai-shek's military regime has brought. But with nature's steady supply of food and clothing at hand, there is considerable question as to whether they are fertile ground for the false promises of communism.

Here, then, is Formosa—lush, rich, distractingly beautiful island; a breadbasket in good hands; a firecracker in bad ones.

THE END

Why, Oh Why . . . *(Continued from page 77)*

satisfaction in stepping back a couple of paces and giving the drawer a sound Notre Dame kick. The sliding drawer seems to understand this simple approach, and it returns to where it belongs with a bang.

Next we have the *slick annoyance.* Best known in this division is the wet shower curtain that insists on wrapping its clammy self amorously around one's lathered body. Since we have no suggestions, abandon yourself to its embrace while we direct your attention ahead. There you will find another pest—the shower-regulator valve, a shining example of the *misleading annoyance.* This gadget, usually chrome plated, bears erroneous adjectives. MED. is cold, COLD is hot, OPEN is cool, and CLOSED is dripping. After alternating scalds and freezes, you finally decipher the code and take your shower. But the day is no longer quite the same.

THE bathtub is a deceptive contraption. Suppose you are far from home and you have had a bad day. You return to your hotel, all in, ready for a nice leisurely bath. You have the evening paper, which you plan to read while relaxing in deep, soothing water. So you fill the tub to the brim. With delight, you immerse yourself slowly, the warm water up to your chin. With vulgar gurgling noises, the tub immediately disgorges itself of water until the level of the overflow drain is reached. You are stranded and shivering in something less than nine inches of water.

You may refill the tub, get in quickly, and try to plug the leak with the classified-ad section of the paper. But then shreds of wet paper work loose, and you are left wallowing in a soggy mess. If you enjoy really sophisticated annoyances, this is a pip!

Continuing our survey, let us draw from a subclassification—objects with an almost human desire to express their individuality. First among these *individuality nuisances* is the lamp-shade holder, which you carefully adjust to the exact angle you desire. Gradually the lamp shade sags lower and lower, and you find you are adjusting *your* position to suit the lamp shade's.

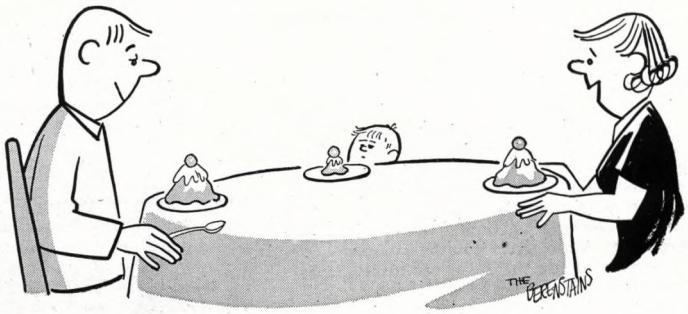
It confounds me that the mind of man, which has produced such world-staggering discoveries as anesthetics, radio, and nuclear fission, is befuddled when confronted by the common lamp shade, or—as we shall see later—the maraschino cherry.

In the same *individuality-nuisance* category, we have the lamp's components—for example, the Twitching Switch, which acts in the following manner: Push the button to ON. There is light for a split second, and then something within the system dies. Push the switch to OFF, and the light flashes on and then quickly off again. By manipulating the switch with finesse, you can jockey it into a position where it consents to produce light just long enough for you to retrieve your paper, settle into the deepest chair, pick up your glasses, and reach for the Daiquiri. Then the Twitching Switch declares the armistice *fini* by flashing the light a few times before it goes OFF for good. Any further tampering by you with the switch's personality, and it will flare up in a blast of smoky temper. Of course you have no more fuses.

The *disturbing annoyance* is common to every home. The chief culprit is the Anonymous Key. Whenever you have nothing else to worry about, examine the many old keys lying around in your desk and bureau drawers. The disturbance lies not so much in trying to remember which key used to open what, but in what happens after you throw them away. You will enjoy a feeling of mild frustration and wistful regret when it flashes upon you that those were the keys for every door, hatch, locker, and closet on your cruiser, which is temporarily in dry dock.

The most fiendishly sadistic type of common pestilence is the *fingernail annoyance.* Ice-cream-at-ball-game addicts are familiar with one of this breed, the cardboard-container lid. With your fingernail, try to lift the half-moon pull tab cozily nestled in the cardboard disk that seals the container. If you are calm, you may succeed in lifting a partial, paper-thin outer layer. Pull softly and hopefully; it will gently detach itself from the rest of the disk. You are now left holding the bag.

LET US CHECK the latest developments in food. The *nutritional annoyance* is a subject in itself. Most dreadful of these little horrors is that sweetened, prefabricated "sauce" mass-produced on the assembly line—the mechanical mayonnaise. Epicures among readers will understand why this is so horrible and will see it as a manifestation of society's



"See, just like Mommy's and Daddy's!"

gradual disintegration. If you happen to like sweet mayonnaise, I beg your pardon.

Another lesser horror comes about this way. You sit at luncheon in delightful anticipation of a bottle of chilled Traminer with spareribs and sauerkraut. The waiter places in front of you a steaming plate on which a large slab of spareribs rests on a mound of fragrant sauerkraut. But what's this on the spareribs? This inky violet smear? This blemish is readable! You are about to eat printed spareribs, complete with illustration: U. S. CHOICE.

Among efficient irritants is the Cherry Chase, doubly annoying when it shows up on a de luxe train like the Broadway, the Super Chief, or the Century. We shall assume that you have ordered an orangeade and, if this doesn't tax credulity too severely, you happen to like maraschino cherries. The beginning of the Cherry Chase occurs the moment the Pullman porter places the orangeade glass before you. You must try to grab the maraschino cherry sitting on the orange slice before it sinks to the bottom. Few have ever succeeded.

Implements for the rescue operation consist of two soggy straws that get limper as you progress. A stem of one's reading glasses may be used, but never a finger—at least not on the better trains. Your struggle may be very interesting to the passengers opposite you, but to you it means public defeat by a maraschino cherry.

(To those who ask, What are industrial designers going to do about this? let me say that I do not believe we will ever stoop so low as to design life belts for maraschino cherries.)

I intentionally reserved my favorite annoyance till last: the cellophane-tape roll. This is the most perverse and exquisitely refined nuisance I know. The end of this clear tape adheres to the roll, and no eye is clear enough to see just where it begins. Attempts at locating it may succeed after long and patient exploration with the fingernail. (This puts the monster in the *fingernail-annoyance* group right off.) Finally detecting the thin line, you begin a scratching, tape-gathering operation that eventually furnishes you with enough purchase for the pull.

Now, ready for action. A gentle pull—and the tape tears itself lengthwise. All you get is a slender bias ribbon tapering to nothing, and good for nothing! Now try to get rid of this unwanted sample. It has wrapped itself around your finger, and the free end has picked up a letter you just finished writing to Aunt Emma. (Our old friend, the *slick annoyance.*) You disengage your finger—Aunt Emma's missive tears in two. Or you may place the loose end of the tape between your lips, leaving both hands free for the struggle, and eventually tear off part of your lip.

WHAT HAS all this to do with industrial design? Plenty. Most—if not all—of these annoyances can be corrected by painstaking design. After all, someone invented the red band for opening a cellophane package, and a man named Timken made a fortune with ball bearings. But don't think the field is closed; where these came from there are a million—a million. Take, for instance, the simple sort of snapshot camera. First you open the . . . THE END

Big Man *(Continued from page 55)*

most rich husbands, wouldn't be a stuffy guy. He has an appealing streak of low-brow roughness in him."

If women movie-goers picture life with Douglas as a mixture of elegance and relaxed, hearty conviviality, their appraisal is pretty accurate. When he visits New York, he dines at Twenty-One, which is about as glamorous as you can get, but he ends up the evening discussing baseball at Jim Glennon's bar under the el on Third Avenue. His close friends are Humphrey Bogart and Toots Shor, who are not exactly Noel Coward types. Like Tallulah Bankhead, Shor and Douglas are devoted to the Giants. One day in 1942 they journeyed to Brooklyn and saw their club drop a double-header to the Dodgers. On the way back to Manhattan, Douglas noticed a movie theatre with a picture featuring Virginia Field, who happened to be his wife at the time. He stopped to see the film, leaving Shor to return to his Fifty-first Street restaurant alone. Later in the evening, Douglas turned up at Shor's bar. Still mourning over the two Giant defeats, Toots asked him, "How was the picture?"

"We lose three," Douglas said.

Douglas' conversation, usually delivered from the corner of his mouth, is spicy. Recently he was discussing a woman whose physical charm he does not admire. "She has a chest," he said, "like Huckleberry Finn."

Douglas dined at Twenty-One one evening shortly after Jack Kriendler, one of the proprietors, died. A waiter at a nearby table was preparing crêpes Suzette. As the chafing dish burst into blue flames, Douglas started. "Good Lord!" he cried. "A message from Jack!" He sprinkles his talk with baseball metaphors. Before he signed with Twentieth Century-Fox, he turned down an offer from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Douglas reasoned shrewdly that a new actor of his type would be lost at Metro, where the pay roll already included Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Walter Pidgeon, and John Hodiak.

"In a line-up like that," Douglas said, "I'd be playing the part of the boy who carries the pitcher's sweater in from the bull pen."

As Bing Crosby and Bob Hope are frustrated tournament golfers, Douglas is a would-be baseball player. He keeps a few gloves and balls in the hall closet of his house and is always inviting visitors into the back yard to pitch a few curves. He was enraptured during the filming of his second movie, "It Happens Every Spring," in which he played a St. Louis catcher. He is particularly proud of one scene, which called for him to take two strikes and hit to right. He did exactly that on the first roll of the cameras. "They were ready to fake it," he boasts, "but I slapped that ball straight into the right-field bleachers."

DOUGLAS has been married five times. The first three attempts, with Elizabeth Farnsworth, Susie Wells, and Geraldine Higgins, did not last long. His fourth marriage, to Virginia Field, a British-born actress, endured for four years. Douglas attributes its breakup to the late hours he spent in Glennon's bar with the late Charles Butterworth, the dead-pan comedian, who was his intimate friend. "If the truth were known, I guess I enjoyed being with Butterworth more than I enjoyed being with Virginia," Douglas explains.

Douglas' ex-wives and former girl-friends speak kindly of him. "Marriage with Paul was fine for the first three months," one of them has said. "Then he'd begin to get restless after dinner in the evening and he would say, 'I guess I'll go out and get the early editions of the papers.' You wouldn't see him again for days." Another former spouse says that all Douglas women are articulate and expressive talkers. "That's because he likes to sit back and be entertained when he's alone with a girl," she says. "But when you're with him in a group of people, he likes you to be quiet so he can occupy the center of the stage."

Douglas is devoted to his only child, Maggie, the eight-year-old daughter of his marriage with Miss Field. She lives with her mother near Santa Monica, and Douglas sees her as often as the custody agreement permits. He slips her bubble gum, which she is not allowed to chew at home. Maggie was cool at first toward her father's present wife, Jan Sterling, a rising star at Paramount whom Douglas married over a year ago. After Miss Sterling displayed an unusual ability to spit, with accuracy and distance, through a space between her front teeth, she and Maggie became close friends.

MISS STERLING and Douglas met in November, 1949. She was dining at Romanoff's with Louis Schurr, one of his agents, and when Schurr turned away to pay the check, Douglas took Miss Sterling by the arm and disappeared.

"He took me to the Bel Air Hotel for two drinks and then he dropped me at my hotel," she said recently. "I didn't think much of him at the time. I thought he was handing me the same old Hollywood line. A few months later, in New York, I saw one of his pictures, and I said to the girl who was with me, 'How did I ever let *that* slip through my fingers?'"

In the meantime, Douglas had gone to New Orleans to make "Panic in the Streets." He spent a lonely Christmas there, and received only one present, a poinsettia from Toots Shor. He spent most of Christmas Day in his hotel room with the poinsettia, painting a picture of it. After he returned to Hollywood, he looked up Miss Sterling and proposed to her one evening aboard Humphrey Bogart's yacht. When she accepted, Douglas sought out Bogart to announce the news. Bogart growled, "Don't come running to me with your troubles."

Miss Sterling attributes the failure of Douglas' previous marriages to the fact that he was not an actor in those days. "He was frustrated and basically unhappy because he wasn't doing the kind of work he wanted to do," she says. Douglas agrees with her. "You've heard the one about the guy who didn't want to be a millionaire," he says. "He just wanted to live like one. Maybe, in the old days, I was living like an actor. But I wanted to be one, too. I've wanted to act ever since I played the lead in the Class 9-B show at Holmes Junior High School in Philadelphia. It was one of those things about a statue in a garden that comes to life. I played it in silk tights. The problem was to find a pair of pumps that would fit me."

He continued acting in high school and

in a theatrical group at his neighborhood Episcopal church. He wanted to study dramatics at Yale under famed Professor George P. Baker, but instead he was obliged to work to support his widowed mother. He worked at a variety of jobs. He was a lifeguard at Wildwood Beach in New Jersey, and he played sand-lot football, at twenty-five dollars a game, for the old Frankfort eleven that later became the professional Yellow Jackets. At Elitch's Gardens in Denver, he managed to get in one memorable summer as assistant stage manager of a stock company that was headed by Fredric March and Florence Eldridge.

ONE DAY Douglas talked himself into a job as an announcer at WCAU, a Philadelphia radio station, and became a popular news and sports commentator. He kept on acting and directing church theatre groups on the side. In 1930, he went to the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York, where one of his first chores was announcing the Horn & Hardart Sunday-morning children's show, a harrowing ordeal for a man with a hangover.

"It was one of those shows where a four-year-old kid comes out and sings 'Why Not Take All of Me?'" he says.

Before long, Douglas was earning forty thousand dollars a year as an announcer for Chesterfields and other sponsors, and also recording sound tracks for Fox Movietone News. He still wanted to act. In 1936, he was given a small part in a short-lived Broadway comedy called "Double Dummy."

"It was so small that when I took Saturday afternoons off to announce football games, nobody missed me," he says.

A few years later, while he was in Hollywood with the Burns and Allen show, Mark Hellinger arranged for him to make a screen test. Douglas himself never saw the film, but his friend Billy Grady, the casting director at M-G-M, did. "Stick to radio," Grady told Douglas.

During the war, Douglas gave up the fifteen hundred dollars a week he was earning in radio and newsreels and went to North Africa and Europe as a civilian employee of the OWI and OSS. When he was released from Government service in 1944, he found his old radio jobs filled by other announcers. He accepted employment as Bert Wheeler's straight man in a night-club comedy act, a position his friends at Twenty-One and Toots Shor's look on as the low point of his career. Douglas disagrees. "Working with Wheeler in front of those drunks taught me a lot and gave me the guts of a relief pitcher," he says.

One afternoon during this lean period, Douglas was having a dismal drink at Frankie and Johnny's. Garson Kanin phoned and asked him to step over to Max Gordon's office to discuss the role of Harry Brock, the racketeering junk dealer in Kanin's new comedy, "Born Yesterday." "Everything good that ever happened to me," Douglas says, "happened in a gin mill."

Gordon, the producer of the play, was having trouble coming to terms with Broderick Crawford, the actor originally selected for the part of Brock. Trying to think of another man who would be suitable, Kanin said to his wife, Ruth Gordon, "What we need is a big, loud-mouthed so-and-so like Paul Douglas." Miss Gordon promptly suggested trying Douglas. Despite his financial straits,

Douglas made a typically impressive entrance at Gordon's office, wearing a well-tailored polo coat of vicuña, a material softer and more costly than camel's hair. One of Gordon's secretaries stared at him in awe as he passed her desk.

"That man would be perfect for the part of Brock," she said. "But he's probably one of the backers of the show."

Douglas closed the deal with Gordon and Kanin the next day and headed straight for Shor's to celebrate. He found Broderick Crawford at the bar and invited him to have a drink.

"It'll have to be a fast one," Crawford said. "I have a date at Max Gordon's office, and I'm late now."

Douglas pulled the signed contract for "Born Yesterday" out of his pocket.

"If it's about this," he said, "don't bother."

Crawford turned to the bartender and said, "Make it a triple."

"And then," Douglas recalls, "the two of us proceeded to get blind."

Crawford subsequently played the Brock role in the movie version of "Born Yesterday." Douglas was offered the part but turned it down because he felt that the screen play did not catch the mood of Kanin's original stage script. "This is not the Harry Brock I conceived," he announced. Toots Shor is still convinced that Douglas' conception of Brock, an uncouth but very human thug, was based on Shor.

WHEN THE word spread through Twenty-One, Shor's, and Glennon's that Douglas, at the age of thirty-nine, was about to become an actor, his old friends and drinking partners were astounded. No one had taken seriously his ambition to act. "We felt as Grandma Moses' family must have felt when she took up painting," an acquaintance of Douglas' said recently.

While the play was in rehearsal, Douglas was asked frequently if his newsreel commentator's job at Fox would be waiting after "Born Yesterday" flopped. Toots Shor informed him that opening night would be a black-tie affair. "The joint will be packed with waiters," Shor said. When Douglas' performance opposite Judy Holliday turned out to be a smashing success, everybody gulped. A party at Twenty-One was waiting for him after the final curtain, but he went to Shor's first. "I sort of slid into the place sideways," Douglas recalls. "Toots yelled, 'Hello, actor!' Everybody in the bar and the dining room stood up and applauded. I started to cry."

Then the offers came from Hollywood. Douglas fended them off, holding out for the right part rather than a long contract. When producer Sol C. Siegel and director-writer Joseph L. Mankiewicz showed him the script of "A Letter to Three Wives," he was ready to talk business. Douglas agreed to work for Twentieth Century-Fox in that picture only, with the stipulation that any subsequent call on his services would bring with it a lucrative seven-year contract with the right to make one outside picture a year. It was an unusual demand for a newcomer, and a gamble on Douglas' part, but he was sure of his hole card—the part he had seen in Mankiewicz's script. He won. In "A Letter to Three Wives," he was excellent. When Darryl Zanuck, the Fox production chief, saw the film, he hastened to sign Douglas at Douglas' terms.

Since going to live in Hollywood, Douglas has quieted down noticeably. An old New York friend, visiting his house in Bel Air, was astonished recently when he saw Paul going up to bed at ten o'clock in the evening. "When I knew you," the guest cried, "you got to bed around ten o'clock in the morning." When he was in radio and on the stage, Douglas would knock off six Martinis or very dry Dubonnet cocktails before lunch and drink double Scotches all night. Now he never drinks during the day ("It makes me sweat when I get under those lights") and confines himself to a few highballs before dinner. This moderation was brought about simply by his desire to be clear-headed and relaxed every morning at eight-thirty when his working day begins at the studio. Fear of public opinion or studio opinion, which has toned down many another Hollywood personality, does not concern Douglas.

"I'm just looking out for myself," he says. "I don't care what the stockholders think."

While he does not submit to it, Douglas is well aware that fear of the stockholders is a very real thing in Hollywood. One day last year he finished the final scene of a picture shortly after one o'clock in the afternoon. Tired but contented, with the knowledge that the picture was done and that he could enjoy idleness for the next few weeks, Douglas drove his yellow Cadillac convertible to Romanoff's to have a couple of drinks and a long, leisurely lunch. At two-thirty, when he was halfway through his second Martini, one of his agents telephoned and asked nervously if everything was all right.

"Of course everything is all right," Douglas said. "What are you talking

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THEY'RE PLAYING OUR TUNE

Norman R. Jaffray

Hark, my dear, to the gypsy strings
Their haun ing strain pursuing,
That air reminds me of all the things
Connected with our wooing.

Often we chose this place to meet—
This was the spot we'd come to,
And dance, and talk, and forget to eat
Because we were too dumb to.

Here is the same old waiter, too;
The same old dirty menu;
The red-checked cloth, still smeared with goo
As when I first did ken you.

The same! But now we're married, dear,
How strangely changed our mood is,
Now that we taste the shashlik here
And find how bad the food is.

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about? Why shouldn't everything be all right?"

There was an embarrassed pause at the other end of the line. "Well," the caller said finally, "a fellow just came into the office here. He said he saw you at Romanoff's, and you were still on Martinis after everybody else had finished lunch. So I thought I'd call and ask if everything is all right."

Talking about this incident recently, Douglas shook his head and said, "I like it out here. I like the sun, and I like the regular hours. I get a tremendous feeling of excitement when I walk on that set and see those cameramen and electricians setting things up for the next shot. But you'd never get a phone call like that in New York."

UNLIKE most actors who started out on Broadway, Douglas has deep respect for the screen as a medium of expression. He goes out of his way to study the techniques of the directors, cameramen, and film cutters. He hopes to direct a picture someday. He is popular with the production people because he works hard and willingly, but he does not underestimate his ability. He feels capable of playing such roles as Willy Loman, the lead in "Death of a Salesman," and he is fighting against being typed as a lovable bully, à la William Bendix. He has been trying, without much success, to persuade Zanuck to let him do Clarence Darrow.

The important outside-picture clause in his contract brings his annual earnings to a figure between $160,000 and $200,000. Douglas watches his money carefully, despite his taste for nice things. He refuses to buy a house because he feels real estate in California is too high at the moment. "I won't go to the studio every day to earn the payments, like most of these dopes," he says. He has a code about picking up checks in restaurants. If nobody else at the table makes more money than he, he pays the bill. If someone who enjoys the dubious pleasure of a higher income bracket is present, Douglas leaves the tab alone.

One day during the shooting of "Fourteen Hours," Douglas was sitting in his trailer dressing room outside Stage 8 on the Fox lot memorizing his lines by writing them in longhand on a yellow scratch-pad. "I make with the Spencerian," he explained to a visitor, "because I think it helps me to get the feeling of what the guy was thinking when he wrote the lines."

He was called to the telephone, and when he returned he explained that his agent had been on the wire, relaying an offer for a radio dramatic engagement. The price was five thousand dollars. "I don't quite get it," Douglas said. "Imagine paying me that kind of money for one radio show!"

"But how much of your take will the Government let you keep?" the visitor asked.

"Who cares?" Douglas said. "When I was in 'Born Yesterday,' I hit Max Gordon for a raise. He said I'd only have to give it to the Government. I said *I* want to be the one who gives it to the Government, not you. Paying taxes, with this kind of a life, is a hell of a lot better than selling papers on the corner of Fifty-fifth and Spruce in Philadelphia on a Sunday morning, up to your knees in snow. Which is what I did when I was a kid."

THE END

Why They Argue . . . and Love It! *(Continued from page 43)*

hurt, to be punished. So powerful is this drive in some people that they manage with fiendish cunning to maneuver themselves constantly into situations in which they will be humbled, humiliated, stepped on, brushed off, exploited, abused, conquered, frustrated.

"Oh, the injustice of it all!" they cry, adding each new injury to their collection.

Take the beer-baby and his wife. Peer below their surfaces, and you find some mighty shrewd operations at work. Why is it that he always seems to feel like a quaff of lager when his wife hasn't got any in the house? How come he always heads for the refrigerator *after* the corner delicatessen has closed, thus obviating the possibility of a quick, painless solution to the dilemma? Knowing that his wife is somewhat forgetful about keeping beer in the house, why doesn't he ever bother to remind her when she asks him in the morning? Coincidence? Perhaps. But perhaps *not.* Perhaps, without having the slightest inkling that he's doing it, this fellow carefully lays the groundwork for the "wrong" he wants his wife to do to him.

And what about *her?* She's been married to this guy for years. She must know by now that he flies into a rage and heaps abuse on her whenever his thirst for the foamy brew is thwarted. "A person can't remember *everything,*" she says. But why is it that *the one thing she manages to forget is hubby's precious beer?* Just happenstance? Uh-unh. More likely, she *wants* her husband's abuse, plus the indignation the abuse arouses in her, plus the over-all feeling of having been mistreated once again. More likely, these two are just a smoothly coordinated team of injustice collectors, playing into each other's hands and unconsciously relishing the results.

THE DIVORCE courts are flooded with the by-products of these deadly domestic rhubarbs. The world is filled with the sound of argument. Human unhappiness is everywhere, and a good deal of it is caused by nothing more or less than plain, uncomplicated injustice collecting. What, then, is behind this all-powerful destructive force? How does it work? Are you free of it, or is it doing its share to louse up *your* life, too?

There are almost as many explanations of injustice collecting as there are psychiatrists, and to go into them all would take more words and couches than there is space for here. Some talk of "the neurotic need for suffering." Some speak of "the death wish" or "the need for rejection." Suffice it to say this: If you are an injustice collector today, you started to become one somewhere between the ages of one and three. As Dr. Bergler explains it, the small child, waited on hand and foot by his mother, develops delusions of grandeur, a kind of infantile megalomania. But eventually he comes up against reality and discovers that it is not going to be this way for very long. Mommy has other things to do besides cater to his every whim. The youngster reacts with a rage out of all proportion to the cause. The normal child grows out of this early emotional twist; the neurotic one stays in the rut. For him, life soon becomes filled with trouble. He fights with his mother. He "can't get anything he wants." He provokes her anger. He gets punished for it. This leads to more unpleasantness.

Now everybody more or less spends his life seeking pleasure and avoiding pain. But take our little neurotic injustice-collector-in-the-making. All he's got is punishment, pain, displeasure, and a big, powerful Mommy he can't seem to lick. There's only one solution he can see: he's going to get *his* pleasure by unconsciously enjoying pain. Lord knows, he's got plenty of it to enjoy.

"The only way to derive pleasure from displeasure is to make displeasure a pleasure," explains Dr. Bergler. In this way, our injustice collector converts his worst liability into his greatest asset. And by unconsciously liking pain, the child makes punishment seem alluring and finds many mischievous, obstinate ways to provoke it.

However, deep down where his conscience resides, he knows that this is a negative, passive, defeatist solution to his psychic dilemma. Consequently, he's got to hide from himself this blow to his ego, this masochistic delight in being punished. To do that, he builds up a smoke screen. He reacts to the punishment he provokes with a fine display of indignation, and thus restores his self-esteem. It's as though he were saying, Look how angry I am! I couldn't possibly be enjoying this.

That would be the end of it, and this nonsensical behavior would vanish with the first teeth, if it weren't for the fact that we all tend to grow up in much the same direction as we were moving during the formative years. True, later experiences can help to change us to some extent. In severe cases, psychiatry can do its part to yank us out of the repetitive rut. But most of us who were collecting injustices in early childhood are still doing it today, like unconscious repetition-machines, without any knowledge that we are doing it, without any rational *reason* to do it. In childhood, at least, there may have been some cockeyed logic to making the best of a bad thing, to making pleasure out of punishment. But the world of the adult is filled with a thousand and one *real* potential pleasures, and you would think that the childish injustice collectors, upon growing up, would go after the real pleasures instead of continuing the monotonous, worthless, unhappy pursuit of a kick in the pants. Such, apparently, is not their good fortune. They become stabilized on the infantile level of a three year old in the injustice department.

YOU'VE seen them. They go through life like road-show actors staging a three-act farce over and over again whenever they can find a fellow actor to play opposite them. The comedy is entitled *"Do* Me Something!"

Act I: Unconsciously, but with a cleverness born of a lifetime's experience, they maneuver themselves and another person into a situation in which the other person "does something" to them.

Act II: "You can't do this to me!" They set up a howl of indignation and hostility and appear to be furious—which they consciously *are.* But actually, it's all phony. They make the big noise to hide from themselves the unthinkable truth that they *invited* the slap and enjoyed the sting of it.

Act III: "Everything happens to me!"

Having got exactly what they asked for in the first place, they go off into a corner to bemoan their fate, complaining bitterly that the world is against them. The curtain falls, as they sit there subconsciously enjoying the whole delicious defeat.

BY NOW, you should be wondering whether *you* are an injustice collector. You now have a cursory picture of how they operate, and why. But before you pin the rap on yourself, or come up with a verdict of "not guilty," ask yourself the following key questions:

1. Are you quick to boil over with "righteous indignation"?
2. Do you always blame others for your failures?
3. Do your friends say you are "too sensitive"?
4. Does every day seem to bring some new crisis for you?
5. Do you tend to exaggerate your woes and play down your good fortune?
6. Do many of your spouse's little mannerisms make you furious?
7. Do you often catch yourself saying, "Everything happens to me"?
8. Do others seem to feel that you have "a talent for getting into trouble"?
9. Do you often have the feeling that the world is against you?
10. Do people constantly seem to be taking advantage of you?

Each "yes" answer to the above questions moves you that much closer to membership in the frightful fraternity. If you find that you've been unconsciously going through paces like these yourself, well . . . need more be said? For those of you who are still in doubt as to where you stand, here are a few simple instructions on how to collect injustices.

(A) Always pursue people who you sense have little genuine regard for you, and ignore those who obviously want to be your friends. You are equipped with a built-in Geiger counter called "hypersensitivity" that will enable you to spot your customers. The minute you come up against a cold shoulder, begin pursuit. That way, the chances will be good that you'll always be rebuffed, always be done the little social injustices of not getting invited or of having your own invitations turned down. It's remarkable, now, isn't it, how injustice collectors always seem to like the company of those who are "hard to get" and are always strangely bored by the attentions of those who "want you"?

(B) Go in to the boss and ask for a raise. But first sit down with yourself and convince yourself you *deserve* one. By heaven, it's *coming* to you. See only *your* side of the deal. And for heaven's sake, don't consider the fact that business is bad. Just march in there defiantly and ask for it. You'll get the fastest, coldest turndown you ever dreamed of—and you *were* dreaming of it, too. Without realizing it, that was just what you wanted, and having got it, you can now storm out in high dudgeon, muttering, "He can't do that to me!" If you are particularly skillful at this sort of thing, you'll talk yourself into quitting, throw your whole life into reverse, and trudge the pavements blaming your ex-boss for what was, in the final analysis, your own clever doing.

(C) You've got a whole set of mannerisms. We all do. Find out which ones irritate your husband, or wife. Then go to

it. Don't relent. Never weaken. Hammer away. Irritate and irritate and irritate. You can't help yourself. That's the way you *are.* (At least that's *your* story to yourself.) Naturally you're not going to be aware (much less admit) that retaliation for all your irritating provocations is just what you're looking for.

(D) Mumble your luncheon order to the waiter or counterman, particularly if the restaurant is noisy. He'll either bring you something you didn't order or, not having heard you at all, he won't even pay attention to you. You'll feel outraged, ignored, singled out for prejudicial treatment. You'll abuse him for treating you so badly; *that* will make matters even worse, and then can you blame him if he "accidentally" spills soup on your suit? After all, you asked for it. (With any kind of luck and a sufficiently noisy restaurant, a person can collect this sort of injustice every single day.)

(E) Always make severe demands on people. Find out how far you can go with them and, once you know, always go a tiny bit further. Inevitably, you'll be turned down. And the righteous indignation, the feeling of having been rebuffed, will last you for weeks. Lucky you.

(F) When you go shopping, never *quite* know what you want. Act vague and exasperating. Above all, be imperious with the salesgirl. Put her in her place. Pretty soon she'll give you the treatment you invited and then, in your most indignant voice, you can report her to the department head. "The nerve of her! Treating *me* that way!" (How *dare* she do to you precisely what you *made* her do?)

IT CAN'T be proved statistically, but the odds are great that a vast percentage of the bickering that goes on in the world is a result of invited injury. Wife versus husband; wife versus mother-in-law; friend versus friend—all of them locked in the endless cycle of provocation and retaliation, all of them looking for an angle to get into a wrangle. Dr. Bergler has found that most often injustice collectors travel in pairs. They seem to have an uncanny knack for finding another person who will kick them around.

The classic example is the case of a young Latin-American diplomat who went to Havana several years ago to attend a conference. While there, he met a robust and highly attractive young blonde from New England, and the very next day, took her out rowing. The Latin made good time with his new girl, even leaned over the side of the boat to pick her a water lily in true romantic fashion. Suddenly the girl was seized with an uncontrollable urge to push him overboard —and did! He came up blowing and spluttering, his white linen suit a hopeless mess. Then, slowly, a grin came over his face.

They were married three days later.

This guy was no fool. He was an injustice collector, and here was a girl who could be counted on to push him around for *life.*

Today, their marriage works like a well-oiled machine. She shoves him around. In retaliation, he stays out all night. In retaliation for that, she boots him again. And so on and on, happily ever after. It is quite possible that more marriages are held together by this kind of constant warfare than are broken up by it.

Each member of an injustice-collecting team finds in the other a series of mannerisms, word usages, attitudes, and gestures that anger out of all proportion to their importance. One wife drives her husband crazy by constantly repeating the phrase—"If you know what I mean." And then there's the husband who is driven to distraction by the way his wife holds her cigarette. Another wife can't stand the pompous manner in which her husband addresses a waiter. To quarrel constantly over such trifles seems silly and unreal. But most of the material of injustice collecting *is* trifles—trifles subtly used to offend again and again, to be met with the retaliation of other trifles. These people who argue and love it seem to be infinitely resourceful in creating situations at which they can take umbrage.

A common female type is the bargain hunter who can't say no to a department-store sale and is constantly cluttering up the house with her loot.

"What are you going to *do* with all that junk?" roars her outraged husband "You don't need it!"

"Don't be such an insufferable tightwad," she retorts, feeling deliciously abused. "I'll find a good use for it someday."

She never does, of course.

And she never stops buying.

And he never stops complaining.

A common male type is the refusing giver, who flies into a tantrum every time his wife asks him for money.

"Why in the name of all that's holy do you have to spend twenty-seven-fifty for a pair of shoes?" he cries.

"I don't notice *you* buying *your* shoes at *Woolworth's!*" she screams in a fine state of rage.

"But you *know* we've got a lot of bills coming due right now. You've got a positive genius for asking for money at the wrong time."

"And you," she sneers, "have a positive genius for thinking of reasons why we can't afford anything for *me!*"

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TO AN EAGER BEAVER

Trudi Nelson

A welcome awaits you,
The keys to the city,
If you'll join our club
And head a committee.

We'll let you take minutes;
We'll hand you the budget.
You'll plan our next program,
While we sit and judge it.

Are you a good hostess?
Can you be officious?
Please do our next tea
(And also the dishes).

We'll hand you the gavel;
We're lucky to get you—
You like to command, and
By golly, we'll let you!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Oh, he'll give her the dough, all right. He always does, eventually. But not until they've milked the situation of the last drop of righteous indignation.

Can divorce rectify these blatantly neurotic marriages? Hardly. The neurosis will only tag along faithfully right into the next marriage. Apparently the truly severe cases of injustice collecting are so deeply involved that only psychiatry can help. However, most of us are not *that* far gone. If you are not *too* advanced in the art of injustice collecting, you can do something about it all by yourself. You can start right now to set up a systematic program of reform. But you must be patient. You must bear in mind that constant correction and recorrection, repeated day after day, are necessary for any sweeping changes in human behavior.

HERE are the basic rules for salvation:

1. *Re-examine all your significant personal relationships.* Review in your mind the "beefs" you have against the other people, and with as much honesty as you can summon, try to determine which of your complaints are justified and which of the "injustices" are your own creations. You may be amazed and delighted to discover that the people in your life aren't such a bad lot after all. Resolve never again to force them to be villains.

2. *Deny yourself the luxury of righteous indignation.* Learn to recognize the first telltale surge of anger for what it is, then bite your tongue, or take a walk, or make a joke of it. Of course, there *are* occasions when indignation is in order. But learn to differentiate between the genuine wrong and the contrived one.

3. *Take inventory.* Make a mental list of all your traits and habits that irritate your marriage partner. Surely you must have a few dozen. Try eliminating half of them. Work at it as though your very happiness depended upon it. And it *does*, you know. When you see what miracles are effected, get rid of the other half.

4. *Ask yourself the sixty-four-dollar question.* The next time you get a boot in the *derrière*, say to yourself: "Now, what's so much fun about *this?*" Maybe if you ask yourself that question often enough, you'll eventually stop getting your kicks out of kicks.

5. *Do a private-eye job on yourself.* Each time you get into trouble, whether it be just a silly argument with a bus driver or a large personal catastrophe, do a thorough job of mental investigation. Sift the evidence. Try to determine who was guilty of starting your downfall, you or the other person. But beware of your lifelong tendency to blame everyone but yourself. Through persistent sleuthing, you will eventually find out exactly how you go about committing these crimes against yourself. See that the culprit—the three year old in you—gets the chair.

6. *Stop being a fish.* Refuse to rise to the bait the next time your spouse gets the urge to have a verbal Donnybrook. The quickest way to put an injustice-collecting team out of business is to have one of the partners say, "I won't play." A French teacher and his wife warn each other with a little code phrase of their own: *"Ça ne colle pas,"* or in English slang, "No soap." When one of them gets indignant, the other quotes the code, which in fuller translation would read, "It's no soap this time, kiddo. You're not going to collect an injustice from *me.*"

THE END

Deodorants *(Continued from page 63)*

tested sales of two groups of ladies' stockings exactly identical except that one had a faint perfume. He was amused to find that women invented all kinds of mythical differences to explain their preference for the scented hose. One expert recently helped a fire-insurance company rake in extra sales by putting a faint odor of charred wood in a direct-mail circular. The customers had no idea why they bought.

