January 35¢

EVERYTHING COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

THE American MAGAZINE

What Teen-Agers Want to Know About Sex and Marriage

★

2 Complete Novels:

FROST IN HEAVEN

and

THE BLONDE IN THE CLOSET

★

MOVING IN WITH THE EISENHOWERS

Marriage Is For Two

by Charlotte Edwards

Complete - an Intimate Novel

WHAT is the real meaning of marriage? Here is the saga of Eleanor and Mike Pierce who face life together...from small apartment to owning a home...from peace to war to peace again...from childlessness to the rearing of a son. And how aching separation and illness, quarrels and hard silence, disappointments and talk of divorce almost force them to the breaking point. But never quite. And of the rich reward they win when the two become one. Complete in the January issue.

Let Paris designer

CHRISTIAN DIOR

...prove ANY WOMAN CAN BE BEAUTIFUL! In five full pages this famous stylist gives his fashion philosophy, and tells how every type of woman, tall, short, plump or petite, should dress for every occasion to give the effect of beauty. And gives you glamorous examples from his current New York and Paris collections. You'll save precious shopping dollars, and like a Cinderella discover your best self in this inspiring interview with a fabulous Frenchman.

COULD YOUR MARRIAGE PASS THE BIGGEST TEST? Outsiders can be fooled, but the children of an unhappy marriage know! And here's how their behavior gives such couples away.

LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT: After 10 years of blindness, imagine being able to see your husband and four children for the first time! That's the thrilling true story of this mother who had two kind people will her their eyes.

PLUS: Houses Alike? Picture Companion. Lacy-Top Cake. You'll Wear Prints Early This Year. Hollywood. Plus other inspiring features on Sewing, Decorating, Hairdos, Cooking, and Child Guidance.

You'll Love the January

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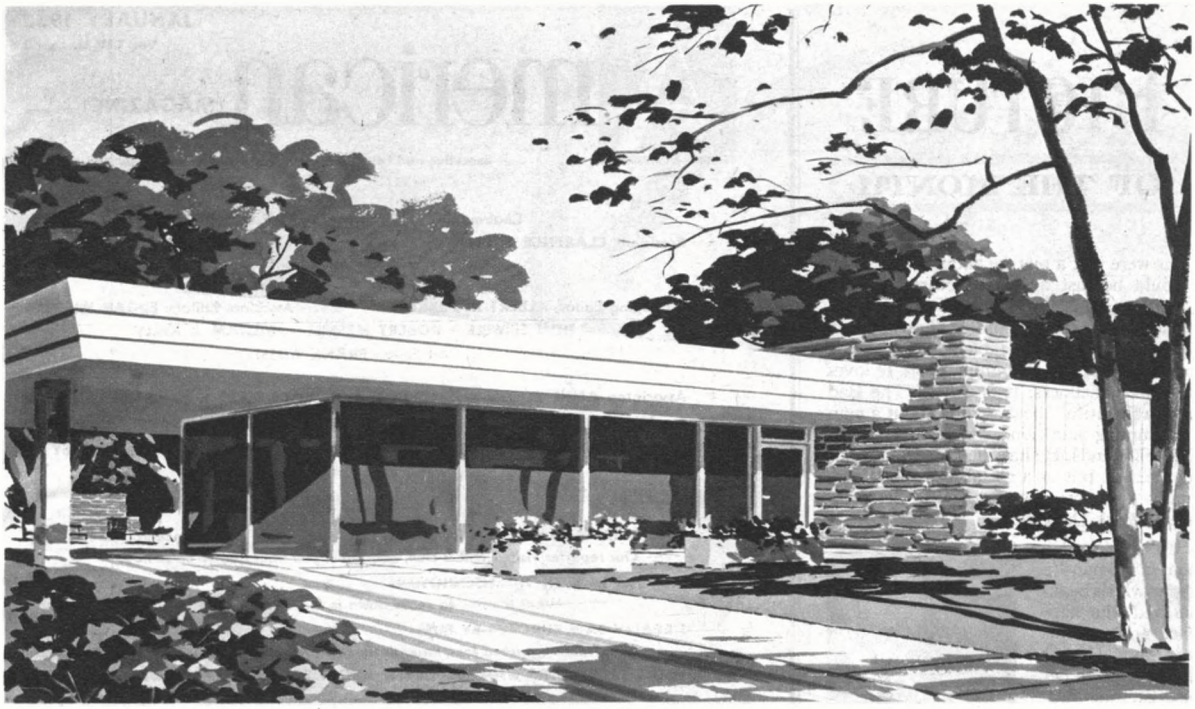


WHERE WILL YOUR CHILDREN LIVE IN 1973?

What kind of homes will your children have twenty years from now? The nation's electric light and power companies are thinking about them—*and getting ready for them.*

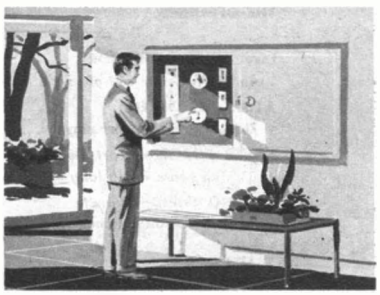
Part of the answer can be found in the new electric appliances still in the early stages of development.

There will be new ways of heating and cooling homes with the help of electricity. Glareless lighting will come on automatically. As darkness falls, ceiling panels will start to glow. There will be electric equipment to kill germs in the air and to filter out dust and pollen.

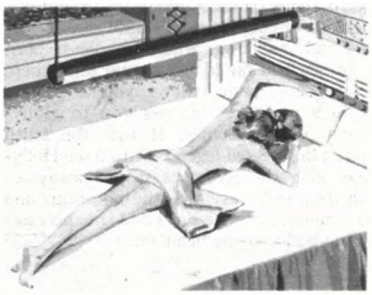
Most people will have electric kitchen equipment in units which can be arranged in different ways. They will be able to talk electronically to any room in their homes. They will have color television — several sets. They will need many times as much electricity as you use today.

To supply this extra electricity, the electric companies are making tremendous strides. They've doubled the post-war supply of electric power. By 1960, they'll triple it — with more to come. This is one more reason why there is no real need for new federal government electric projects.

COLOR TELEVISION. There will be almost as many sets in 1973 as there are radios today. That means most homes will have several television units—including one in the kitchen.



HOME CONTROL. Central electric "heart of the home" will control heating, cooling, lighting, communications — maybe even doors and windows.



LIGHT-CONDITIONING will include built-in sunlamps, special fixtures for producing striking lighting effects indoors and out, ceiling panels that glow.

THE HOMES OF TOMORROW, LIKE THE HOMES OF TODAY, WILL BE SERVED WELL BY AMERICA'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES•

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•Names on request from this magazine

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

If this were just a picture about Hollywood, it would be just another picture, but it's more than that. This is a picture about people—interesting people. These people happen to live in the fabled and fabulous world of sables and swimming pools, of loveliness and loneliness. It is called "The Bad and the Beautiful" because it is about a man of consuming ambition, who used people to achieve his ends. He has the great quality of creativeness, but as a social force he is personally destructive—an amazing performance by Kirk Douglas.

But it is also about a woman—a woman who is beautiful and who happened to love this bad man. Here's Lana Turner in her most exciting dramatic role. The severest critic will have to admire her acting as she plays a movie star, catapulted into fame by the genius of her mentor. Hers is a life of romance and rapture and pain. Her love is pulsating, with but one alloy—the mad desire for a niche in filmdom's Hall of Fame.

With these brilliant stars, is one of Hollywood's most outstanding, Oscar-bound casts. Handsome Walter Pidgeon as the worldly, assured executive, Dick Powell and Gloria Grahame as the writer and his wife who are carried along in this powerful surge towards fame . . . Barry Sullivan, Gilbert Roland—all hand-picked for the greatest roles of their careers.

"The Bad and the Beautiful" is the Hollywood of today. It takes you inside the studios where the make-up man's skill erases sorrows and yearnings, where glamor is born . . . brings you on to the actual sets where pictures are made, shows you a picture within a picture . . . carries you to Hollywood's palatial homes. It tells the truth about a business of legends. You'll see Hollywood with the roof-tops ripped away . . . with its people revealed, the notorious and the famous . . . the failures and the successes . . . the bad and the beautiful.

★ ★ ★

An M-G-M picture starring LANA TURNER, KIRK DOUGLAS, WALTER PIDGEON, DICK POWELL in "THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL" co-starring Barry Sullivan, Gloria Grahame, Gilbert Roland with Leo G. Carroll and Vanessa Brown. Screen play by Charles Schnee. Based on a story by George Bradshaw. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. Produced by John Houseman.

THE American MAGAZINE

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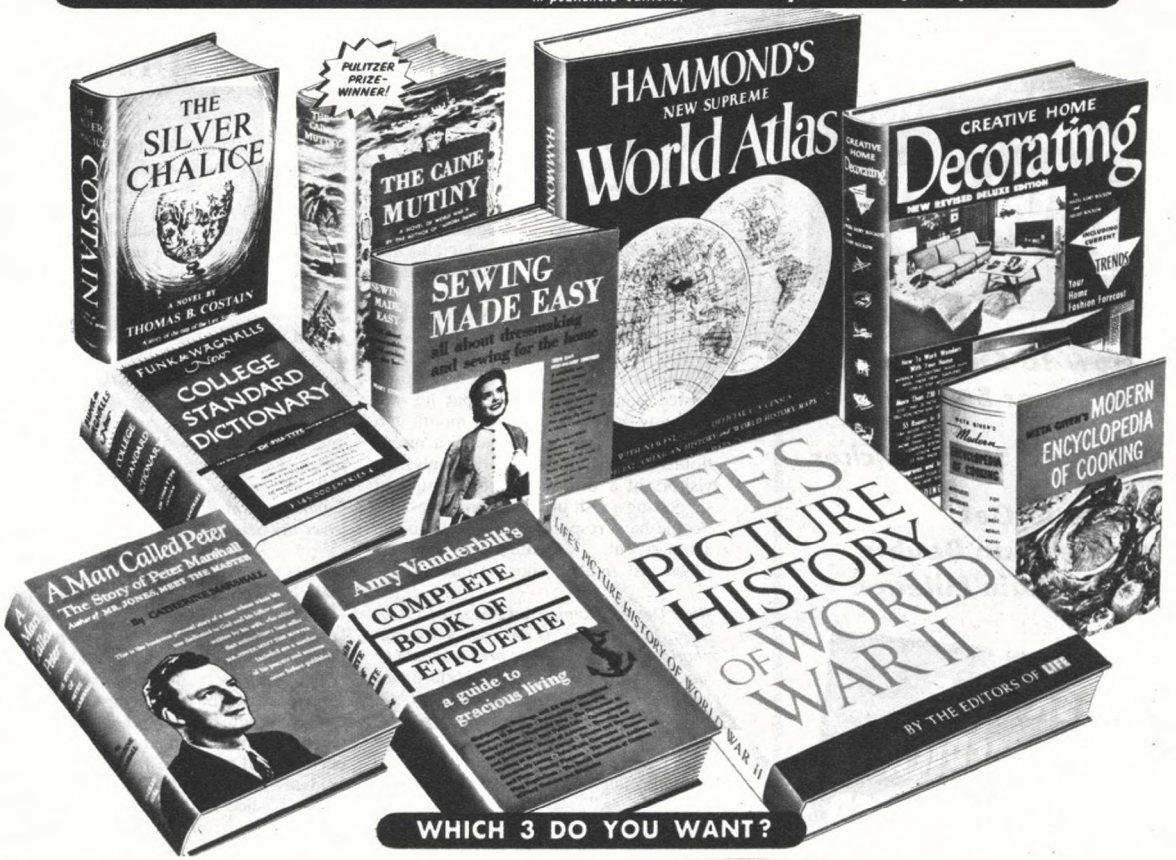

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LETTERS

ACROSS THE EDITORS' DESKS

As a result of our article, *What to Do for a Sick Friend* **(Nov.), in which author Martin Bunn turned his attention to the irritating bedside-visitor, we've received a large batch of gratified comment from hospital officials and nurses who think the writer put his finger on a real problem.**

Writes J. Vinson Adams, Administrator of Valley Memorial Hospital, Sunnyside, Wash.: "I thoroughly enjoyed the article. Some time ago we limited visiting, posted signs in the lobby, but no one paid any attention. About a month ago we took the final step, placing a receptionist in the lobby, admitting only two visitors at a time to each patient, and suggesting a visit of 10 to 15 minutes. . . . People have responded favorably to the arrangement. . . . Bunn's article was timed just right to support our stand."

Ruth Detrow, Registered Nurse, of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, is in even more emphatic agreement: "Your article should be handed to every person to read before they are given a visitor's card in a hospital. . . . I would suggest that male visitors overcome the idea that they are God's gift to nurses, since nearly all try flirting or saying something which should send the nurse into ecstasies."

When you start talking about likes and dislikes, look out—you're in trouble! For example, the article *Back to the Picture Show!* **(Dec.) quoted Indiana theater owner Trueman Rembusch's discovery that the majority of movie fans don't care much about multimillion-dollar spectacles. From Iris Varney, New Haven, Conn., came the following outraged rebuttal:**

Sirs: Maybe in Indiana, where Mr. Rembusch runs his theaters, audiences don't appreciate it when movie producers attempt to give them something special, but I want you to know that many of us do. According to his survey, people didn't like the ballet at the end of *An American in Paris*. Well, according to my own survey—and I've talked to about 50 friends who saw this picture—the ballet was a thing of beauty and the young French dancer who appeared in it, Leslie Caron, is the loveliest screen discovery of recent years!