Smells are touchy, particularly human ones. You can tell a girl her slip shows, but you can't tell her that she has an unhappy odor. This inability becomes a problem in beauty parlors, department stores, hospitals, and other shops where employees come in close personal contact with patrons. It's a growing problem of employee relations in offices, too.

One deodorant manufacturer recently devised a system by which personnel managers can break the news to an offender in the ranks. The personnel manager is advised to mail a sample of the deodorant to the party in question, who presumably never knows who put him or her on the mailing list. Hygiene teachers are in a position to be somewhat more open. Their students can take turns at testing each other. The tester sits blindfolded in a small room. The other girls approach her, one at a time, and hand her a slip of paper with a code number on it. The blindfolded girl rates each visitor on the coded paper, and the slips are returned without anyone but the recipient knowing the verdict.

Strenuous education is reducing the number of offenders and increasing the number who worry about offending. Within a short period, one doctor was consulted by the following patients: a typist who breaks into cold—and, she fears, odorous—perspiration when introduced to a stranger; a gas-station operator whose feet perspire in winter when he wears boots; a dentist who doesn't want his afternoon patients to know he takes a cocktail at lunch; and a dress designer whose husband complained about her breath. As an experiment, he gave them each a water-soluble chlorophyll pill. All reported that they were cured.

Women of all economic brackets are sold on deodorants, but only upper-bracket men admit to using them. Some men apparently believe that sweat is virile. But they're weakening, especially since the war when, in the armed forces, they were much too close to one another. Although most men are still bashful about asking for deodorants at the drugstore, wives, mothers, and sisters have learned to make life sweeter for themselves by leaving the stuff in the bathroom where their men can anoint themselves in secret. And retailers are trying to help the boys overcome their embarrassment by selling deodorants with shaving supplies—deodorants prepared especially for men. They label them "for men only," and slip a few jars into the shirt department under a sign, "Keep Your Collar Unwilted."

IT'S HARD to say just how well any of the deodorants do their job. Smell isn't a thing in itself. It's a reaction of the human nose, and the human nose is so fickle that scientists distrust its reports. None of the preparations on the market will completely deodorize all human beings, although most of them help.

The earliest and perhaps still the most widespread way to get rid of an odor is to slap a more arresting one on top of it. Perfume long did the work of soap. (The biggest masking job ever done on a living being was the spraying of Barnum and Bailey's elephants with bluebell scent to fit them for an inside performance at Madison Square Garden.) Over the ages, bashful drinkers and smokers have chewed uncountable tons of lemon peel, parsley, coffee beans, and cloves in order to distract public attention. Cleopatra may have chewed a concoction of honey and perfume, as recorded in a papyrus. This must have been about as effective as the breath pills sold at bars to men who have to kiss their wives when they get home. The efficacy of the deception is dubious. The superimposed scent is enough to inform any experienced wife that a man's been up to no good.

Masking bad breath seems a little dishonest, like sweeping dirt under the rug, but it's easier than eliminating an unpleasant odor altogether. Charcoal pills that absorb odors and gases, and mouthwashes that liberate oxygen or chlorine to change the odors chemically are reasonably successful. Most mouthwashes contain antiseptics that kill enough bacteria to slow down the hectic battle of the bugs that always goes on in the mouth, but they usually throw in a masker for good measure.

TO GET RID of perspiration odors, one logical method is to get rid of perspiration. In extreme cases of excessive perspiration, doctors can prescribe sweat-depressant drugs, but this is a drastic step. Most commercial deodorants temporarily check the flow of perspiration under the armpits. Early antiperspirants were strong stuff that sometimes rotted fabrics and irritated skin. Most of them now contain a buffer that renders them slightly less astringent but safer to use. (However, since individual reactions to deodorants vary widely, it's a good idea to purchase them at a drugstore, where you can be sure of getting a reliable product and, if necessary, a pharmacist's advice.) They also contain an ingredient that kills as many as possible of the germs that make perspiration odorous. Antiseptic powders and soaps catch decomposing perspiration in places where a cream or a liquid would be messy.

New bug killers developed during the war are being pressed into service as deodorants. Hexachlorophene, or G-11, for instance, combines well with soap. Continual use of hexachlorophene soaps eventually does away with eighty per cent of the bacteria on the skin.

Another promising new family of deodorants is based on the quaternary ammonium compounds, which kill germs wholesale. Fortified with fungicides, they're available in liquids that can be rubbed safely on any part of the body. These newcomers attack perspiration odors at every pore.

Another spectacular new deodorant is the chlorophyll pill. Scientists admit they don't know exactly how chlorophyll works inside people, or which derivatives are most effective as deodorants. A few are frankly advertised for relief of bad breath alone.

This much is sure: The chlorophyll principle of deodorization has been well grounded in the laboratory. Water-soluble derivatives appear to be more effective than the chlorophyll in leaves, which is soluble only in oil. At their best, chlorophyll pills can't keep perspiration from decomposing after it gets out of the body, but they can attack odors at their source. They can exorcise bad breath coming from the stomach, the odors built into perspiration, the odors arising from gland secretions of various kinds, and menstrual odors. Local applications of chlorophyll compounds attack the odors arising from diseases. Even household odors can be effectively eliminated by the use of some chlorophyll-base products.

As long as there are humans, there are likely to be human odors. Luckily, it isn't too hard to keep them under control:

1. No deodorant can take the place of a daily bath. Although a germicidal soap is better, any old soap and plenty of hot water will wash off the perspiration that's beginning to decompose, and this is half the battle. And perspiration can be discouraged from collecting in the first place by shaving underarm hair and wearing loose sleeves.
2. Frequent change of clothing is advisable. Sometimes airing does the trick, but the washtub and the dry cleaner are surer safeguards.
3. Brushing the teeth will dislodge the fermenting food particles that cause a large part of the bad breath in the world. A mouthwash gives a sensation of freshness and temporarily checks some of the odors originating in the mouth.
4. Between baths, an underarm deodorant protects against the ravages of fresh perspiration, but it doesn't always stop perspiration odor altogether. Each person has to shop around for the one that fits his needs. Some people need strong antiperspirants. Others can get away with mild ones.
5. Dress shields are a good idea. The better deodorants don't rot clothes these days, but they may let some moisture through to stain the fabric the way water would. A dress shouldn't be pressed under the arms between dry cleanings; perspiration or deodorant chemicals may be ironed in.
6. A deodorant should be used all year round, even if perspiration moisture isn't obvious. And deodorants are particularly important with perfume. Perfume plus body odor is far worse than body odor alone.
7. An underarm deodorant must not be dabbed on just before running out to catch a bus. Before it has had time to take hold, it's likely to be flooded away. It should be used at night or when the wearer is going to be sitting quietly around the house for a while.
8. None of the underarm preparations will cure a case of internally produced body odor and no mouthwash will extinguish a case of internally produced bad breath. For that, the best bet yet is an uncoated, water-soluble chlorophyll pill. Remember that the coated pills take at least an hour or two before they start working.

Above all, don't let fear of offending blight your life. Do something about it, and then forget it.

The End

Checkmate *(Continued from page 40)*

first anniversary, it seemed to him that there wasn't a thing in the house to read. There was a lack of spontaneity in the air, a sort of staleness. Ted sat in one of the deep chairs, casting about for something new to do. Nina, on the couch, looked as if she, too, would welcome a fresh enterprise. The moment was supercharged with importance, as if the lack of a next move threatened their happiness.

"Maybe we ought to play a game or something," he said, with a boyish smile.

"A game?" She smiled back companionably, then sat deliberating, rat-tat-tatting on her pretty teeth with one fingernail. "I can't think of anything; we don't even have a deck of cards." Her delicate eyebrows lifted. "Oh, yes. There's that chess set Aunt Jessie gave us for our anniversary."

HE SMILED, remembering what a ludicrous gift it had seemed. "I'm afraid chess is strictly a man's game," he said.

"Oh, I don't know," she returned mildly. "I used to play a little."

"You, darling? You must be thinking of checkers. It's played on the same kind of board, you know, but the pieces—"

"Yes, I know." She had risen and gone to the closet in the hall. "Here it is." She returned with the board and the box of chessmen. "You pull your chair up to the coffee table, and I'll sit on the couch."

"All right!" He rubbed his hands and grinned a little. "Just to show you that it's a man's game, I bet you don't even know where the pawns go." He began setting up the pieces.

She watched for a moment, then said, "I think each player is supposed to have a white corner square on his right."

"Gosh, that's so. I'd forgotten." He had to turn the board and start all over again.

"The black queen always starts out on a black square," she corrected him.

"I know that." He laughed, because it was amazing that anyone as feminine and frilly and unscientific as Nina should know anything about chess. In college, he'd been a sort of champion, winner of a fraternity-house competition. Not that any of the players had been much more than beginners. But he did pride himself on having a good head for this kind of thing.

She, playing white, opened with a pawn to king's four. He countered by duplicating her move. Soon it was apparent she had somehow stumbled into developing a *giuoco piano*. He smiled, shook his head, and wished he had brought out his knights sooner instead of fiddling around with those pawns. He glanced up at her. She was strangely intent and self-possessed. In three more moves she had his queen forked. Then she castled and attacked down the center file with a rook. He shook his head and smiled again, although his smile was becoming a little fixed by now. The ardor of her onslaught lost none of its vigor. He was suddenly surprised to find his king doublechecked. Lord, how careless he'd been. But there must be a way out of this one. He studied the board. There wasn't a way out. It was checkmate. The game was over.

He sat back and, oddly, there was a little quivering inside him. "You certainly do know how to play," he said.

She smiled for the first time in twenty minutes. "That was fun, wasn't it? Uncle Wiley taught me. Ten or fifteen years back, he was national champion."

"Oh," he said. "Why didn't you tell me that in the first place? I'd have been more cautious." He grinned and reached over to ruffle her hair. "You little minx—you were just trying to make a fool of me!"

"But I never played with him much," she objected. "Just enough to learn a few of the basic moves. You play pretty well

"Well, I worked out a budget. But one of us will have to go."

yourself. We ought to have some fun with this."

His hands were automatically returning the pieces to their starting positions. "Now I'm beginning to understand why your Aunt Jessie sent us this set. She's probably lived, slept, and eaten chess all her married life."

"Are we getting ready to play another game?" she asked, leaning forward in anticipation.

He hesitated, measuring this fresh, tender bride of his as if she were an opponent in a boxing ring. "Okay. But you won't find me such an easy mark this time."

The results were equally devastating. She checkmated him in twelve moves.

He was perspiring now, and the internal quivering had crept out into his hands. "A few basic moves!" he chided. "Well, if you're not something!"

There was an air of unpleasant tension in the room. He put the pieces back in the box, feeling as if certain moronic tendencies had just been discovered in his family background. His face was flushed. "Well, I guess we ought to go to bed," he finally remarked.

"Yes, it's late," she agreed. Her eyes were worried, as though she now felt it had been imprudent to beat him so promptly.

"It's funny how rusty you can get on something," he said, rising.

"I was really lucky that time," she said with a soft, conciliatory smile. "I just fell into pinning your queen."

He managed a grin. "Well, it was fun. Better than reading worn-out jokes."

"Oh, it certainly was."

They went to bed without saying much to each other.

THE NEXT morning he reminded himself forcibly that it was just a game. He tried to linger over breakfast as he usually did; he tried to leave the table reluctantly, even uttering his customary groan of unwillingness. But there was a gleam of shrewdness in her beautiful eyes, a glint of cool cleverness that he'd never noticed before. It gave him the queasy feeling that she was undergoing some sort of metamorphosis, that by nightfall he'd come home to a hardened dance-hall character. Even her good-by kiss was a trifle detached and studied.

His big drawing board in the office downtown returned him to some sense of normality. Mac and Pete and Glenn were very much as they usually were, and he himself went about the business of creating the Tenley Shopping Center in his habitually contented, musing manner. The inevitable flashes of the zany and ridiculous were present. Such as having sidewalk-level conveyer belts running from the parking lots so that the customers merely had to step on, be trundled along, and step off at the stores of their choice. By eleven o'clock, he felt he had simply been out of sorts with himself for having been so dumb. After all, he wasn't the kind who couldn't rest until he had reasserted his male superiority. A game was a game.

Nevertheless, at lunch hour a nearby bookstore exerted an almost compulsive pressure on him. He went in, forcing himself to adopt the wandering and pleasantly distracted air of a browser. But he was confronted with a row of books on chess almost as soon as he stepped in the door; again the faint quivering started inside him. He took

Anybody's Moon

Sally Blanding

Do not book me on the first ship to the moon—
  Or even the second.
I am that un-intrepid, uninspired buffoon
  With whom you had not reckoned.

So you think I lack imagination? All right, all right,
  Think what you please.
I prefer to go on thinking the earth's satellite
  Is carved of green cheese.

You go on and investigate those mountains and craters,
  Still a man *I'll* see.
What was good enough for our moon-struck maters and paters
  Still entertains me.

Half-moon, hunter's, or harvest, you may quote me as saying
  I'd rather wish on it
Than be among those setting down a straying
  Saucer, or dish, on it.

The moon—it's yours to reach and alight on:
  Conquer and plunder it.
But don't count on me. I intend to go right on
  Making love under it!

down a volume, leafed through it. For beginners. He was better than that. He took down another, then another. His hands were trembling now. A clerk came up to where he stood, forcing the issue.

"I'll take this one!" His voice was strangely explosive.

Outside, he headed for the drugstore where he ate lunch everyday. But an intense feeling of urgency had replaced his normal hunger, and now that he had given in to it, it was gaining force and momentum with every second. He found himself in a novelty shop, buying a small leather-covered pocket chess set. A rational moment came and went, during which he told himself that this was all utterly ridiculous. But the Tenley Shopping Center lay fallow that afternoon while he sat in his cubbyhole of an office and grimly studied the pages of *A Comprehensive treatise on Chess.*

NINA HAD not degenerated into a gun-moll on his return home, which was a comfort. Not that the gleam wasn't still there. If anything, she seemed to be secretly savoring the evening ahead. She had missed him desperately, as usual. She sang as she fixed dinner, as usual. But there was the disquieting suggestion in the air that a curtain was up somewhere, that they were going through the paces of a nightly play instead of feeling the parts.

He helped her with the dishes and told her about his day, omitting any mention of how he'd spent his afternoon. She was herself and something more. He was himself—and something less. He was tense, poised, on the defensive, waiting a chance to recoup his pride like some urchin in a street brawl. Lord! He didn't like himself at all.

HE STRETCHED out in his customary easy chair in a false attitude of well-earned relaxation. She wandered around the living room, humming to herself.

"Would you like to go out to a movie?" she asked.

He looked up, surprised. They went to a show only when something long-heralded and very special was playing. "Why, no, I don't think so. It's raining, isn't it?"

"Yes, but it just seemed to me that we were fresh out of things to read."

This, he felt, was offered cautiously, like a piece of bait. He swallowed. "What's wrong with chess? Are you tired of that already?"

"No," she replied in a faintly disconsolate tone. "I'm not exactly in a chess mood."

"Of course you are! What could be more perfect for a rainy night?" He felt well armed, steeped in tactics and stratagems. The inexorable cunning of a Borgia was in him, itching to assert itself. Took his queen in five moves, did she? He'd reduce her to abject apology!

"Sure, come on. Let's play," he said. "All right, if you feel like it."

Her reluctant, diffident tone didn't take him in at all. The glint in her eyes said that she'd be only too happy to duplicate her success of the night before.

He did better this time, taking her knight and a bishop in return for a few pawns during the first five minutes. Every time she blundered, he knew just what to do to capitalize on her mistake, and he had to admit that the afternoon had been well spent. She lost her queen, then bottled up her king hopelessly. It took only a knight to checkmate her. The game was, as he worded it to himself with relish, a slaughter.

"Well, I expected better than that of you," he said with professorial kindliness.

She smiled and shrugged.

But there was something about that smile.

THE SUSPICION sifted into his mind, cast its dark shadow. He watched her face, the dimly spurious resignation showing in the expression of her lips. She had let him win! Just as if he had been a willful little boy who needed humoring! She had no right to treat him as so hopelessly inferior. The least she could do was give him a sporting chance to make a showing! Well, the insult could be turned around and pointed right back at her.

"You know, I was going easy on you last night," he said in a measured, patronizing voice, "so you wouldn't be discouraged out of wanting to play with me."

"You mean you were playing poorly on purpose?"

"Well—" His hand waved in an expansive and casual gesture. "You saw what I did just now."

"Oh." Her small body seemed to stiffen all over, and the speculative, aggressive gleam returned to her eyes. "Maybe we've both been playing possum. After last night, I underestimated you."

"Isn't that funny?" His laugh had a false ring to it.

She leaned forward. "Let's play again. The best we know how."

"Why, sure." He laughed again. "This is fun."

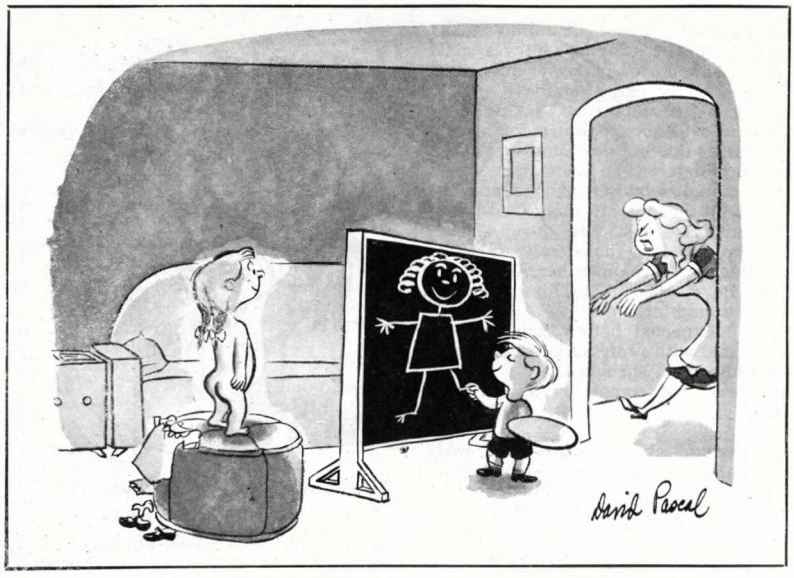
They began once more. He was doing well. Oh, very well. She gave him a knight, practically as a gift. It shifted his pawn structure a little, but what matter. The sense of control and power he had was a deep joy. She brought out her queen. Oh, too soon, fair lady, too soon! He attacked the queen with a bishop, but strangely she didn't withdraw this most valued piece.

He glanced up at her. Surely she wasn't going to let him win again. She was watching him intently—like a tigress watching a doe stroll blissfully down to a water hole.

He looked back at the board. If he took her queen, which would give him an overwhelming material superiority—

He saw it then. The hidden consequence. The disaster of the ensuing forking play, the checking of his king plus the loss of his queen and a bishop. The color began to mount to his face. If he didn't take her queen— But Hades' fire and little fishes, that was even worse! A complete and utter checkmate would follow in two moves. It was a trap that hadn't been in the book. It was devilish! It was fiendish! No wholesome person could have devised such a thing.

He glanced up once more to meet her eyes, and in that moment he hated her. He could have reached across the table and strangled her. Those beautiful eyes



were taunting, superior, smiling. Their look of heartless derision whiplashed across his bruised masculine ego.

He arose from his place in a quick jerk of anger. Then he immediately got hold of himself. "I think I'll go out for a walk and think this one over," he said.

That was all he intended to say. But his mouth was suddenly making other words. "Dammit all, you're vicious! You play like a child one minute, then Capablanca the next!" His voice rose, swept up with unexpected ferocity. "I'm going out, and I may not be back!"

She did look a little taken aback then. But he stormed to the closet for his hat.

"And don't touch that chessboard! This game isn't over yet!"

Outside, his fury propelled him around the block in no time at all. It was obvious he couldn't walk back into the apartment and humbly go on with the game. He'd made a threat, and now he felt compelled to uphold at least part of it. She was patently in a professional class, and she'd been baiting him all along, amusing herself. It was diabolical! What dark and devilish hostilities were lurking beneath her tender bride's exterior? And what a strange way for them to come to the surface. Well, the sooner the better. But at least he was going to teach her she couldn't get away with it.

He went downtown to a hotel, with no more luggage than the little chess set still in his pocket. To his surprise, they rented him a room without question. He went upstairs and sat on the bed. It was only ten o'clock, and he was still too broiling even to attempt sleep. He took out the leather-covered box and reconstructed the game as it stood on the board at home. His face grew hot again as he stared once more at the dilemma she'd foisted on him. The book had said there were no limits to what imagination and ingenuity could do in turning disaster into gain.

By eleven o'clock he was still staring.

If only there were some way he could enlist the aid of an expert. He paused, scarcely breathing while the idea took shape. Uncle Wiley. Yes, Uncle Wiley! Why not Uncle Wiley? Nina had by no means behaved in good faith; what moral strictures were there to prevent him from— He lunged for the phone.

It took him some time to get the call through to Nina's home town in Ohio. But finally Uncle Wiley's thin and befuddled voice came over the wire. Yes, he'd once been a chess champion. What of it, at this time of night? He and Nina, Ted explained with what he thought was an inspired show of face-saving canniness, were having an argument about whether or not a particular trap could be countered. There was a silence while Uncle Wiley went for his chessboard. Then the sound of wood pieces clattering out of their box.

"Now give me the setup," Uncle Wiley said in a voice that was suddenly brisk with interest.

Five minutes later, the old man grunted and said, "Sure, black can counter a trap like that. Just move knight to king's five, and if there's any decent playing at all, white ought to be checkmated in ten or twelve moves."

Ted gave profuse thanks, apologized for the lateness of the call, and hung up with a sense of victory trumpets blaring in the room. But he wasn't jubilant enough to go rushing home. There was still the question of Nina's underhanded attempt to humiliate him. So tonight she'd get a double lesson—one in chess, and one in the care and handling of husbands.

He picked up the phone again.

When she answered, he said simply, "Knight to king's five."

"Oh, all right," she said in a mild voice that belied the fact they were actually separated for the night and teetering on the brink of divorce.

He replaced the receiver with a nod of satisfaction.

But he spent a miserable night.

And the next day he spent a miserable morning at the office. She didn't call. The world was curiously and alarmingly vacant. The emptiness was objectified in the pit of his stomach. He pictured her moving the knight and seeing the failure of her trap. So he had won the game. But there was no pleasure in it. The triumph was Uncle Wiley's. Even if the winning move had been of his own invention, what would he have gained? The bitterness would still be there between them

perhaps intensified by his thus furthering the contest. He wasn't in her class, and that was the truth of it. And it was only chess, only a game! Hell's fire, there were a lot of ways he wasn't in her class. Music, for instance. Greek mythology, Oriental customs, the whys and wherefores of modern painting. But she avoided these subjects. *She avoided these subjects.* And why? Simply because she was considerate enough to recognize that she was miles ahead in these departments and he didn't have time to learn them. Simply because she saw that a display of her ego while he sat mutely by would eventually goad him into some kind of competition. Thus an argument instead of a discussion, the sweeping assertion in place of the illuminating fact. This was what she had been wisely avoiding. And he realized in that moment that he had unconsciously shied clear of some of his own favorite topics after he'd once drawn a blank on them. Mathematics, fishing, contour farming. He suspected that his consideration was luck and hers the result of intent. So he, the chess wizard, had to repay her kindness by forcing her to play with him. He couldn't let well enough alone when it was obvious she didn't want to go on with the contest. Not old smart-boy Parkinson!

His sudden insight was accompanied by the fear that she might have picked up and left him. And why not? He'd been behaving like a dope. It was a half-hour before his usual lunchtime, but he grabbed his hat and made for the apartment in a state nearing headlong flight, stopping only to make a hurried side trip to the bookstore.

WHEN HE walked in the door, he saw that her pretty face was pale and not entirely composed. She pointed to the chessboard on the coffee table.

"I'm afraid it's a draw," she said.

He hesitated, wanting to take her in his arms right then. But he gave his head a shake of admiration and went on in.

"There's a way to queen a pawn." She was kneading her small hands together as she followed him over to the chessboard; and the quick, distressed glances she gave him said that she didn't give a hoot whether she queened a pawn or not.

He sighed and gave her a guilty smile. "The draw isn't legal. You had me shellacked four ways to Sunday. I cheated. I called your Uncle Wiley and got the knight move from him."

She looked away with a miserable twist of her small head. "I called him, too! I'll never know why; I couldn't for the life of me tell you why. It isn't that important."

"You're darn right it isn't important!" He bent forward all at once and grasped the chessboard firmly with both hands. Then, with an air of determined ceremony, he marched out of the apartment and down the hall to the incinerator.

When he returned, she was still standing unhappily by the coffee table. He fumbled in his pocket and drew out the book he had just bought. "Here's something by that new English playwright. He's terrific—like Shakespeare but with a modern touch all his own."

Her eyes came alive; they lit, they flooded with relief, and she was suddenly in his arms with the book pressed between them.

"Oh, darling!" she said. "I can't wait for you to begin reading it to me."

THE END

Eight Best Girl Singers

(Continued from page 80)

flexibility. This may come as something of a shock to the partisans of Dinah Shore and Margaret Whiting, but it is nevertheless the truth, for neither of them, notwithstanding their enormous and exceedingly remunerative popularity, possesses a fraction of the talent that becomes audible the moment Ella Fitzgerald begins to sing. Moreover, neither of them can properly be counted among the eight best in their line of endeavor. This can also be said (with what is sure to be viewed in certain circles as even more flagrant lese majesty) of such a fabulous money-maker as the nauseatingly cheery Kate Smith, such a best-selling recording performer as the listless Jo Stafford, such a latter-day idol as the pretentious Sarah Vaughan, and such a darling of the posh cabarets as the tall, handsome, but not conspicuously talented brunette named Julie Wilson. As for Patti Page, who is the closest thing to being "the current sensation," she is not a very stirring singer either. Not, at any rate, a singer on the order of Ella Fitzgerald.

Miss Fitzgerald was sixteen years old and fresh out of a Riverdale, New York, orphanage on the night in 1934 when she entered an amateur contest at a theatre up in Harlem. According to people who were present, she was pathetic—diffident, gawky, and no singer at all. It is a matter of record that she got the gong before she had finished a single chorus. Fortunately, however, the late Chick Webb happened to be in the audience. Webb, who was one of the most dynamic of all jazz drummers as well as the leader of a magnificent dance band, detected a quality in her voice that apparently went unnoticed by most of the other people in the theatre. As she retired dejectedly to the wings, he rushed backstage and offered her a job. For the next few months he coached her so thoroughly that by the time she made her debut she was a remarkably poised performer.

Miss Fitzgerald's first notable success was her recording, with Webb's band, of the nursery rhyme "A-Tisket A-Tasket." As it turned out, this represented only one facet of her remarkable talent; before long she was producing best-selling recordings of practically every type of song—the ballad "That's My Desire"; the humorous "Stone Cold Dead in the Market"; and, most memorable of all, "Flyin' Home" and "Lady Be Good," in both of which she scats, improvises as if her voice were an instrument in the band, and displays impeccable rhythmic drive. These two sides are probably the most astonishing vocal accomplishments ever recorded.

If Miss Fitzgerald has a weakness (and it can be considered as such only when appraised by the standards of her prodigious talent), it would seem to be that the quality of innocence and great good nature in her voice makes her unable to capture the sophistication of certain lyrics. This became apparent several months ago, when Decca brought out a long-playing record on which she sings a batch of wonderful Gershwin tunes. As pleasant as it is, it is not, as one reviewer insisted, the best vocal record of the past decade. It is not, in fact, the best vocal interpretation of Gershwin on records.

The most moving singer of Gershwin—not only on records, but in person, too—is Lee Wiley, who, if for no other reason than this, must be ranked among the eight most exciting members of her profession. Miss Wiley, who was born in Fort Gibson, Oklahoma, and is of Indian extraction, is probably the most artful interpreter—either male or female—of show tunes in general. Her recordings in this genre enjoy the stature of contemporary classics, although things that most girl singers put on records are usually ephemeral. It is doubtful, for instance, if many people still play such favorites of other years as Dinah Shore's "Yes, My Darling Daughter" and Margaret Whiting's "It Might As Well Be Spring." Miss Wiley, however, has four albums to her credit that grow progressively more attractive with the passing years—a Rodgers and Hart selection on the Gala label, a medley of Cole Porter's and one of Gershwin's on Liberty, and a Harold Arlen collection on Schirmer. Not long ago, she made a long-playing record for Columbia called "Night in Manhattan," which includes such real masterpieces as Gershwin's "I've Got a Crush on You" (which no one but Miss Wiley should be permitted to sing) and Rodgers and Hart's "Manhattan," from "The Garrick Gaieties." Her enunciation is not all it might be, but the important thing is that she sings with feeling—her throaty, almost rough voice, her expressive vibrato, and her superb sense of style create an intimacy that seems untainted by crass professionalism. It is art rather than artistry.

Like Lee Wiley, Mildred Bailey was born in Oklahoma and has Indian blood. She is not only one of the eight best female vocalists of the moment, but of all time. It is quite possible that this massive woman with the black eyes, clear, reedy voice, and flawless enunciation is the greatest of them all. Miss Bailey, like

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● ***PAUL WHITEMAN,*** *noted orchestra leader, selects:*

Mildred Bailey
Mindy Carson
Jane Froman
Peggy Lee
Mary Mayo
Patti Page
Dinah Shore
Martha Tilton

● ***JOHN CROSBY,*** *radio and television columnist, selects:*

Toni Arden
Pearl Bailey
Lena Horne
Peggy Lee
Connie Russell
Dinah Shore
Maxine Sullivan
Ethel Waters

Ella Fitzgerald and Lee Wiley (who used to sing with Leo Reisman), started out as a band vocalist. There is reason to believe that she was the first girl ever to be featured as a vocalist with a band. She was a star with Paul Whiteman back in the great era when he was "The King of Jazz," and it was she who persuaded Whiteman to hire a vocal trio that consisted of Al Rinker (her brother), Harry Barris, and Bing Crosby. When she was desperately ill a year or so ago, it was Crosby who took care of the mortgage on her farm.

Miss Bailey never made a really first-class record with the Whiteman band. To hear her at her incomparable best, one has to get hold of things like "The Week-end of a Private Secretary," which she made with the band led by Red Norvo, her husband at the time, "Honeysuckle Rose," available on Decca, and "Lover Come Back to Me." But it is almost impossible to choose the *best* Mildred Bailey record. The best one is always the one you just played.

Edith Piaf, the tiny, waifish Parisian known as "The Sparrow," is hardly a newcomer. For many years now, people returning from France have talked almost ecstatically about this scrawny woman with the pinched face, the stricken eyes, and the matchstick-thin legs. When she opened in New York a few years ago, their judgment was generally confirmed. Although Miss Piaf's credentials for eligibility among the eight best female vocalists do not include a fine voice, they owe much of their validity to the shrewd and dedicated manner in which she utilizes what is at her disposal. No other popular singer of our day has such a flair for the dramatic, such an anguish from unrequited love. Miss Piaf simply goes to pieces. Compared with her, even the most lachrymose American torch singer seems to be suffering from nothing more severe than a case of the sniffles. That The Sparrow, who sings almost exclusively in French, is able—either in cabarets or through the medium of the recordings she has made for Columbia, Decca, and Vox—to make Americans participate in her grief is probably the surest proof of her unique and affecting art. Nevertheless, there are those who will argue that she does not belong among the top eight. And maybe they are right, but this, after all, is just one man's opinion. And it is a real task to exclude certain singers (none of whom, incidentally, is named Dinah Shore, Jo Stafford, Rose Murphy, Fran Warren, Betty Hutton, Hildegarde, Nanette Fabray, or Sarah Vaughan.)

What, for example, about Judy Garland, who is fine and heartfelt and, in things like "The Boy Next Door," really marvelous? Or Pearl Bailey, who is probably the greatest singing comedienne of our time? Or Billie Holiday, who, although she has fallen into the habit of parodying herself, is still able, now and then, to summon her pristine splendor? Or Georgia Gibbs, who lacks only a more forceful personality? Or Julia Lee, whose sensitive blues singing has been one of the pleasantest things about Kansas City for years and years? Or Rita Serrano, the Chilean beauty who has few, if any, equals in the Latin-American idiom? Or Toni Arden, who, notwithstanding her exaggerated mannerisms, is one of the two or three most promising among the newcomers? Or June Hutton, who has immaculate taste, a good voice, and a capacity for self-improvement?

What about Anita O'Day, who is as barrel-house as they come? Or Doris Day, whose version of "Fine and Dandy" is a real treat? Or Martha Raye, who, when not stooping to the lowest of low comedy, can be a stirring ballad singer? Or Connie Haines, who is pert and rhythmic? Or Maxine Sullivan, who had the imagination to swing "Loch Lomond" and the talent to carry it off? Or Gertrude Niesen, whose "I Wanna Get Married" was a masterpiece of the musical stage? Or Frances Langford, who has been singing wonderfully for so many years that we are apt to take her too much for granted? Or Lena Horne, who is sheer magic on a night-club floor? And what about Sister Rosetta Tharpe and Kitty Kallen and Helen Forrest and Lucienne Boyer and Dinah Washington and Nellie Lutcher and Kay Thompson?

All these singers have their points but,

● ***JACK O'BRIAN,*** *radio and television editor of I.N.S., selects:*

Mildred Bailey
Ella Fitzgerald
Jane Froman
Lena Horne
Ethel Merman
Jo Stafford
Sarah Vaughan
Margaret Whiting

with the possible exception of Judy Garland, it is doubtful if any of them belongs with the top eight. None is as gifted as, for example, Connee Boswell.

Miss Boswell and her sisters, Vet and Martha, went to New York from New Orleans in February, 1931. Almost from that moment on, they worked steadily. It is easy to understand why when you hear the records they made in those years (most of which are available on the Brunswick label). They were the most exciting girls' trio that ever sang, and the proof is to be heard on such faces (with superb accompaniment by Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey) as "When I Take My Sugar to Tea," "Shout, Sister, Shout," and "Shine On, Harvest Moon." When they disbanded in 1936 to get married and settle down, it seemed an irreparable loss. But although it meant the dissolution of a female vocal trio that has never been equaled, it also led to the emergence of Connee as a soloist. For almost seventeen years now, she has been singing consistently well—softly, rhythmically, and with immense conviction. It is one of the ironies of the music business, however, that Miss Boswell, who made such notable faces as "Bob White" and "Basin Street Blues," is without a recording contract, while the Fran Warrens and the Teresa Brewers and all the others of their ilk continue to turn out side after dreadful side.

It was Miss Boswell who did much to call attention to an Oklahoma-born girl of Cherokee extraction named Kay Starr. Although Miss Starr has been singing professionally since her high-school days in Memphis, it wasn't until she began to record for Capitol about four years ago that the full splendor of her talent became apparent. Prior to that, she had been a band vocalist (with, at one time or another, Charlie Barnet, Joe Venuti, and Bob Crosby) and, as such, had had practically no opportunity to demonstrate her aptitude for taking a song and building it up to a fine, impressive climax, as she does so affectingly in "He's a Good Man to Have Around."

Miss Starr, who, at twenty-nine, is the youngest of the eight ranking girl singers, is at the height of her form in this sort of number. Her superb timing, fine enunciation, and talent for an explicit acknowledgment of the pleasures of the flesh all contribute toward making this one of the comparatively few genuinely first-rate vocal recordings of recent years. Yet for all her endowments, Miss Starr is never likely to become as big a popular favorite as, say, Dinah Shore. For one thing, she eschews current Tin Pan Alley products in favor of such lesser-known numbers as "A Woman Likes to Be Told" and "Everybody's Somebody's Fool." For another thing, she sings with an integrity that permits no condescension or speciousness. If such a dedication to one's art makes for a select audience, it also makes for an enraptured one.

Ethel Merman, who, unlike Miss Starr, is no newcomer to the bigtime, has always commanded large audiences, and enraptured ones as well. Everything considered, this boisterous girl, whose current show, "Call Me Madam," is her eleventh on Broadway, is probably the most magnetic female on the contemporary musical stage. In any case, she is the only one in our time who, on the strength of her shattering personality,

can keep an uninspired show like "Call Me Madam" packing them in, night after night, week after week. There are those, of course, who insist that the Merman personality is just a bit *too* shattering, but if business at "Call Me Madam" and sales of the Decca album of songs she made from it are any indication, they are clearly in the minority.

"It is still possible," wrote Gilbert Millstein, one of her recent biographers, "to raise the pulse of mature theatre-goers merely by reading a list of the songs that have come to be associated with her name. The list is unquestionably longer in her case than in that of any other musical-comedy actress."

Ever since Gershwin's "Girl Crazy" (in which she tore the theatre apart with "I Got Rhythm"), Ethel Merman has been reaffirming her right to be included among the eight most accomplished girl singers of any period.

At the moment, only one other musical-comedy singer belongs in Ethel Merman's class. We refer, obviously, to Mary Martin, who came to Broadway by way of Weatherford, Texas, and first enchanted the front rows with her rendition of "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." That she belongs among the eight top female vocalists seems unquestionable, if for no other reason than that performance. Her performance in "South Pacific" was also an inspired one—one of the most inspired of all time, indeed. Personally, however, I am inclined to doubt that it represents Miss Martin's most stirring contribution to the musical stage. That, for my taste, took place in "One Touch of Venus," when she sat onstage alone and sang "That's Him." Even without the visual effect, the enchantment of it can be appreciated by listening to her Decca recording of the number.