Some 160 readers have taken us to task for an answer which appeared with the quiz, Ten Twizzlers, *published in the November issue. The author of the* Twizzlers *identified the 9th Commandment as follows: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Writes Warren Olson, Parma Heights, Ohio, one of the 160: "I enjoyed the quiz, but the 9th Commandment is still: 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.'"*

George Amon, Twizzle-master, tells us that his authority for numbering the Commandments was the King James Bible. The Catholic catechism follows the numbering indicated by Mr. Olson.

Though it may be a changing world, certain ideas are timeless. It was for that reason that we reprinted on our November editorial page, the famous poem by Rudyard Kipling, "If—," which was first published in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE in 1910. From one of our Canadian readers, Marg Thomas, Toronto, Ont., came the following comment:

Dear Sir: *It is difficult to express how one feels to suddenly open a page and come across a poem which one has used as a measuring stick and a philosophical guide to life. Since my high-school days I have committed "If—" to memory, and find that the more that befalls me the more I understand and appreciate it. Thank you.*

For proof that articles of inspiration can still compete with daily headlines and passing sensations, we dug out of the month's mail two of the basketful of com-

(*Continued on page 6*)

The characters in all short stories and novels in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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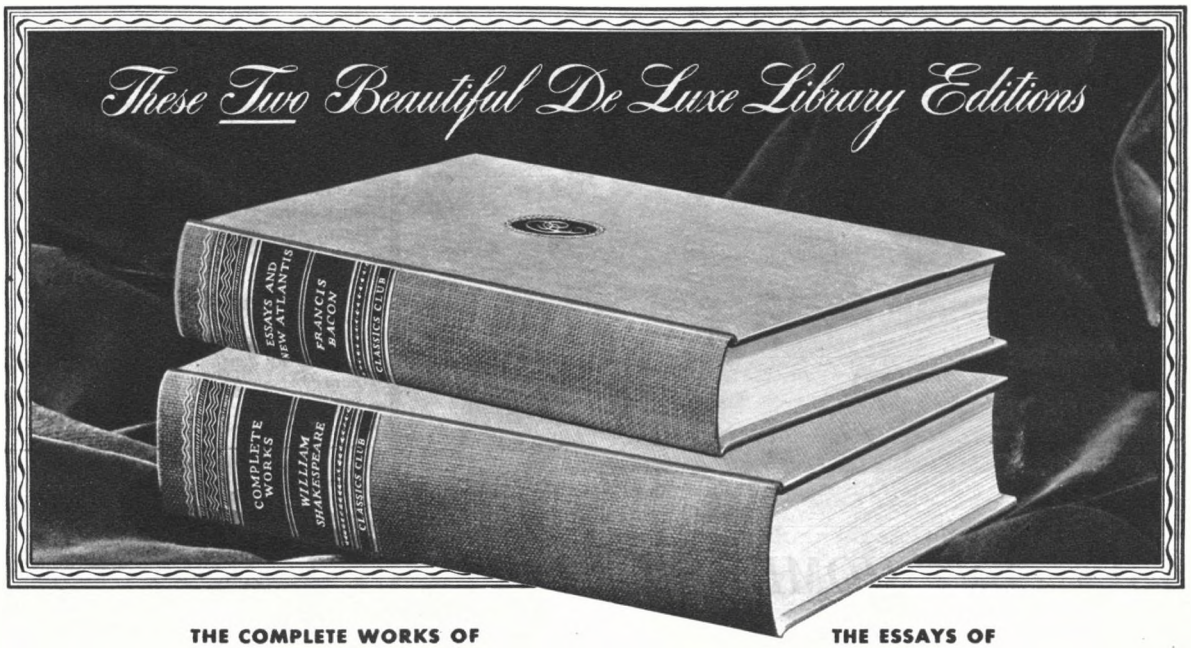

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There are some 16,000 other Bell Telephone men and women now in the service who will receive a similar warm welcome on their return home.

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM ..."A GOOD PLACE TO WORK"

LETTERS

(*Continued from page 4*)

ments we've received on *God Is My Senior Partner*, an article on the potency of prayer, by business executive Harry A. Bullis (Nov.):

Elizabeth S. Dwinell, Bradford, Vt.: "Mr. Bullis's article was delight to my spirit. You had the courage to present a subject which most magazines won't touch with a 10-foot pole. I have been appalled to discover how completely editors avoid the subject of religion—a subject that contains the essence of harmony and success for all people."

And a lady in Tiffin, Ohio, writes: "Dear Editors: *Concerning* God Is My Senior Partner, *it is most gratifying to see a businessman of the position of Mr. Bullis declare his belief in the influence of a power outside oneself in his daily life. One wonders what would be the result if more of our public men would make use of Mr. Bullis's principles.*"

We've just been set straight on a matter of animal identification by Lyman T. Williams, Omaha, Neb., who writes as follows: "Your article, *Would You Change Places with the Savstroms?* (Nov.), about the 'typical' Swedish family, states that the Savstroms had a pet porcupine. I can scarcely believe this is correct. Surely the animal is a hedgehog. There are European porcupines, but I think they are confined to the Mediterranean region. Also, they are grumpy in disposition, and their long quills would make them pretty dangerous to play with, even if they meant no harm . . . I don't think they are to be recommended as children's pets."

Not long ago we published a letter in these columns from a New Jersey lady who complained that our fiction writers were unfair to brunettes and had a habit of making all their glamorous heroines blond. Here is an answer from Mrs. William Hall, Beaver Dam, Wis., who maintains that having golden hair isn't all peaches and cream, either. "In school," she writes, "all sorts of tricks were played on me by classmates, such as cutting off the ends of my yellow braids, and dipping one in red ink and one in black. I was very shy and quiet, but in jokes and shows it was always the blonde who was the home wrecker. . . . How I longed for black hair or red. Be glad, Florence, you are a brunette!"

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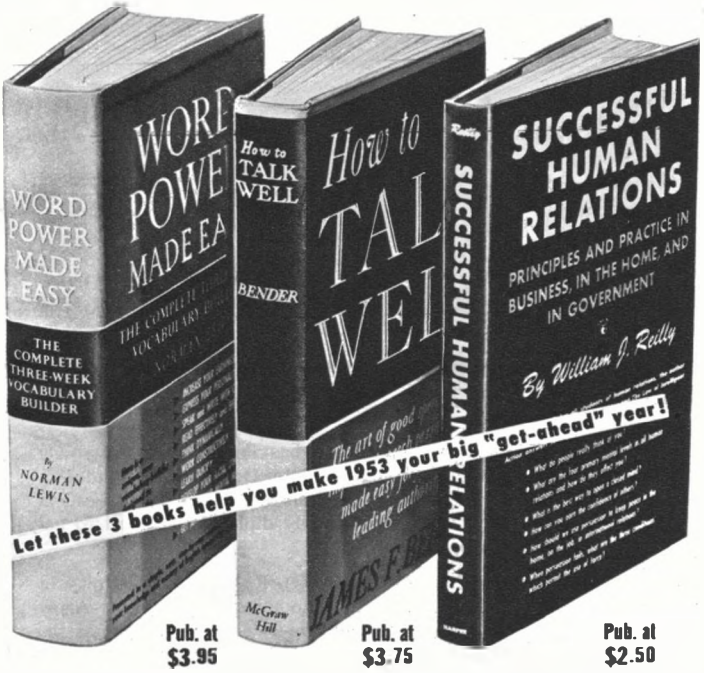

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Thunder in the East: Boyer and Ladd

"Washington was never like this!" says Roz Russell in *Never Wave at a WAC*

A PEEK AT THE Movies of the

MOVIE-GOERS have a wide choice this month, including an unusual musical built around a puppet show, a sophisticated comedy about women in the Army, a fast-moving western, and movies of two best-selling novels.

The young French star, Leslie Caron (remember her in *An American in Paris*?) is back in an MGM musical called **Lili.** It's a Paul Gallico tale about a girl who plays "straight man" to a puppeteer (Mel Ferrer) in a European traveling carnival. When she must choose between the puppeteer and the handsome magician (Jean Pierre Aumont), the puppets help Leslie make up her mind.

Daphne du Maurier's suspense-packed novel, **My Cousin Rachel** (20th Century-Fox), has two-time Oscar winner Olivia de Havilland in the title role. She plays a woman suspected of poisoning both her husband and her lover. As in the book, it's up to you to decide whether she did or didn't.

April in Paris (Warner Bros.) has Doris Day as a young chorus girl who, through a State Department blunder, is selected to represent the U. S. at an International Arts Festival in Paris. Ray Bolger is the stuffy diplomat assigned to accompany her on the trip.

In **Never Wave at a WAC** (RKO), Rosalind Russell plays a Washington social butterfly who joins the Women's Army Corps to be near her current boy-friend. You'll laugh as she and an ex-burlesque queen (Marie Wilson) run an obstacle course, sweat out a gas chamber, and serve as guinea pigs to test arctic and tropical uniforms for the Army. Marie gets most of the wolf calls, but it's Roz who gets her man (Paul Douglas).

Once again, Alan Ladd is trouble-shooting in the Orient, this time in **Thunder in the East** (Paramount), a story of India gaining her independence. Corinne Calvet, Deborah Kerr, and Charles Boyer (as a Hindu leader) also star.

Gary Cooper likes South Seas customs in *Return to Paradise*

A tense moment in *My Cousin Rachel*

Brod Crawford saves the day in *Last of the Comanches*

Month

The movie version of James Michener's popular novel, **Return to Paradise** (United Artists), casts Gary Cooper as Morgan, a white man who marries a Polynesian girl in the South Seas, and is tied to the islands for the rest of his life. Years later, he watches his daughter face a similar decision—whether to marry a white man and leave the islands, or wed one of her native suitors and remain in "Paradise."

Ever hear of the one-wagon medicine shows which used to tour the back roads around the turn of the century? In **Meet Me at the Fair**, Dan Dailey travels with one of them, selling his own special brand of snake oil and song-and-dance routines. On one trip he meets a young social worker (Diana Lynn) who puts new ideas in his head. (Universal-International.)

Lots of fast-paced action makes **Last of the Comanches** (Columbia) good entertainment. Broderick Crawford and Barbara Hale star in this tale of the hard-riding U. S. Cavalry.

In *Lili*, the puppets talk to Leslie Caron

Ray Bolger really puts on the dog in *April in Paris*

Diana Lynn and Dan Dailey take a spin in *Meet Me at the Fair*

RADIO-TV-RECORDS

Comedian Frank Fontaine and Patti Page sing on TV's MUSIC HALL

THE INAUGURATION of President-elect Eisenhower this month is being presented to the nation in unprecedented fashion by radio and television. As this is written, the major networks have planned to devote approximately 5 hours to the colorful and impressive ceremony, including the parade down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol, taking of the oath of office, and other high lights.

One of the most unusual new shows on television is **Ding Dong School,** NBC-TV's Monday-through-Friday morning kindergarten for preschool small fry, with imaginative new games and puzzles, constructive toys, exciting stories, and nursery rhymes. At first skeptical about such a frankly educational show, the network is now surprised and delighted over its acceptance by the youngsters.

Like to see a refreshing new comic in action? Try **The Red Buttons Show,** CBS-TV on Tuesday evenings—opposite Milton Berle. The carrot-topped comedian was playing the burlesque circuit when drafted during World War II. Once inducted, he stepped into the lead in the Army Air Force production *Winged Victory.* Now on his own TV show, he's breezing through some highly amusing monologues and comedy sketches.

Jane Pickens has a new Thursday-evening series on NBC Radio called **Through the Years.** It's a disc-jockey show with a new twist. Instead of current records, Jane spins platters of musical and historical events from bygone days, and comments on what was happening at that time. She also sings a few numbers herself, accompanied by Frank Black and the NBC Concert Orchestra.

Ex-model Rebel Randall has another unusual record show. It's **America Calling** (CBS Radio, Sunday afternoon). With three brothers in various branches of the service in Korea, she felt she wanted to do something for the morale of all servicemen. So she's playing record-requests from GI's overseas, making long-distance calls to some of them, and arranging for them to talk with their families and girl-friends. The show is piped overseas on various Armed Forces networks.

Dennis Day's Show (NBC-TV, Friday) gives the tenor a new personality. No longer a meek Casper Milquetoast character, he's now a dashing young bachelor-singer living alone in a Hollywood apartment house full of screwballs. They all complicate his life, especially his hero-worshiping 6-year-old neighbor. But Dennis still sings a song or two.

Songstress Patti Page, whose 1951 recording of *Tennessee Waltz* made her an overnight sensation, and night-club funnyman Frank Fontaine are teamed in an entertaining musical revue called **Music Hall,** Wednesday evenings on NBC-TV. Frank does hilarious impersonations and occasionally joins Patti in popular song hits.

Got any questions about what's hap-

Bachelor Dennis Day finds lots of pretty girls ride the subway on the RCA VICTOR SHOW

pening in the nation's capital? NBC-TV has a new show designed to answer them. It's a Wednesday-morning program called **Ask Washington.** Frank Blair moderates the half-hour session with Washington correspondents Ray Henle, Ned Brooks, and Richard Harkness answering listeners' letters and telegrams about what's going on in Washington, how our government is run, and what's likely to happen under the new administration.