FITTINGLY, it was Ethel Merman who paid the highest compliment to Miss Martin's genius. "Aw," said Miss Merman with mock cynicism, "what's she got besides talent?" It is, in a sense, a question that might also be asked about all eight of the best girl singers of the day. THE END

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THE PERFECT HOSTESS'S PERFECT CHILD

Ethel Jacobson

She doesn't sing or pirouette.
She doesn't recite—with gestures yet.
She plays no "Chopsticks," no "Happy Farmer."
The kid's unique, a lamb, a charmer!

No other tot so enchantingly
Does less to beguile the company.
You've countless talents, I'm sure, child wonder—
But I love the bushel you hide them under!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Lady Privates of Company D *(Continued from page 71)*

her father that she wanted to quit the WAC and come home. Her father had reminded her that she'd joined over his protests, and said she would have to make the best of it. But on Mother's Day he relented, promising over the telephone to do all he could to get her released. "That call changed everything," the young WAC said later. "Suddenly, I wasn't homesick anymore, and I decided to stick it out."

THE DAY before the second Saturday inspection, the WACs were out of their bunks at 0430 hours. This, in civilian language, is four-thirty A.M. They leaped into their olive-drab slips, seersucker dresses, sweaters, and field boots, and began making up their bunks for the daily inspection by Sergeant Hall. Private Dorsch, who kept leaping under her bunk to pull the blankets tighter, knew precisely what was required. "The idea," she explained, "is to make the bed go *boinng!*"

At five o'clock, the First Platoon rushed outside for reveille and roll call. Then, in the Company D mess hall, came a breakfast that would have been ample for a longshoreman. It included eggs, bacon, toast, cereal, a half-pint of milk, juice, and coffee in heavy white mugs. "Once I would have a headache if I am up before nine o'clock," said Private Benoit. "Now I am eating like a horse before six."

The WACs were scheduled that morning for hourly sessions in Military Justice, Physical Training, Military Courtesy and Customs, Field Sanitation, and Dismounted Drill and Ceremonies, with fifteen-minute breaks between classes for smoking or changing clothes. By eight o'clock that morning, the recruits had dressed and undressed three times—seersuckers for reveille, Class A's for Military Justice, and back to seersuckers for Physical Training.

For Dismounted Drill, which preceded lunch, Company D wore sun-tan uniforms. Marching, the Army has discovered, is curiously appealing to women soldiers. Even under a hot Virginia sun, the company drilled happily. It was, according to the company commander, Captain June P. Gonzalez, a "smart marching outfit."

As Sergeant Hall snapped commands and counted cadence, the First Platoon drilled with heads up and near-perfect timing. Some of the women adopted the light, airy step of Captain Gonzalez, while others preferred the businesslike stride of Sergeant Hall.

After another change of clothes, the platoon perched on the barracks steps, eagerly awaiting chow and singing, at the top of their lungs, "Here We Sit Like Birds in the Wilderness."

For Personal Hygiene, the first class after lunch, training films were shown in the darkened WAC theatre. This setting, added to exhaustion from the morning's pace and the heavy lunch, overpowered some of the recruits, who dozed off.

MAP READING, however, woke them up. In this course, the WACs get the same training given the men. This became obvious when a contour map was imposed on a pin-up picture of Betty Grable. This customarily evokes loud wolf calls from the male recruits, who display a marked interest in contours. The WACs, however, focused on the map.

During Map Reading, Private Ahrens had a sudden question. She stood up and began to ask it. "How," the instructor broke in, "do you address your instructor?" "Sorry, Ma'am," said Ahrens, slightly rattled. She came smartly to parade rest and tried again. "Private Ahrens, Ma'am!" she announced. "All right, Private Ahrens," said the instructor. "Now what was your question?" Ahrens blushed. "I'm sorry, Ma'am; I've forgotten."

The WACs finished their afternoon drill at three forty-five, more than an hour before chow. No believer in idleness,

"I think it's perfectly thrilling, your being reactivated, Admiral! What will science think of next?"

Captain Gonzalez ordered the company outside for more Physical Training. By five o'clock they were back in the chow line for a dinner consisting of sliced ham, sliced cheese, potato salad, fruit salad, thick white bread, coffee, orange juice, milk, and cake á la mode.

Back at the barracks, the WACs struggled into their seersuckers. A week before, Sergeant Hall had assembled her platoon and declared, "All right, women, we're going to have a GI party." Interested, the green WACs had looked up eagerly. "A GI party," the sergeant had informed them, "means we scrub down everything in sight, including the latrine." Now, after a week's training, the First Platoon knew that a GI party was no party. Four girls wielded long-handled scrub brushes, and four others followed their soapy trail with pink-handled mops. Other recruits scoured ledges and sills and washed windows. Swabbing, scrubbing, and shining, they sang, "Oh, Mom, I Want to Go Home."

In half an hour the barracks were clean, but the party had just begun. Four ironing boards were hauled into the aisles, and the WACs took turns with steam irons on their starched and dampened uniforms. It takes a whole bottle of liquid starch to get two shirts and two skirts as stiff as the Army likes them.

Private Ahrens finished her ironing in double time and called out for the few WACs who still needed haircuts to sit on her footlocker. Ahrens' free service, her taunting chatter, and the way she called her platoon mates "kid" and "hon" impressed them with her superior wisdom. "Hey," she shouted across the room to Private Adams who, clad in a slip, was absorbedly ironing a skirt. "Look out, hon, there's a man outside!" Titters and screams sounded through the barracks.

At lights out, at eight-thirty, most of the WACs fell into profound slumber. A few took flashlights under their blankets so they could scrawl brief notes to their boyfriends.

NEXT MORNING was the second Saturday inspection and by seven o'clock, after much hustle, the platoon was ready for it. Sergeant Hall surveyed the line-up of footlockers and ordered one private to move hers a fraction of an inch toward the aisle. The sergeant then noted Private Dorsch's shoelaces were slightly awry and ordered her to pull them straighter.

"I can't," said Private Dorsch. "I'll muss my skirt."

"Well, take off your skirt," said the sergeant.

"I can't. I'll muss my hair."

The sergeant thought this one over. "All right, then, stand on one foot and let Bradshaw there tie your laces."

"Do you think we'll get passes for Petersburg?" Private Carney asked Private Donahue.

"Gosh, that would be wonderful," exclaimed Private Donahue.

At that moment, Captain Gonzalez entered the barracks, and the platoon froze at attention. The captain smiled pleasantly as she paced gracefully down the aisle, followed in single file by two visiting captains, a lieutenant, a first sergeant, and Acting Sergeant Hall and Acting Sergeant Nettie Gruber of Los Angeles. Captain Gonzalez plunged into her work. She ran a cleansing tissue over a shelf and window frame. She peered at the clothes on the rack, discovered a

shirt with two buttons unbuttoned, and tossed it on the offender's bunk. She discovered a comb in a cleansing-tissue box, a cleansing tissue in a class notebook, a hair on a recruit's comb, and a laundry bag overly full of soiled clothing. She tossed these guilty items on the bunks. She stopped before one recruit and demanded the name of the battalion commander. The frightened recruit stood speechless. The captain went on into the latrine, ran a fresh cleansing tissue along the drain pipes, under the sinks, and handed it back, slightly smudged, to the first sergeant. Then, still smiling cheerfully, she led her little procession out the barracks door.

Two hours later, when Captain Gonzalez assembled Company D, she said, breaking into their excited chatter, "At ease, women. I've got pretty good news. Only twenty-three of you are confined to barracks to work off your gigs. The rest of you will get a pass tomorrow. They're having an Armed Forces Day parade at the main post, and you'll be allowed a three-hour pass to see it. I'm sure you'll all enjoy the parade."

Nobody mentioned Petersburg. Nobody at that moment even cared about Petersburg.

BIVOUAC week was memorable. In preparation for it, the recruits learned to crawl on their stomachs in the company dayroom, while Sergeant Hall exhorted them to keep their fannies down. The only casualty was Private Carney who, in her earnest efforts to keep tucked in, somehow broke her watch.

It rained three out of the four days the platoon spent in the field, but the only mishap that could be traced to the rugged bivouac maneuvers was one mild cold. On bivouac, the recruits marched with field packs, singing "Sentimental Journey"; they tested their gas masks as men soldiers do, taking them off inside the tear-gas chamber just long enough to give their name, rank, and serial number; they pitched pup tents and camouflaged them skillfully with pine boughs.

Between thundershowers, Captain Gonzalez visited the bivouac area, almost tripping over the well-camouflaged pup tents. She announced that Sergeant Hall, who was officially only a corporal, had been an acting sergeant long enough, and presented her with sergeant's chevrons. The First Platoon cheered long and loud for their sergeant. Sergeant Hall was so moved that she was unable to finish her sandwiches. Later that afternoon, while Private Booker was sewing on the new sergeant's chevrons, Hall told the platoon that they could rest in their pup tents if they wanted to. While the WACs were resting, she and Acting Sergeant Gruber went through the little camp, pulling down tent poles. "When you're in the field," she told her startled platoon, "you must always be alert."

After bivouac week was over, Private Benoit was jubilant. "I got through it all without fever or disease," she exclaimed. "I wrote about it to my grandfather in Paris, and he replied, 'Simone, we salute you! You are a Jeanne d'Arc come to the American Army!' "

Following bivouac week, the First Platoon finally got to Petersburg on a six-hour pass. They ate a steak dinner, window-shopped, and sat in an air-conditioned movie house where Personal Hygiene was not the subject.

Several weeks later, the First Platoon had taken all the Army had to give. They were no longer big-eared and gullible, and when new recruits marched past them to begin training, the First Platoon leaned out the barracks windows and chanted, "You'll be sorrrry!" The platoon had no regrets, except at departing.

In the last days before graduation, most of them had their uniforms altered. Many a chubby WAC had shed pounds, and many a scrawny WAC had acquired them. They turned the tables on Sergeants Hall and Gruber one evening, hiding the sergeants' bunks, springs, and mattresses, and soaking the sergeants down with buckets of water when they entered the barracks for bed check. Finally, they lined up at parade rest in the company area, neat, trim, and heads high, to receive their Certificates of Completion and orders to report to Army schools and new assignments. They cheered themselves hoarse when Private Carney was called out of line and awarded a special certificate as the outstanding trainee of Company D.

NEXT DAY, the First Platoon was broken up and sent off to various posts. In many ways, their parting was a damper experience than their week on bivouac. As one lieutenant put it later: "They never knew how really close they could get. They made real bonds here. Most of all, I think they learned something they might have missed in civilian life—if you don't quit when it gets tough, you'll wake up wondering what was so tough about it."

THE END

How to Face an Operation *(Continued from page 75)*

as a human being, it is not only your privilege but your duty to find another man. So important is it that you have no reservations about your surgeon that Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, author of *Nervous Indigestion* and noted internist, says: "Every sick person needs help and reassurance as much as medicine. Without the emotional factor of trust and confidence in your doctor, even a perfect operation can fail."

Once you have selected your surgeon it is imperative that you put yourself in his hands without equivocation and give him the fullest cooperation. Before you enter the hospital you will be given, probably in your doctor's office, a physical checkup. You will also have a number of laboratory tests and X-rays, all of which will tell your surgeon many things he needs to know. And he will want your complete medical history.

Sometimes his questions, delving into your childhood and searching out hidden symptoms and forgotten ailments, seem like prying. But this exacting interrogation is not personal. Your doctor needs a complete picture so he will be able to make an accurate diagnosis of your case and decide on the most effective procedure.

This is no time for false modesty or subterfuges. You may not want your wife to know how many predinner drinks you have with the boys, but your doctor is entitled to the truth. If you give him the straight facts, he can do a much better job of getting you started on the way to recovery.

In spite of that overworked medical

cliché, "interesting case," doctors say there are few unique ailments. No matter what your complaint, you may be sure your doctor has encountered it many times. Though every good surgeon is prepared for any emergency that may arise, the chances are that your operation will be purely routine.

AS SURGEONS now are far more expert, you will spend much less time on the operating table than patients of a decade ago. Many of the dread infections, including peritonitis, once the most desperate of surgical complications, have been routed by the use of antibiotic drugs. Shock used to strike terror in the operating room but today is almost unknown. But should it occur, the new methods of combating it are nearly infallible. And new pain-relieving drugs will make your operation easier.

Aesthetically, the operation of today is a thing of surgical beauty. The lumpy, disfiguring scars of ten or fifteen years ago are things of the past; so is the long aftermath of invalidism. Now, two or three weeks after most major operations, the average patient is back at his normal pursuits, boasting that only a tiny hairline marks the spot.

But the surgeon is only one member of the efficient, well-trained team that will make your operation a success. A surgical team consists of internist, surgeon, anesthetist, surgical nurse, and roentgenologist. In a first-class hospital, they work together smoothly and efficiently, each member of the team using his particular skill to supplement those of the others.

Modern methods of anesthesia will keep your operation from being the agonizing affair of yesterday. New anesthetics make the retching, the tormenting ether hangovers, and the dreadful gas pains that followed most operations only a few years ago, rare occurrences.

The anesthetist, carefully trained in his specialty, will probably visit you in the hospital and leave an order for you to receive a sleeping pill the night before the operation to make sure you get a good night's rest. You will get a shot of morphine or a similar sedative before you leave your bed, so the trip to the operating room, if you remember it at all, will be only a vague and blurred memory.

Usually a patient is hospitalized a day or two prior to the operation. In some cases a doctor puts a patient in the hospital a week or more ahead of the scheduled surgery. This merely means the doctor is taking extra precautions so the patient will be in top shape when he makes the trip to the operating room.

Dr. Karl A. Meyer, head of Cook County Hospital in Chicago, points out that a stay in the hospital before the operation is often not an additional expense because it reduces the postoperative hospitalization by a corresponding amount.

"If the patient is in poor condition," Dr. Meyer says, "he can be built up quickly in the hospital by scientific methods. By the time the patient is wheeled into the operating room, he is in top shape. He has also had a chance to become accustomed to new surroundings, nurses, and attendants, and familiarize himself with hospital procedure."

Dr. Alvarez makes the point that in surgery the mind frequently plays a dominant role in determining the amount of pain suffered. He recalls the case of a Jamaica Negro woman who underwent a complete hysterectomy. "She was of a placid nature, blessed with few nerves," Dr. Alvarez says. "Very little anesthetic was needed as she was completely relaxed and unfearful. Doctors making the rounds the morning after her operation found her sitting up in bed doing some needlework.

"'Weren't you worried about the operation?' one of the doctors asked.

"'Lor' no. I knew my doctor was the best there was, so I jes' let him do the worryin',' she replied."

Dr. Alvarez compares the peaceful attitude of this patient with the highly nervous, tense state in which many patients face surgery. Dr. Alvarez says he has seen patients undergoing simple operations become so wrought up that they literally died of fright.

An important psychological factor in a patient's welfare at the time of the operation is the attitude of his family. Doctors know that the fears of a loved one can work havoc with the nerves of a patient, while the courage and strength of someone close can be a reservoir of strength. Wise doctors have been known to make a diagnosis of the family as well as the patient—and lay down the law!

IF YOUR doctor tactfully suggests that only certain members of your family visit you—heed his advice. A relative arriving at the hospital with a long, sorrowing face can demolish the careful preparation of the medical staff. A tactless visitor who knows "someone who

died of such an operation" can bring on a harmful attack of nerves.

The morning of surgery is likely to be busy, with nurses coming and going and laboratory technicians doing last-minute blood typing. Even the bravest soul has a few qualms before entering the antiseptic confines of the operating room. Most patients want someone familiar and loved close by at this time. Many hospitals permit a member of the family to be with the patient for a few minutes before he is taken to surgery. This is most important when children are to be operated on. They should not be frightened or made unduly unhappy. Psychologists have pointed out that an improper stimulus may affect the child's emotional make-up throughout his life. With someone he knows and trusts to reassure him, he will accept the operation more calmly.

DOCTORS agree that the success of the operation depends to a great extent on the aftercare, and one well-known surgeon says, "My personal opinion is that the operation itself is of least importance to the patient's welfare. The preoperative and postoperative care far outweigh the actual technique in benefit to the patient."

Modern techniques of aftercare have greatly improved. While the patient is still on the table, postoperative care is begun. Blood typing and blood banking, for instance, have made transfusions commonplace, and many surgeons give them to postoperative patients as a routine safeguard. The new concentrates of amino acids and proteins are now widely used to nourish the patient while he is still unable to eat a full diet.

In contrast to the weeks spent in bed by postoperative patients a few years ago, they now sit up on the second day and walk about the room on the third. This results in better healing of muscles, less chance of pneumonia, and fewer "sickroom complexes." And patients who are able to get up have fewer bowel and bladder difficulties, and eat and sleep better. All of which adds up to a shorter convalescence.

But although convalescence has been drastically cut, it is still the time during which a patient works twenty-four hours a day to get well. For this reason, no visitors are allowed for the first day after major surgery. Sometimes the "no visitors" sign will be out for many days. This does not necessarily imply a critical condition. It merely signifies that the doctors feel you need to devote every bit of your energy to getting well.

In general, doctors are likely to look on visitors without enthusiasm. For the well-meaning visitor who brings delicacies forbidden the patient and the visitor who comes with office problems and stories of discord can do great harm.

There is the classic story of a mother who had been told her small son was on a strict diet. At Johnnie's funeral, between gusts of tears, the mother wailed, "At least my Johnnie died happy. I brought him everything he liked to eat the night before he died."

And there was the beautiful girl who simply had to see her fiancé the minute he came out from under the anesthesia, although she had a bad cold. The tender kiss she gave the semiconscious patient included a lot of germs that promptly brought on an unromantic case of pneumonia.

The high cost of illness seems almost like insult added to injury. And the worry over bills can have a detrimental effect on your well-being. Your doctor will welcome a frank discussion of your financial condition. Make your situation clear, and he will scale his fee to your income. He will also recommend the type of hospital accommodation best fitted to your income and the amount of nursing care, if any, that will be necessary.

Since hospital fees have to be paid promptly, you should know before entering the approximate amount your hospital stay, laboratory examinations, X-rays, and operating-room expenses will come to. If you're one of the forty million Blue Cross members, your hospitalization insurance will cover an average stay in semiprivate accommodations with many extras included.

No one looks forward to an operation, but if it's in the cards, you may as well get as much out of it as possible. Make arrangements at your job beforehand so you won't wory. Take along to the hospital some of those books you've long been meaning to read, the magazines that intrigue you but that you never have time for—you'll be browsing through

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

TIP OF THE MORNING

Frank R. Canning

When I come down, dear,
glumly, grayly,
And you wish, as is your
wont,
To greet me brightly, fondly,
gaily—
Don't.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

them sooner than you think. A radio or television set will do much to make your hospital stay a pleasant one and a deck of cards or a game (especially the kind that can be played by one person) can make the hours race.

If you're a gadgeteer at heart, you'll find many items in department stores to make your stay more comfortable. There are foam-rubber pillows against which to relax in complete comfort; pockets that slip under the mattress and hold within easy reach cleansing tissues, stationery, pen, and pencils; glasses that cut down on glare for reading in bed; special stands on which to prop a book or write a letter.

And if you're of the feminine gender, include a lipstick, a ribbon to tie back your hair, some cologne, and your prettiest bed jacket or robe. You'll be amazed how quickly that invalidish feeling will disappear when you're looking your prettiest.

Once in the hospital—relax! You can now enjoy complete laziness and the solicitude of friends and relatives without a qualm of conscience. And there is an extra dividend that you'll get from this experience—never again will you run short of conversation. You can always talk about your operation.

THE END

White House Wedding

(Continued from page 33)

eluded the many thousands who had waited patiently for hours—even days—outside the White House gates to get a glimpse of the two young people whose romance has captured the imagination of the world.

Margaret and her bridegroom went north by automobile on their honeymoon trip. They went alone. It was the first time since her father became President of the United States seven and a half years ago that she has gone anywhere without a Secret Service operative somewhere in the background. "Any protection I need," Margaret has proudly told her intimates, "will be provided by my husband after I'm married. I certainly don't want a couple of Secret Service men hovering about during my honeymoon."

Regardless of her desires, it is nevertheless the responsibility of the Secret Service to safeguard the lives of the President and members of his immediate family. So, in all likelihood, Washingtonians believe, someone from that vigilant agency will be in the vicinity of the honeymooning couple when they arrive at their destination.

For the guests in the jam-packed East Room, where a special altar had been set up on a platform in the center of the east side of the huge room, the wedding ceremony held far greater significance than the mere formal uniting in marriage of the prominent young couple.

For crowded into the great hall to witness the ceremony were all the splendidly panoplied ambassadors and ministers of the Washington diplomatic corps, representing all the countries of the world. (The full bench of the United States Supreme Court, the Cabinet, and senators and representatives were there as well.) The ambassadors and the ministers had brought with them all the colorful accouterments of their official regalia but, happily, they had left behind the fierce antagonisms they customarily bring along.

As the message of love was intoned with great dignity by the Episcopal Bishop of Washington, the Right Reverend Angus Dun, all was geniality among the diplomats, the statesmen, the politicians. Before the strains of the Wedding March from *"Tannhäuser,"* played by the Marine Corps Band, signaled the approach of the bride and the wedding party, polite diplomatic smiles shone on all the polite diplomatic faces. When the girl who has long charmed the world with her graciousness and her winning ways appeared in all the breath-taking loveliness of her bridal gown, a sibilant expression of admiration swept across the great room.

When the service ended and congratulations were being offered, there was a mighty unbending. Statesmen who had snubbed each other for years shook hands with great heartiness.

CAUGHT together in the crowd by accident were Mr. Alexander S. Panyushkin, ambassador from the Soviet Union; Sir Oliver Franks, K. C. B., C. B. E., ambassador from Great Britain; and the Secretary of State of the United States. A waiter bearing a tray of glasses full of champagne—domestic, of course—bustled by the group. Sir Oliver made an effort to stop the man, but the waiter did

not see the gesture. Nor did he see the wild signals of our Secretary of State. But His Excellency, Mr. Panyushkin, barked something in Russian that, although the waiter could not have understood, caused him to halt in his tracks as if frozen. Mr. Panyushkin reached over the shoulders of several wedding guests and, with a stretch that would serve him well in any boardinghouse, retrieved two glasses of wine. He handed one to Sir Oliver and one to the Secretary of State. He then took a glass for himself, and offered a toast. The three smiled broadly, clinked glasses, and quaffed. "Love," murmured a fascinated bystander, "conquers all."

So engaging was this episode, that similar passages among personages long at political loggerheads soon followed. Major General Aleksander F. Sizov, the military attaché of the Soviet Embassy, gallantly offered a dainty cucumber-and-watercress sandwich to Señor Don Jaime de Piniés, second secretary of the Spanish embassy, and accepted, with a click of the heels, profuse thanks, and a broad smile, a cookie handed to him by Baron Silvercruys, the courtly Belgian ambassador.

Whether the Russians and their allies would be invited to Margaret's wedding had been discussed by professional and amateur political thinkers ever since the announcement of her marriage plans. The newspapers, magazines, air waves, and public rostrums were busy for months with speculation on the subject. Authoritative sources declare that the State Department insisted that the Communist diplomats be invited.

For a time, of course, there was even a question as to whether Margaret would be married in the White House at all. Mrs. Truman, it is well known, bitterly opposed such a formal function, for she intensely dislikes fuss and feathers. Bess Truman wanted the marriage to take place at home in Independence, with only the two families and friends present. Margaret wanted a White House wedding.

The President tried to be neutral, but the National Democratic Committee and his personal advisers urged a White House wedding saying it would be invaluable to the party. So the President acceded to Margaret's desires.

"HEAVEN knows," said a political foe of the President, "it's good to have *something* happen in the White House to make the people of the United States happy for a change." But such sardonic expressions were rare, for the wedding of Margaret Truman was a beautiful and heart-warming ceremony.

"All brides," a poet has said, "are beautiful." Margaret Truman was radiantly lovely in the princess wedding gown created for her by her favorite designer, Madame Pola, of New York City, to whom she has gone for her clothes since she went to live in the White House. The high-necked, long-sleeved dress was made of heavy satin appliquéd with Chantilly lace. The appliqué was repeated on the nine-foot train and the silken veil. (Madame Pola said that ten girls worked steadily under her direction for two months in order to complete the handwork.) Margaret's shoes were made of the same satin as her gown. Her bouquet was a sheath of lilies of the valley. Mrs. Truman wore a gown of heliotrope chiffon trimmed with lace

and embroidery. A long ermine stole reached to the hem of her skirt.

Margaret's Matron of honor, Mrs. John Ernest Horton, the former Drucie Snyder, daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury, wore a pale-yellow gown. The maid of honor, Miss Jane Lingo, daughter of Commander and Mrs. B. Harrison Lingo, who was a classmate at Gunston Hall and at George Washington University, wore a similarly styled dress of a darker fall shade of yellow. The bridesmaids were Mrs. Frank Wright, of Laurel, Maryland, who lived next door to Margaret when the President was in the Senate; Mrs. William Henry Lanagan, the former Miss Margery Clifford; Mrs. Lewis Ellis, a niece of Mrs. Mesta; and Mrs. John N. Irwin II, the former Miss Jane Watson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Watson. The bridesmaids wore off-the-shoulder gowns in hues that ranged from lemon to amber, and they carried bouquets of roses.

THE SUN was shining brilliantly through the huge windows of the East Room as the hour for the wedding approached, and it continued to cast a golden hue over the room, its decorations, and the wedding party and guests all through the ceremony, which proceeded without incident once it got under way. But just before the wedding party entered the crowded East Room, Mrs. Margaret Lang, of New York, a friend of the President's daughter's, fainted. She was carried, by Major General Harry Vaughan, the President's military aide, into a less crowded part of the White House, where she soon recovered.

The floral decorations, which came from the greenhouses of the Department of Agriculture, were mostly lilies, roses, and smilax. The yellow-and-white brocaded draperies of the window on the east side of the large room formed a background for the platform on which stood the altar. A Persian rug was placed over the velvet-covered platform. Two satin-covered ropes, stretched from the sides of the main door of the East Room across the room to the back of the altar platform, formed an aisle for the wedding procession.

A FEW moments before the ceremony began, the groom's family, consisting of his parents and his younger brother, entered the East Room to take their places at the right of the platform. Mrs. Truman followed, on the arm of the President's brother, Mr. Vivian Truman, to take her position on the left of the platform.

In that space were also seated: Mrs. David M. Wallace, mother of Mrs. Truman; Miss Mary Jane Truman, sister of the President; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gates Wallace, of Independence; Mr. and Mrs. George Porterfield Wallace, also of Independence; Mr. and Mrs. David Frederick Wallace, of Denver—brothers and sisters-in-law of Mrs. Truman—and the two children of the latter couple, Marion and David. Their third child, four-year-old Charlotte Margaret, who is called Margo, was Margaret's flower girl.

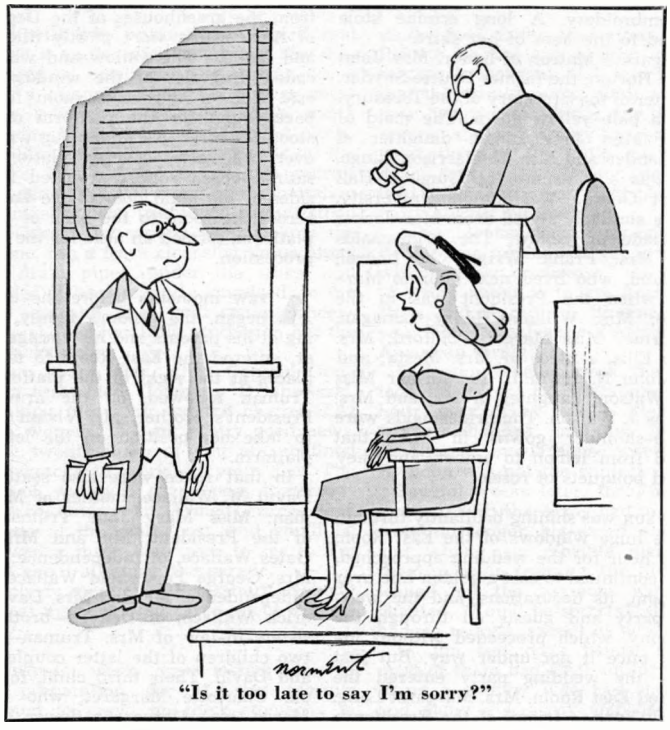
Precisely at the stroke of noon, the hour for which the ceremony had been scheduled, a mighty roar from the close-packed thousands of people on all sides of the White House grounds was heard in the East Room. Simultaneously, a White House aide gave the signal, and the Marine Corps Band, under the direction of Major William F. Santleman, attired in their dress uniforms of scarlet jackets and blue trousers, struck up the first notes of the Wedding March. At that moment, the bridal party approached from the west end of the long corridor.

The first to appear were the four ushers, Mr. Marvin Coles and Mr. Marvin Braverman, both of Washington; Major William Zimmerman, of Fort Knox, Kentucky, a former White House aide; and Mr. Richard Raymond, of New York City. All are former beaux of Margaret's as well as friends of the bridegroom. The bridegroom, accompanied by his best man, Mr. Leonidas Methfessel, of Baltimore, walked down the grand stairway and up the aisle to the altar platform, where they took their places at the right.

Then followed the matron of honor, the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids, followed by the little flower girl.

The President and his daughter came next. The long-drawn sigh of appreciation of the bride's loveliness almost drowned out the music of the Wedding March. There had been an air of tension in the room before their entrance, for Mrs. Lang's fainting had heightened everyone's nervousness. But the serene and happy visage Margaret Truman presented changed all that. People whispered, "How beautiful she looks," and, "If only she would photograph exactly as she looks in person."

Margaret and her father walked directly to the platform and, with the bridegroom, walked up the two carpeted steps. As soon as they had taken their places



"Is it too late to say I'm sorry?"

before the altar, Bishop Dun began the service.

Self-appointed experts had debated heatedly before the marriage whether Margaret would want to omit the traditional vow "to obey." The question was answered when Bishop Dun put that ancient question to the bride and she replied, "I will."

BISHOP DUN ended the services with a benediction after the words, "I pronounce that they are man and wife," and the President and Mrs. Truman joined the bridal party on the platform. Margaret embraced her mother, who was weeping openly. Margaret was smiling. She patted her mother's shoulder. Then the bride turned and threw her arms around her father, received a mighty hug and a kiss in return, and they stood beaming. Margaret leaned over and whispered for a minute or so in her father's ear, while the rest of the wedding party crowded close. The President grinned at Margaret's aside, and then she turned to the others who had crowded up to the platform to receive their good wishes.

The President and Mrs. Truman were the first to leave the platform. They went through a lane in the crowd, made by members of the White House staff, to the Blue Room, where Margaret and her bridegroom soon joined them for the reception. As soon as the signal had been given by Mrs. James Meredith Helm, the White House social secretary, who was married in the White House when Theodore Roosevelt was its occupant, word was passed on to admit those guests who had been invited to the reception and wedding breakfast—which consisted of dainty finger sandwiches, cookies, chicken salad, coffee, tea, champagne, and a non-alcoholic punch tasting of raspberries, which is a specialty of the Truman family.

It was four o'clock before the guests noticed the bridal couple had disappeared. Speculation arose as to how Margaret and her husband would be able to get through the dense crowds surrounding the White House.

But that had been carefully thought out by James Rowley, who has charge of the White House Secret Service detail, and his superior, U. E. Baughman, chief of the Service. They had worked out the details of the arrival of the guests—large red cards for the diplomatic corps, blue cards for senators, representatives, cabinet members, and Supreme Court Justices, and white cards for friends and political associates. They had carefully planned the departure of Margaret and her bridegroom on their honeymoon.

Decoy cars were driven to each of the gates of the White House grounds and, at intervals, White House attendants dashed forth and whispered to the drivers. Each time that happened, the crowd shouted "This is it!" and tried to crowd closer to the path the automobile would follow. Rumors sped from one side of the White House to the other and, with each new rumor, the crowd shifted its vigil. Padlocks were placed on the northeast gate, and only two policemen were stationed there. But the northwest gate was left open, and was guarded by four officers.

The crowd noted this significant detail and guessed that Margaret and her bridegroom would leave by the northwest gate. Most of the crowd gathered as near as it could to this strategic point. From time to time, the automobiles, with motors continuously running, dashed around and exchanged positions.

When, after several hours of these maneuvers, the bridal couple still had not appeared, a rumor swept the crowd: a helicopter had landed secretly on the White House grounds and Margaret and her husband had been spirited off in it. Many in the crowd believed this rumor, and thousands of them melted away.

Margaret, meanwhile, had slipped away

to her second-floor room to change into her blue going-away dress. Then she rejoined her husband in the family dining room, and the two of them, followed by their parents and the rest of the bridal party, quietly went to the Red Room, where a Secret Service man was awaiting them. He raised the large window, which extends to within a few inches of the floor, and Margaret stepped out through it onto the back steps of the White House, followed by her husband, the President, and the rest of the bridal party.

Just as Margaret emerged, an automobile pulled up to the steps, and Margaret was handed into it by her husband. All the guests, apparently, had come prepared. Bags of rice appeared as if by magic, and the couple and their car were pelted before it drew away. The President laughed heartily. Mrs. Truman cried. Some of the guests ran down the roadway and watched the car turn into Fifteenth Street, out of sight of the huge crowd that was lingering on Executive Avenue.

HOW LONG Margaret and her husband will remain at "Midcliff," Mrs. Mesta's Newport estate, has not been disclosed. But one thing is sure: There will be no good-will tour of Europe included in her honeymoon. Margaret has scotched that suggestion. "When I'm married," she said, "I'm going to be the most private sort of private citizen. Good-will tours are out. Anyway, my husband wouldn't stand for anything like that."

Margaret's Wedding Gifts

None of the thousands of gifts, which have been pouring into the White House from every corner of the globe, was placed on view. There were simply too many. They are packed away in the White House basements, awaiting the return of the honeymooning couple.

Among the gifts Margaret received were a pearl necklace from the President, which she wore during the wedding service; a pendant of sapphires and diamonds from Secretary of the Treasury Snyder and Mrs. Snyder; a necklace of diamonds and rubies from Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Watson; a large carved mahogany table from the Philippine Government; a large chest containing a huge silver punch bowl, vases, and embroidery from the Emperor of Japan; flowers, fruits, and tablecloths from various of the Marshall Plan countries whose governments were extremely careful to avoid any imputation that they were spending American taxpayers' money to buy Margaret wedding presents; a large silver bowl bearing the engraved names of the donor and Margaret, as well as the date, from the First African Baptist Church Sunday School of Philadelphia; two thoroughbred Arabian saddle horses from Haile Selassie, of Ethiopia; and a brass samovar from Joseph Stalin (the rumor that Stalin had sent a sable coat valued at $250,000 was completely unfounded).

Wedding Sidelights

President Truman took his usual morning walk hours before the wedding services were scheduled to begin. The only people who saw him leave the White House were the policemen who were posted early to handle the enormous crowds expected to arrive, although the newspapers and radio and television stations had repeatedly publicized the White House's request that they stay away.

There were thousands of cars with license plates from virtually every state in the Union parked bumper to bumper at the Hains Point picnic grounds, and thousands of people, finding every hotel and rooming house filled to overflowing, slept in Rock Creek Park and in parks in Virginia and Maryland.

Bells, whistles, and sirens blasted the air in Independence, Missouri, home of the Truman family, from noon until one P.M., when it had been estimated the wedding services of Independence's favorite daughter would end.

Souvenir cards, bearing a spurious picture purported to be that of the bride and her bridegroom before the altar made their appearance in the hands of vendors all over Washington an hour before the wedding services began. The entire supply was soon sold to the excited and credulous crowd.

Hours after the ceremony had ended, the driver of a truck bearing huge placards reading, A WEDDING GIFT FROM THE PEOPLE OF ABILENE, TEXAS, TO MARGARET TRUMAN, was still arguing with members of the Special White House Police Detail. "These six steers," said the driver, "are a wedding present, and they're supposed to be barbecued on the White House lawn. If you don't take them, what'll I do with them?"

The truck driver was advised to take them back to Texas or anywhere else he pleased. "We haven't any place to keep steers in the White House," a White House policeman explained patiently.

THE END

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Contented Bachelor *(Continued from page 56)*

and there. His ties, for instance, known as cravats, were apt to be a trifle giddy, in a twenty-dollar sort of way. "Mad fun," he called them.

Darcy wore a heavy gold link bracelet with a crystal compass dangling from it, and he carried a lovely little antique snuffbox containing each day's dosage of prescription pills and capsules, which he took with his meals wherever he happened to be—selecting the correct one with gingerly held fingertips, dropping it into his palm, then slapping himself in the face with it, while his free hand groped wildly for water.

"Do forgive me, dear," he would say, when this small hasty rite was over. "My sinuses, you know." Darcy was ever the victim of fashionable ailments, and he could boast newer ones than his sinuses—migraine, sacroiliac, strep throat, a duodenal ulcer, even a touch of virus X last winter—but the thing about the sinuses was that they had lately turned out to be psychosomatic. This had restored their chic, after a lapse.