Radio stars Joseph Curtin and Alice Frost celebrate their eleventh anniversary this month as radio's **Mr. and Mrs. North** (CBS Radio, Tuesday). Pam North seems to stumble into more trouble each week than most people have in a lifetime. But her husband Jerry is always around to straighten things out. Screen stars Barbara Britton and Richard Denning star in the CBS-TV version, Friday evenings.

Maybe Red Buttons is lucky in love, but not at cards

Record collectors may enjoy the new RCA-Victor series called **This Is—Glenn Miller; Artie Shaw; Benny Goodman; Tommy Dorsey; Oscar Peterson; Ray Noble;** and **Duke Ellington.** It's a batch of individual albums (on both LP and Extended Play 45 r.p.m.) spotlighting some of the all-time hit records of each of these great band leaders. There's lots of good dance music here.

Felicia Saunders

Columbia records has a new young singer who seems a good bet for stardom. She is **Felicia Saunders,** a West Coast discovery of bandleader Benny Carter. Her first record, *People in Love Can Be Lonely* and *Please Be Good While I'm Gone*, with Paul Weston's orchestra, will be released shortly.

Another old-timer, **This is Your FBI,** is currently in its seventh year on radio (ABC, Friday evening). On this exciting crime show are cases the FBI has actually solved, such as breaking up a syndicate that transported gambling devices across state lines. In this series, no violence is committed "on mike"; it always takes place off scene. The show once ran 53 consecutive weeks without a single gunshot being fired! L. T.

EXCESS MOISTURE, even in vapor form, can be extremely damaging to a home. If your house is cellarless and has crawl space beneath the floor, it's a good idea to cover the bare ground with 55-pound roofing paper. Adequate ventilation of the sub-floor area is essential to permit the escape of destructive moisture.

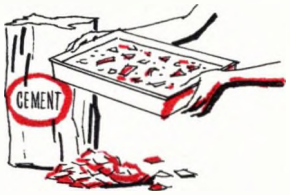
TV TIP: The initial energy required just to heat up your TV set results in far greater wear than continued operation, so frequent turning on and off should be avoided.

APARTMENT-HOUSE DWELLERS sometimes find it difficult to put hooks in modern walls. My husband hung a plywood panel, about ½ inch thick and 2 feet square, from two picture hangers. He attached hooks to the plywood for our most-used kitchen utensils. Not only is the wall relatively undamaged (the picture hangers were inserted through cellophane tape), but it will be easy to remove the panel and hang it again in a new apartment.—*Mrs. Helen E. Hoffman, Arlington, Va.*

A FAMILY POST OFFICE, with private boxes for each member of the household, can give considerable enjoyment to both parents and children. It need not be elaborate, but should consist of a separate compartment for each person. Not only daily mail can be distributed this way, but clippings from papers, notes from one member to another, local programs of interest to one or all, pictures for small children, memos that otherwise might be forgotten, mention of visitors, telephone calls, and so on, add to the usefulness. Best of all, it gives each person a feeling of individual importance.—*C. Johnson, Oakland, Calif.*

THE ROARING, RUSHING SOUND of a bathtub being filled at night or early in the morning often disturbs sleeping members of the household. To eliminate it, attach a short piece of rubber tubing (about one foot) to the faucet, reaching to within an inch of the bottom of the tub. It can remain permanently attached, if you like, and makes the filling process noiseless. Investment required: about a dime.—*Mrs. P. H. Broudo, Detroit, Mich.*

BEFORE USING a new piece of sandpaper, rub it lightly against another section to remove any large particles of the abrasive. Always rub with the grain when possible. If you must cross-rub, smooth out the marks later by rubbing with the grain.



TO MAKE GOOD-LOOKING STEPPING-STONES for your garden or lawn, grease the interior of a 3-inch-deep baking pan of suitable shape and size. Almost fill it with freshly mixed cement. Press into the wet cement bits of bright-colored broken dishes, in your own design, using even cup handles for curlicues. Let dry thoroughly 4 days. Tip out and repeat until you have enough. They look like tiled plaques.—*Grace Morgan, Alameda, Calif.*

CLOTHES MOTHS and carpet beetles recognize no season in a well-heated home. Wool rugs and carpets, for example, attract insect pests throughout the year. U. S. Department of Agriculture researchers have found that simply spraying a rug with a 5 per cent DDT oil solution over top and bottom surfaces will protect it for a year or more.

IF YOU ARE STORING NEW LUMBER, the ends may crack as the wood dries out. A coat or two of fresh shellac on the ends will prevent this.

TO CLEAN waffle-iron grids easily, place a paper napkin soaked in ammonia between the grids, leave it overnight, then wipe off grids with a clean, damp cloth.

Remember to grease the iron again before you use it.

TO GET RID OF SPIDERS, lindane spray is more effective than DDT. Use the spray in the corners of your basement or utility room and around windows, pipes, and drains.

FOR HARD-TO-DRILL STEEL or iron, use turpentine instead of oil, and your bit will drill a hole right through without getting hot or being ruined.—*Rudy Walter, Colome, S. Dak.*

GLASS-CLEANING HINTS: To remove lime deposits on the bottom of water bottles and pitchers, the Glassware Institute advises, put tea leaves on the bottom and cover with vinegar. A chlorine bleach solution is good for deodorizing and cleaning flower vases. And vinegar cruets wash out well with a solution of diluted bottled ammonia.

AN EASY WAY to keep cracked eggs from leaking or deteriorating is to seal them with cellophane tape.

ANY HANDYMAN can make a satisfactory garage "attic" of heavy wire fencing, easily and cheaply put up, with a large hole left for a ladder and entrance. This shows at a glance everything stored up there.—*Morris A. Hall, White Plains, N. Y.*

PAINTING WINDOW SCREENS is a lot of work, and spraying wastes paint. I have found, in spraying screens, that if I stack 6 or more, no paint is wasted until the last one is reached. I have used the spray attachment of the vacuum cleaner, with splendid results.—*Vena S. Naughton, Tulsa, Okla.*

IF YOU HAVE SQUEAKY BEDSPRINGS which have been affected by dampness and rusting, try brushing on any self-polishing liquid wax. Coat all springs and any parts where metal touches metal. This will stop squeaks and also make dusting easier.—*Mrs. M. V. Crane, Pacoima, Calif.*

If you know of a new trick that has helped you fix or improve things around the house, and might be useful to others, send it in. We will pay $10 for each suggestion published. Address Help for Your House, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. No suggestions can be returned.

Will There Always Be a ROOSEVELT?