"My specialist, poor old chap, is utterly baffled," the patient bragged happily now.

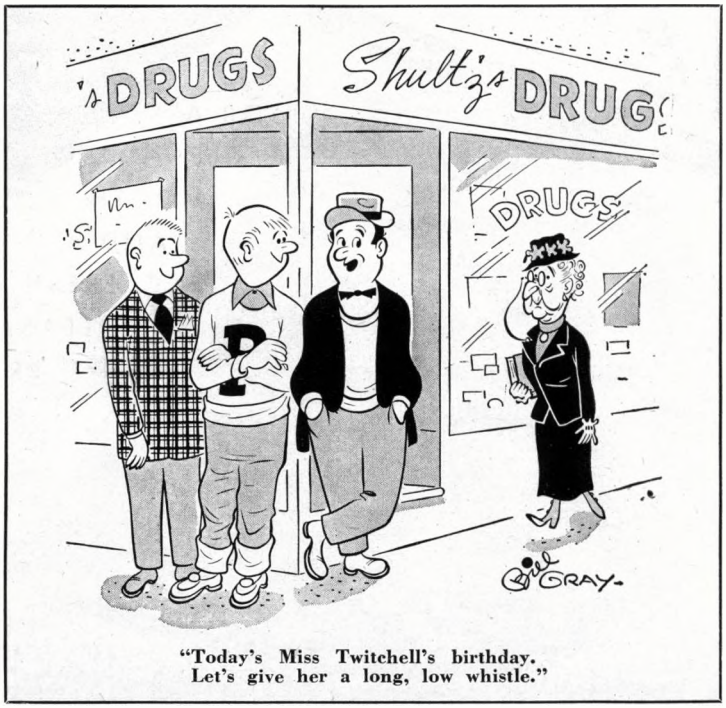
The Groton-Harvard accent that ran in the Hollister family had, in Darcy, become out-and-out British, and his way of answering the telephone was to say "Darcy Hollister hyah." He had a high, thin voice, and there was a good deal of bubble and squeak to his conversation, not only in sound but in context. He effervesced with gossip particularly, and to listen to him was very much like reading one of the chattier society columns—there were the names, the nicknames, the arch exclamation points, the italics for emphasis, the frequent French phrases tossed in, and the diminutives, such as "debbies," pronounced with vocal quotation marks because, after all, they were slang, and Darcy was only being whimsical.

He had a number of favorite words, of which "dire," "fantastic," and "livid" recurred most often. "My pet, she was livid with rage!" Darcy would say, his own face pinkening with pleasure.

A CONTENTED bachelor, he lived alone and lived exquisitely, on an inherited fortune that was dwindling at a sad rate—a fact Darcy's lawyers kept attempting vainly to impress upon him. Darcy, when he listened at all, blamed this decline on the Democrats, and pointed out that the present administration could not possibly last forever, even though it seemed to be doing so. "I shall weather the storm, I dare say," Darcy would conclude with a gallant little smile. And he continued to live extravagantly, as he had always done, and as his parents had intended he should do.

His mother especially. He had been a young man who never went anywhere without his mother, and her death, when he was thirty-five, had been a shattering tragedy. After thirteen years, he still dated everything from it. He would say, "That was the year Mother left me," or, "Poor Mother was still with me then." Strangers heard about his bereavement almost as soon as they met him.

Nowadays there were only the servants to take care of him—an ever-changing housemaid, a reasonably steadfast cook and, of course, Briggs, his English manservant, who was lifelong—the good gray Briggs, Darcy always called him. The house itself was slim and elegant, a four-story stone sliver wedged between two tall apartment buildings in a quiet block in the East Seventies. The knocker on the door bore the Hollister crest, and that device—a warrior with battle-ax aloft—appeared inside the house in countless different places: on bookplates, match folders, table silver, linen, and conspicuously on the frame of the billboard-sized



"Today's Miss Twitchell's birthday. Let's give her a long, low whistle."

portrait of Darcy that ruled over his living room. This was known to irreverent friends as "Darcy's big pin-up boy."

He was a very busy little gentleman, immensely active in his idleness. He had a crowded social schedule, to begin with; he lunched out daily, usually with not one but several women friends—tête-à-têtes were dire, he felt. Uneasy-making. Definitely to be avoided. The group luncheons always lasted late, so the afternoons just flew, and it was five o'clock before he knew it. He would nip home to bathe and change, and then there was the cocktail hour, though Darcy took as dim a view of that factual phrase as of the barbarous custom. At *his* house, people dropped in for "tea," no matter what he was obliged to serve them.

He was a zestful diner-out, and he often gave superb little dinners—sometimes preparing the more exotic dishes himself. He had a dazzling kitchen, whiter than a surgery, and his guests were allowed to follow him out there, carrying their preprandial thimblefuls of sherry, and stand about in a dress circle and watch with proper awe while Darcy—spurning an apron, yet never by any remotest chance spotting his dinner jacket—concocted ambrosia from Olympus, with sauces from France, in the effortless minimum of time. People cried that this was genius, and Darcy privately agreed, but his rejoinder was a modest, "Pooh! It's just a fun thing. Don't be silly, ducky."

He had other gifts and other hobbies to round out his social program. He collected snuffboxes and old stickpins and little horses—china ones, bronze ones, all kinds. He was an enthusiastic numismatist, too, and something of an expert on Flemish art. In addition, he made miniature stage sets, showing enormous ingenuity about them. He was justifiably proud of his Christmas cards, which he planned and replanned all year long. He kept up a vivacious correspondence with innumerable distant people—chiefly British, for he was a passionate Anglophile. In this, as in so many respects, he was like his mother. They had lived together in London for years after the death of Darcy's father and, as Darcy still said wistfully, "We adored every minute of it."

It was no surprise to anyone that Darcy kept the door of his mother's bedroom locked—as though it were a sacred chapel. The rumor was that everything inside the room was just as she had left it, her dresses in the closets, her cosmetics on the dressing table. This belief, though never confirmed by any eyewitness and certainly never substantiated by Darcy himself, had become a kind of legend to which further details had been added just because they seemed to follow. It was said that only one key to the room existed; that Darcy kept the key in a wall safe to which only he had the combination; that he unlocked the door three times a week to dust the room himself, even sweeping it himself, when necessary, and arranging fresh flowers in the vases.

THE GUESSES were good as far as they went, but that was only part way. As a matter of fact, Darcy entered his mother's room much oftener than conjecture estimated, but by another route—for he had had an inner door cut through to it from his own dressing room. He could thus

SENTIMENTALISTS BY PERSUASION

Virginia Brasier

That sweet old rocker Aunt Hannah sat in,
The platform one with the crocheted mat in
(It covers a brownish spot, that's why!
Aunt Hannah was partial to henna dye!)
That dear old rug with its colors murkish,
We've had it so long that it's hardly Turkish—
The chip-topped table, the tippy chair
Are so familiar we're unaware
Of any, unless some innocent stranger
Sits in the chair to his imminent danger.
What if such furniture shows its wear?
What if a spring's popped here and there?
We love it all and, besides, let's face it—
We found out what it would cost to replace it!

visit the shrine as often as he wished, unobserved even by Briggs or the housemaid. It was true that the room beyond was exactly as his mother had left it, except for one vital addition. This was a dressmaker's dummy, made to the late Mrs. Hollister's measurements, that Darcy had found in the attic of the house after her death.

HE HAD lugged it down himself very late one night when the servants were safely asleep, and set it up at the end of the room in the embrasure of a bay window. The form had only a nickel knob for a head, so he had purchased one of those cranium-shaped blocks on which hairdressers comb out transformations—it had a hollow throat that fitted neatly over the nickel knob. A heavy, gleaming choker of pearls concealed the junction. Darcy had also bought a wig the precise color of his mother's hair. He had then turned the whole figure, with its faceless block, toward the window, so that only the back of the head was visible from the room. It looked very natural and lifelike. Later he acquired a variety of hairpieces of the same steel-gray so that Mother could wear her hair in ever-changing ways, as she used to. Monotony had always bored her. That had been one of the fascinating things.

When he dressed himself for a dinner engagement, he always played maid in the adjoining room and brought out the clothes his mother would have worn for such an evening, selecting them with unerring taste and with a sense of occasion. He never put them on the figure, because that would have seemed an indelicate thing to do—the dummy remained in the chiffon hostess gown, attractive and *intime*, it had worn for years. But he laid out everything, even to the slippers, the stockings, the accessories; and when he left the house, he could visualize his mother, exquisitely dressed, at his side. And all through the festive evening that followed he could imagine her near him. He could exchange an occasional meaningful twinkle with her across the dinner table. It helped a lot.

He would come home when the party was over—or they would come home, to put it more accurately—and he would say to her, "You looked marvelous, darling. People *raved*. That smoky gray-blue is so becoming." They had always had these bedtime chats after all parties and they had them now. Sitting relaxed on the chaise longue in his mother's room while she stood at the window in her trailing chiffon, gazing down at her favorite garden view, he would discuss the evening with her, recount all the tidbits of news he had picked up and all the comments and quotations he had been cherishing for her amusement.

"My dear, she was livid with rage!" he would say laughingly, and he could hear his mother laugh, too, in her soft little chuckling way. She had always had a divine sense of humor. "Just like mine, darling," Darcy often remarked to her fondly. "I get it from you."

It was only after he had told her everything about his evening—every last and littlest thing—that he would say, "Good night, dearest," and blow her a kiss and tiptoe out. It was only then that he could go to bed contentedly and really sleep.

IN THE SUMMER of 1949, for the first time since before the war, Darcy returned to his beloved England for a visit. It was a wrench, of course, to leave his happy little house, and his companionably silent mother—"I am loath to go without you, angel," he had assured her many times during the uncertain, troubled weeks he was contemplating the excursion. "But you do keep urging me, you know, and really, I think you're right about it. It's time I renewed all our friendships over there, and looked about a bit. Just think of all I'll have to tell you when I get back home! And I shan't stay long—I promise you that."

He stayed only three weeks, as it turned out. He had intended to stay six, but England was a frightful disappointment, being so changed. The Continent was gayer; he kept hearing that from everybody; but after London he was

too discouraged, too shocked and sad, to venture farther. He had no heart for anything but hurrying home.

All around him while he was in London there were fellow Americans who kept saying philosophical things like, "After all, conditions aren't so bad as I thought they might be," and, "Well, at any rate, the food is filling, even though it's tasteless," and, "Really, when you consider what these people have been through, it's just amazing how completely they've recovered—at least, on the surface."

Darcy, tight-lipped, said nothing of the kind. No comment, he kept thinking testily. He found conditions appalling, and he wished from the first that he had not come. The bravery of the British was indisputable, of course, but a visiting American gentleman, accustomed to every luxury, could not be expected to share their privations with an equal fortitude. Darcy's wealthiest friends were relatively poverty-stricken now. It was a fact they seemed to take for granted, mentioning it with casual, simple candor, if at all. The residents of one great house where he was bidden for a weekend proved to be living in the gatekeeper's cottage, and they put him there, in a dire little room. They hadn't even warned him, nor did they essay any apology beyond observing gaily, "You must take us as you find us!"

Really, one would have thought the whole thing was a lark. One's host at dinner carried out the plates; one's hostess washed them, like a scullery maid. There was no decent whisky. One was lucky if butter was served at all. At the small, select hotel in Mayfair where Darcy always stopped, the superlative comforts of the past had given way to the most ghastly makeshifts—coat hangers were made of cardboard, there were only two clean towels a day, and he was allowed one egg at breakfast and no more—and that egg *fried!* It seemed that it was too cold-storage to be boiled successfully.

Cabdrivers—ruined by the overtipping of the American Army—became downright insulting if one failed to squander shillings on them like a mad GI. Labor was in the saddle anyway, of course, and here, as in the States, it caused the most lamentable difference in the attitudes of hirelings. The perfect British servant, for example, was no more. Only the good gray Briggs remained, commemorating the lost breed. "Thank heaven for you!" Darcy kept saying—Briggs had accompanied him, of course—and Briggs kept replying, "Thank you, sir. I do my best. A bit difficult here, I must say, since the war." Even Briggs was embarrassed.

It all came back to the war, and, of course, the bombings. You had to remember the bombings, and you did indeed remember them when you rode about and saw so many of the landmarks missing, gone before your outraged eyes. Darcy carefully kept away from those sections of the city where he was told the destruction had been greatest. He saw no reason for offending his sensibilities unnecessarily.

WORST of all was the clothes situation. Darcy's heart was really torn and genuinely sympathetic. Rehearsing the description with which he would eventually regale the listening image of his mother, he murmured, "It's unbelievable,

my dear! People are actually *shabby*—and I don't mean simply 'people,' you understand. I mean, people one *knows!*"

There was the matter of the evening dresses. One's London friends still dressed for dinner, but in the withered finery they had worn before the war. "My darling, it's *pitiable!*" Darcy planned to tell his mother. "Why, for example, one evening I asked the Blessintons and Poppy Stuart-Beresford to dine with me—only, unluckily, the Blessintons dropped out at the eleventh hour, leaving me with Poppy on my hands—and, my Lord, you should have seen what she had *on!*"

Here Darcy's description became detailed, and complete with graphic gestures. He was very good indeed at these. "And the restaurant itself!" he exclaimed parenthetically. "Considered so chic, and most horribly expensive, but the food, my dear, and the *décor!* The walls all billowing with great puffy squiggles of what I took to be magenta satin, till they told me it was dyed *parachute silk*—of all grim fabrics, can you bear it? And against this macabre background, poor old Poppy, as I say, got up fantastically in beaded purple taffeta, with half the beads worn off—"

Even in rehearsal, words failed Darcy at this point. He hoped they would not do so in the ultimate performance for his mother, which he meant to make as vivid and as eloquent as possible. He had a plan, and the plan needed her cooperation. Their London friends must somehow be supplied with proper evening gowns, and since they could afford no new ones, they might make over old ones of a suitable lavishness. This would be a fine, generous thing to do with his mother's evening dresses, a charitable gesture he felt certain she would approve. "Darcy, yes, my sweet, by all means!" his mother would say. "That's exactly what we'll do. How clever of you to have thought of it!"

The plan seemed increasingly admirable, warming his heart more and more on the homeward voyage. And always, in his thinking, his mother's consent was readily given. He could hear himself saying happily, "I knew you'd feel that way, darling! I knew I could count on you. You've always been the soul of generosity."

It was a little surprising, therefore, to find when he arrived that he couldn't quite count on himself. In the course of his first long talk with his mother about the trip and all its happenings, he made no mention of his scheme about the clothes; instead, he put it off deliberately, feeling a curious reluctance. He thought, I'd better look them over before I broach the subject to her.

So, on his second day at home, he paid a furtive visit to his mother's room—crossing the soft carpet on tiptoe, with a nervous eye on her. It was better not to let her know, this time, that he was here. Her dressing room was at the far side of the bedroom, and the two huge closets in which her clothes were kept adjoined the dressing room. He reached them safely, without attracting her attention.

He stood a long time, in the doorway of the left-hand closet, where the evening dresses were. The dustproof bags had been removed long since because he liked to see the pretty silks and satins. It facilitated his selection of his mother's costume for each party to be able to shift each one along the metal rod, or finger it to test its texture, or lift it out to view it whole.

There were easily thirty dresses, all told. Possibly more. She had loved evening clothes—and with good reason, since she wore them like a queen. Darcy's eyes rested rather mistily on his special favorites. Each brought back a memory. There was the silver lace (by Lanvin) she had worn to the Fenwicks' Christmas ball that year, and the magnificent white brocade that Darcy had helped her choose for the Breckonridge-Cunningham wedding.

Darcy reached out and fingered the white brocade, enjoying its satiny yet metallic touch. He unhooked the hanger from the metal rod, and held the dress clear of the others, inspecting it at arm's length. Now, this would do wonders for Poppy Stuart-Beresford, he thought. "It's high in front, so it would hide those dreadful collarbones of hers, but poor old Poppy's got nice shoulders; so the *décolletage* in back is right for her. I suppose the seams could be let out, if it's too snug around the waist. She's rather lost her figger, poor old Poppy. All that starch they eat. But it will do. She'll love it. She'll go mad with joy and gratitude." He put the dress aside, earmarked for Poppy.

He chose others, many others, in the ensuing quarter of an hour, for more of his friends in London. He hung them apart, on the side hooks around the closet wall. The central rack began to look a little empty. Oh, dear, this seems quite awful, Darcy thought. I feel a vandal. He grew a little tense with listening for his mother's voice. "Oh, darling, not too *many!*" she would plead, half-laughing, yet half-serious. "What will I wear, if you give all my clothes away?"

"I'll buy you new ones," Darcy said aloud. But it wouldn't be the same thing; he knew that as well as she did. He thought, She's right; I'm being too generous. I'll just pick out a few to send. And he began putting the prettiest dresses back.

But they were all so pretty. They were all so precious to him. In the end, he knew that he couldn't bear to part with any of them. He hung them all back in their places, one by one, his round face stony, his small chin stubborn. Never mind about the British, he kept thinking; and a moment later, he repeated this aloud.

"You and I have our own lives to live," he told the dummy of his mother.

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SCIENTIFIC SOLACE

Jean Sartwell

Whenever life is at a lull,
And all my future's dark,
And I'm convinced I'm deadly dull
Without a vital spark;
One fact of life shines luminous:
That I, in certain patches,
Contain sufficient phosphorus
To make two thousand matches.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Private Secretary in the Pentagon

(Continued from page 8)

his daily conference with Secretary of Defense Marshall. The rest of the morning may go like this: General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, the tall, handsome Air Force Chief of Staff comes in. A friend of Bradley's telephones to ask whether he can play golf at Burning Tree on Saturday afternoon. Robert A. Lovett, Deputy Secretary of Defense, walks in unannounced and asks to see the general. There is a half hour's dictation, which Bradley interrupts to greet General Carl Spaatz, retired Air Force Chief of Staff. Velma listens in on half a dozen of Bradley's telephone conversations, and makes notes for action or for the file. One call summons him to appear at a Senate hearing later in the day, and she sets about shifting afternoon appointments with John Foster Dulles, consultant to the Secretary of State, Frank Pace, Secretary of the Army, and Air Marshal Sir William Elliot, British representative in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

After lunch she catches up on her typing. As Bradley's letters may end up on the desk of the President or the Secretary of State, or framed on a wall in Minnesota, they must be done meticulously on an electric typewriter. There are always interruptions by visitors and the telephone.

VELMA Cameron knows she is in the middle of current history. Important things happen around her. She helps General Bradley by being his tactful representative. Instant recognition is as important for her as it is for a fighter pilot. There is a story around the Pentagon that an admiral in mussy civvies was once thrown out of the office of the Secretary of the Navy by a dim-witted receptionist. Velma Cameron could never be guilty of such gaucherie. Exalted personages like the Shah of Iran and Viscount Montgomery are preceded and surrounded by aides and ambassadors, but some come unheralded. So she must, and does, know by sight all the high brass, American and allied, stationed in the capital; all the Cabinet and sub-Cabinet members, and Congressmen and governors. To keep abreast of changes, she studies photographs and newspaper and magazine pictures. George Murphy, a Hollywood friend of the general's, dropped in one day. Velma had no trouble; he looked just as he should.

HER TACT and discretion were tested earlier by an exacting boss, Dwight D. Eisenhower. In 1949, when he was named temporary JCS chairman, he—smarting, no doubt, from sad experience—sent word that he wanted a Washington secretary who was quiet, refined, and dignified, wouldn't flaunt her job before others, and wouldn't talk outside the office. Ralph N. Stohl, the Defense Department's director of administration, thought of Velma Cameron, who had once been his secretary at Agriculture. He had since received a report praising the job she had done for a Pentagon advisory commission. Mr. Stohl sent for her, and she went to work for General Eisenhower. She stayed with Ike—a considerate man who knew what he wanted to say and didn't change his dictation—until Bradley succeeded him as Chairman of JCS.

Naturally, Velma Cameron never lacks social invitations. She likes to go dancing at such places as the Shoreham Terrace. But she's a Mormon and spends every Monday evening as a volunteer stenographer for the Bishop of the Washington ward. (Mormon bishops are unpaid; the Washington bishop makes his living as an FBI agent.)

So many girls have left him for the altar that the fatherly Bradley has been accused of running a matrimonial agency. Velma Cameron denies she's engaged, but admits that a Washington interest did keep her from joining Eisenhower's staff in New York and later in Paris.

THE END

"I'll tell you the boss's weakness if you tell me yours."

(Continued from page 53)

Details about the Three Beauties' Clothes

Page 46—Maggi McNellis
Sheath has a scooped neckline, cap sleeves, and straight, slim skirt. Its barrel-backed jacket (see page 48) is hip length, lined in beige satin.

Yarn-dyed rayon satin is by Tuller, and the dress is available in black only, 10 to 16. About $110. By Larry Aldrich. Jules Schwab turquoise-and-rhinestone choker and earrings.

Page 47—Nan Rees
Wool knit in gray, black, white, 7 to 15. By Toni Owen. About $30. Betmar hat; Ronay handbag; Bergere Monte Carlo bracelet.

Page 48: 100%-wool broadcloth. Black, brown, green, plum, 10 to 18, 7 to 15. About $90. By Handmacher. Harold J. Rubin muff; Chanda velours pillbox.

Pure silk theatre suit, velvet trim. In black only, 10 to 18. About $185. By Jacques Fath for Joseph Halpert. Chanda turban and Kay Fuchs gloves.

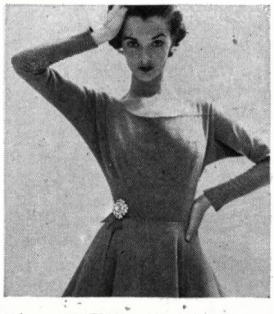
Page 49: Pajamas of elegant rayon suedeen, black or gold; divided skirt of rayon taffeta, gray or red. 10 to 18. About $70. By Jean Desses for Raymodes.

Page 50—Martha Wright
Yarn-dyed rayon taffeta, lace-over-marquisette trim, in black only, 10 to 16. About $60. By Frank Starr. Furst ermine stole.

Page 51: Deep-pile, 100% alpaca, lined in taffeta. In black only, 10 to 15. About $90. By Lumay. Llama knitted gloves by Wear Right; Bergere coin clip.

Gray-and-white-check bolero and gray skirt in Milliken's orlon and wool, each about $25. Cotton-and-wool shirt, about $18. 10 to 16. By B. H. Wragge.

Herringbone tweed, gray and white only, 10 to 16. About $75. By B. H. Wragge. Marvella earrings; Jana bag; Bergere daisy pin; Dani velvet beret.



Page 52—Nan Rees
(Inset) Meguntic flannel in "Rhinestone" gray only, 7 to 15. About $45. By Anne Fogarty of Margot. Marvella rhinestone pin.

Miron wool gabardine in black, green, brown, 10 to 16, 7 to 15. About $75. By Handmacher. Betmar velvet hat; Kay Fuchs gloves; rose by Flower Modes.

Page 53—Low-neckline sleeveless jumper and satin-piped jacket of Juilliard twill-back velveteen in black, red, gold, 7 to 15. About $45. By Toni Owen.

Imported Italian velveteen in black, brown, 10 to 16, 9 to 15. $85. By Jean Desses for Bagedonow. Kramer rhinestone pin; pouch and chain by Moskowitz.

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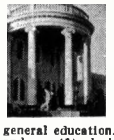

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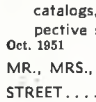

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Lovely Sight

(Continued from page 73)

boldly exposing their patchwork of colored stickers. Mr. Snodgrass could easily picture their owner: chic, fortyish, imposing, the familiar well-heeled juggernaut goddess of large suites, large tips (sometimes), and unconquerable dissatisfaction with the help. His smoothly ironed face made affable preparation for her advent.

But when the lady appeared, in a cloud of costly perfume and yet a third fur coat, the sight brought a small furrow to his brow. She was indeed all he had imagined and more, from the richly veiled ankles, still trim and smart, to the impenetrable sunglasses—appropriate for a dazzling beach at midday but rather dark for this softly lighted interior. What bothered Mr. Snodgrass was the huge, short-leashed police dog stepping close at her side.

THE EXETER'S rule against pets was strict. From the desk Mr. Snodgrass had a clear view of the five bestickered trunks from which the lady had refused to be separated, and an equally clear idea as to how she would respond to *this* rule—but he had no choice. Even as she groped for the desk pen, he cleared his throat and spoke.

"Ah—Mrs. Stanton," he said in a low voice, "I'm dreadfully sorry, but we don't allow pets in the rooms."

Mrs. Stanton laughed in a rich, cigarette contralto. "Really? But Thor isn't just a pet, are you, Thor?"

At the sound of his name, the dog looked up and swallowed expectantly. His mistress had meanwhile found the register. "May I have the pen?" she asked pleasantly. Mr. Snodgrass stiffened; the pen was four inches from her hand. He became slightly pink, but he did not hand her the pen.

"I'm sorry," he repeated firmly, "but the Exeter does not permit dogs in the rooms. We can have the porter look after him while you are with us, but—"

Mrs. Stanton shook her head and smiled. "Thor isn't a pet," she said. "Thor is my eyes."

"I beg pardon?" said Mr. Snodgrass, bewildered.

Her voice, husky but unmuted, carried easily across the quiet lobby. "Didn't you notice that I'm blind?"

If the earth at one's feet could open by the mere wishing of it, Mr. Snodgrass would surely have vanished forthwith in the general direction of Australia. The attention of everyone within earshot was focused solidly on the scene—the bell captain and his staff, the doorman, people at the cigar stand. Mr. Snodgrass' face turned a deep shade of magenta; pity, admiration, embarrassment fought painfully in his bosom as he stammered, "I—I'm terribly sorry. I —I didn't know. . . . "

Her smile was a flash of white in her sunburned face. "Of course not; how could you?" said the husky, unhurried voice. "Please don't let it distress you. —May I have the pen?" Mr. Snodgrass started, fumblingly placed the pen in her fingers, then winced again as, after a moment's pause, she added patiently, "Would you mind—? The register— Oh, thank you," she finished, as he hastened to guide her pen to the registry card, inwardly cursing his stupidity. She

scribbled rapidly and handed back the pen.

Mr. Snodgrass found his voice again. "We've given you a lovely suite, Mrs. Stanton; I'm sure you'll be very happy with us," he said hastily. Then he almost bit his tongue when she replied gently, "That's more than *I* can expect."

He hammered furiously on his little bell and barked "Front!" Four bellhops leaped forward like runners at the starting gun. Among them they seized the hand luggage; under the head porter's reverential guidance the trunks acquired individual rubber-wheeled dollies; then, led by Thor, the entire safari trundled away toward the elevators.

Mr. Snodgrass took a deep breath. With a chilly stare, he discouraged the expressive looks the bell captain and Mr. Cramp, the night cashier, were trying to exchange with him. He wanted intensely to be alone.

What a woman! What courage! What poise!

Ordinarily his correct little soul would have been scandalized at such flaunting of a handicap, such indifference to decorum, but there was something in Mrs. Stanton's manner that rose above mere proprieties. He wondered what most blind people were like. He had had a vague impression that those who were not beggars or news vendors stayed decently out of sight in their homes or in institutions.

Her physical presence was still vivid to him: sun-darkened skin, white teeth, black, black glasses. And the echo of her husky voice hung in the air, reinforced by the winy fragrance of her scent *(Nuit de Noël? Number 5?)*. He was almost prepared to say that a woman like Mrs. Stanton could do no wrong.

It was a relief when one A.M., and the end of his duty, arrived. He usually ate his supper with the others in the grill kitchen before turning in, but tonight he felt he couldn't endure the vulgar conversation, the inevitable speculations about Mrs. Stanton—*his* Mrs. Stanton. Tonight, even the menu (lentil soup, Hungarian goulash with noodles, choice of vegetables, Waldorf salad, choice of dessert, coffee, tea, or milk) obscurely offended his sensibilities. Tonight, he would sup somewhere alone, frugally, on a cup of coffee and a chaste fruit cup.

IT WAS a quarter to two when Mr. Snodgrass emerged from the all-night cafeteria and strolled toward the big newsstand outside Grand Central to buy the *Times*. He was still thinking of the extraordinary Mrs. Stanton. Suddenly he thought he saw her, not ten yards ahead of him, the faithful Thor at her side. Yes; it must be; it was. Rather guiltily he quickened his steps—he couldn't resist the opportunity of observing the Seeing Eye in action, nor could he resist the magnetic personality of the dog's owner.

She was amazing. With sure, deliberate, easy steps, she negotiated the pedestrian traffic, plentiful here even at two A.M. She wasn't wearing her glasses—to avoid being conspicuous, he surmised—and a sidelong glance showed him that without them her eyes looked little different from those of any other passer-by. Naturally he, with his private knowledge, could see that the dog was leading her. But so smoothly, so skillfully did she follow that not one in a thousand would have guessed. If anything, it was the dog that would give her away; no ordinary dog walked that way—with that prudent, formal, hesitating gait, as if each step were a separate problem in itself—and he felt the thrill of a secret bond between them at the thought that in this whole street only he *knew*.

They anticipated his course by veering toward the newsstand themselves (by sound alone?); then he was startled to see the blind woman reach her free hand hesitantly to the racked magazines at the side of the stand, touching them one by one with sensitive fingers, almost as if they could tell her what was printed on the covers. He watched, fascinated. What strange, fierce pride caused her to simulate the actions of normalcy so perfectly that not one normal onlooker could detect the counterfeit? Was it an old habit to which she clung desperately, a last link with a brighter yesterday? A lump rose in his throat as he watched Mrs. Stanton, so cheerful and casual, tuck two or three of the magazines under her arm (the maid must read them to her), fumble in her purse (but no longer than most women), and hand the exact change to the fat old man who, it was obvious, had no inkling of her handicap. An impulse welled up in Mr. Snodgrass—not normally a creature of impulse. He forgot his nightly *Times*, forgot everything but the magnificent deception he had just witnessed and, obeying impulse for once in his life, he took three quick steps to Mrs. Stanton's side.

As he did so, a medium-sized flake of soot materialized from the neon-pink dusk overhead that serves Manhattan as a sky, and settled on Mrs. Stanton's left sleeve. With an exclamation of annoyance she raised her arm and blew away the offending speck, which left an almost microscopic smudge on the cloth; then she wet the corner of a tiny handkerchief and, under Mr. Snodgrass' stupefied gaze, began to rub expertly at the smudge. Suddenly becoming conscious that a man was staring at her, she raised her beautiful eyes; they met his. At that belated moment, it dawned on Mr. Snodgrass that Mrs. Stanton's eyesight was no worse than his own.

Her face had already congealed in the defensive immobility of a lady stared at by a gentleman, when Mr. Snodgrass spoke. "Do much reading, Mrs. Stanton?"

SHE gave him a frosty stare. "I beg your pardon. Do I know you?"

"In a sense," replied Mr. Snodgrass. "I'm the room clerk at the Exeter. The one who failed to realize you were—*blind*." He underlined cuttingly the last word.

Her face relaxed; she laughed her rich throaty laugh; she was not at all embarrassed. "Of course! The young man who wanted me to hand poor Thor over to some dreadful porter!"

Mr. Snodgrass did not laugh. He didn't like being made a fool of by anyone, magnetic or not. "Those are my orders, Mrs. Stanton," he said, "and I *don't* think you were— Well, it wasn't very nice."

She smiled, strolling once more toward the hotel, forcing him to fall in step, as she remarked confidently, "But *you're* nice. You won't give us away."

"I have no choice," he said stiffly. "You don't imagine, Mrs. Stanton, that I can pretend to my employers that someone is blind, when—"

"There's no need to pretend," she interrupted, her voice low and rather somber. "Surely you've—*seen?*"

This was really too much! Did she think she could make an absolute idiot of him whenever she choose? "What *are* you talking about, Mrs. Stanton? Your eyes are just as good as . . ."

"Not mine. Look at Thor's."

He looked down at the dog. How could he *not* have seen it? The telltale opalescence of the eyeballs, the filmy unseeing stare; and, most revealing of all, that prudent, formal, hesitating gait, as if each step were a separate problem in itself. . . .

They reached the intersection, and she took his arm. "There's just never been any other way," she said, very low. "I mean, there's no one who'd—well—bother. You see, *I* knew him before. When he was a puppy. *You* understand." Then she said, "But you were right. It wasn't very nice to—fool you."

For the second time in his life, Mr. Snodgrass followed an impulse. Her hand was on his arm; he laid his hand upon it.

"There are lots of different ways," said Mr. Snodgrass, "of being nice."

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I'M IN LOVE, BUT I DON'T FEEL VERY WELL

Loyd Rosenfield

I hear a voice, there's someone there
Who wants to hoe the garden;
I'd help you but my arteries
Have just begun to harden;

I'd love to paint the front-porch floor,
Why, that would be a frolic!
But, dear, you know when I smell paint
I always get the colic;

I'd gladly beat the parlor rug
But I am one year older
And when I put the hammock up
I strained and sprained my shoulder;

I'll go and prune the apple trees
If you'll prepare the plasma;
The blossoms are romantic, yes,
But they bring on my asthma;

I'd like to gambol through the fields
And pick spring flowers and onions,
But since this morning's round of golf
My toes have tender bunions;

Of course I'm still in love with you,
My pet, now don't get weepy;
I'd get right up and kiss you now,
But, darling, I'm so sleepy!

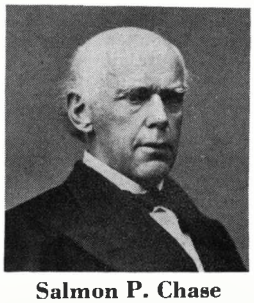
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Got Change for a $10,000 Bill?

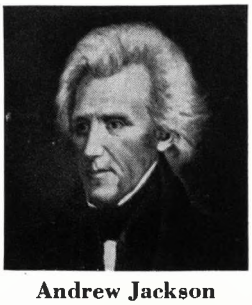
Who handles and owns the $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000 bills in circulation? The enthralling story of what happens to the big bills you never see ☆ **BY MORT WEISINGER**

Culver

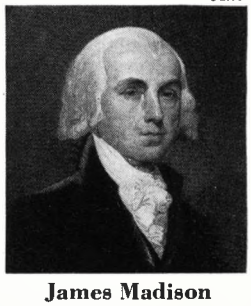
Ulysses S. Grant



Salmon P. Chase

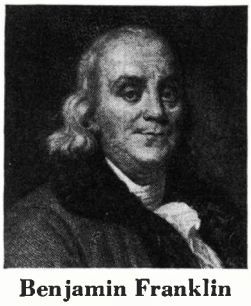


Andrew Jackson

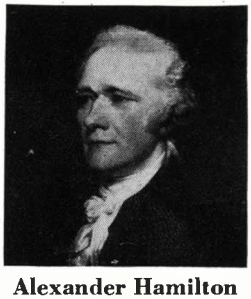


James Madison

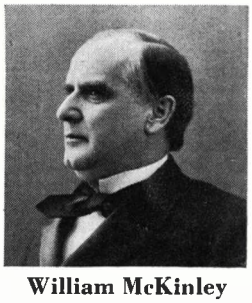
Grover Cleveland



Benjamin Franklin



Alexander Hamilton



William McKinley

Do you know on what large-denomination bills these men appear? For answers, see next page →

CONCERNING A KIND OF MONEY WORRY EVERYBODY WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE

Would you mind taking a squint at the money in your wallet? If any of your bills bears a portrait of Salmon P. Chase, Civil War statesman, the FBI wants to know how in blazes you got hold of a $10,000 bill.

Most people sail placidly through life without even suspecting the existence of $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000 notes. Yet there is approximately six hundred million dollars' worth of these bloated bills in circulation. Some of these overgrown greenbacks are lolling around in safe-deposit boxes; others are stuffed in misers' mattresses. But whether they are locked away in a bank vault or are cooling off in a hole in the ground, the stories about these big hunks of currency make the legends about King Croesus sound almost mild in comparison.

Take the superduper denomination—the ten-grand greenback. According to the *Federal Reserve Bulletin*, there are only eight hundred of these behemoths in circulation. But even if you had eight million dollars, you couldn't corner the stockpile. His Exalted Highness, Osman, the Nizam of Hyderabad, mightiest of India's potentates and reputedly the richest man in the world, owns one hundred of these five-figure bills. Just why the Nizam is hoarding these Yankee dollars nobody knows.

The Nizam is a modern Midas whose palace is a reasonable facsimile of Fort Knox. Gold in coin, bars, and large keg-shaped blocks is stacked along the walls of what used to be living and bedrooms. It also fills the parlor and garage. Osman, incidentally, owns the world's largest gold table service, consisting of solid-gold plates, platters, knives, forks, ashtrays, and salt shakers for a hundred and fifty guests. The Nizam's wealth is estimated at about two billion dollars, practically all of it tied up in jewels and gold. He gets nothing out of it except a collector's thrill, but this must be considerable, as he spends many hours among his treasures. Investments do not appeal to him, as part of his fortune would have to be removed from his sight. Undoubtedly, his million-dollar nest egg of American assets will remain unhatched until the day he discovers he can't take them with him.

There is a man in New York, however, who has fondled more of this colossal currency than the Nizam. His name is Ernest Coots, and he handles five- and ten-grand notes as casually as a Woolworth clerk negotiates five- and ten-cent items. Coots is paying teller at the New York Federal Reserve Bank, and into his till float most of the seven hundred remaining $10,000 bills that the Nizam has resisted.

Coots long ago ceased to elevate an eyebrow at the private citizens who step up to his well-barricaded cage and offer a valiseful of cash in exchange for a solitary, skin-thin $10,000 note. Once a year a certain Chinese merchant hands him a wad of dough in small bills and requests a ten-G certificate in return. After four or five years of this conversion of little ones into big ones, Coots learned the explanation. The Chinese merchant's mother lives in Korea, and he observes her birthday each year by sending her one of Uncle Sam's crisp multicipher notes.

Very few people have seen a $10,000 bill. The person who can vouch for this statement is Vernon L. Brown, curator of the Chase National Bank's fabulous collection of moneys of the world. Brown is official keeper of seventy-five thousand different monetary specimens, representing almost every known medium of exchange ever used by mankind, from the stone money of the island of Yap to the twelve-sided blackout nickels issued by Canada during the war. Brown has platinum money struck experimentally under the czars of Russia, wooden nickels issued in the United States as emergency money during the last Depression, and even whale-tooth money, which is legal tender in the Fiji Islands.

A DISTINGUISHED-looking man once came into Brown's money museum and asked to be shown the glass case in which is displayed a genuine sample of every denomination of United States currency in circulation. "Believe it or not," said the visitor, as Brown led him over to the case, "I've been president of a bank for twenty years, and this is the first time I've seen a ten-thousand-dollar bill!"

"Then move over, please," came the voice of another visitor behind them. "I'm a bank president, too, and I've never seen one, either."

The Chase National Bank's big-moola display is probably the only one of its type in the country. Not long ago an ambitious teller in a Western bank short-stopped a $10,000 bill passing through his exchequer and displayed it in his bank's window, on the theory that it would attract passers-by. He may also have been harboring a happy idea that the promotional stunt would win him a raise. The teller's eager-beaver tactics almost cost him his job. An irate superior pointed out that, by making the enormous bill idle, he was tying up in the neighborhood of six hundred dollars' worth of interest per annum.

What are some of the everyday adventures of a $10,000 bill? To learn the answer, this reporter prevailed upon Mr. Benjamin Feit, an official of the Manufacturers Trust Company in New York City, to help trace the route of a specimen of America's most fabulous folding money. Chosen for the experiment was a $10,000 bill bearing the serial number B00000079A drawn from the New York Federal Reserve Bank. Attached to the bill by a paper clip (not stapled; it is against the law to mutilate currency) was a small card with this typewritten message:

> I am a writer preparing an article on bills of large denomination for a national magazine. Whoever gets this bill, please report the transaction for which it is being used. All information will be treated as confidential if you so desire. Your cooperation will be appreciated.

Appended to the message was the author's name, address, and telephone number. The Odyssey of B00000079A began two days later. According to a Mr. Kay, an executive of Trylon Realty, a large Long Island real-estate corporation, it popped up at the closing of a real-estate transaction in which the client offered it in lieu of a certified check. A few days later, the firm of J. S. Inskip, Inc., dealers in British cars, called to report that B00000079A had turned up—along with *another* $10,000 bill—in payment for a Rolls-Royce limousine. The next reported milestone was at the Wall Street office of Penington, Colket & Co., stockbrokers. A customer had used it in order to purchase some blue-chip securities.

For a week thereafter, B00000079A remained incommunicado, and we began to fear the message had gone astray.

Then came a letter from Mr. Ralph M. Chipurnoi, president of Wise, Smith & Co., a Hartford, Connecticut, department store. Mr. Chipurnoi reported that it had been used by a Mexican gentleman to purchase several thousand dollars' worth of kitchen appliances to take home. Three days later came a phone call from a gentleman who begged anonymity but confided that he was planning to give the bill to his daughter as a wedding gift. A few days later Mr. Thomas O. Waage, genial manager of the Public Information Department of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, notified us that B00000079A had completed its cycle of financial wandering and was once again safely tucked away in Mr. Coots's till, and that our message had been confiscated because the Treasury Department frowns upon such circulatory shenanigans.

It is not surprising that $10,000 bills that have been making the rounds rarely show any physical evidences of usage. Ralph Tilton, supervisor of the Sorting and Counting Division of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, sums it up this way: "People don't soil a ten-thousand-dollar bill. They don't smear it, they don't tear it, they don't even wrinkle it. They respect it and treat it gently. It's folding money that nobody ever folds!"

YOUR CHANCES of ever getting chummy with Salmon P. Chase are dim. But you might try for James Madison, fourth President of the United States. His portrait graces the $5,000 note. Although there are only eight hundred of this variety in circulation, they pop up more often than their big brothers, the ten-G notes.

In New York City, Cartier's, Tiffany's, Cook's travel agency, and swank night clubs like the Stork Club report seeing these eye-openers quite frequently, usually in the hands of South American dignitaries and businessmen. Miss Josephine Mische, head cashier at the swank Waldorf-Astoria for the past twenty years, has also observed an influx of $5,000 bills from the hands of our good neighbors from south of the equator. The explanation lies in the fact that most well-heeled South Americans arrive in this country with the intention of going on a buying spree. They exchange their letters of credit for huge bills to avoid carrying around overstuffed wallets and to facilitate cash-and-carry transactions.

The story of how the late President Calvin Coolidge once passed a week at

his New England home, unable to spend any money because all he had on him was a lone $5,000 bill no one could cash is a favorite with his biographers.

It was President Coolidge's policy never to pay for anything by check because he resented people's selling his autograph at an inflated price. But because he had quite a reputation for being tight with a buck, his critics charged that President Coolidge was deliberately using the big bill to avoid spending money.

Today Prince Mike Romanoff is one of Hollywood's most respected citizens. But in the days when he made it his career to be a fabulous phony, the colorful Romanoff borrowed a leaf from the Coolidge legend to use a five-grand note for mooching purposes.

It was Romanoff's practice to arrive at an exclusive restaurant with an entourage of café-society pals. As befitted royalty, he would order everything from caviar to champagne. When the check came, he would whip out his wallet with a grand flourish and dazzle the headwaiter with a $5,000 bill. In those pre-inflationary days, even a grand note was something that only the Brink's, Inc., boys saw. If the waiter didn't drop dead at sight of the bill, someone else in Romanoff's party was stuck with the tab, or else the management whistled in vain.

According to the Treasury Department, it takes nine months for a crisp, new bill to shrivel into a pallid pulp. Romanoff flashed his five-G note so often he had to replace it with a fresh one every three weeks. It became his coat of arms. The twist, of course, telegraphs itself. One night-club impresario saved up a reservoir of cash, and when Romanoff pulled his routine the restaurateur was cheerfully standing by with a shovelful of greenbacks to make the necessary change.

DOWN ANOTHER rung on the ladder of the real long green is the $1 000 bill. Although the country is practically papered with these—573,000 of them are in circulation—ninety-nine people out of a hundred have never seen one. Recently a bright contestant on one of radio's big quiz programs forfeited a very sizable jackpot because she could not name the President whose image has been preserved on the $1,000 bill. Such ignorance is not hard to understand. One afternoon, in the course of researching this article, the author made a spot check of several prominent Manhattan banks and asked more than a dozen vice-presidents to supply the name of the man on the $1,000 bill. Only one knew it was Grover Cleveland.

The $1,000 bill has always been the most popular of the big-money series, particularly with the underworld set. G-notes, as they are commonly called, are considered excellent by these characters for greasing palms, slipping under counters, and paying off big bets without lugging around telltale satchels. Jope Mooney, two-gun bodyguard of Nucky Johnson, the vice king of Atlantic City, always kept several G-notes on his person. He was afraid of being arrested on a technical vagrancy charge and carried the bills so that he would always be able to prove his solvency.

The late Johnny Torrio, notorious gangster of the roaring twenties, used to keep a canvas money belt strapped around his waist night and day. The belt was stuffed with $1,000 notes. "Bail insurance," Torrio called it, and on more than one occasion he confounded a judge by pulling up his shirt in court and extracting enough G-notes to furnish his own bail—often as high as twenty-five thousand dollars.

It is interesting to note that several months ago, when Frederick Vanderbilt Field, wealthy leftist and secretary of the Civil Rights Bail Fund, was arrested, his wife put up ten $1,000 bills as bail.

Prankster Ralph Edwards, of the "Truth or Consequences" radio program, announced over the air one day that he was mailing a $1,000 bill to a Mr. Wimble—inside the pages of an old book. Edwards asked his vast radio audience to play along with the gag and send Mr. Wimble any old book, so that the victim would have a tough time in finding the one containing the G-note. Thousands of listeners participated in the gag, and in a few days Wimble's home resembled the Congressional Library. But Wimble gallantly leafed through millions of pages until he found his wampum.

Big bills are on the wane. In 1940, there were six thousand $10,000 bills in circulation, as opposed to eight hundred today. The five-grand notes have suffered a similar decline in number. The disappearance of big bills is largely due to the Treasury Department's vigilant efforts to flush out tax dodgers and black marketeers. The G-men say that big money's chief *sub rosa* mission in life is to facilitate extralegal operations. Therefore, the Treasury Department requests all bank tellers to record the names, addresses, and apparent motives of persons attempting to cash, deposit, or withdraw large greenbacks.

THIS precaution on the part of the Treasury has produced a phenomenon unique in American financial history. Holders of wads of $1,000 bills, illegally obtained, have offered them for sale at below their face value. You can deduce from the size of the losses they're willing to take what enormous profits they must have made in the process of acquiring the bills. In New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, $1,000 notes have been offered for sale at from $750 to $800 each.

It isn't unlawful, incidentally, for one citizen to sell another a piece of United States currency for less than its face value, but if you try the trick you're likely to be hooked by another law. One, for instance, says that although a transaction may not in itself be unlawful, it may become so if it is part of a conspiracy to defraud the United States. If, therefore, you are tempted to buy a big bill that was illegally acquired by the seller, you're liable to "fine or imprisonment or both" unless you can prove you had no idea the bill seller was a crook.

One particular bank note, serial number unknown, will be held in awe long after every other bill in circulation has turned to dust. This bill reposes fifty feet underground, where it should be immune to A- or H-bomb damage. Its cylinder of pure cupaloy will keep it safe from corrosive elements for centuries to come and nitrogen gas inside the cylinder will guard it against disintegration. More than forty-nine centuries from now, future denizens of this planet will exhume this cylinder—known today as the Time Capsule—and study its contents. Scholars of the year 6939 A.D. will marvel at the forty assorted objects inside the strange metal tube, among them a fountain pen, a watch, an electric bulb, a lipstick, a cigarette, and a toothbrush. And when they come to the crisp specimen of paper currency, one of their more astute historians may be able to identify the man on its surface as—our first President.

The $10,000 bill may be the plutocrat of our circulating money family today, but it will be the lowly buck that will steal the show tomorrow! THE END

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 135

Salmon P. Chase	**$10,000**
James Madison	**5,000**
Grover Cleveland	**1,000**
William McKinley	**500**
Benjamin Franklin	**100**
Ulysses S. Grant	**50**
Andrew Jackson	**20**
Alexander Hamilton	**10**

The Mystery of Nora *(Continued from page 31)*

way these things happen. A couple of people come together by accident and find it easy to talk. Then, miraculously, they find it even easier just to hang around together without saying a word. The miracle hadn't happened to Randall for years; he had hardly given a waking thought to the possibility of its happening again. They had dinner downtown and then strolled along Fifth Avenue. The early September air was unseasonably cool, but not cool enough to make a man shiver Yet it wasn't long before Randall realized that Nora and he were both trembling. He hailed a cab.

"Where to?" she asked.

"I don't know. Would you like to come up to my place?"

She nodded. But when he had given the driver the address, she drew away from him, took a lipstick out of her bag, pursed her lips, and worked on them in a purposeful fashion. She seemed suddenly remote. He stole an occasional look at her face in the changing lights and shadows; it looked haggard.

"Nora," he said, "if you'd rather not—"

"Oh, I'd rather," she said, and laughed. "Rather. But I can't stay long. The Carters'll be wondering. They're the people I'm staying with, you know."

HER MOOD changed abruptly again when they got to the apartment. Randall had barely opened the door for her before she began to purr like a happy kitten. "How lovely," she cried, arching her graceful back and bending down to touch a chair here, an ashtray there, a sleek little vase that seemed to please her fancy. "You've got taste, Holley. I like this place. Why don't you live in it?"

He understood what she meant, and smiled. Everything in the apartment was clean and tidy; nothing looked sat upon or mauled about. How, after all, could a man manage to turn his house into a home, when he lived alone with things he hardly saw and daily maid service to keep them in order? "I'm not here much," he said. "Give me your coat."

She pulled a magazine out of a neatly stacked pile on a coffee table, opened it, and threw it lightly on the floor. "There," she said. "I feel better."

Then, as he came to her to take her coat, she held out her arms and they kissed. After a moment, though, she gently disengaged herself from the embrace. "This is silly," she said.

"Why?"

"I don't know," she said. "I *feel* silly."

"Let's have a drink, then. So do I."

He mixed a couple of highballs in the kitchen and came back to the living room to find her huddled up on a sofa. She had a lighted cigarette in her hand and was staring bleakly at the wisp of smoke that curled away from it. He put down the drinks and went over to her. Silently, she reached up and took his hand. He sat down. "Hello, Holley," she said.

"Hello, Nora."

"Nice knowing you."

"Not nice. Perfect."

"Oh?" she said. "Do *you* think so?"

For the life of him, he couldn't tell whether the words were mocking or tragic. He shook his head, frowning. "What do you mean?"

She shivered. "Is there—an open window?"

"No. And you're not cold." He kissed her lips, and for a second or two she clung to him; then, again, she withdrew.

Randall's patience snapped. "Shall we go?" he asked.

"I think so." She took his hand again. "Not quite yet, though."

"Why are you so—oh, I don't know—unhappy?"

"Am I? Do I seem to be?"

"When I asked if you were married, you acted—well, strange."

"Did I? Well, a girl my age—"

"You're not *that* old."

"I was joking," she said.

As she spoke, though, her face looked worn and worried in the half-light. How old *was* she? he wondered. Her prettiness, of a kind that fell just short of beauty, was the smooth prettiness of a girl; and most of her mannerisms, like the direct quality of her original approach to him, were girlish, too. Her voice, however, sounded rich and mature, and at times, without warning, she seemed to fall deep into these incredibly weary moods. Momentarily, he thought of his onetime favorite movie star, Mary Astor. In many respects, there was a striking resemblance. "Anybody ever tell you that you looked like Mary Astor?" he asked.

"I think I'd resent it if they did."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. Must there be grounds for resentment?" She stroked his hair gently. "I saw your gray hair first," she said. "It stands out in a crowd. How old are you?"

"Thirty-eight. And I've been gray for years. In my family, we mature prematurely and die young."

"Do they ever marry in your family?"

"Sometimes." He tried to keep the bitterness out of his voice. "But they usually regret it."

"That sounds like a pose," she said. "But tell me: do they—in your family, I mean—ever fall in love? Hopelessly, ridiculously, crazily in love? In five minutes flat, I mean?"

"I wouldn't have thought so. But it seems they do."

"Nonsense," she said. "I'm sure they don't."

From somewhere, far off, he heard the melting strains of a Strauss waltz and, for a crazy second or two, he wondered whether his ears were playing him a Hollywood-inspired trick; then he realized that she had turned on the radio while he had been in the kitchen, and that he had been unaware of its muted tones before. Mood music, he thought, a trifle cynically, as he took her in his arms—but the cynicism gave way to yearning. "Stay with me," he murmured.

"Should I? You'd think me a terrific pushover. An amiable one, maybe—but still a pushover."

Her use of the term shocked him. He hadn't thought of her at all in that way—not till now, at any rate. "No," he said at last. "Not a pushover."

"You mean that as a question, really, don't you? The answer is no. Not quite."

There *had* been a question in his mind. There were dozens of questions, and suddenly he wanted to ask them all. But as he wondered where and how to start, she tossed her head sharply, as if to shake away a dream, and got up. "I've got to go," she said. "Will you take me?"

He stared at her blankly.

"Yes." Her voice was harsh. "You heard correctly. I want to go. Do you want to take me?"

"Sure," he said. "I'll get your coat."

THE CARTERS, it turned out, lived only ten or twelve blocks away, and they walked the distance. Randall began by trying to stride along briskly, but Nora put her arm through his and set their pace at a slower tempo. Once she started to say something, but she fell silent after only a word or two, and Randall refused to help her.

It was petty of him, he realized, to surrender to this feeling of sharp annoyance, but he couldn't help it. There had been so much of giving in this brief, four-hour relationship that Nora's sudden twists and turns and, above all, her final—her almost coarse—withdrawal left him baffled and hurt. It had pleased him, a while back, to look upon what had happened—and what might happen—as an enchanting interlude, sweet but with a tang of mystery to keep it from cloying. Now it had lost its magic. Worst of all, it was no longer even an interlude, and his sense of frustration had a quality of hostility about it.

At the entrance to a large apartment house, she stopped. "This is it," she said. "Good night, Holley."

He cleared his throat; the words came hard. "I'll take you up."

"No. This is it," she repeated. And suddenly she was gone.

Randall walked on. He walked for a long time. Once, he glanced at his watch and, since it was still early, toyed with the idea of stopping in on Marian Liddiscombe. Marian, who was a widow and a friend of long standing, was always glad to see him—a little too glad, perhaps. At least, though, he knew where he stood with her. He got as far as a phone booth and had actually begun to dial her number when he decided against it. Not tonight. Not after Nora. Marian's shallow, foolish brand of chatter, Marian's wide-eyed idolatry would be completely insupportable after the long evening with a truly exciting woman. I wonder why, he thought, I have saddled myself with so uninspiring a batch of friends. And why, when I finally *do* meet a real person, must she be so damnably elusive? Gloomy with self-pity, he found his way back home again. The two untouched highballs were lukewarm, but he drank them both.

And during all that time—during the long walk and the solitary hour with a glass in his hand—not a single lucid explanation of Nora's enigmatic conduct occurred to him. It was only as he stood in front of the bathroom mirror, a toothbrush poised in his hand, that he had a sudden insight into what, he felt sure, must be the truth. If she'd stayed, he thought, it *would* have been just an interlude—and she knew it. This way it was a lot more—and she knew *that*, too.

Now it came clear. Nora was a woman who knew her way around, and she had purposely left him feeling flat and unsatisfied because she knew—oh, how beautifully she knew!—how to weave a silken web. This was to turn into a beguiling game, in which he, the hunted, would fancy himself the hunter. She would be waiting for a phone call tomorrow, giggling to herself about the preposterously involved procedure he must be going through in order to find out the

Carters' phone number. "Okay, my lady. Just sit and wait," he said aloud.

For a moment, earlier in the evening, he had thought himself a gone goose, and had even liked the idea! But no more; it was over. "This can't be love, because I feel so well. . . ." he sang as he got into bed. Then, tossing and turning, he blamed the two long drinks for his inability to sleep.

He had barely gone under, it seemed to him, when the phone rang. "Holley," her voice said.

There was a pause, and he sprang into wakefulness. Bright sun was streaming into one corner of the bedroom and the bedside clock said nine. He recognized the soft voice instantly; its tones had been singing through his head all night. "Hello, Nora," he said. "I would have called you."

"Are you up? May I come over and make breakfast for you?"

"No, don't. I'll come get you, and we'll go somewhere. . . . Wait. Do I have to go to work?"

"It's Sunday."

"That's right." He gripped the telephone hard. "Sunday. Happy Sunday, Nora. I'll be right over."

"Please," she said. "I'd rather not. Don't ask me why. Don't ask me anything. I want to make breakfast for you, and then when breakfast is over and we're drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes and have decided we haven't got much to say to each other anyhow and that last night was just a kind of exercise at skywriting or something, well—well, then I've something to tell you. But not now, Holley. I'll be over in fifteen minutes."

He hung up and lay back with his hands clasped under his head. Had she rehearsed that long speech? he wondered. No, probably not. The words had tumbled out spontaneously, though she had perhaps made up her mind to say something of the sort. Well, he thought, as he threw off the covers and jumped to his feet, what she wanted to tell him was doubtless pretty bad, but there could be no point in *his* rehearsing his lines. I won't think about it, he said to himself as he began to shave; and so he thought of nothing else until the doorbell finally rang.

YOU KNOW what the atmosphere of New York bachelor apartments is like. Whatever the comforts and conveniences, there's a chill about such places; but, with Nora in the kitchen, Randall's shed some of its barren aspects. Habitually, he made his own breakfast and gulped it down dutifully, though without gusto. This morning, though, the eggs had flavor and the room smelled of coffee, as kitchens have a habit of doing at breakfast time, except when you eat alone.

Nora looked lovelier than ever in the light of day, though she had obviously made no effort to deck herself out for the occasion. Her tailored gray suit was innocent of adornment, and she wore no jewelry, except for a pair of chaste gold earrings on the tips of her exquisitely carved ears. There were dark circles under her brown eyes—she, too, slept badly he thought with a touch of triumph—and her face seemed scrubbed clean of make-up. Even the lips, so red the night before, looked a trifle pale in the morning light. And yet the general effect took his breath away. His first words to her, in fact, were simply, "You're beautiful this morning."

Her response was typical: a quick upward look, half frightened, half defiant, followed by an overcasual, "Drab, I'd call it." It sounded almost like a reprcach.

During breakfast and while they lingered over their coffee, they said little, as Nora had prophesied; but the silence was a warm and intimate one. At last Nora got to her feet. "To the dishes," she said.

"Let 'em wait," said Randall, rising. She had turned away, but he put his hands on her shoulders and swung her gently around. "What's wrong, Nora?" he asked. "I've got to know."

"Why?"

"Because I'm in love with you."

Like a child, she flung herself at him. Her face was wet as he kissed her, but she kept her dark eyes wide open; as they stared into his, they seemed full of wonder and doubt and a combination of emotions that he could not fathom. "Would you say that again?" she whispered.

"I love you."

"Oh, Holley, Holley. . . . Today I'll stay."

He shook his head. "I want you to," he said. "But—but I'm not sure I understand."

Her eyes narrowed, the contours of her face hardened, and she pulled away from him almost petulantly; once more she made one of her sudden changes from girlishness to a weary maturity. "Am I too straightforward?" she asked. "Should I have been coy?" Even her voice lost the high, wild inflections of youth that had marked the breathless quality of her response to his words of love.

"It doesn't seem to me," said Randall, "that I'd like anything very much anymore without you."

"Darling," she said. "Then hold me."

He took her in his arms again, determined now to ask no questions. And then she laid her cheek against his and said quietly, "At least we've got till Tuesday. We'll have this weekend anyhow."

"Oh?"

"I'm supposed to go back Tuesday. I've got to spend some time with Mother and Daddy before school begins."

"School?" He drew away.

"The University of North Carolina. I'm a sophomore."

He blinked his eyes. "You're kidding."

"No. I didn't want to tell you. I was afraid."

"How old are you?"

"I'm nineteen, Holley."

"Nineteen," he said. "Oh, no—"

She touched the tip of his nose with her index finger, as though binding him to her by involving him in one of her characteristic gestures. "I'm frightfully grown-up," she whispered. "You know I am."

NOT GROWN-UP, he thought. The word is precocious. But he said nothing; and though he wanted desperately to reassure her, he could only gulp and nod.

"I'm not a woman of mystery, Holley. I didn't want to keep you guessing. Only I've been so afraid. I love you."

He took her hand and touched his lips to it. "No," he said again.

So this was the girl for whose baffling behavior he had conjured up such sophisticated motives! She was a child, and he had all unwittingly treated her as a woman. In retrospect, as the events of the last few hours flashed through his mind, he fully understood her every cryptic phrase, her every abrupt change of mood. In spite of her amazing intelligence and poise, she was still an inexperienced girl, and she had been mingling play acting with sincerity in all she had said and done. He could see it now: even this morning's "drab" costume was a carefully chosen masquerade, to lend stature and maturity to a personality that was too unformed to have them in its own right.

"Shall we do the dishes, Nora?" he suggested.

"You told me you loved me. Do you still?"

"Let's do the dishes. Then we can talk."

Suddenly, nothing seemed more important to him than the avoidance of conversation. He must keep them both occupied, too busy to think—at least for a while. "You're a swell cook, by the way," he said, trying not to sound condescending and amused.

She turned away without a word and

got to work. His voice, he knew, had come through coldly. But what could the girl expect? Could he help but feel a bit cheated, a bit resentful, a bit ashamed? He found himself thanking heaven, half ironically, that he and his wife had not had a baby soon after their marriage eighteen years before. It could have been a daughter, and she would have belonged to the generation of Nora Saunders. This was a kind of incest I nearly sank into, he thought, with a quick stab of revulsion.

"Do you think I've been playing a game?" Nora asked, after a long time. "Paper dolls, maybe, or hopscotch?"

"Of course not."

"Then why do you hate me?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Nora," he said.

She finished washing the dishes and walked off into the living room When he had meticulously dried and put away the last plate, he joined her. She was standing at a window, her back to the room.

"Please turn around," said Randall. Then, as she failed to respond, he went on. "I'm nearly forty years old, Nora. You've got to understand. That's middle-aged, you know. I had no idea, none at all, you were so young." He waited, but she remained silent. "Don't you see? It came as a shock. You do understand, don't you? I might have . . . We might have . . ."

He couldn't finish. He stood looking at her slim back and wishing he could see her face again—just once more, anyhow. "Nora," he said. "Darling child—"

"I'm a woman," she said, as from a great distance, "and this isn't make-believe. I love you. You've got to believe me. I've never loved anyone before—no crew-cut college boys, no freckle-faced tennis players. This is the first time, the only time. And I'm not a swooning puppy."

"Come here," he said. "Come here and tell me more."

She turned, then, and came to him. "Holley, Holley," she sobbed, "don't send me away."

He lifted her in his arms, carried her to a chair, and sat down with her on his lap. Oh, no, he told himself. Oh, no, I shouldn't be doing this. But the ice had melted, and all he could feel was a passionate longing never to let her go.

"Sally Carter is an old friend of Mother's," she said. "They thought it'd be a treat for me to spend part of my vacation in New York. I thought so, too. But I wouldn't let you meet Sally and Ed because I was sure you'd find me out the minute you did. Ed still thinks me a child."

"Oh, Nora, Nora," he said.

"But that wasn't all. I wanted to stay with you—and I could now!—but I simply couldn't last night. I mean, I've never . . . I mean, a leopard can't change her spots *that* fast, can she?"

He caressed her shining hair. "But I wouldn't want you to. I like your spots"

Nora sat up straight. "Very well, then," she said. "Why don't you ask me to marry you?"

Every muscle in Randall's body grew taut. "I can't," he said.

"Why not?"

"I can't, that's all It doesn't make sense."

"Doesn't it? I think it does."

He grew somehow angry. "Listen! Do you want me to take over the burden of your college education? Shall I come down to visit you for prom weekends, my gray hair flapping in the breeze? And shall I send you roses for graduation? I'll be too damned old by then to make the trip."

"I see." Nora got off his lap and walked across the room into the kitchen. He heard her blowing her nose; then, in a moment, she came back. "What you mean, really, is that you're too old *now* to make the trip." She smiled bitterly. "I guess I *am* just a silly schoolgirl. . . ."

AN HOUR LATER, Randall took Nora home. This time she asked him up, but he refused. Politely and without emotion, they parted. They had talked over the situation and come to the obvious conclusion—the only possible conclusion, as Randall had explained. "Come back in ten years," he had said at one point, meaning to sound jaunty. "We'll be closer together then, less like a cradle snatcher's dream." And Nora had replied, "Oh, I will. Indeed I will. Ten years? A mere bagatelle." There had been no further tears, no more passion.

When Randall let himself into his apartment, it seemed even emptier than usual. He picked up a book and tried to read, but the book was empty, too. He tossed it aside and sat back in his chair, with his eyes closed.

Less than twenty-four hours had passed since a woman's voice at his shoulder had said, "Wouldn't you like a drink?" And only a couple of hours ago the woman's voice had changed into a girl's—a college girl's, at that. Nora would still be in school two years from now; she would be learning, perhaps, the history of the second World War, which Randall had participated in only yesterday. She had never seen a speakeasy, or worried through a depression, or agonized over the rise of Hitler, or sighed at the antic lovemaking of Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; hers was a world of jet planes and television and Billy Eckstine. "No," he told himself, "it's impossible. Impossible."

The phone rang, and he jumped to it, tripping over the rug in his haste. It was a belated invitation to dinner from an old friend, but he refused it. He had barely hung up when the phone rang again. Marian Liddiscombe's mature—yet, somehow, not quite poised—voice greeted his eager hello with an even more avid shriek of delight. "Darling! Where *have* you been lately?"

"Around," he replied sluggishly. Then an impulse struck him. "Matter of fact, I was thinking of you only last night," he went on. "If you're not doing anything later, how about dinner?"

"Oh, darling, how lovely," she said.

And so, that evening, he took her to dinner. After dinner, though, in order not to have to continue looking at her face and listening to her voice, he hurried her along to a movie. Always before, he had rather welcomed her company, but now he found her conversation inconsequential, her eyes without sparkle. She was a grown woman, just the right age for him—yet *her* prattle seemed childish, while his ears rang with the memory of Nora's warm voice. It was barely midnight when he left Marian at the door of her apartment, and he promised neither her nor himself that they would meet again.

A man in love against his better judgment can easily become the prey of some ridiculous impulses. At three o'clock in the morning, Holley Randall, a mature and intelligent man, who should have known better, leaped from the comfortable bed in which he had been trying to sleep, dressed himself, and went out into the inhospitable night. A short time later he punched the doorbell of a stranger named Edward Carter. He punched it several times, belligerently; and when a ruddy-cheeked, sleepy-eyed individual in pajamas and dressing gown opened the door, Holley Randall, without even a word of apology or explanation, growled, "Where's Nora?" in such violent tones that the ruddy-cheeked individual might well have taken offense.

Instead, Ed Carter yawned and said, "Come on in, Holley. We've been sort of expecting you—though not quite now, exactly."

"I've got to see Nora," said Randall. "I don't care if she's three years old and wears a bib. I can't eat, and I can't sleep. Tell her I'm a cradle snatcher at heart. I can't help it. Where is she? I've got to see her."

"I know. I know. Take it easy, youngster," said Mr. Carter, who might have been all of forty-five himself, but who was clearly not freshly and hopelessly in love. "Nora wired her folks in Richmond. They'll be up Tuesday. They want to look you over."

"Tell her I'll come to proms and send her roses."

"You won't have to. She's quitting college."

"How could she?" said Randall. "I told her I wasn't going to see her anymore."

"You told me you loved me, too," said a soft Southern voice. "They were contradictory statements. I knew *one* of 'em had to be a lie, Holley."

Randall looked across the room. She, too, was in pajamas and a robe, and he could have wept at the sight of her, for she looked small and young and infinitely adult and desirable. "You can't quit college," he said. "I won't let you. A girl needs an education."

Mr. Carter guffawed. "Who needs an education with an innocent like you?" he said. He walked over to Nora, leaned down, and kissed her forehead. "I'd better go in to Sally," he murmured. He glanced over at Randall, shook his head almost pityingly, and disappeared.

RANDALL put his arms around Nora and held her tight. "But I'm scared," he said. "Can I make you happy—an old fuddy-duddy like me?"

"The thing is we love each other." Nora drew his head down to hers. "When two people really love each other, there's no point in asking questions or searching for obstacles," she said, the wisdom of all eternity lighting her eyes. "I'm me and you're you, and we're made for each other—and I can't understand why I didn't realize that right off yesterday instead of making such an obnoxious little clown of myself!"

"Carter was right," said Randall. "*You* don't need an education." Suddenly, he felt utterly at peace with the world.

And the two of them—nineteen-year-old Nora Saunders and thirty-eight-year-old Holley Randall—sat in the Carters' drawing room, holding hands and talking till the dawn came. Neither of them was even faintly aware of the passage of time, whether measured in hours or years. They were aware of nothing at all, actually, except that it was fun to wait, together, for the coming of daylight.

THE END

"Hello, Darling" *(Continued from page 60)*

same person, that the slender woman in the French suit, shouldering the mink stole, had nothing in common with the rather untidy little girl she had been—the sloppy little girl in the slapping flats and the wide skirts, with the long, unkempt mane of yellow hair, as unruly as her passions. Both were neatly barbered now.

Out of eight million people, she thought. The chances are eight million to one.

The morning sun slanted down on the brilliance of Fifth Avenue. St. Thomas' spire lifted into the blue air, and the stone ramparts of the city, new-washed and splendid, smote her with remembered sharpness. She stood still, staring blindly at the leather handbags in the windows of Mark Cross, dizzy with remembered sensations. She resisted them with all her will. She could not afford them now that she wanted more than anything to be safe.

"Joe, Joe," she repeated, as if it were an incantation, and walked north, with her head down. At the corner of Fifty-sixth Street she turned eastward and made her way to Madison Avenue and then walked north a block or two until she found herself in the upper Fifties; then she walked east toward remembered squalor.

As she crossed Park Avenue and Lexington and Third Avenue and began to come into the crumbling blocks of old houses and the soiled streets with their shrill noises and littered gutters, the bars and grills and the pizzerias and the mean shops of the neighborhood, she shuddered, for nothing had changed. Then she could not refrain from searching the faces of passers-by for the one face she was most afraid to see—that ugly face that had never had the slightest need for beauty.

HIS FACE sprang into her mind—the thin, sarcastic face, with the hard bones outlined under the skin, shadowed by a beard that no amount of persistent shaving was ever able to nullify. There had never been anybody for her but him. She was one of those fool girls who could not change her mind. While still deep in the complexities of their relationship, she had tried to reason out the nature of her obsession, but she had come to no conclusion. It would have been simple to say she loved him, but love was far too inadequate a word to describe the bars of her cage. She had wished him dead, she was so tired of finding him forever in her mind—waking, sleeping, wherever she went—but she was not sure that death would end it. She would clap her hands over her ears to shut out the sound of hot and angry quarrels—but still he had been all her peace, all her pleasure.

As Celia Gleason walked through the district that had once encompassed her world and sought out the landmarks of a brief encounter, she tried to sort out in her mind the convolutions of that early course. Out of the closed-off room in her mind that she had not found it comfortable to enter in a half-dozen years, she retrieved the events of that other season in the city and examined them one by one.

Like most cataclysms, it had begun in an ordinary manner. She had come to New York, in the way of girls of indulgent families, to fritter away a year in singing lessons and to nibble at life, like a country mouse at store cheese, before she went home to marry some good burgher and settle down. She had been entombed by her anxious mother in a respectable residence club genteelly chaperoned by an aging matron from the South whose comprehension of the facts of life went little beyond the tradition of the gentleman caller.

He was waiting on table there—a dark, brooding boy, neither ingratiating nor sullen, but moving through his duties like an automaton, pouring water into glasses, handing food around, clearing away, and washing up. In that nest of foolish girlhood, he maintained sardonic anonymity, looking neither to the right nor the left, impassive, imperturbable. He kept his place, Mrs. Tallichet said, and he was a good worker. He seemed not to want to attract attention, but from the first day, she trembled when he came near her.

Celia manufactured excuses to go into the kitchen after dinner and make her transparent and frightened little approaches, brushing against him or making small demands upon him so he would look at her; engaging him in aimless conversation to bring his hawk gaze to hers and to hear his deep voice in laconic answers.

"What do you do after work, Joe?"
"Study."
"Study what?"
"Medicine."
"Oh, you're going to be a doctor?"
"What else?"
"But what do you do for fun?"
"Study."
"Oh."

She had been the aggressor. She forced herself to remember that. In January of that year, the season of midyear exams, he seemed to be stumbling with weariness. She came out on the sidewalk late one evening as he emerged from the service entrance.

"Hello, there," she said.

"Hello, Miss Baring."

"Couldn't you call me Celia? After all, we're friends, aren't we?"

"All right."

"I'm going across town. Could I drop you somewhere?"

"I'm going home," he said. "Way over in the East Fifties; too far over, I'm sure."

"I'm going that way. Get in."

In the cab, he slept. Ridiculous tears came to her eyes as she gazed on his exhaustion. She wished to pillow his head, to hold and caress him, and she sat shaking in her corner until the address in the sordid block was reached, and he roused.

"Thank you for the lift," he said.

"You went to sleep," she told him.

"Did I? I'm sorry."

"You must be awfully tired."

"I don't know. I hadn't noticed."

"I wish you'd take better care of yourself."

"Ha! I'm in the middle of exams."

"I wish you would, anyway."

"Good night," he said abruptly, swung out of the cab, and stumbled into the dark maw of the doorway. She took the little gold pencil out of her bag and carefully copied down the address before she directed the cab to return her to the residence club.

WHEN her singing lesson was over the next day, she took a bus to the East River and walked hesitantly down the opposite side of his street. She stood staring at the shambling old brownstone with the door under the stair where he had gone in. She wanted to cross over and ring the bell and see his face scowling at her. She wanted, and she knew it, to have him lay his square hand on her arm, to draw her inside and make some kind of beginning of whatever it was that had to be.