Just 20 years ago, F.D.R.'s family burst into the national spotlight. They have continued to be the world's most publicized clan ever since. Will this amazing dynasty go on making history and headlines, or are their greatest days behind them? . . . Here is a complete, fascinating account of what they're up to now

by Clarence Woodbury

WHEN James Roosevelt was running for Governor of California in 1950, Republican gagsters observed that he and his brother, Franklin Junior, who had just entered Congress, were harmonizing on a new version of the old Scottish ballad:

"You take the high road and I'll take the low road, and I'll be in the White House before you."

Whether Jimmy or Junior got there first wouldn't much matter, the Republican wags said, because whichever one was victorious would take care of his defeated brother and provide for the other members of the Roosevelt family. Mother Eleanor, they predicted, would be named Secretary of State; brother John, a businessman, would get the Department of Commerce; sister Anna would be appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James's; and Elliott would become Secretary of the Treasury.

In the light of events which seem temporarily to have detoured Jimmy, at least, it is doubtful today if even the most pessimistic Old Guardsman foresees any such wholesale return of the Roosevelts to power. But the family is still very much with us, and although it will be 20 years this spring since F.D.R.'s first inauguration and 8 years since his death, the clan which he headed continues to enjoy the limelight of public attention.

Eleanor Roosevelt, pursuing her much publicized way, has been dubbed, correctly or not, the First Lady of the World, and the political maneuvers, business transactions, marriages, and divorces of the Roosevelt offspring still make news. Most Presidential families sink into obscurity after leaving the White House, but the Roosevelts, like death and taxes, are always with us.

Will they continue to be? Will there always be a Roosevelt in the center of the American scene? Or will this family, which for a generation has been the most discussed, most heartily detested, and best beloved of all families, fade gradually from the public view and decline into the comparative obscurity from which it rose? What are the Roosevelts' prospects, anyway?

In an effort to shed some light on those questions, I have just completed one of the most interesting reporting assignments of my life. It all started about six months ago, when the Editors of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE called me in to ask me how I felt, personally, about the Roosevelts.

I explained I was an independent politically and had no burning feelings about them one way or the other. I was neither a Roosevelt worshiper nor a Roosevelt hater. I had voted twice for F.D.R., I said, but after his attempt to reorganize the Supreme Court, had voted against him. I

MOTHER ELEANOR has been head of the Roosevelt clan since 1945. At 68, she is busier than ever. The most recent portrait of her, on the opposite page, was taken in her New York apartment by famed photographer Philippe Halsman

approved of many things he had done, disapproved of others. In brief, I was a Roosevelt neutral.

That made me eligible, the Editors decided, for the job they had in mind. They told me I was to visit each and every member of the immediate Roosevelt family wherever they happened to be. I was to find out what kind of people they are, what they are doing today, what they intend to do tomorrow. I was also to get in touch with as many of the Roosevelt spouses and ex-spouses as possible, children and grandchildren, friends and enemies. I was to learn all I could about the Roosevelts, in fact, so that I might give readers an objective report on their present activities as well as some inkling of what may be expected of them in the future.

CARRYING out those instructions was no simple matter. Many families can be rounded up under one roof, but to cover all the widely scattered Roosevelts I had to travel more than 7,000 miles by train, plane, bus, and car.

First, I called on Eleanor Roosevelt in her New York City apartment. Later, I visited her at Hyde Park, and then jumped off on a nationwide survey of the second-generation Roosevelts which took me to Washington, D. C., to Poughquag, N. Y., back to New York City, across the continent to Los Angeles, to Pasadena, and, finally, to a remote ranch in northwestern Colorado where I finally tracked down Elliott, the most elusive member of the family, living with his fourth wife in a veritable Shangri-La surrounded by towering mountain ranges—a heaven above the clouds where, incidentally, he has changed the course of a river to bring trout to his back porch.

Every member of the family was most courteous to me. All the Roosevelts have to a marked degree the charm and affability which was attributed to F.D.R. by even his worst enemies. They are easy to talk with and they laugh frequently. There wasn't one of them who, at one time or another during our conversations, didn't give way to howls of merriment. The first impression I got of F.D.R.'s offspring was that of a tribe of happy and exuberant extroverts who had inherited a remarkable lot of good humor from a long line of jolly Dutch ancestors. They seemed thoroughly to enjoy having me pry into their affairs.

As I got to know them better, however, I soon found that all the Roosevelts are different—so different from one another in some respects that they hardly appear to be related. Under their surface joviality and desire to please they have varying degrees of reticence or caginess, call it whichever you wish. They answered most of my questions fully, but when I broached certain subjects they closed up just as F.D.R. used to when he snapped "No comment" at press conferences.

Once, when Jimmy was telling me about his 1950 California gubernatorial race against Earl Warren, I asked him how much money he personally had spent on the campaign. Jimmy continued smiling but a flicker of steel entered his eyes. "Now, that's a thing I can't very well talk about," he said. "Isn't it?"

On another occasion, when I was chatting with John in one of his New York offices, I got on forbidden ground by inquiring how many servants he kept in his Park Avenue apartment.

"That depends," John said, "upon how many we need.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

ROOSEVELT GRANDCHILDREN with the late President on inauguration day, January 20, 1945. This was the last family gathering before F.D.R. died. The children are (on floor): Curtis, Christopher, Anne, Haven, John Boettiger, Elliott Jr., Kate; (seated in rear): Anna, William, Ruth, David, Franklin 3rd, Sara (seated on chair at extreme right)

. . . *and the Roosevelt smile*

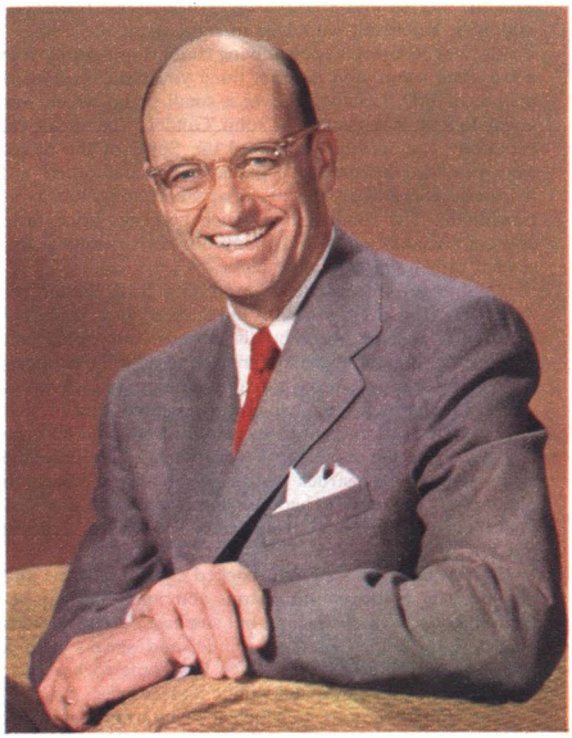
PHILIPPE HALSMAN

JOHN is the youngest (36) and tallest (6 feet 4½) of the late President's sons. A businessman who makes few headlines, he broke into the news last year by backing General Eisenhower

FRANKLIN JR. smiles and looks more like his famous father than any of his brothers. He is Democratic Congressman from the 20th District of New York and continually in the public eye

THEDA AND EMERSON HALL

ELLIOTT, whose escapades, marriages, and far-flung business ventures have kept him in the limelight for years, is personally "rather quiet and introverted for a Roosevelt"



JIMMY, the eldest son, is most like the late F.D.R. in temperament. He runs a prosperous insurance business in California, and is still regarded as a factor in politics

Sometimes we need more than at other times." I then asked him how many rooms there were in the apartment.