The violence of her feelings dismayed her. She was an ordinary young girl of upper-middle-class stock, reared in a conventional pattern. It had never occurred to her that she could be assaulted by a primitive lust, nor could she have given her emotion so coarse a name. She was confused and frightened by the painful pictures her mind created for her; she wished for some mortification of her flesh; but she could not seem to do anything about the things she kept thinking.

By sheer effort of will, she prevented

herself from crossing the street to the brownstone and instead walked quickly toward the corner, where there was a shabby drugstore. She went in and ordered a cup of coffee—a weak brew in a chipped cup. As she sat sipping it at the bar of the dreary old fountain, her instincts registered an approach. She turned awkwardly, slopping the coffee into the saucer, and he was standing there.

"What are you doing in these parts?" he asked coldly. "Snooping?"

"Why do you dislike me so?" she asked.

He sat down like an old man, and ordered a cup of the dreadful coffee, stirring its dregs before he spoke.

"I don't dislike you. I wish to heaven I did."

She experienced such a sense of release that it was pure happiness. "You act like it," she said childishly.

"Why don't you go on back to Madison Avenue where you belong?" he inquired. "And leave me alone? You get in my hair."

"This is a free country," she flared. "I guess you don't own this drugstore. I guess you can get up and leave any time it suits you."

"I guess I can," he said. "You can take care of yourself."

"No, I can't, Joe. No, I can't."

"So all right," he said. "Come on. I'll put you in a taxi."

She looked around the little store with its fly-bitten stock jumbled together on the shelves, the worn linoleum, and the ugly, streaked onyx of the old-fashioned soda fountain. She memorized the setting of her first tryst as if it were some sylvan dell. He took her arm, and she shivered.

"This isn't a very good neighborhood," he said.

"Why do you live here?"

"It's near the hospital," he answered, as if that could explain any situation that might ever arise. "Good-by, dopey," he said. "Don't get lost."

I'm already lost, she thought; lost, lost. "I'll be seeing you," she said.

"Not if I see you first," he answered, and grinned.

THAT EVENING there was a new boy waiting on the tables. She could not eat. She sat crumbling her roll on the lace mat and the polished mahogany. She could not bring herself to ask about him, and she swam in a surf of misery.

Her preoccupation and self-loathing at the weakness of her will kept her awake that night. She got up and sat in the window, staring out at the jagged roof lines bathed in the indigo of night. There was a new awareness in her of the passion and beauty and terror of life, and her heart overflowed with pure love and yearning for all the world. She felt as if she were the city's mother guarding its innocent sleep. At intervals her mind chanted, "In the morning, he will be here."

In the morning, the new boy passed around the cups of coffee.

She managed to stay on Madison Avenue for two days, but on the third day she convinced herself that he might be hungry, broke, sick, in need. In the late afternoon she started to walk toward the East River. She walked faster and faster as the neat squares gave way to the dark and dingy corridors full of screaming children. Old people sat on stoops in the twilight, and dark figures leaned against the walls of garage buildings. She was breathless when she came to the door under the stair and searched for his name. When she had pressed the bell, she wanted more than anything to run.

The lock clicked, and she pushed open the grille and walked into the basement. He was leaning against the doorjamb of the room, more haggard than ever, but animated by some unusual vitality.

"Hello, Joe," she said. "I was just passing—"

"Did somebody drop you on your head?"

"I thought maybe something had happened to you."

"All right," he said. "Come into my parlor."

It was a bare, ugly room, almost bereft of furniture. An unpainted shelf was stacked with books and papers, and under the naked light bulb a rickety old table staggered under a load of medical volumes. She stared around at the soiled and peeling plaster, the ancient grime of the ceiling, and the spartan accouterments of his habitation without receiving any real impression of its wretchedness.

"Are you interested in how the other half lives?" he asked politely.

"Why don't you stop hurting yourself?"

"Nothing can hurt me," he said. "The examinations are over, and I'm in!"

"Oh, Joe," she cried, as if she had some stake in his future, and leaned toward him. His hard arms went round her, and she was pressed against the cage of his ribs. All the dissonant rhythms of the earth suddenly became one steady beat in her ears. The kiss was like the slaking of a long thirst.

They stood apart, and she saw that his face, naked of its various poses, was young and vulnerable.

"Don't be misled," he said. "It just looked like nice free goods."

She hit his bony cheek with her open hand, as hard as she could. "How dare you," she sobbed and stumbled toward the door. He caught her and jerked her around, and they stood there helplessly, huddled like strangers at the mercy of communal lightning.

"Don't cry," he said miserably. "Let's go somewhere and eat."

She blew her nose, and he got his coat from behind a sagging cretonne curtain. He did not say anything as they moved along the sidewalk, which was littered with ash cans and refuse. But she felt lightheaded with happiness.

BRAGGIOTI'S was one of those dingy little restaurants that litter the dark side streets of Manhattan's perimeter, serving up those vast carbohydrate portions steeped in tomato paste that nourish the indigent young. Its smoke-grimed murals of Napoli and Mt. Vesuvius brooded over the customers' hopes and aspirations as the spiced messes and violent-colored pastries and cheap California wine warmed their stomachs. She did not know what she ate, but she knew that he had relaxed into what, for him, amounted to loquacity.

He told her about the examinations, much as men tell women of the wars they have won, outlining the long campaigns and admiring their own brilliant strategies. He drew the difficult equations on the tablecloth with a fork, and her ears were assaulted with the long hard words of the materia medica and the details of anatomic dissection. She listened with her eyes bright and her lips parted while he swaggered with knowledge.

"But that's *brilliant!*" she said. "How could you possibly figure out doing it that way, Joe?"

"It's my original theory," he said, and launched into more of his incomprehensible ideas. She was aware, dimly, that he was discussing the ventricles of the heart. While he talked, her mind followed its own feminine track. But she could not parade her superior knowledge of the heart.

He paid for their dinner with an accumulation of dimes and quarters. "I have to get a job," he said.

"Aren't you coming back?" she asked in anguish. "I mean, Mrs. Tallichet—"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It's been nice knowing you," he said. "It's been very nice."

"I won't bother you, Joe. I promise."

"Let's get this straight. I haven't got a dime, and I'm going to be a doctor," he said. "I've got four more years of schooling and heaven knows how many more after that to get started. Nothing is going to get in my way. You're in my way."

Her fists clenched in her pockets, and she could feel her teeth set against each other. "I hate you," she said. "I wish I'd never laid eyes on you."

"I hate you, too," he returned, and his voice cracked. "Why did you have to come along? I was doing okay."

She stalked blindly away into the street, but he followed and when they came together, against a bleak wall in an alley, the abandon of the kiss startled them.

Two lean cats suddenly yowled past, and he released her.

"Is that what you had in mind?" he asked.

AS THE AFFAIR progressed, and it endured the winter and witnessed the spring, she was in the grip of a conflict that was all but schizophrenic. The neat patterns of her tradition rebuked her in calmer moments, and her skull froze when she thought of her secret life in terms of her family and friends. She did not know what had happened to her

character. She was twenty years old, a girl who had never been anything but fastidious, honorable, and given to the dignities imposed by civilization. But in the stone jungle of New York she had reverted to the primeval, and all the values she had been carefully tutored in fell away.

She continued to live a superficial life in the stately confines of the residence club. She rose, brushed her teeth and hair, appeared at a sufficient number of meals to waylay the suspicions of Mrs. Tallichet, and left—ostensibly for her studies. Without telling anybody, she soon dispensed with her singing lessons, for she had found a better use for the money. She wrote dutiful letters home, filled with fabrications about what she was doing. She wandered aimlessly over the island and sat staring at the East River, or waited in the basement room for Joe.

He never wavered in his determination, and he worked with a fanaticism that filled her with envy. In more disturbed moments, she craved such a vocation with whatever passion she had left. She wished that she so loved music or literature or art or the office of a department store that she could triumphantly parade it before his tired eyes as her work. She would have liked to inspire his jealousy, as his interminable books inspired hers. She understood that his striving was at once solace and goad, and if she could not bring herself to admit that he needed nothing else, she knew it anyway. It seemed to her that this was the difference between men and women, that women were reduced, inevitably, at one time or another, to their anthropological function. She could not love anything but him.

During the febrile months of their relationship, she became aware that he had finally come to depend on her, and though his sparse words of love seemed torn from a reluctance that was profound, she cherished them against the arid days that always came. He leveled his pride to the extent of living on her allowance and as his pursuit of knowledge became more and more relentless, he accepted all her little contributions as grist to his mill. She lived on such a tenuous basis that she was always strung up like a taut wire. Her cheeks hollowed and her eyes were preternaturally bright, but though he was a doctor, he did not seem to notice.

In April, she received a letter from her mother announcing that her father had to make a business trip to the East and her mother would come along and see how Celia was progressing. She had not thought about her parents in a long time and was overwhelmed with fright.

"What are we going to do, Joe?" she asked him.

"Do?" he echoed.

"Joe, let's get married."

"Celia," he said. "We've been all through that."

"But they'll separate us," she cried hysterically. "They'll want to take me home, and I'll never see you again."

She leaned against him and he cupped the back of her head in his hand, and leaned down to her mouth.

"Celia," he said. "There's something I have to tell you. I'm not going to be living here any longer. I'm moving to the hospital. I'm going in there as a resident. I won't be able to see you."

"Why not?"

"I'll be busy," he said. "Twenty-four-hour duty. But it's a great opportunity. They never take residents from my class."

"Isn't that fine. Isn't that just lovely!"

"It's what I've been working for—"

"That's what I thought," she heard her voice going shrill. "I suppose you've got another girl all picked out who can do more for you."

"Yeah, of course. I'm going to take out the hospital chief's daughter," he said in fine scorn.

"I wouldn't put it past you!"

"I never was any good for you, Celia. Don't you understand?"

"I'll be the judge of that!"

"You have such lousy judgment," he said. "What you want is a rose-covered cottage and a little man to fuss over. That's not me. Why don't you face it?"

"I know what I want. I want what you want," she said, beaten. "Joe, please don't leave me."

"Haven't you any pride?"

"No."

In the glimmering of intelligence left to her, she was sick with shame at the quarrel's inevitable end.

"Sometimes I think you hate me," she said against his shoulder.

"I hate myself," he answered with the ring of truth possible at such times.

It was the last thing she heard him say, for the next day he was gone. She considered going to the hospital and making a nuisance of herself, but she was so tired. She haunted the regions that had made up the little world of their involvement—the drugstore, the pizzeria, Braggioti's, Ryan's Bar and Grill, the East River embankment, all the old familiar places, like a distrait Ophelia. Her long yellow hair began to look unkempt, and she became addicted to Martinis. She found herself going daily to the door of the basement from the cruelty of habit, but it had been occupied by two girls who soon hung up cretonne curtains over the grilled window.

One evening she sat staring at the river, and it did not seem important to go back to the residence club. She sat there all night in the damp spring weather. It occurred to her that she might drown herself but, still having hope, she didn't. The next day she knew she was sick.

"I need a doctor," she said to herself with a wan, foolish smile.

She trudged to the hospital and asked for Dr. Daly. There was no Daly listed.

"He's a resident," she said. "Dr. Joseph Weldon Daly."

"Not here," the crisp woman at the desk told her.

"But he told me—"

"I'm sorry, miss. There are a number of other hospitals in the neighborhood. You might try—"

"Thank you," she said and turned back into the street. She would have tried all the hospitals, but it began to seem necessary to lie down, so she crawled into a taxi and went to the residence club. She undressed and lay down on the bed with her face against the pillow and began to shiver and weep uncontrollably. A few hours later, when Mrs. Tallichet came into the room, she was incoherent.

Celia Gleason, nee Baring, stood on the cobbled promontory overlooking the East River and tried to conjure in her mind what she had actually been like when she was there last. She found it easy enough to remember the train of events that had succeeded that desperate day—the bubble and squeak of Mrs. Tallichet, the indistinct faces of her father and mother, the succession of nurses and doctors, the white sheets and gray walls and rubber-tired monotony of hospital corridors, the oxygen and glucose and needles of sedation.

These she recalled as one takes note of landmarks in a country revisited after long absence, but the emotions that had set up this succession of circumstances were missing. She could not recreate so much as the passing shadow of that clamor in her mind and heart, stilled through years of secrecy, nor had her return to the small nether world of the city evoked the despair she had expected. The truth was, and she knew it with a jolting sense of finality, that she felt absolutely nothing.

In her mind she went over the afternoon's walk, trying to discover whether

"Don't mind William. He just doesn't like your being here."

she had spared herself. But she had omitted nothing—no miserable meeting place, no bleak alley—not even the basement.

She had stood there at the iron grille and pushed the bell and spoken to the same slattern (unchanged except for a further thickening of the waist and a still greater accretion of soil). The woman had not recognized her, but had said noncommittally that the room was rented and therefore not available to her eyes.

"But I just want to look at it for a minute," Celia said, "for old time's sake." She took a large bill out of her suede bag.

The woman shrugged, took the money, and unlocked the door. Celia stared at the room's remembered squalor. It was not much changed. No paint had sullied its begrimed walls, and it was full of the dog-eared books, tumbled clothing, rinds of food, and sticky coffee cups that forever denote the student.

Celia looked around with her nose curling in the stale air. If she felt pity, it was for the present occupant, and not for those two wraiths of the past. Her only impulse was to get out of the place and she almost collided with the gawking woman, who stood in the doorway to protect the interests of the current tenant. As she hastened down the street, she was aware that it all seemed remote and far away, like a story she had read in a magazine in a dentist's office, or one of those turgid old operas that seem to have so little bearing on life as it is lived.

Now, as she leaned against the granite barrier, looking out over the water, she examined the curious emptiness that had invaded her. It was, she thought, more final than death, for the hungry heart invents for itself fantasies that transcend the grave; but it seemed to her that if she should pass Joe Daly on some street in eternity, she would not turn her head. The sensation of shock that followed this incredible thought made her feel faint.

Celia was not a member of the come-to-realize school, and it seemed unlikely that she could exorcise a demon of such long standing in so short a stroll. Her penchant died hard. She felt that some trick of her subconscious, from a protective impulse, had set up this odd reaction. She sought anxiously to retrieve familiar frustration. The great gray pile of the hospital loomed to the left and she studied it intently, remarking its soaring architecture and the kind of grim beauty it had. But she was unable to evoke the slightest echo of personal involvement. She began to feel depressed and let down because she felt nothing, only a strange void, as if she were hollow.

A lone man was sitting on a stone bench at the far side of the parapet where she and her lover had kissed and clung. Her wandering attention settled on him. Suppose out of the millions of people in the city this should be Joe, put down there by unlikely coincidence at this moment in destiny? Had not this been the frail hope that had motivated her afternoon? Celia asked herself these questions calmly and the answers to them registered automatically. She had nourished a delusion. If the man had risen and walked toward her, and he had been Joe Daly in the flesh, she could not have mustered so much as curiosity. She did not care whether or not she ever saw Joe Daly again. There had been many times when she had imagined the triumph of such an hour, but now she felt neither triumph nor dismay, only the curious recognition that such matters were not of a place but of a time, and the time had passed.

THE SUN had set on the other side of the island, and the opalescent glow of brief twilight washed the reefs of buildings. The dying light gilded the improbable spires and glinted from the spans of bridges that arched the sluggish current. Celia was alone upon her promontory, as on a peak in Darien, in the realm of pure reason. The solitary man had risen and folded his newspaper and walked away.

As she reconnoitered her lost, lost cause, she was stricken with the impermanence of all things. She observed, beyond denial, that there is no such thing as permanent embitterment. One can no more maintain anguish than sustain joy. Nor is anything permanently shocking. The holocaust of one season becomes the commonplace of another.

If Celia had been a philosopher she could have drawn various interesting conclusions from this, but she was only a normal young woman with an average share of suffering, somewhat outdistanced by good fortune. Her own cerebrations amazed and frightened her. She felt disoriented by the removal from her life of the onerous prop that she had cherished so long. It had provided a false security for her emotions, and like all security, it had faded in the cold light of truth.

A chill wind blew in from the river and the light died to a brassy afterglow while New York's millions of lamps bloomed like superficial stars. Celia wanted, all at once, to be in the St. Regis Hotel. She seemed to herself to be an empty vessel in imminent danger of being shattered to bits unless she were replenished and filled up with the power to love and give. She had a desperate need to care, to care terribly. She wanted to feel again, for thinking made her nervous.

Scott's healthy image rose in her mind and suffused her with relief. She thought with pleasure of the perfection of his person and the simplicity of his appetites. She wanted to be near him, to hear him charging about in the next room, giving off sparks of animal vitality.

She ran down the cobbled floor of the embankment and stood flailing her arms to attract a taxi, and when she had got into its dark, leathery insides, she leaned back against the seat and closed her eyes. As the car threaded its way through the narrow streets of another incarnation, she did not look around, but sat quiescent, entertaining an uprush of love for her husband of a week, thinking of ways to make him happy.

WHEN SHE entered the suite she could hear the tuneless whistling that denoted his dressing activities, and she was painfully glad to have him there.

"Hello, Stay-Out," he shouted. He was a noisy man, and she was glad of it.

"Hello, Stay-Out," he shouted. He was gave him her kiss, clasping her hands behind his sturdy neck and bending his head to hers.

"Cele!" Scott said, and enfolded her. He observed that a certain primness he had deplored in his bride seemed to have been dissipated, and he welcomed the change with enthusiasm. Indeed, he dated his marriage from that hour.

In the ensuing tumult of her new freedom, or her new slavery, she never thought of Joe Daly, so that fortunately it did not occur to her that if such a conflagration as she had once known in her blood could be quenched and die, what opportunity had this small new fire to endure? Nor could she imagine, any more than he could, that Scott Gleason would someday find her slightly less interesting than his favorite golf foursome. (To every man, obsession comes in one form or another.) This rendered her safe for the moment. So does the river of time protect and insulate, disposing of the past around one bend and concealing the future around another.

She put in his studs and tied his black tie in happy servility, and he zipped up the back of her long white dress, pausing to press his lips on the nape of her neck. They then went out on the town and made a night of it. THE END

What Today's College Girls Believe About Sex *(Continued from page 36)*

a man if you don't. Even parents and other older people condone it.

—Oh, no, not condone.

—Yes, they do. At least, they don't frown on it.

—That's a pity. I don't think boys are so different. A lot of them I know have the same standards we do.

—*Standards*, yes. That has nothing to do with how they act.

—Oh, yes, it does. My brothers say they have to talk big and go around with a smirk on their face after a date or the others rib them unmercifully. I think men talk a lot more conquests than they actually achieve.

—Some girls are almost as bad. They want to know every last thing a guy does to you on a date. I think that's too personal, so I just make up something.

—I know a girl who always comes in with her dress unbuttoned. She says it keeps the nosy girls from asking questions. Personally, I think she unbuttons it herself.

They laughed about that.

—In my child-psychology course, I do a lot of work in a kindergarten, and I've decided boys are just as sensitive and shy and troubled as girls. These concepts of the rugged male and the passive female may simply be imposed from without.

—My married sister says she goes to her husband for sex every bit as often as he comes to her. I never knew that before. I thought women always waited.

—That sounds healthy to me. You read all this stuff about what you're supposed to be and how men are supposed to be and it doesn't do one bit of good because you find out you're not that way and then you think you're queer or something.

—At a certain level, adjusting to the idea of sex is harder for boys than girls. They're supposed to take the initiative and know all about it, but they aren't born with the knowledge.

They disagreed widely on whether or not they would tell a husband or fiancé if they had had previous sex relations.

—I'd want to. If he weren't the type I could tell, I don't think I could marry him.

—I would, by all means. Marriage can survive only if you're frank and open.

—It would depend on the man—whether he thought it was important.

—I certainly couldn't have told my exsteady. His standards were so high they bothered me. I don't go with him anymore.

—I don't see the point in telling unless he'd feel betrayed otherwise. Most college men I know don't have that double standard you were talking about.

—No. What's past is past. I wouldn't want him to tell me about his experiences and I wouldn't want to tell him about mine.

—I don't intend to have anything to tell.

—It would depend on the boy. Some boys think girls can do such things and still be nice girls. Others are shocked.

—That's where they get a bad deal. They are taught to put girls on a pedestal, and then they're disillusioned when they find out we've got a physical nature.

—It's sure a mess, isn't it? I mean it's complex.

MAGAZINE ARTICLES on sex are useful, they decided, because they reach many people who do not go to college. All had had some sex instruction, five had taken college marriage courses, and the rest had heard on-campus lectures given by doctors or psychiatrists. They felt freshmen and sophomores should be admitted to the marriage courses, but most of the ones they knew about were reserved for upperclassmen. Only three of them had first learned about sex from their parents; the rest had picked it up from reading and from other children. At least three-quarters could discuss sex freely with their parents, however, after acquiring the basic facts. Those with brothers and married sisters knew more and were less disturbed by sex as a problem.

All of them knew contraceptives existed but only one or two had an idea, and that vague, how they worked or where they could be obtained. Four or five of them claimed to have known girls who, at eighteen or older, had little or no knowledge of where babies came from or how they were conceived.

Three reported knowing girls who thought that "if you kiss or pet too much, you'll get pregnant," and another told of a totally uninformed classmate who had gone out with "one of the wildest men on campus." She came home in a state of shock. "Nothing happened to her," the girl reported. "He only tried; he didn't harm her. But she'd never heard of it and it unbalanced her. She had psychiatric treatment for two or three months."

"Yes," a sophomore agreed, "if you're ignorant when you get to college, it doesn't last long. Everyone talks about it."

The majority were certain, however, that nearly everyone in their age group knew the fundamental facts.

It was their opinion that sex education should be a joint effort of parents and schools.

—Schools can give you the facts, but the emotional side comes best from parents.

—My mother taught me all I know, but she wasn't very scientific about it. I got that later at school—college I mean, not high school. But I'll always be glad my mother told me first because I got the idea from her that it was beautiful. A lot of girls don't feel that way.

—In school you discover you aren't alone in your puzzlement over sex, but only parents can give you the idea of love connected with it.

—Mere knowledge isn't the answer, though. When I was about fifteen, I asked my mother what happened when two people had intercourse, and she looked at me as if I were crazy. She said, "But I've told you that at least three times." She had, too. I just didn't remember. Kids ask questions, but they don't connect the answers with themselves, with their own lives.

—I remember the first time it really dawned on me what sex meant. I must have been about ten or twelve. I'd known about it for a long time but I'd never really thought it out, how it would be. Then I saw two teachers at school, a man and a woman, talking together, and for some reason it hit me out of the blue. I thought it was the funniest thing in the world. I laughed and laughed.

—Of course, one reason for that is that kids don't understand biological urges. They just think it's for making babies. When I was fourteen or so I read a novel in which the heroine kept wondering how to tell her husband she was pregnant. I *couldn't* get over how the author could be so dumb. I almost wrote him a letter to explain that the man would just naturally know because he was there.

They chuckled gently over their own childish ideas.

—I remember the first time it dawned on me people would wear no clothes. That embarrassed me much more than the idea of sex.

—Even now, you wonder funny things sometimes, and I suppose we'll think it's just as silly later. I can't imagine how I'll feel, or whether it'll just come naturally.

—I'm not sure what position you're in. Whether you lie down, or what.

Why did they think girls refrained from premarital sex, if they did? Pregnancy or the fear of it was a very small factor,

Continued from page 23:

Stores Where You Can Buy "The Cosmopolitan Look" Fashions

Raincoat by Duchess Royal on page 22 is at the following stores:

Asheville, N. C.	Bon Marché, Inc.
Beverly Hills, Calif.	Saks Fifth Avenue
Chicago, Ill.	Saks Fifth Avenue
Denver, Colo.	Neusteter's
Detroit, Mich.	Saks Fifth Avenue
Miami Beach, Fla.	Saks Fifth Avenue
Milwaukee, Wis.	Boston Store
New York, N. Y.	Saks Fifth Avenue
Oakland, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Palo Alto, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Saks Fifth Avenue
Reno, Nev.	Joseph Magnin
Roanoke, Va.	Smartwear-Irving Saks, Inc.
Sacramento, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
San Francisco, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
San Mateo, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Seattle, Wash.	Frederick & Nelson
Syracuse, N. Y.	The Addis Company
Washington, D.C.	Woodward & Lothrop

Swansdown imported wool great-coat on page 23:

Albany, N. Y.	Sherry's
Asheville, N. C.	Bon Marche, Inc.
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Birmingham, Ala.	Kessler's
Charlotte, N. C.	Purcell's
Chester, Pa.	Speare Brothers
Clarksburg, W. Va.	Watts-Sartor-Lear Co.
Colorado Springs, Colo.	Kaufman, Inc.
Davenport, Iowa	Scharff's
Decatur, Ala.	Lee's
Dothan, Ala.	Van Ritch's
East Orange, N. J.	B. Altman
Elizabeth, N. J.	R. J. Goerke Co.
Hattiesburg, Miss.	Fine Bros. & Matison Co.
Holyoke, Mass.	Forbes' Inc.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Levy's
Kansas City, Mo.	Emery, Bird, Thayer
Los Angeles, Calif.	Silverwood's
Manchester, N. H.	Parisienn's, Inc.
Manhasset, N. Y.	B. Altman
Memphis, Tenn.	Levy's Ladies Toggery, Inc.
New York, N. Y.	B. Altman
Omaha, Neb.	Herzbergs
Pasadena, Calif.	Helen Smith
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Frank & Seder
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc.
St. Petersburg, Fla.	Rutland Brothers
Salisbury, Md.	Benjamins
Syracuse, N. Y.	The Addis Company
Topeka, Kan.	Harry Endlich
Tucson, Ariz.	Horn's
Tulsa, Okla.	Vandever Dry Goods Co.
Washington, D.C.	Lansburgh & Bro.
White Plains, N. Y.	B. Altman

Prices may be slightly higher west of Denver.

they said. Social disapproval was a much stronger deterrent. A senior said, "You want people to like you. No, I mean something much stronger than that. You want to feel you're doing the right thing."

—It's dangerous because the fellow can always throw it up to you later.

—You are afraid of your parents and the church.

—Well, I have to look out for my own ideals. If I don't, who else will? I just matter to myself somehow.

—I've heard twenty-five percent of all college girls lose their virginity. If that's true, I think it's too bad.

—Twenty-five? I've heard eighty.

—If those figures are true, I'm either awfully dumb or awfully pure. They certainly aren't true of me or most of my friends.

—How can you tell? Most girls will swear up and down they are virgins, just the way boys will swear they aren't, because society expects it. Later you find out it isn't true. I never heard a girl admit in a group she wasn't a virgin.

—I have. I've heard them brag about it.

—Well, you can't tell about that either.

—I once heard a girl say she wasn't. She said she was sorry afterward.

—Sorry she admitted it?

—No, for having had intercourse. She said she could never like the boy again.

—Well, my gosh, no wonder she was sorry. She couldn't have cared much for him. I think it's okay if you're engaged.

—I don't. How can you tell the boy you're engaged to is the one you're going to marry? I've been engaged twice already.

—Besides, what's suddenly so different when you're engaged from when you're not?

—If you didn't feel guilty about it, it would be all right, but if you're going to get a complex, it would be better to wait. If you're a virgin because you're terrified to be anything else, I don't call that a virtue.

—But how can you be objective about something you know nothing about? How can you tell how you'll feel till afterward?

—Personally, I think that's the real reason girls refrain. They just don't know what it will do to them, and they're afraid to take a chance. From all you hear, it makes big demands on you once it's happened.

—My married sister says that isn't true. She was married about six weeks when her husband went off to war. She says sex isn't a real demand until you've established a pattern.

—My brother-in-law says ninety-nine per cent of all engaged couples indulge in sex before the wedding ceremony, but I'd hate to think so. It would spoil it.

—Yes, if you can't wait, are you really in love?

—Anticipation is important.

—You think *curiosity* is all that motivates sex?

—Well, it has a lot to do with it.

—No, I think education takes care of that. You might lose your head or you might really want it, but I can't imagine curiosity being the big thing.

How did they feel about woman's place being in the home? All except two said it was if she married but not otherwise. One said definitely not and one replied wisely, "Woman's place is where she wants to be." Some felt it was all right for married women to work but not after they had children.

Did they look forward to marriage and motherhood? Here there was more discrepancy, though most said, "Definitely."

—I hope I will.

—Be a wife and mother?

—No, want to. At the moment, I'm not really interested. There are so many things I want to do first.

—Me, too. I'm twenty now, and I don't want to marry before I'm twenty-eight or nine. Some of the girls I went to high school with are married and have a baby or two. I don't envy them. I don't like the idea of giving up something I care about later to get married, either, but maybe I'll change. I never used to want to go steady, and now I do.

—I wouldn't mind being a wife, but I'm not so sure about children. I'm not representative in that respect. I'll probably have children because the man I marry will expect me to. Most men do.

—I'm just the opposite. I've always loved children, and sometimes, before I met the boy I'm engaged to, I used to think it would be nice if one could have children without being bothered with a husband.

Most of the girls expressed surprise and dismay at these last two outlooks, but one said practically, "Don't you think having a husband is like having a child in a way? You have to watch out for him, take care of his clothes and feed him and all that."

—It would disgust me to have to do things like that for another full-grown person. He ought to be an equal, not just a big baby.

—That's one thing you can say for the vets on campus. They drink too much and pet too vigorously, but they don't want a substitute mother.

—Don't let's get started on veterans or we'll be up all night. For my money, you can have them.

—Yes, they live too fast.

Nearly all the girls thought marriage and a career could be combined provided the career didn't take the wife outside the home. Three thought she could safely go outside if she chose her career in a field allied to the home, such as home economics, child psychology, nursing, or a similar one. Several confessed they weren't sure they'd be happy confined to a house for the rest of their lives.

IF THEY had to make the uncomfortable choice, most would have an illegitimate child rather than an abortion, but a few felt an abortion would be a better solution, both for the mother and for the child, since the world is hard on illegitimate children. One girl said she couldn't answer the question because she wasn't sure of her church's teaching on abortion. They agreed it would be an almost impossible decision.

Not one of them thought sex was the biggest or most important factor in marriage. "It matters," a senior observed. "For one thing, it's a pretty good index of character in a man, but it shouldn't be the most important thing."

"I look forward to it," said a junior, a major in sociology. "but I look forward to companionship, too."

—You can't spend all your time in bed.

—In marriage, what you need most is someone who'll build you up, not tear

you down. A husband ought to make you feel like a person. That's more important than sex any day.

—Of course, if a man has everything else but no sex appeal for you, it wouldn't be much of a marriage.

—Are you sure of that? Given other things, I think maybe you can develop physical attraction.

—You mean to say you can take just any man and any woman and they'll be sexually compatible?

—That depends on what you mean by compatibility. I really do think this idea that sex sweeps you rapturously off your feet is all wacky. Sometimes, maybe, but not always, and not at first. My mother says sex is something you acquire skill at with practice just like anything else.

—I'll buy that. It pleases me. Frankly, the stuff you hear about incompatibility scares me. It's comforting to think you can work it out.

Most people, they agreed, separate love and sex in their thinking, and they found the fact regrettable. They thought it was even sadder that they separated sex from all the rest of life. It would be easier and more natural if it were treated as part of their whole being or personality. All said they had never once thought sex dirty or disgusting but admitted knowing girls who did think so. None of them regarded it as something "women just have to put up with."

Most of them believed some changes or improvements in the partners could improve marriage. But one down-to-earth miss said flatly, "Suppose a boy is promiscuous before marriage. There's nothing about a wedding that will transform him into a model of fidelity. That's why I'd prefer to marry a virgin. Some girls say it's all right if boys they marry have had sex with cheap women or tramps because it doesn't mean anything, but I'd a lot rather take a chance on a boy who had loved some girl and made love to her because they were really both in love."

Did a college education help people to manage their sexual affairs better?

—Yes, because college teaches you to be more rational and less emotional.

—In college you learn to like boys as friends.

—In a coeducational college, you mean.

—Well, yes. Kids in segregated schools are more awed by sex. I don't know that they behave worse, though.

—The good thing about college, as I see it, is that it teaches both men and women more about each other. There are some husbands and wives, for instance, who can't even talk together about the sex act. College girls not only feel free to discuss it among themselves but with their boyfriends, too.

—That's true. I know I talk to my steady. I can ask him anything. I read in a history book about some Puritan in Massachusetts who had fourteen children. When his wife was pregnant with the twelfth, she told him, and he struck her for bothering him with that kind of thing. That was a woman's life then.

—Did that really happen?

—Well, I read it in a history book.

—How did they ever get along?

—Sex is certainly complicated. I knew all the big things at fifteen, but I've learned something new each year since.

—It's a big problem for college students because they don't want just to accept it. They want to understand.

—Where I come from, finances are a bigger problem. I go to a big state university.

—At my college, religion, not sex, is the big subject for bull sessions. Sex when you're a freshman or sophomore, yes, but by the time you're a junior or senior, you've more or less made up your mind.

—I think college students want standards, but they have to be standards they can accept with reason, not just because somebody says so.

—I look at it this way: We talk about sex freely and we think about it a lot, but we wouldn't be in college if that were all we really cared about. We'd get married instead, or work and have our own apartments so we could do what we want.

Did they think people were basically decent? All except two said yes, and the two exceptions qualified it by saying they thought most people *thought* they were decent.

When asked what they thought of trial marriage, they didn't know what it was. After it was explained, they found it amusing.

—In that kind of a deal you'd be looking for sexual harmony alone, and other factors, which really matter in marriage, wouldn't be considered. I don't think it would be worth trying.

—That sounds like some idea from the flaming twenties.

—Do you think we're better or worse than they were?

—From all my mother says, better.

—Oh, every generation thinks it's the wildest one. I don't imagine we're either better or worse. We're a little calmer about it, maybe.

—Liquor was a bigger problem in the twenties. Most of the students I know don't drink much because they can't afford it. Liquor's darned expensive.

—They drink on my campus.

—The big trouble with liquor is you start petting in groups. You don't care who's looking. I think that's sinking pretty low.

—Getting back to the twenties, how do you think all this scandal about dope will look to our children? It'll make us sound wild, too.

—Do you know any dope addicts?

—No. Not personally. Two boys at my college were kicked out for it, though.

—A small group in our school were expelled for taking Benzedrine.

—Some of my father's friends take that.

—That's all right if you have a prescription. It's not legal to acquire it otherwise. I guess they were kicked out more for obtaining it than for actually taking it.

Could they teach their children about sex better than their parents had taught them? Yes, because "it hasn't been taboo all our lives." Several said their mothers were eager to learn what they, the daughters, had learned in their courses on sex, the family, marriage, and so on.

If they could ask one thing of their families or society in general, what would it be? In varying ways, they nearly all said less emphasis on sex. Less glamour and more honesty. "Some parents think knowledge kills all the glamour," a girl with a black cap of hair said. "But as long as you haven't tried it, there's a certain air of mystery and glamour about it. They don't have to worry about that. I'd like less of it in every direction. Some stories and some movies and plays, some articles and some books, but not every last one of them."

There would seem to be more room for individual taste in matters of sex and morals than there was among college girls of ten or fifteen years ago. A girl may refuse to drink or smoke, kiss or pet, and, if she has personality, still have dates. She won't necessarily be thought prudish. She feels that successful marriage depends on so many things that physical virginity isn't essential, but this doesn't mean she flaunts convention flippantly. She knows and likes men as people and this, she feels, is good.

That, at least, is what this particular group of college girls decided. This isn't a scientific report; it is only what the walls would have heard if they had had ears. One girl summed it up for them all: "We live in a democracy, and we're accustomed to thinking as individuals in many fields. I'm glad. I think we're coming to realize that sex, too, is an individual matter. It's the first time in history such an idea has taken root, and I think we're lucky." The End

The Sighing Sound *(Continued from page 65)*

Aggie had met Ben McLaughlin two years before, she had entered a strange world, a world of distorted perspective in which right was wrong and fact was fancy, and it was not until this moment of Ben's disappearance that she had been shocked into an awareness of the distortion.

EVEN NOW, ten years later, sitting beside Joe Winant on the front seat of his car as they drove north out of Brixton for a late Sunday lunch, Aggie could still feel that sense of distortion.

"All right," Joe Winant said, "what are you thinking?"

"About these funny little back roads," Aggie said casually. "And how lovely all this countryside becomes in the autumn. When you've been away as long as I have, living in places like Malaya and Japan and the Philippines, I'm afraid you forget all about the fact that maples change in the fall."

Joe Winant gave all his attention to guiding the car around a tractor that was kicking up clouds of dust as it lumbered serenely along the unpaved road. "You haven't said a word for almost an hour," he said. "That's a long time to be thinking about maples."

"I have also been thinking about my class in journalism at The Molly Horner McLaughlin House," Aggie said. "You got me into teaching that class. I was just thinking that you ought to help me out of it."

"You mean you want to quit?"

"No, of course not," Aggie said. Where would she go if she did quit? And what would she do? The capacity to work, which had deserted her eight months before, had not returned. She was still waiting. For what? For the piece missing from the jigsaw puzzle of her life? That had been easy to believe when she first came home. It had been even easier to believe that Joe Winant had the missing piece in his possession and, in his own good time, would present it to her. It was not so easy to believe that now, after seven weeks of waiting that seemed to grow more hopeless and pointless with each passing day. "I promised you I'd stay two months," Aggie said. "So I've got another week before I begin thinking of quitting."

"I don't want you to think of it," Joe Winant said. "I don't want you to feel that way."

"I had a letter from my syndicate this morning. They said if I don't get back to work soon, I won't have a single paper left to work for."

"You'll get back to work. I told you that when you came."

"Tell me more," Aggie said. "Tell me, for example, how I can feel I'm doing as much for those kids by teaching them, as they're doing for me by allowing me to teach them."

"Charlie Cornhill says you've discovered two really good ones."

"That's true enough," Aggie said. "A girl named Emily Johnson and a boy named Frank Bell, and they're better than good. I think they're almost ready for jobs on a real paper."

"Such as the Brixton *Times?*" Joe Winant asked. "Of which I happen to be editor and publisher?"

"Why not?" she replied. "A dozen years ago when you took me out of Ben's office and put me into the city room, I knew less than Frank Bell and Emily Johnson know today."

"All right," Joe Winant said. "Want me to look them over?"

"I'm trying to think up a final exercise for them," Aggie said. "I promised to have it all worked out by Friday, and then give them the weekend to write their stories. If they hand them in the following Monday, will you come to the class that night and look the stories over and see for yourself what those kids can do?"

"Sure," Joe Winant said, and he grinned. "If you stop stalling and tell me what you've really been thinking about for the last hour."

"About where we're going for lunch," Aggie said. "And why you should bother, on your one day off, to take me."

"Has it ever occurred to you that I might enjoy taking you to lunch?" Aggie didn't answer because although it had occurred to her, she had dismissed the explanation as unlikely. It did not fit into her troubled relationship with Joe Winant. "I said I'd come to your journalism class and look those kids over if you'd quit stalling," he said. "So why don't you tell me what you've really been thinking about? You seem to have forgotten that I always know, anyway."

AGGIE gave him another glance. It was true. He always did know.

"I was thinking of that morning, ten years ago, when I called Mr. McLaughlin from Pine Lodge to tell him that Ben had disappeared," Aggie said. "I was thinking about how surprised and shocked I was by the speed with which I managed to get through to him. It was almost as though he knew what had happened, as though he had been expecting my call."

Aggie paused for a minute, and then, slowly, she added, "And I was thinking of what I suddenly learned about myself and Ben and his parents, in that moment of shocked surprise."

"Want me to take it from there?" The sudden harshness in his voice reminded her of his strange outburst, seven weeks before, on the first night of her return to Brixton, when they were having cocktails in Charles Cornhill's quarters at The Molly Horner McLaughlin House. "Want me to tell you what it was you learned?" Joe Winant asked. "About yourself and Ben and all the McLaughlins?"

"Yes," Aggie said, "if you think you know."

"You suddenly woke up," Joe Winant said, "with a jolt that rocked you back on your heels. You suddenly understood it wasn't real. That Ben was a total stranger, a man you didn't really know, any more than you knew his father and mother. You suddenly understood you'd been made to believe Ben needed you so much more than he needed anything or anybody else in the world, that nothing else in the world mattered. Neither common sense nor the simplest questions that, somewhat incredibly, could not be answered by common sense. Questions like why should Mr. and Mrs. Seward McLaughlin approve of your even knowing Ben, much less marrying him. Questions like why, even if they did approve of your knowing Ben and of his wanting to marry you, why did the marriage have to take place right away, at once, almost as soon as they'd seen you for the first time?"

Joe Winant's words stopped. Aggie turned to look at him. His jaw was clenched. His eyes were fixed in an unseeing scowl on the road ahead. His hands held the steering wheel so tightly that the knuckles showed white. "You learned that it was a strange world the McLaughlins lived in, a world in which nothing made sense except the McLaughlin kind of sense. A world in which wrong was right because the McLaughlins said it was. A world in which they wrote the rules by which everybody who entered had to abide. A world in which they were able to make their own selfish needs look, feel, and actually seem like love because the McLaughlins wanted you to believe it." Joe Winant's words stopped again, and he drew a deep breath. "Am I right?" he asked. "Is that what you learned?"

Aggie, staring at him in amazement, tried to find words to express her sudden discovery. "I never suspected that you hated them."

"There's no longer a 'them,'" he said irritably. "There's only one left." His voice seemed to harden. "I asked you a question. Isn't that what you learned about the McLaughlins?"

"Yes," Aggie said. "How did you know?"

"There's a poem Charlie Cornhill is fond of quoting," Joe Winant said. "By a man named Rossetti."

"'I have been here before,'" Aggie said. "'But when or how I cannot tell, I know the grass beyond the door, The sweet keen smell, The sighing sound—'"

"That's the one," Joe Winant said. "You and I, baby, we've both been there." A mirthless chuckle shook his large, broad-shouldered frame. "In the special, private world of the McLaughlins. Where they write the rules, and forge the chains, and call the tune. There's one difference between us, though." A touch of bitter, mocking helplessness seemed to work its way through to the surface of his voice. "I'm still there."

"So am I," Aggie said, and she waited. But Joe Winant had turned back, to stare at the road. "There's no difference between us," Aggie said. "Isn't that why I'm here? Isn't that why I came back to Brixton? Because I'm still there, in that private world of the McLaughlins? Because I've never really been out of it?" Aggie could feel a sense of mounting excitement. It was as though the missing piece of the puzzle had suddenly made its presence known, and was circling closer, like a teasing child, asking her to reach out and seize it. "Joe," she said, "Joe, why don't we both get out?"

"WHAT DO you think I'm trying to do? Why do you think I made you promise to stay?"

"Stay for what?" Aggie asked—almost desperately, because the missing piece, which had brushed her lightly and tantalizingly, had begun to slip away. "Joe, please, why don't you tell me what—?"

The words stopped in her throat. The car seemed to leap free of the surrounding woods, like a frightened animal that has lost its way and, after stumbling along uncertainly, finds itself at last on the edge of a familiar clearing. Aggie stared, her throat constricted by the shock of recognition, as Joe Winant

brought the car to a halt on the gravel apron in front of the large, rambling house hemmed in by huge pines. Over the door was the exaggeratedly rustic sign fashioned from pine cones: "Pine Lodge."

"Joe," she asked, "why did you bring me here?"

"The food is good," he said, "and the place isn't very crowded at this time of year." Then he paused and looked at her closely with suddenly narrowed eyes, so that Aggie was reminded of a doctor probing, gently but firmly, through a raw and bleeding wound for the piece of foreign matter that must be extracted before the healing process can begin. "'I know the grass beyond the door,'" he said softly. "'The sweet keen smell, The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.'"

A uniformed porter came out on the veranda.

"No," Aggie said, and she could feel her body begin to shake. "Joe, please," she said, "take me away from here."

"Look, baby," he said quietly, "I'm not trying to—"

"I don't want any lunch," she said. "I don't want anything, Joe. I just want to get out of here."

She must have said more, and Joe Winant must have said something to the uniformed porter, but Aggie's mind recorded none of it. She was aware of only the noisy grinding of gears and the movement of Joe Winant's arms as he swung the car around and the sense of flight as they sped back the way they had come, along the unpaved roads toward Brixton.

THE SENSE of flight, of running away from something she did not understand, was not new. She had done it before. In a manner of speaking, she had been doing it for ten years, ever since that morning when she had heard her father-in-law's voice on the phone.

"Don't move from your room," Seward McLaughlin had said. "Don't leave Pine Lodge. Don't do anything. Just wait."

Several seconds must have gone by before Aggie realized she was holding a dead phone, that her father-in-law had said nothing more, no word of reassurance or even of sympathy. Not until she replaced the phone on its hook did Aggie realize that Seward McLaughlin had not even sounded surprised. Joe Winant arrived at Pine Lodge shortly before noon, and he drove her back. Not to her small, sparsely furnished room on the fourth floor of The Molly Horner McLaughlin House but to the ugly stone mansion on Hilltop Drive.

The house seemed to be crowded with policemen, and with men in business clothes who might have been policemen, and with men Aggie recognized as members of the law firm that handled the affairs of the Brixton *Times*.

"Joe," she said, as he led her across the hall toward the curved oaken stairs that rose in a great sweeping arc to the floors above, "what's happening?"

"Don't worry about it. Everything is going to be all right."

"But I don't know what everything is," she said. "Where is Ben? Do they know? Are they trying to find him? Has anything happened to him?"

"Nothing has happened to him," Joe Winant said. "Come on, baby. Everything is going to be all right."

He led her up the stairs, down a long, carpeted hall, and into a large room with a canopied bed. Aggie did not realize, until she saw him close the door, that neither her father-in-law nor her mother-in-law had come forward to greet her.

"Joe," she asked, trying to speak calmly, "Joe, what are they doing to me?"

Then she was sitting on the bed, and Aggie knew she had not spoken calmly at all. As she shook with the wild relief of hysteria, Aggie could still hear the screaming voice in which she had hurled the question at Joe Winant, and she could feel the shameful and revealing irony of the way the question had been phrased: "What are they doing to me?" Her fears were not for the man she had married twenty-four hours before. Her fears were for herself.

"Nobody is doing anything to you," Joe Winant said, and his steady voice did for her now what she had seen it do so often for many others, including Ben McLaughlin. It cut across hysteria, stopping the mounting pressure of panic. "I want to say something to you," he said. "I don't want to say it to a bride, an hysterical girl who got married yesterday and finds today that something has gone wrong. What I've got to say, I want to say to a working newspaperman. To the best reporter I've ever trained. Are you willing to listen that way? The way I taught you to listen? Without getting sidetracked by any irrelevant emotion? Hearing only the facts and nothing but the facts?"

She looked up into the dark, handsome face of this strong and yet oddly weak man she had never understood but had always trusted.

"All right," Aggie said. "I'll listen the way you taught me."

"Good," Joe Winant said. "Two days ago, before I knew you had promised to marry Ben, I tried to get you out of town before that promise could be extracted from you. Yesterday, after the ceremony in which you became Ben's wife, I asked you to forget that I had tried to prevent you from marrying him. Those are facts. And because they're facts, they're not inconsistent. I didn't want you to marry Ben, for your own good. When I saw I couldn't stop you from marrying him, I didn't want whatever feelings you may have had for Ben to be spoiled by the knowledge of my continued disapproval. That, too, was for your own good. Is that clear?" Joe Winant asked. "As a working newspaperman, does that make sense to you?"

Aggie nodded.

"I CAN'T tell you why I didn't want you to marry Ben," Joe Winant said. "Nor can I explain why I can't tell you. It's purely personal. It's no concern of yours. You can say, if you like, that as a result everything else I say to you now is suspect. I hope you won't say that. Because my inability, or refusal—choose your own word—to tell you why I didn't want you to marry Ben is no more than another fact, and I've asked you to listen only to facts. Are you still listening?"

Aggie nodded again.

"I didn't know, I didn't suspect, when I urged you not to marry Ben, that what happened last night was going to happen."

"Did his father know?" Aggie asked. "Did Ben know?"

"Neither Ben nor Mr. McLaughlin knew that Ben was going to disappear," Joe Winant said. "Will you accept that?"

Aggie hesitated, weighing her instinctive distrust of Seward McLaughlin against her complete trust in Joe Winant. Joe Winant won.

"Yes," Aggie said, "if you want me to."

"I want you to. For your own good. Is that clear?" Aggie nodded again. "All right, then," Joe Winant said. "This is the way the situation stands. We don't know why Ben disappeared. We don't know where he is. We only know he'll come back. If."

"If what?"

"If we are not interfered with. If nobody does anything foolish. We have to handle this in our own way." Joe Winant paused, and then he asked, very gently, "Will you let us do that, baby?"

Aggie nodded.

"Good girl. Everything is going to be all right, believe me."

She did believe him. Completely. For a few minutes after he went out the relief was so great that Aggie felt normally hungry. She rose from the bed and went

to the door. The moment she put her hand on the knob, however, the sense of unreality returned to envelop her again, with all its force of distortion and panic.

The door was locked.

"Joe!" she suddenly heard herself screaming. "Joe!"

Aggie did not know, when the door was finally opened from the outside and a maid came in with a tray, how long she had been screaming. Aggie did not even know how much truth there was in the maid's phlegmatic explanation. The spring locks on all the doors in the house, the maid said, had a tendency to lock, every now and then, from the outside. Aggie knew only that, in the figurative sense, her door remained locked.

She had the freedom of the house, of course. At any rate, that was what Seward McLaughlin and his wife said when they finally found time to come up and greet their daughter-in-law. But Aggie did not want freedom. She wanted only to learn about Ben. Nobody seemed to be interested in telling her.

The policemen and the lawyers never left the house. They were constantly in the library or the study with Joe Winant or Seward McLaughlin. They spoke in hushed tones that stopped abruptly whenever Aggie came in. They were not hostile to her. They were not even rude. They merely disregarded her.

There was only one phone in the house. It was in the library. Aggie noticed that, as soon as it rang, the library door was immediately shut.

She took most of her meals in her own room. That was better than sitting all alone at the huge table in the enormous dining room. Seward McLaughlin and Joe Winant seldom took time to eat a regular meal. And Mrs. McLaughlin was seldom well enough to come down to dinner. Or so the servants said when Aggie asked about the queenly little woman with white hair who was, somewhat incredibly, her mother-in-law.

On the few occasions when Aggie did manage to seize the attention of Seward McLaughlin or his wife and, almost desperately, ask if there was any news of Ben, they always said the same thing: Everything will be all right. Ben will be back. Before long. Soon. At any moment.

The only variation was the reply that came on those occasions when Aggie exploded in the desperate demand that she be allowed to do something, anything, to help. And that variation was not an answer but an order.

"Don't move. Don't do anything. Just wait."

SHE WAITED. Until one morning when she realized that, from the moment Joe Winant had brought her back from Pine Lodge, she had not seen a newspaper.

"Oh, Gladys," Aggie said when the maid came in with the breakfast tray, "I wonder if you'd bring me the morning paper?"

"Yes, ma'am," Gladys said. "Right away, ma'am."

When Gladys came back an hour later to take the breakfast tray, Aggie asked her about the paper.

"Yes, ma'am," Gladys said. "Right away, ma'am."

A half hour later, when the maid had not returned, Aggie went down the back stairs to the butler's pantry.

"Oh, Robert," she asked, "do you have a copy of the morning paper?"

"No, ma'am," the butler said. "They're all in the library, ma'am."

Aggie walked out and across to the library. She knocked. The door was opened by a policeman. Behind him Aggie could see Seward McLaughlin at the enormous mahogany desk with two of the lawyers, bent over a pile of newspapers. They were all holding pencils.

"Yes, my dear?" Seward McLaughlin asked. "What is it?"

"I wonder if I may have a look at the morning paper?"

"In a little while. I'll have Robert bring it to your room. We're busy right now, my dear."

The policeman closed the door. Aggie went back to her room. She sat there for a long time, trying hard to withstand the new wave of panic that was sweeping over her. At one o'clock Gladys brought the lunch tray.

"Would you mind asking Robert about the morning paper?" Aggie tried to sound calm. "Mr. McLaughlin said he would tell him to bring me one."

"Yes, ma'am," Gladys said. "Right away."

GLADYS did not appear again that afternoon. At six, Aggie counted the money in her purse. She had sixty-two dollars and some coins. At seven, when she heard Gladys coming down the hall, Aggie opened her door and stepped out. The maid, who was carrying Aggie's dinner tray, stopped short.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Aggie said. "I should have told you, but I thought I'd like to have my dinner downstairs tonight."

"You'll be alone, ma'am," Gladys said. "Mr. McLaughlin is having his dinner from a tray in the library with the gentlemen, and Mrs. McLaughlin is indisposed."

"That's all right," Aggie said. "I've had breakfast and lunch in my room today, and I think I'll enjoy my dinner more downstairs, even if I do have to eat alone."

"I'll tell Robert, ma'am."

Gladys turned with the tray and moved off toward the back stairs. Aggie went alone to the front of the house. In the hall downstairs, she found Robert fixing the catch on the front door.

"I forgot to tell Gladys that I want to have my dinner downstairs, and she's just gone out back to tell you," Aggie said. "I'm awfully sorry, Robert."

"Not at all, ma'am. It will take a few minutes to set the table."

"That's all right," Aggie said. "I'll wait in the drawing room, if it's free?"

"Yes, ma'am," Robert said. "It's free."

He crossed to the drawing room, opened the door, and stood aside. Aggie walked in. She went to the couch near the fireplace, sat down, and picked up a magazine. Robert closed the door. Aggie waited a full minute, keeping her eyes on her wrist watch. Then she went back to the door, opened it quietly, and looked out. The hall was empty.

She ran across to the front door, slipped back the catch, stepped out, pulled the door shut behind her, ran down the steps, across the porte-cochere, and into the shrubbery that lined the driveway. Wishing her heart would stop hammering, Aggie peered back at the lighted windows. Nothing unusual seemed to be happening. She turned, stepped out of the shrubbery, and started to run. Three blocks away, at the corner of Michigan Avenue, she found a parked taxi. The driver looked at her curiously. It was a cold night, and she was not wearing a coat.

"Where to, lady?"

"The Molly Horner McLaughlin House," Aggie said. "It's on the other side of town. You have to go down Michigan to Bayberry, and then turn—"

"I know where it is, lady," the driver said. "Hop in."

CHARLES CORNHILL was crossing the lobby when Aggie came in from the street. He stepped forward, took her arm and, without a word, led her into his office. He closed the door, put her into the chair beside his desk, brought her a glass of water from the tap in the corner basin, and sat down behind his desk.

"Hungry?" he asked. Aggie shook her head. "Want me to shut up?" Aggie shook her head again. "All right," he said, "what's wrong?"

"Everything."

"Everything is a large word," Charles Cornhill said. "When did it start going wrong?"

"Right after the wedding. The moment we drove away on our honeymoon."

"When did you get back?"

"I'm not sure. What day is today?"

Charles Cornhill's eyes spread wide with astonishment. "Friday," he said. "Why?"

"I was married on a Thursday," Aggie said. "And I came back the next day. So that must have been a Friday, too. That means I've been back two weeks. Or maybe it's three weeks. I don't know."

"Are you all right, Aggie?"

"I don't know that, either."

"Let's try to find out. I can set you straight on one point. You were married three weeks ago yesterday. If you came back the very next day, if you've been here in Brixton all that time, why haven't you called me?"

"There's only one phone in the house," Aggie said. "It's in the library, but the lawyers and the police are in there all the time, and I couldn't—"

"What house?" Charles Cornhill asked sharply. "What police?"

"Haven't you seen the papers, either?" Aggie asked. "About Ben?"

"Ben McLaughlin?" Charles Cornhill asked. "What about Ben?"

Aggie could feel the astonishment draining away. She understood now why they had not allowed her to see a newspaper. "Ben has disappeared. I don't know why or how they've managed to keep it out of the papers, but I thought you'd know about it from Joe."

"I haven't seen Joe Winant since the day you were married," Charles Cornhill said. "Start from the beginning. Tell me everything."

Hearing her own voice describe the series of events she had lived through in the last three weeks, without knowing three weeks had gone by, underscored for Aggie the sense of unreality that had enveloped her throughout that time. "Today, when I realized they were keeping the papers from me," she finished, "I knew I had to get out."

"I'm glad you did," Charles Cornhill said. "And I'm glad you came here."

He reached for the phone.

"What are you going to do?"

"Call Joe," Charles Cornhill said. "He owes us both an explanation."

"It's a debt he won't pay," Aggie said. "Besides, I don't want him to know I'm here."

"He'll guess it soon enough," Charles Cornhill said. "As soon as they find out you're gone, Joe will know you came here."

"He doesn't come back to the house on the hill until eight-thirty or nine, after he's finished at the paper," Aggie said, and she glanced at her wrist watch. "That will give me enough time."

"For what?"

"To ask some questions. Will you answer them?"

The glance from the wide blue eyes did not falter. "In my almost sixty years, Aggie, I have never told a lie," Charles Cornhill said. "If I had any intention of beginning now, I would not begin with you." He leaned back in his chair. "You can ask me anything you want."

"Do you trust Joe Winant?"

"Completely," Charles Cornhill said. "Don't you?"

"Joe tried to stop me from marrying Ben, but he refused to give me a reason. Do you know any?"

"Beyond the things I told you two years ago, when I urged you to take the job—that Ben is overwrought, high-strung, and difficult—I know of no reason why marrying him should not prove to be the most wonderful and rewarding act of your life," Charles Cornhill said. "Provided, of course, that you love him." Aggie dropped her glance. Charles Cornhill said, "Forgive me. That was very rude of me."

"I asked a question," Aggie said. "You answered it."

"You don't love him? You think Ben disappeared because he found that out?"

"How can I tell?" Aggie asked with sudden anger. "How do I know what to think? Or what Ben thinks? Where is he? Why did he walk out? Why won't they tell me anything? Why are they keeping it out of the papers?"

"I don't know any of those answers," Charles Cornhill said. "I know only this. If you love Ben, the other answers don't matter."

"Why not?" Aggie asked. "What am I to do? Please tell me."

The phone rang. Charles Cornhill picked it up.

"Hello?" he said. "Yes, of course, put him on." There was a pause, during which Charles Cornhill's shrewd blue eyes remained fixed on Aggie. "Hello," he said into the mouthpiece. "Yes, she is. Perhaps ten or fifteen minutes ago. No, not at all. She's quite all right. I certainly will. Yes, right away." Charles Cornhill replaced the receiver. "That was Joe," he said. "He guessed at once that you were here."

"What else did he guess?" Aggie asked.

"And what did he tell you to tell me?"

"That you are perfectly safe. Here—in the home of Ben's parents—anywhere. He asked me to tell you that if you don't trust him enough to take his word for that, you can take mine."

"The trouble is I no longer trust myself," Aggie said. "Please tell me what to do."

"I can't," Charles Cornhill said. "The answer is in your heart. If you love Ben, you'll do what Joe Winant and Ben's parents want you to do. If you love Ben, you'll go back to that house on Hilltop Drive and wait."

"Thanks," Aggie said wearily. "I guess that's the answer I came for."

Not until she was out in the street, and the cruising taxi drew up beside her, did Aggie realize she had been running.

"What's the matter, lady?" the driver asked. "You in a hurry?"

"Yes," Aggie said and, as she hauled open the taxi door, she had a moment of indecision. Then she was clawing at her pocket, to make sure the money she had tucked into it at six o'clock was still there. "Take me to the railroad station," Aggie said. "As fast as you can."

TEN YEARS later, walking back to The Molly Horner McLaughlin House from Stieger's bakeshop, where she and her twenty-two students had consumed their cheesecake and coffee, Aggie could still hear the words she had spoken to that unknown taxi driver: *As fast as you can!*

In one form or another, she had been repeating them to herself for ten years. *As fast as you can!* All the way to Chicago, during that first phase of her ten-year flight, she had heard those words drumming in her brain. Months later, on the train to New York and a better job, those words were still there, driving her on, away from Brixton and the memories that the mere thought of Brixton evoked. *As fast as you can!* How much of her success was due to native ability, and how much to the compulsion to continue the flight from Brixton and its memories, Aggie would never know.

All she knew now was that the flight had ended. In the very place where it had begun. She was back where she had started from, and the point of departure had become a dead end. Now there was no place she could go.

It was ironically appropriate that, on this night when she had dictated to her students the terms of their final exercise, she should find Charles Cornhill waiting for her.

"Come up to my quarters and have a nightcap," he said. "I want to talk with you."

"About what?" Aggie asked when they were settled in the book-lined study on the second floor. "I can't think of anything we haven't talked about already."

"I can," Charles Cornhill said. "Those twenty-two youngsters with whom you've been meeting three nights a week, for example."

"There isn't much to say about them," Aggie said. "I've found two, the Johnson girl and Frank Bell, who are really first-rate, and I think I've managed to teach the others a few things they might find useful. Aside from that—" Aggie paused and shrugged—"I'm afraid it hasn't worked."

"How can you tell?"

"How can you tell when that thing is empty?" Aggie asked, nodding toward the bottle out of which he had poured their drinks. "You lift it, and it has no substance. You hold it up to the light, and you can see through it. You tip it over a glass, and nothing comes out." She shrugged again. "That's me, I'm afraid."

"If you really *are* afraid," Charles Cornhill said thoughtfully, "I suppose you're right. But I never felt that, during the time you've been back. Confused, yes. Disturbed, again yes. But afraid, no."

"I don't see that the choice of words matters," Aggie said. "By Monday night, there will be nothing more for me to do here in Brixton. I'll be finished."

"Two months ago, when you arrived," Charles Cornhill said, "I told you I hated terminal words."

"You also told me that most poets, the good ones, anyway, managed to get much closer to the truth than most healers or practical men of affairs ever do. I don't want to seem rude, but I think this is one time when both you and Mr. Rossetti have been proved wrong."

"Assuming that we have been, what are you going to do after Monday night?"

"Go back to New York, I suppose, and hear my syndicate tell me in person what I already know; namely, that I'm through."

"Is that so appealing a prospect that you feel you must rush forward to meet it?"

"No, but I can't stay on here in Brixton and keep giving courses in journalism forever."

"IF YOU are really through, as you seem to think you are," Charles Cornhill said, "I can think of much worse fates than staying on here to teach journalism."

"So can I," Aggie said. "The worst fate of all would be to stay on pretending that I am teaching, when all the time I'd know what I've known during these past two months, that I don't really care about

teaching, that I'm not really interested in my students, that I'm merely using them selfishly to help myself out of the mess I've made of my own life, that I'm actually doing no more than living the aphorism Joe Winant says he dislikes so much: Those who can, do; those who can't, teach."

"If Joe dislikes that aphorism so much," Charles Cornhill said, "I wonder why you don't ask *him* what you should do?"

"Are you asking that question as a practical man of affairs?" Aggie asked. "Or as a poet?"

"My rhyming talents are negligible," Charles Cornhill said. "My knowledge of a few human beings is rather extensive."

"Is Joe Winant one of those human beings?"

"Up to a point," Charles Cornhill said, "yes."

Aggie set down her glass. Her hand was shaking slightly. She again had the feeling that she was on the verge of a discovery.

"Two months ago, on the first night of my return to Brixton, when you invited Joe to dine with us here, you said there were a number of people who would be very much pleased if Joe Winant would stop being the McLaughlin family's private watchdog. Are you one of those people who would be pleased?"

"I am," Charles Cornhill said. "I've always liked Joe. I've never liked the strange hold the McLaughlins have had over him. It goes beyond loyalty. I have always thought of it as a flaw in his character, a form of weakness in a man who, in every other respect, is a figure of great strength."

"It happens to be the one thing about Joe I've never understood, either," Aggie said carefully. "He once told me that he would give his life for any one of the McLaughlins."

"I know, and even though I have no right to say I don't approve, if I take that right I must add that I can't really object." The worn tweed coat moved slightly as Charles Cornhill shrugged. "After all, it's Joe's life," he said. "If Joe wants to give it up to the McLaughlins, that's his affair."

"What *isn't* his affair?" she asked. "What is it you do object to?"

"Joe's giving up somebody else's life to the McLaughlins," Charles Cornhill said quietly. "Meaning yours."

Oddly enough, it was all he did mean. He had no facts. He had no information. He did not even have a theory. All he had, Charles Cornhill admitted, was a conviction that Joe Winant's silence was no longer excusable.

ALL WEEKEND, as she walked the streets of Brixton, Aggie was aware of a new sense of helplessness. By taking sides, by aligning himself with her against Joe Winant, Charles Cornhill had in effect confessed his inability to give her any more help. Once again, she was on her own.

So completely on her own that, when Aggie walked into the classroom on Monday night and found Joe Winant sitting up front in a chair beside her desk, she had a moment of shock. It was as though he were a total stranger. Or, worse than that, an enemy.

"Hello," he said. And then, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Aggie said quietly as she stepped around the desk and sat down in the chair he was holding for her. "Thanks," she said. "I was merely surprised to see you."

"You forgot that you invited me to be here tonight?"

"No," Aggie said. "I just forgot how prompt you are." She turned to address the class. "Some of you may know the gentleman seated here at the right of my desk," Aggie said. "I'm sure all of you have heard of him. Before I introduce him, I would like to explain briefly why I've asked him to be with us tonight. You will recall—"

Unexpectedly, as on Friday night when she had been dictating the assignment, Aggie's voice trailed off into silence. She looked around the room as though she were trying to find the reason her words had stopped.

"As I was saying," she said, "you will recall the conditions of the exercise I gave you Friday night. You were asked to assume that you were actually working on a newspaper and that the city editor had given you an assignment—"

Once again, and even more unexpectedly, Aggie's voice trailed off into silence. Something was very wrong. Something, at any rate, was missing. "You will also recall that I said you were at liberty to use your imaginations as a substitute for legwork, and to add to the few facts I gave you whatever other facts you thought you might discover, as working reporters, in tracking down your story. And finally, I said I would judge each story on the basis of plausibility, writing skill, and sound journalistic practice." Aggie turned toward Joe Winant. "That last point is the only one on which I have made a slight change," she said. "Instead of judging your stories myself, I have asked a far more competent judge to come here tonight and do so for me. I would like you to meet the man who gave me my first job on a newspaper," Aggie said, "the editor and publisher of the Brixton *Times*, Mr. Joseph Winant."

THERE was a spatter of awed applause, which Joe acknowledged with an engaging smile. "Though I must take issue with Miss Avery's statement that I am a more competent judge of a news story than she," he said, "I must also say that I am delighted to be here."

"We are delighted, Mr. Winant, to have you." Aggie turned back to the class. "All right," she said, "if you'll pass your stories up to the desk, please?"

The students handed them in until three batches had been placed on the desk in front of Aggie. She picked up the first batch, jogged them into alignment, and counted them.

"That's the first seven," she said, pushing them across the desk toward Joe Winant. He took them, put the batch on his knees, and started to read the top story. Aggie reached for the second batch, jogged them into line, counted them, and pushed them toward Joe. "And six more makes thirteen," she said. Joe nodded, without raising his glance from the page he was reading. Aggie picked up the last batch, jogged them, counted them, and started to push the batch across the desk. "And seven more makes twenty," she said. "Now, then—"

Even before Aggie's hand stopped moving, the words stopped in her throat. She picked up the last batch and, with nervous haste, counted them again. Seven. She picked up the middle batch and counted them. Six. Seven plus six made thirteen.

"Joe," she said, aware of the sudden strain in her voice, "how many do you have?"

JOE WINANT looked up. "What?"

"How many papers do you have?"

He counted the batch on his knee. "Seven," Joe Winant said. "Why?"

Thirteen plus seven made twenty. "Two are missing," Aggie said. "There should be twenty-two."

As she sent her glance out across the room, Aggie knew what it was that had made her feel, from the moment she came in, that something was wrong. Her star pupils, Emily Johnson and Frank Bell, were absent.

"Aggie," Joe Winant asked in a low, hard voice, "why *this* assignment?"

She did not answer. She was wondering why the absence of Emily Johnson and Frank Bell should fill her with this mounting sense of dread. Joe Winant, who had always been able to read her thoughts, must have read enough of them now to suspect that something had gone wrong. He turned to the class.

"I'm afraid Miss Avery has overestimated my capacities as a reader, if not as a judge," Joe Winant said. "I think what we'd better do is dismiss the class for tonight. That will give me a chance to read these at leisure." He stood up. "All right, then. Class dismissed."

The chairs began to scrape.

"Just a moment!" Aggie called out. "Please!" The shuffling of feet stopped. Aggie stood up. "Emily Johnson and Frank Bell are absent," she said. "Does anybody know why?"

The boys and girls looked at one another, and then at Aggie. A few shook their heads uncertainly. Nobody answered.

"All right," Joe Winant said curtly. "That will be all for now." The sound of shuffling feet filled the room again. The last student went out. The door closed. Joe Winant swung Aggie around. "Never mind your star pupils and why they didn't show up tonight," he said harshly. "I want to know why you reconstructed, in this assignment, the exact circumstances under which Ben disappeared ten years ago?"

The rage in his voice seemed to break the log jam in Aggie's mind. All at once the pieces of the puzzle were lying there face up, waiting for her to put them together.

"Why shouldn't I?" she asked, her voice rising on a sudden wave of anger. "Whose fault is it? I didn't quite realize what I was doing when I gave them the assignment. But it's your fault that I did give it to them. Who took me back to Pine Lodge for lunch last Sunday? You did! You brought the whole thing back to me. If it came out of my mind in the form of the assignment I gave these kids, then you're responsible. And if there's anything wrong in my having given them this assignment, then whatever is wrong is your fault. You can't duck out on this the way you've ducked out on everything else for ten years. If you—" She stopped. "What's the matter?"

"I'm not sure," Joe Winant said, scowling hard. "I'm trying to think of something." He pushed the papers around on the desk. "It's something you told me about those two kids, whatever their names are, the ones who didn't show up tonight."

"They're named Emily Johnson and Frank Bell."

"You said they were smart," Joe Winant said. "But you said something else. Something about their being competitive? Always trying to top one another? Something like that?"

"Yes, of course," Aggie said impatiently. "They're very competitive, and they're more than bright. They're—"

Unexpectedly, with a hard thrust of his hand, Joe Winant shoved the desk aside, as though it were a barrier between them. "You're right, baby," he said in a low, hard voice. "It *is* my fault." He seized her arm again and pulled her across the room. "And it's been my fault for ten years." He hauled open the door. "Come on."

"Where?" Aggie asked. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to wipe out a debt."

"BELL, BELL, Frank Bell," Charles Cornhill murmured, as Joe Winant stood over him in the office behind the reception desk, and Aggie watched numbly as the old man thumbed through his card-index file for the information Joe Winant had demanded. "Ah, yes, here's the boy's address." He pulled out the card. "Now for the girl." He riffled the cards again. "Johnson, Emily Johnson. There's the girl's address." He tossed the second card on top of the first. "Now would you mind telling me just what this is all about?"

"I'm not certain yet," Joe Winant said. "And I hope I'm wrong." He picked up the cards. "But I may know very soon. When I do, I'll want your help." He took Aggie's arm. As he led her to the door, Joe Winant spoke across his shoulder. "You weren't thinking of going to bed early, were you, Charlie?"

"If I had any such intention," Charles Cornhill said dryly, "I've discarded it."

"Good boy," Joe Winant said. "Stand by."

On the front steps, under the pale light that hung over the entrance to The Molly Horner McLaughlin House, he stopped to examine the cards more closely.

"This one, Frank Bell, he's no problem. He lives on Cogswell Street. I know where that is. The other side of Bayberry Avenue, going toward Michigan. But this one." Joe Winant tapped the second card. "The girl. Emily Johnson. It says here she lives on Paxton Street. I don't think I've ever heard—"

"I have," Aggie said with a sudden tremor of recollection. "I used to live there with my aunt. Long ago."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very," Aggie said. "I walked it once, twelve years ago, with a loaded suitcase. But it's farther than Cogswell Street."

"Then we'll try the boy's house first," Joe Winant said. "If we have any luck there, maybe we won't even have to go on to the girl's."

"What is it, when we get to Frank Bell's house, that you will consider luck?"

"If the kid is home," Joe Winant said. "Can't you walk any faster?"

Aggie doubted that anybody could. By the time they reached the shabby tenement on Cogswell, she was panting.

"Wait here," Joe Winant said. "This won't take long."

It didn't.

"Was he home?" Aggie asked when Joe came out. "Was Frank there?"

"No, of course not," Joe Winant said impatiently. "The kid hasn't been home since Saturday morning."

"But this is Monday night," Aggie said. "That's almost three days. Do his parents—"

"He doesn't have any," Joe Winant said. "He lives with a married sister. He told her he was going off on a hunting trip with some friends, and he'd be back Sunday night. That's last night. When he didn't show up, his sister thought maybe they were having so much fun they decided to come back early this morning, and she figured Frank went directly to work. They're pretty poor, and they don't have a phone, so she didn't expect him to call her during the day, but she did expect him for supper tonight. When he didn't show up for supper, his sister thought maybe he'd gone direct to The Molly Horner McLaughlin House to work on his assignment for your journalism class, and then on to the class itself. She wasn't really worried until I showed up and asked for him. Now she's—" Joe Winant stopped, and he ran his hand along the side of his jaw. "I made her promise not to call the police until she heard from me."

"POLICE?" Aggie asked. "Joe, for heaven's sake, what's happening?" He didn't answer, and she saw that he was staring up and down the dark street. "What are you looking for?"

"I'm trying to decide whether it's worth taking the time to go over to Paxton Street." Then Joe Winant snapped his fingers. "I think we'd better," he said. "Just to make sure."

"To make sure of what?"

"That Frank Bell's being away from home isn't just a coincidence," Joe Winant said. "Come on."

Luckily, when they turned into Bayberry Avenue, they almost ran into a parked taxi. This reduced the trip to Paxton Street to a matter of minutes, and gave Aggie a chance to catch her breath. It was not until the taxi had stopped, and Joe Winant had hurried into the building after telling the driver to wait, that Aggie realized they had stopped only a few doors from the rooming house in which she and her aunt had once lived.