"I really don't know," he said. "With three children, we need quite a lot of rooms. But if I told you how many it might give the wrong impression."

Even ex-Roosevelts don't talk indiscreetly. When I had a chat with Faye Emerson, the actress, one of Elliott's former wives, she was most co-operative in telling me how fond she still is of Mrs. Roosevelt. But when I asked Faye how it had felt to be a Roosevelt, ice crept into her voice.

"I'll talk with you in the present tense," she said, "but not in the past." But a moment later her eyes became moist for an instant and she added, "The Roosevelt name is a very proud and great name in American history. I felt honored to wear it for a little while."

BUT I'm ahead of my story. The best way to give you my report on the Roosevelts, I think, is to start at the beginning and describe step by step my experiences with them. I'll simply tell what I found out and let you reach your own conclusions.

It was a warm summer morning when I started my adventures by going to the Park Sheraton Hotel, a large commercial hostelry just a block off Broadway on New York's west side, and telling a girl back of the information desk that I wished to see Mrs. Roosevelt. The girl asked if I had an appointment, and when I said I had she told me to call Mrs. Roosevelt's apartment on the house phone. The phone was answered by Miss Malvina Thompson, Mrs. Roosevelt's secretary for more than 30 years, who said to come right up.

Without being inspected by Secret Service operatives or anything like that, I then proceeded to the apartment on the 25th floor, where Miss Thompson, a plump, motherly little body whom Mrs. R. calls "Tommy," greeted me with a friendly smile and ushered me into the living room. She gave me a chair and a copy of *The New York Times* and said Mrs. Roosevelt would be in right away.

Eleanor Roosevelt's town living room is not grand. It is a fair-sized room, and the first thing you notice is a large picture of F.D.R. hanging over a small piano which was given to the Roosevelts by John Golden, the theatrical producer. The furniture is mixed up. Some of the pieces were provided by the hotel management and others are heirlooms. Several of the old chairs and sofas are a bit threadbare. The room is one which bespeaks good taste and comfortable living, but many housewives might consider it rather run-down and tacky.

I didn't get a chance to do more than look around before Mrs. Roosevelt came in and greeted me. Since her picture has probably been published more often than that of any other human, there is no reason to describe her here. But I think she looks nicer in real life than in photographs, and I think her new teeth, which she acquired after her old ones were broken in an auto accident in 1946, and her new hair-do, make her more attractive today, at 68, than she ever was. I was also struck by the resemblance she bears to pictures of her uncle, Theodore Roosevelt. She looks at you soberly at first and then, when she smiles, you see old T.R.

She sat down in a straight-backed chair beside me and talked easily of her multitudinous activities. She has become slightly hard of hearing, but she has lost the nervous giggle which comics used to mimic, and speaks with a serenity and self-confidence which has come to her after thousands of interviews and public appearances.

The United Nations, to which she was a non-paid delegate appointed by President Truman, was not in session at the moment, so she was not quite so busy as usual, she told me, but was working about 16 hours a day. In addition to getting out her newspaper column, which is published today by 75 papers as against its peak of 90, she was spending an average of three hours a day answering mail, seeing at least half a dozen callers daily, writing a question-and-answer page for a magazine, filling numerous speaking engagements, and dictating a book.

Mrs. Roosevelt gets up at 7 o'clock every morning. She drinks a glass of hot water with lemon juice, breakfasts on fruit, tea, and toast, and is usually at her desk by 8. She starts seeing callers at 10. Since Tommy alone can't handle all her dictation, another secretary comes in every day to help out.

Until about 6 P.M., all three women are as busy as the employees of any commercial concern. In the evening, Mrs. Roosevelt sometimes "goes to the play," the theater being her favorite recreation, but customarily she resumes work on her mail or manuscripts after dinner and keeps at it until 12 or 1 o'clock—sometimes later.

Considering the fact she is a wealthy woman—she inherited more than $1,000,000 from F.D.R. and earns as much as $250,000 annually some years—her way of life is simple to the point of frugality. She has no servants in town. The hotel maids keep her apartment in order and, since the U.N. no longer provides free limousine service for its delegates, she uses taxis when she goes out. She has little interest in food. Meals are sent up to her and Tommy from the hotel kitchen. "I eat anything," she said, with a smile, "that the chef thinks I should."

When Mrs. Roosevelt showed me through the other rooms of the apartment, I found them furnished with much the same jumbled assortment of homey things as the living room. In addition to two bedrooms used by her and Tommy, there is a room which serves as an office and a small sitting room equipped with a closet folding bed on which she sometimes puts up guests overnight. The dressing table in her own bedroom contains no cosmetics or fripperies—just a plain, old-fashioned comb, a hairbrush, and a faded picture of F.D.R. as a young man.