Staring out the taxi window at the brownstone stoop down which she had once trudged with a worn suitcase that held everything she owned in the world, Aggie felt a lump come into her throat. What would her life have been like if she had waited an hour? A day? If she had not been so anxious to get out of the landlady's sight? If, a dozen years before, she had not turned off Paxton Street at the first corner?

If she had continued on, or if she had walked in the opposite direction, she would not have paused for breath in front of Stieger's bakeshop. If she had not gone into Stieger's, she would not have met Charles Cornhill. If she had not met Charles Cornhill, she would not have gone to live in The Molly Horner McLaughlin House, and she would not have been sent to Ten Eyck Street for a job. If she had not gone to Ten Eyck Street, she would never have known Ben McLaughlin. If she had not met Ben McLaughlin—

AGGIE closed her eyes drew a deep, tired breath. The mounting spiral of ifs fell apart. There were no ifs. There were only people. Her desire, on that day of her aunt's funeral, to get out of her landlady's sight had no more significance than the first meeting with Charles Cornhill in Stieger's. Both events, had Aggie possessed the power to erase them, would have been replaced by substitutes. And the substitutes would have led her to the same destination: Ben McLaughlin.

Because human beings made their own destinies. Men and women worked out their own fates. Luck, and the accidents attributed to luck, were merely the raw materials with which they worked. Sometimes they worked well, using the raw materials to best advantage, and the result was what people called happiness. Sometimes they worked poorly, out of ignorance or false emotion or under pressures they could not control, and then the result was unhappiness. Or some form of wreckage. Or, as in her case, a blind alley that was worse than both.

She and Ben—out of ignorance, driven by pressures she had not paused to assess —had not used their materials well. If they had, she would love him, in spite of

all that had happened, no matter where he might be, even after ten years. But she did not love Ben McLaughlin. She and Ben had worn the invisible uniforms of an identical imprisonment. Out of their shared loneliness had come a synthetic and temporary peace they had mistaken, because they knew no better, for love. Now that she knew better, now that she knew she had never loved Ben McLaughlin, Aggie also knew that it was pointless to seek scapegoats, and unfair to throw the blame on others. Joe Winant, despite his puzzling silence, was innocent. Only Agnes Avery, who had entered blindly and without question into the most important relationship two human beings could achieve, was guilty.

"TAKE US to Hilltop Drive, and step on it."

Joe Winant's voice, rapping out the order to the driver, brought Aggie's eyes open. The taxi started with a lurch.

"What about Emily?" she asked. "Was Emily Johnson home?" Joe Winant shook his head. "What did her family say?"

"She doesn't have a family. She lives with a girl who works with her in The Brixton Emporium. The girl didn't seem particularly worried because Emily hasn't been home all weekend, or even because Emily didn't show up for work at The Brixton Emporium this morning. This indifference may be due to the fact that, when I came in, Emily's roommate was entertaining a boyfriend, and it seems quite likely, from the look of the place, that she's been entertaining him all weekend. Unlike Frank Bell's sister, Emily Johnson's roommate hasn't even thought of calling the police," Joe Winant said grimly. "Luckily for us."

"Luckily?" Aggie repeated. "Aren't *you* going to call the police?"

"Is it possible that, in your ten years away from this town, you've forgotten everything you ever learned about Brixton during the time I was teaching you to be a reporter?" Joe Winant asked. "What good would it do to call the police?"

"Those two kids are missing," Aggie said. "It's the job of the police to find them."

"The police in this town do only the jobs they're told to do," Joe Winant said. "Do I have to tell you who tells them?"

"Oh," Aggie said, and her mounting anger collapsed. She understood why Joe Winant had ordered the driver to take them to Hilltop Drive. "You think Frank Bell and Emily Johnson are up there?" She nodded toward the large, gray, ugly pile of stone that loomed ahead, at the top of Hilltop Drive. "You think those kids are there now?"

"No, of course not," Joe Winant said, fumbling impatiently in his pocket for the fare. "Nobody would be that stupid."

"Then what good will this do?" Aggie asked as the taxi stopped under the porte-cochere. "Why have we come here?"

"I told you," Joe said. "To wipe out a debt." He stepped out and thrust the money at the driver. "To both of us." He reached in and took Aggie's hand. "Yours is only ten years old," Joe Winant said, helping her out of the taxi. "Mine is much older." He slammed the door hard. "Almost as old as I am."

He led her up the steps, took a key ring from his pocket, selected a key, and opened the massive front door. They stepped in. Aggie turned to look around at the vast hall that had always reminded her of the entrance to a museum. It did not surprise her to see Robert coming forward out of the darkness under the curving sweep of stairway that led to the servants' quarters. It did not even surprise her that the butler looked exactly the same.

"Good evening, ma'am," Robert said with a small bow as though, in actual fact, nothing had changed. "Good evening, sir," the butler said, with another bow to Joe Winant. "Mr. McLaughlin has retired."

"Ask him to come down at once," Joe Winant said. "Tell him it's urgent."

"Very good, sir."

Robert bowed again. He turned and disappeared into the darkness under the bend of the stairs. Joe Winant led Aggie to the door of the drawing room.

"Wait for me in there," he said. "I'm going into the library for a minute to make a phone call."

"Do they still have only one? In this enormous barn of a house?"

"Only one," Joe Winant said. "And they still keep it behind locked doors." He selected another key from the ring and added, through a small, tight smile, Mr. McLaughlin has always liked to keep his channels of communication localized."

He walked across to the library door and inserted the key in the lock. Aggie went into the drawing room and sat down. She still did not know the nature of the peril that threatened, and perhaps had already overtaken, Frank Bell and Emily Johnson. Yet she did know their peril was of her making. Aggie's sense of guilt caused her to turn toward the opening door with a gesture of despair.

"Joe," she said, "I can't sit here and wait. I've got to know what's happening to those kids. You've got to tell me what—"

Her words crumbled to a halt. She was not addressing Joe Winant. The tall, heavy-set, regal man surveying her coolly from the open doorway was Seward McLaughlin.

"Perhaps I won't have to tell you."

The mocking voice coming from behind him caused Seward McLaughlin to turn. Joe Winant stepped into the room and closed the door.

"Perhaps your father-in-law will tell you what's happened to those kids," Joe Winant said, and he turned back to Seward McLaughlin. "You remember your daughter-in-law, of course?"

IN THE silence that followed, the mocking echoes of Joe Winant's voice seemed to fill the huge room. The young man and the older one stared at each other. Aggie staring at both of them, had the sudden feeling that something was happening between the two men for which neither of them could find words. Then the old man turned.

"I had heard you were in town," he said, coming forward with his hand outstretched. "I was wondering when you would come to see me." Taking his hand, Aggie had a moment of shock. His hand was icy cold. "You've done well, my dear," Seward McLaughlin said. "I've been reading your dispatches for years," he went on. "We were very proud of you, my wife and I." His voice stopped for a moment, and then Seward McLaughlin bowed slightly over Aggie's hand. "I still am, my dear," he said. "Very proud!"

"Thank you," Aggie said. "I'm sorry I didn't come to see you sooner. I've been busy."

"So I heard," Seward McLaughlin said, and he turned slightly, "from Joe."

"There are several things you haven't heard," Joe Winant said. "From me or from anybody else." He paused, and then he thrust the key ring into his pocket, the way he had thrust the desk aside in the classroom half an hour earlier, as though it were a barrier between himself and a momentous decision. "So you'd better start listening."

"I don't quite know the meaning of this visit," the old man said. "I do know that I dislike the tone of your voice, Joe."

"I have news for you," Joe Winant said. "For the first time in thirty-eight years—no, I may as well be accurate. You took me out of that orphanage when I was six, so it's really only thirty-two years. For the first time in thirty-two years, I don't give a damn whether you like the tone of my voice or not."

"If you are not drunk, then you have clearly lost your mind," said Seward McLaughlin. "Before I turn you out of the house, I will ask one question. What do you want?"

"Those two kids," Joe Winant said. "Where are they?"

"You'd better get out now," Seward McLaughlin said, turning to the door. "If it makes sense, I'll consider your apology in the morning."

JOE WINANT moved quickly around the tall, heavy figure and stepped between Seward McLaughlin and the door.

"There aren't going to be any apologies," Joe said. "Only facts. And they're going to be dragged out into the open right now, not in the morning."

"I don't know what you are talking about," Seward McLaughlin said. His huge shoulders hunched and his magnificent head dipped down. Aggie caught her breath. The old man looked like a bull gathering himself for a charge. "Joe," he said, "this is a warning."

"So is this," Joe Winant said. "You may know that Miss Avery, or I suppose I should say your daughter-in-law, has been teaching a course in journalism at The Molly Horner McLaughlin House for two months, since she came back to Brixton. What you may not know is that last Friday night, as an exercise, she dictated to her class a set of facts for a hypothetical news story in which she reconstructed the exact circumstances under which Ben disappeared ten years ago." Seward McLaughlin's face did not change, but his large body did move, involuntarily, as he turned to look at Aggie. "I thought that would interest you," Joe Winant said. "I thought you'd like to know how those two kids managed to stumble on it."

"I've already told you I don't know what you are talking about," Seward McLaughlin said. "I tell you now I'm not interested in further details."

"Maybe you'll change your mind when you get a few more," Joe Winant said. "There are twenty-two youngsters in Miss Avery's class. You've got only two on your hands." Joe Winant stepped closer to Aggie. Unobtrusively, he touched her arm. "That leaves twenty still unaccounted for. None of those twenty kids has yet turned in a story," Joe Winant said, and Aggie understood the meaning of his pressure on her arm. Joe Winant did not want her to contradict him. "That means any one, or several, or perhaps even all twenty of them may run into what those first two stumbled

on. You just told Miss Avery how much you admired her work. I can tell you that she's as good a teacher as she is a newspaperwoman. She's trained those kids well. All twenty of them think they're working on a hypothetical assignment, just as those first two did. But all twenty of them have been trained to stay with a story until they lick it. They'll stay with this one." Joe Winant dropped his hand from Aggie's arm. "You may think you've got this thing stopped, because you've rounded up those first two kids, but—"

"I tell you again and for the last time," Seward McLaughlin said, "I don't know what you are talking about."

"You will, before long, if you don't use your head," Joe Winant said. "You'll learn it from the very sources you're trying to keep it from."

"Get out," Seward McLaughlin said.

"When I've got the information I want," Joe Winant said. "Not before." Unexpectedly, as though some inner fastenings had given way, the old man's body began to shake. "You're a pretty big man in this state, and you have been for a long time," Joe Winant said. "You're accustomed to writing the rules, and running things your own way. This is one time when your rules don't count. These kids are not political hacks. They're not corrupt police officials. They're not even cynical newspapermen who can be bought off. These kids are amateurs. They've never been on a story before. Two of them already licked this one. You've got twenty more on the trail. During the past forty years you've hushed up a lot of things in this town, and in this state, and in this part of the country. I don't think even you can hush up the disappearance of those kids. Two, maybe. Twenty-two? Never." Joe Winant paused. "Do you still want to tell me you don't know what I'm talking about?"

SEWARD McLaughlin's face seemed to contract, as if with the effort to conceal some inner pain. "You are the one person in the world who does not have to be told the only thing I have to say," he said. "My sole concern is for the memory of my son."

In the sudden silence, as the two men stared at each other, the soft click of the door sounded like an explosion. Seward McLaughlin seemed to totter under the impact. Joe Winant whirled around. Aggie turned with him. Charles Cornhill came in and closed the door. His shrewd old eyes raked the room.

"Good evening," he said to Seward McLaughlin, and then he turned to Joe Winant. "I came as fast as I could after you called me. I'm not too late, am I?"

"No, just in time," Joe Winant said. "I wanted you to hear this." He turned to Seward McLaughlin. "Your sole concern is no longer enough for me. It used to be. Other things being equal, it probably would still be. But other things are never equal. Life doesn't work that way. Not forever, anyway. Don't make the mistake of thinking the fact that it worked that way for me for thirty-two years can be traced to your power. That's only part of it, and it's the least important part. The most important part is something you wouldn't understand: a little boy's loneliness."

"Joe," the old man said quietly, in a voice Aggie scarcely recognized, "what are you trying to tell me?"

"That I'm through," Joe Winant said. "And why."

"Don't," the old man said, and he made a gesture in the air as though he were wiping away a stain. "Not now, Joe," he said. "Please."

"There will never be another time," Joe Winant said. "If you knew what it meant to be taken, at the age of six, out of the great pool of the unwanted and brought into the circle of one family's affection, you'd understand what you and Mrs. McLaughlin and Ben meant to me. I don't think you do understand, but you're entitled to be told. It's easy to win a boy's love. Even when the winning requires no more effort than signing a check. You took me out of that orphanage the way you'd buy anything else you needed. It wasn't me. It was your need. You needed a companion for Ben, and I happened to be picked. I didn't know that at the time, of course. You don't know much at the age of six. By the time I was old enough to learn it, the knowledge didn't matter. I had the only thing that anybody who was ever lonely could possibly want, and you had the only thing I had to give: my love. I've never stopped giving it, even long after I knew you didn't deserve it. I never stopped giving it because there are debts that can never be repaid. I used to think I would never be free from that debt until you died. Tonight I found out I was wrong. Tonight I found out there are other debts. One of them happens to be owed to an innocent girl, a total stranger you took, the way you took me out of that orphanage, because you needed her. Another one happens to be owed to me. I'm going to see to it that both those debts are paid. Tonight."

Aggie suddenly found that Charles Cornhill was holding her hand. Together they stared at the old man in the silk robe.

"You're right," Seward McLaughlin said. "I don't understand. But I don't think that matters, Joe. I've done my best. I've always treated you as my own son." He shook his head wearily. "You may be interested to know that on my death, when my will is probated, you will find that I have never failed to treat you as my own son."

"I'm going to pay you the compliment of refusing to consider that a bribe," Joe Winant said. "I'm going to say only that I no longer want to be considered your son, in any way, including that one."

AGAIN the old man made the gesture in the air as though he were wiping away a stain. "Joe," he asked, "what do you want?"

"Those two kids."

"That's all?"

"That's all," Joe Winant said.

"I don't ask you to think of me." Seward McLaughlin said quietly. "I ask you to think of Ben."

"That debt is paid, too," Joe Winant said. "It took ten years, and in the process it almost cost the life of an innocent bystander." He took a brief look at Aggie. "I'm not going to stand by and let it cost the lives of two innocent kids. Where are they?" Seward McLaughlin continued to stare at him. "If you don't tell me," Joe Winant said, "I'll have to guess, and I won't do this guessing on my own, or with the help of the Brixton police. If you won't tell me, I'll have the federal authorities come and ask."

"Joe"—the old man's voice seemed to tremble—"you would do that?"

"Try me and see."

"Charlie," the old man asked, "would he?"

"Yes," Charles Cornhill said. "I think he would."

The look of incredulity seemed to deepen on Seward McLaughlin's face. "Very well," he said with a shrug. "I'll have to make a phone call first."

"Use my key," Joe Winant said. "I won't be needing it after tonight."

Seward McLaughlin reached out. For a moment, as their hands met, it seemed to Aggie that the old man was making one final silent plea. But she could not be sure. And she could see nothing in Joe Winant's face to indicate that he was aware of it. And apparently Seward McLaughlin saw nothing in the younger man's face, either. The old man's shoulders went back. The handsome head came up. Seward McLaughlin took the keys. Joe Winant stepped aside. The old man opened the door and went out.

"I still don't know what this is all about," Charles Cornhill said quietly.

"Before I begin asking questions, however, I would like to say, Joe, that this is a moment for which I've been waiting so long that I'd begun to think I would never—"

The shot did not drown him out. It was not loud enough for that. The short, sharp sound, filtered through the thickness of the heavy door, scarcely sounded like a gunshot at all. Yet it brought them all around, in a stunned group. And then, as the meaning of the sound struck home, Aggie found herself running, behind Joe Winant, beside Charles Cornhill, out of the drawing room, across the vast hall toward the closed door of the library.

Joe Winant reached it first. As he swung the door open, Aggie saw the body of Seward McLaughlin sprawled forward across the desk, and the smoking revolver still clutched in his right hand, before she saw the telephone lying on its side. Joe Winant ran across the room and snatched it up.

"Operator," he said, "on the call that was just put through from this phone a few minutes ago— No, I'm not rushing you. I'm just checking to make sure I gave you the right number. Would you tell me what—?" Joe listened for a moment. "Yes, that's the number I wanted, but I've changed my mind. I want to cancel the call. Thank you, operator."

He hung up. Robert came in from the hall.

"There's been an accident," Joe said. "I'm going to leave Mr. Cornhill here with you. I don't want the police called, Robert. Not until I get back, or until you hear from me. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," Robert said. "Quite clear, sir."

"Do you mind standing by, Charlie?" Joe Winant asked. "I can't take the time to explain now."

"Then don't," Charles Cornhill said. "Robert and I will wait for you or for your instructions."

"Thanks." Joe Winant turned to Aggie. "Come on, baby," he said. "We've got a long drive ahead of us."

IT WAS NOT as long as Aggie thought it was going to be. For one thing, as soon as they were settled in Joe's car and she knew their destination, the distance was shortened by familiarity. For another, Joe drove at a speed that would have frightened Aggie if all her fears had not been riveted on what they might find when they reached that destination. And finally, there was Joe's low, steady voice, devouring the uncharted areas on the map of her life as swiftly as the powerful car devoured the miles.

"I don't know whose fault it was," Joe said. "Charlie Cornhill thinks Ben was ruined by his parents. I think, as I look back on what happened to me as well as to Ben, that the tendency to blame other people, like the tendency to blame luck, is a sign of weakness. There are all kinds of luck, just as there are all kinds of other people to blame. If you don't get one kind, you get another. If you eliminate the people you've been blaming up to now, you'll find others to take their place. In the end, you've got to learn what you've been trying to duck: people make their own fates, they work out their own destinies. Ben never learned that. How could he? I didn't learn it myself until tonight."

"'The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars.'" Aggie said, "'But in ourselves.'"

"That's it," Joe said. "But I didn't know it before."

"I didn't learn it either, until tonight," Aggie said, "while I was sitting in that taxi on Paxton Street, waiting for you to come down from Emily Johnson's place."

"BEN NEVER got a chance to learn it," Joe Winant said. "So he spent his time picking people and things to blame. When it wasn't his parents, it was Brixton. When it wasn't Brixton, it was the paper. When it wasn't the paper, it was the electricians who couldn't install a buzzer that worked. Anything and anybody, so long as it wasn't himself. I did what I could, but it wasn't enough. Charlie Cornhill helped, but that wasn't enough, either. When you came along, things got so much better that it began to worry me. I talked to Charlie about it. He said I was imagining things."

"What sort of things?"

"Ben was always pretty hopped up," Joe Winant said, staring at the road ahead. "After we came back from Mexico and we were on the paper together in Detroit, he started hitting the bottle. I couldn't do anything about that, even though I tried. When we came back to Brixton, and he took over the paper, it was so bad his parents got scared. Then you came along, and it seemed to get better."

"Is that why—?" Aggie asked, and she stopped. So much was becoming clear, so many parts of the puzzle were falling into place that it required an effort to remember that she was doing more than solving a puzzle, that she was putting together the pieces of a human life, and that the life was her own. "Is that why Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin didn't do anything to separate Ben and me?"

Joe Winant nodded. "They knew you and Ben were seeing each other," he said. "They also knew that he'd stopped drinking. Ben was all they cared about. Why should they try to break it up?"

"Why should you?"

"You were just a kid," Joe Winant said. "I didn't see why you should be sacrificed to cure Ben of a bad habit."

"But he didn't drink," Aggie said with a frown. "I would have noticed."

"That's what worried me during those two years," Joe Winant said. "If he'd been drinking, I'd have noticed it, too. That's why I didn't do anything more about trying to break it up. Until I found out why Ben wasn't drinking."

"What did you find out?"

"He'd taken the next step," Joe Winant said. "Ben was on the stuff."

Aggie swung around on the seat of the car. The shocking word seemed to tear itself loose from her stunned brain.

"Drugs?"

"Several kinds," Joe Winant said. "Ben was trying them all. That's how I stumbled on it. When you start dealing with the narcotics boys, you leave a trail behind you that even a really dumb city editor couldn't miss, and I was not exactly the dumbest. The minute I stumbled on that one, I knew the time had come to get you out of there. Unfortunately, Ben's parents stumbled on it at the same time. We chose different ways to handle it, that's all." Joe Winant paused to give his complete attention to the car. "It seemed to me, at that point, that Ben had become a secondary consideration," Joe Winant continued. "So I tried to get you out of town. To Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, however, *you* were the secondary consideration. So they decided to marry you to Ben."

"That's why it happened so quickly," Aggie said, her voice full of wonder. "That's why I never had a chance to—"

"Nobody has ever had a chance with the McLaughlins," Joe Winant said, "once they get rolling." He swung the wheel hard. The tires screamed as the car took the turn, and then righted itself. "They figured there was only one way to save Ben," he said. "You were a nice girl. Ben was crazy about you. If you married him, they figured, he'd cure himself."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Aggie asked with sudden anger. "That day in Bruno's, when you tried to get me out of town, why didn't you tell me?"

"You loved him," Joe Winant said. "You may remember that you even accused me of being jealous."

"Were you?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I don't know," Aggie said slowly. There were pieces of the puzzle she had never even looked for, because she had never known they existed. "Joe," she said. "The shaving cream. All those stops Ben made, after the wedding, on the way up to Pine Lodge, when he said he was trying to buy shaving cream, and I knew that he was really making phone calls? Was that—?"

"Sure," Joe Winant said. "The way these drug peddlers hold on is by feeding it out in small doses. So you're always short. So you'll always be coming back for more. Ben needed more. All the way up, he kept trying to reach these boys. The trouble was that the boys knew how badly he needed it, and they were setting him up for a big killing. By the time you got to Pine Lodge, Ben was desperate. When he went down to the lobby to make that last phone call, they told him to come and get it. Ben drove off to get it, and they got him."

"They kidnaped him?"

"Why not?" Joe Winant said. "They knew who Ben was. They knew who his father was. They knew what the family had. Whatever they made on selling the stuff to Ben was a drop in the bucket in comparison with what they could make by selling Ben back to his father with the promise of silence."

"That's why it was kept out of the papers," Aggie said, and again she could hear the wonder in her voice. "That's what you were all doing, the police and the lawyers and Mr. McLaughlin and you, during those weeks when I was in the house. You were negotiating with the kidnapers."

"You can call it that," Joe Winant said. "Actually, all we were doing was waiting for them to let us know where to deliver the money, in what form, and where we could pick up Ben. They had us over a barrel, and they knew it. They were calling the tune, but they were afraid of a double cross. So they kept changing the time and place every day, sometimes, it seemed, every hour. They'd promise to deliver Ben, and then they'd change their minds. We'd get another message. We'd get a call saying—"

"THAT'S when I ran away," Aggie said dully. "In the middle of that."

"It was the smartest thing you ever did."

Aggie shook her head and stared out at the night rushing by. "From my

standpoint, perhaps," she said in a hopeless voice. "From Ben's standpoint, no."

"What the hell has Ben got to do with it?"

"I'm married to him," Aggie said. "Ben is my husband."

"Then two months ago, when you came back, you lied to me," Joe Winant said savagely. "You still love him."

"I didn't lie to you," Aggie said. "I don't love Ben, and I never did, but what difference does that make? I'm his wife."

"No, you're not."

"What do you mean?" Aggie asked. "Where is he?"

"In the rose garden behind the house on Hilltop Drive," Joe Winant said quietly. "In an unmarked grave." Aggie caught her breath in a gasp. Joe Winant's hands shook on the wheel. The car was jolting crazily along the unpaved road.

"After a month of negotiation, the gang decided that the safest place for them to pick up the money and deliver Ben was the place from which he had left to meet them." The car seemed to leap free of the surrounding woods. "We delivered the money to Pine Lodge," Joe Winant said, as he brought the car to a halt on the gravel apron in front of the large, rambling house hemmed in by huge pines. "They picked it up and, the next day, they delivered Ben to the same place," Joe Winant said. "When we came to pick him up, Ben was dead."

"Why?" Aggie asked. "Why did they kill him?"

"I don't know, and we'll never know," Joe Winant said. "There were no marks on him. Our doctors said he'd died of an overdose of three different barbiturates, any one of which would have been enough to cause death. He may have been forced to take it. He may have decided himself, in a moment of terrifying clarity, to take it. It doesn't matter. What does matter is that we've managed to keep it quiet for ten years. Until you gave that assignment to your class last Friday."

"I never would have given them that assignment if you hadn't brought me back here for lunch, a week ago."

JOE WINANT said, "I couldn't think of anything else to do. I'd asked you to stay until you licked it. I didn't want you to run away again. I wanted to give myself time to figure out some way to let you know the truth to which you were entitled without being disloyal to the memory of Ben and to his father—who has been living only for that, the memory of Ben. I thought if I brought you up here for lunch, just seeing the place might shock you into understanding something of what had happened, and then my conscience would be clear." Joe Winant grunted. "It wasn't very bright of me," he said. "Tonight, when I saw how it had backfired, I realized that ten years was long enough." He reached into the dashboard locker and pulled out a flashlight. "I realized it was too long," Joe Winant said. "I realized that you and I were entitled to—"

"Drop that!"

Joe Winant dropped the flashlight.

"Get out," the voice said. "And keep your hands up while you're doing it."

"Relax," Joe Winant said, speaking into the darkness. "It's me."

A FLASHLIGHT beam came out of the night. Aggie blinked and closed her eyes. The beam moved on, to Joe Winant's face, and then winked out.

"Sorry, Mr. Winant," the voice said. "I didn't know who it was."

The door of the car was opened from the outside. Joe dipped down, retrieved the flashlight, and stepped out. He reached in and, as he took Aggie's hand, he gave her fingers a warning squeeze. He helped her out. As they started toward the porch, walking carefully behind a man in a leather windbreaker, the beam from Joe Winant's flashlight rested for a moment on the exaggeratedly rustic sign that said: "Pine Lodge."

"Everything all right?" Joe asked.

"Yes, sir," the man in the leather windbreaker said. "The place is closed for the season. Nobody comes up here this time of year. I'm all alone now."

When he opened the door, and stood aside to let them precede him into the lobby, Aggie's heart leaped. He was the man who had been behind the reception desk ten years ago, when she and Ben McLaughlin had signed the register on their wedding night.

"How are they?" Joe Winant asked. "Causing any trouble?"

"Not trouble, exactly," the man said. "But they sure talk a lot."

"Where are they?"

"Third floor," the man said. "In the back."

"Let me have the key."

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Winant," the man said uncertainly, "my orders from Mr. McLaughlin are—"

"Your orders from Mr. McLaughlin are to let me have that key."

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Winant," the man said. "My orders are, I mean, Mr. Winant, I think what I better do is call Mr. McLaughlin, if you don't mind?"

"I do mind," Joe Winant said coldly. "But go ahead."

"Yes, sir," the man said. "You know how Mr. McLaughlin is about orders, sir."

He turned toward the desk, and Joe Winant's left leg swung forward. His right arm moved up and out. The man grunted, tried to turn, and fell. Joe fell with him. By the time Aggie could see what was happening, the man in the windbreaker was doubled up, face down, and Joe Winant was squatting on top of him, holding the man's arms up behind him.

"The top drawer, behind the desk," Joe said. "You'll find a gun and a couple of pairs of handcuffs."

Aggie ran around behind the desk. She opened the drawer, found the gun and the handcuffs, and brought them back. Joe Winant snapped one pair of handcuffs on the man's wrists, the other pair on the man's ankles, tucked the gun into his own pocket, and stood up. The man rolled over.

"Wait till Mr. McLaughlin hears about this," he said through his teeth. "You just wait."

"I will," Joe Winant said. "While I'm doing it, I'd rather not have to listen to you." He pulled out his handkerchief, twisted it into a gag, and knotted it across the man's mouth. Then Joe lifted him, carried him to the couch near the fireplace, and set him down carefully. "Mr. McLaughlin is dead," Joe Winant said. "I don't think the state police will ask many questions, but the federal authorities may." Joe reached into the man's pocket, fumbled about for a moment, and pulled out a ring of keys. "I'll be calling them on the phone before I leave here, to tell them where you are," Joe said. "While you're waiting, you might be thinking up your answers."

HE TOOK Aggie's arm, and led her across the lobby and up the stairs. They stopped on the third-floor landing and listened. From the far end of the hall, Aggie could hear the angry bickering of two youthful voices. Joe Winant turned to look at her.

"Your star pupils?"

Aggie nodded and asked, "How did you know they were here?"

"I didn't," Joe Winant said. "Not until you and I and Charlie Cornhill ran into the library and I saw the receiver was off the hook. By getting the operator back and pretending I was the one who had put the call through, I got the number Mr. McLaughlin had started to call: Pine Lodge."

"Why did he start to make the call," Aggie asked, "if he knew he was going to shoot himself?"

"I don't think he knew he was going

to shoot himself when he started to make the call," Joe Winant said. "I think he really intended to tell his man to release the two kids, but he was, as you know, a hardheaded as well as a ruthless man. He'd given his whole life to an ideal. When the ideal collapsed, ten years ago, he merely shifted gears. He gave the next ten years to the perpetuation of a lie. He really believed that, so long as the world did not know what Ben had been, the lie was truth. He was powerful enough to make others help him maintain that belief. I was one of those others. I was, in fact, the only one who mattered. I'm younger than the few lawyers and police officials who knew it was a lie. The chances were excellent that I would outlive them. Mr. McLaughlin was counting on that to see him through to the end of his own life. I don't think he realized, until he picked up the phone to make the call to his man up here, that he could no longer count on me. When he did realize it, his own life had no more meaning. It was, in effect, ended. As a sensible, hardheaded man, he saw no reason why the effect should not be translated into fact. As a ruthless man, he acted at once."

"Then his act can be traced directly to me," Aggie said. "If I hadn't come back to Brixton, he would never have had to stop counting on you. By coming back, I killed him."

"All right," Joe Winant said. "If you want to look at it that way."

"How do you look at it?"

"At the very least, I'm equally responsible," Joe Winant said. "At the very most, we're both innocent."

"I'd like to believe the very most," Aggie said. "If I could."

"His life was a lie, and he was willing to take other lives to perpetuate the lie," Joe Winant said very quietly. "It was self-defense."

Aggie shivered slightly. Joe Winant took her hand. He led her down the hall to the door at the far end. He tried several keys from the ring. The third one worked. Joe opened the door, reached in, found the switch on the wall, and snapped it. Frank Bell, tied into a heavy armchair at one side of the room, and Emily Johnson, tied into another chair facing him, blinked at the open doorway.

"HOLY SMOKE!" Frank Bell said. "It's Miss Avery!"

"Who did you expect?" Emily Johnson asked. "The United States Marines?"

The boy's dark, handsome face flushed. The girl's blonde head shook with excitement. They both started to talk at once.

"Just a moment," Aggie said. They stopped. "One at a time," Aggie said. "Frank, how did you get here?"

"Working on that assignment you gave us Friday night," he said. "You told us Mr. X had disappeared from Pine Lodge. I figured if I were a reporter on a real paper, I wouldn't make up the facts. I'd go out and get them. So I borrowed a car and drove up here on Saturday. There was a man in a leather windbreaker downstairs. I told him I was conducting a survey for an audience-research outfit down in Brixton on what radio programs people listen to. Everything was going fine until—"

"Fine?" Emily Johnson interrupted indignantly. "Why, when I got here—"

"How did you manage that?" Aggie asked.

"I had more or less the same idea," Emily said. "About getting real facts, I mean, instead of inventing them. So I borrowed a car from the boyfriend of the girl I live with, and I drove up. When I got here, he" —she nodded contemptuously toward Frank—"was jabbering away about radio programs and audiences and he was getting exactly nowhere. I pretended I didn't know him. I just said to this man in the windbreaker that I was a reporter, and would he mind answering a few questions."

"He sure did," Frank Bell said in disgust. "That's when he pulled the gun."

"Are you hurt?" Joe Winant asked. "Or hungry?"

"Oh, no," Emily Johnson said. "Nothing rough happened. He's been feeding us regularly, and he even untied us two or three times a day so we could, uh, you know, go in and wash, but what gets me sore is this bonehead with his story about being an audience researcher—"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FALL FRENZY

Harold Willard Gleason

Whistles shrill;
Kickoffs soar;
Teams converge;
Rooters roar;

Fullbacks fumble;
Passes fail;
Scatbacks stumble;
Coeds wail;

Coaches curse;
Old grads faint;
Sure-thing champs
Somehow *ain't*;

Titles fade;
Goal posts splinter;
Bets are paid . . .
Welcome, Winter!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"I think I see your point," Aggie said. "If you can stop making it long enough to listen, I'd like you to meet Mr. Joseph Winant, the editor and publisher of the Brixton *Times*." The two youngsters turned to stare at Joe in awe. "He may have something to say to you."

"I have," Joe Winant said. He reached into his pocket, pulled out a clasp knife. "I'd better say it before I cut you loose," Joe said. "Just to make sure that you're listening," he added dryly. "Are you?" Frank Bell and Emily Johnson nodded. "I think you have both displayed unusual initiative," Joe Winant said. "We can certainly use initiative in the newspaper business. Would you both like to come to work for me on the Brixton *Times*?" Frank Bell looked at Emily Johnson. Emily Johnson looked at Frank Bell. Then they turned back to Joe Winant. They both nodded. "You can have the jobs on one condition," Joe Winant said. "That you never say a word to anybody, including each other, about the unfortunate way your first assignment ended. Is that a deal?" Both youngsters nodded again. "Okay," Joe Winant said. He stepped over to the chairs, cut them loose, and helped them to their feet. "Now go downstairs, both of you, and wait for Miss Avery and me in the lobby."

The dark-haired boy and the blonde girl went out. Joe Winant closed the door. He walked to the table between the beds and picked up the phone.

"LONG-DISTANCE," Joe said. "Would you put in a call to Brixton? Person to person, please. I want to talk with a Mr. Charles Cornhill."

He gave the operator the number and hung up. Then he turned to face Aggie. They stared at each other for a long moment. Aggie spoke first.

"What are you going to tell him?"

"To call the police," Joe Winant said. "It's all over except for what I think is sometimes described as the shouting."

"I suppose so," Aggie said slowly. "Except that I don't feel like shouting."

"What do you feel like doing?"

"Going back to work," Aggie said. "And—"

"And what?"

She didn't answer. He had always been able to read her thoughts. She had never known how, and she still didn't. Aggie knew only that this was the first time she had ever hoped the faculty had not deserted him. Apparently it hadn't. He came toward her. The phone rang. Joe stopped and turned and picked it up.

"Yes?" he said, and then, "All right, put him on."

"Wait," Aggie said. "I'd like to talk to him first."

Without a word, Joe held out the phone. Aggie took it.

"Hello?" Charles Cornhill said. "Is that you, Joe?"

"No," Aggie said. "I'll put him on in a moment."

"Aggie," Charles Cornhill said sharply. "Is everything all right?"

"Yes," she said. "Everything is—"

Unexpectedly, as it had done on Friday night, her voice trailed off into silence. She could not say what everything was. Not because of the lump in her throat. Nor even because she could not phrase it in the presence of this tall, intense man who had taught her everything she knew and, at last, had supplied her with the final lesson. The difficulty lay in the fact that she was personally involved. If she were not, if she were working a news story, it would be simple enough to state the simple facts. To tell this man, who had given her life its start, that at last she had everything: the answer she had tried for ten years to avoid, a cure for the strange disability that had struck her in Singapore eight months before and, most important, the peace she could no longer do without.

"Aggie?" Charles Cornhill's voice came over the wire. "Are you there?"

"Yes, I'm here," she said, and then Joe Winant reached out and took her hand, and the problem seemed to vanish. The flight that had begun ten years before was over. The blind alley into which her life had stumbled had opened up. It was a broad highway. And she was no longer on her own. "Before I put Joe on," she said to the old man, "I wanted you to know one thing."

"Yes?" Charles Cornhill asked. "What is it?"

"Mr. Rossetti was right," Aggie said.

THE END

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Life hangs by a thread on this Mexican Maypole

1 **"Trapeze flying is kid stuff** compared to the pole dance of Mexico's Otomi Indians. I've tried both," writes a friend of Canadian Club. "When I joined the Otomi in their age-old aerial act, I didn't know these 'bird-men' sometimes end in crash landings . . .

2 **"Toted down from the high Sierras,** the tree trunk for the dance-pole measured 80 feet. I helped plant it in a 10-foot hole. Next day, with five feather-decked dancers, I clambered up the vine-wrapped pole.

3 **"At the top,** each Indian did a nimble dance. Then, all together, *we dropped into space!* I felt the pole give a mighty shudder. Then, as the ropes coiled at the top of the pole unwound, we whirled upside down in widening circles—down toward the roofs of Huauchinango . . .

4 **"Two breathless minutes** later, safe on the ground, we got a hero's reception. My own big welcome came when a nearby cafe served me Canadian Club!

5 **"Even the Otomi** aren't sure how their dance began. One thing *is* sure—in Mexico, as nearly everywhere, *the best in the house* is Canadian Club."

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