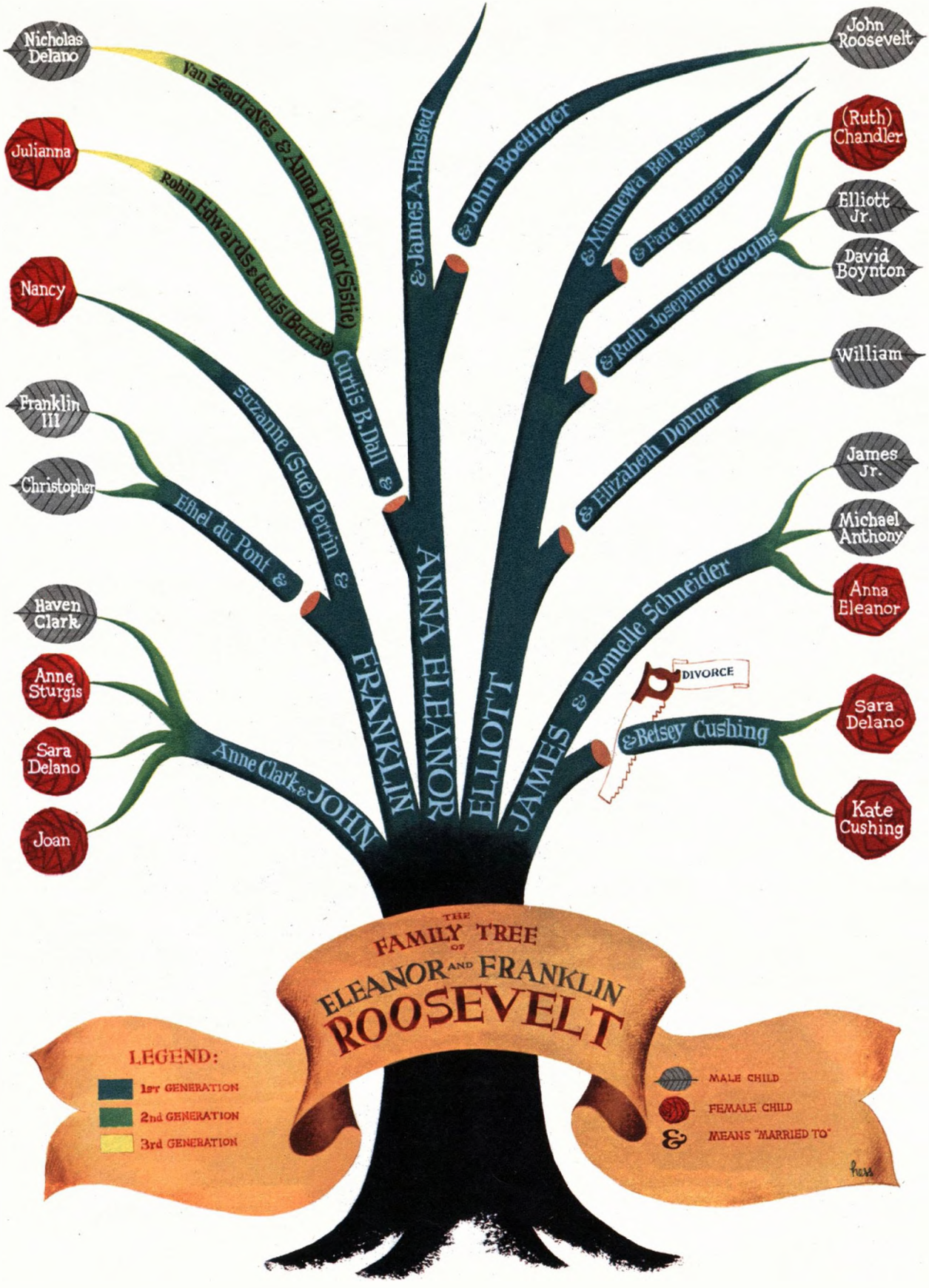
"You have no kitchen of any kind?" I asked.

"No," Mrs. Roosevelt said, with a grandmotherly wink, "but I'll give you something to eat when you come to Hyde Park."

FEW mornings later, when I drove to Hyde Park, where Mrs. Roosevelt spends week ends and summers, I found her transformed from a busy lady of affairs to an equally busy housewife. She lives about two miles from the former Roosevelt home on the Hudson, which is now a national museum, on a 178-acre farm which you reach by turning off U. S. Highway 9-G onto a dirt road about three miles north of Poughkeepsie. The dirt road leads through meadows and scrubby woodland to a wooden bridge which crosses the Val Kill, a marshy brook covered with green scum and water lilies, and you draw up in a parking area back of a two-story stone cottage surrounded by trees and shrubbery.

A colored maid let me in through the back door and took me to Mrs. Roosevelt and Tommy, whom I found in a littered study spreading butter on frankfurter rolls. Wearing a white blouse and blue gingham skirt, Mrs. Roosevelt was sitting on a love seat, the other half of which was stacked high with papers and documents. She was making her knife fly as she generously daubed butter on one roll after another and tossed them into a big picnic basket at her feet.

She apologized for being so occupied and explained that, in addition to me, she was expecting 75 other guests for luncheon—the inmates of the Wiltwyck School for delinquent boys—and that she was a little behind schedule in getting ready for the party. She had (*Continued on page* 112)


Nicholas Delano
Julianna
Nancy
Franklin III
Christopher
Haven Clark
Anne Sturgis
Sara Delano
Joan
Van Schaack & Anna Eleanor (Sistie)
Robin Edwards & Curtis (Buzzie)
Curtis B. Dall &
Suzanne (Sue) Perrin &
Ethel du Pont &
Anne Clark & JOHN
FRANKLIN
& James A. Halsted
ANNA ELEANOR
& John Boettiger
& Minnewa Bell Rose
& Faye Emerson
& Ruth Josephine Googins
& Elizabeth Donner
ELLIOTT
JAMES
& Romelle Schneider
DIVORCE
& Betsey Cushing
John Roosevelt
(Ruth) Chandler
Elliott Jr.
David Boynton
William
James Jr.
Michael Anthony
Anna Eleanor
Sara Delano
Kate Cushing
THE FAMILY TREE OF ELEANOR AND FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT
LEGEND:
1st GENERATION
2nd GENERATION
3rd GENERATION
MALE CHILD
FEMALE CHILD
& MEANS "MARRIED TO"

She had the beauty of a siren,
the temper of a devil . . and she held
the doctor's future in her velvet paws

Lorelei crouched on the table, and Dr. Carlson's heart sank. His first patient didn't act sick; she acted mad

Lorelei

by Gladys Taber

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER STEVENS

YOUNG Dr. Carlson peered anxiously into the mirror, brushed his very blond hair again, and went down to the kitchen. He fixed his breakfast, frying the eggs carefully, buttering the toast. Most of it went to Peggy, his Irish setter, who co-operated nicely.

The truth was, he was scared. This was his first day in practice; his Veterinary degree should make him feel competent and brisk, but he thought of all the things he still didn't know. He had been lucky in finding the little white house that could be remodeled to make a waiting room, two treatment rooms, and housing for the small animals downstairs. The barn had good runs and pens for larger animals. And upstairs in the house he had a study, bedroom, and bath. This way he could hop up at night, too, and until he made money enough to hire an assistant, he had to plan to cover the little hospital himself.

Dr. Carlson wasn't afraid of work. He had put himself through school, and that wasn't easy. His father and mother had died when he was thirteen, and his uncle had planned to keep him on the farm as an unpaid hired hand. Tim hadn't said much, but when he had finished high school he packed up and left.

Now all he had to do was make good.

He washed the dishes, took a quick walk with Peggy, who made fifteen miles in circles around him. Then he went back and put on his crisp white coat.

Suppose nobody ever came at all! How would he pay off the debt on the house? Could he still get that job as assistant to Dr. Moore? There he would be secure, but not his own man ever.

He sat at his desk, and his hands were cold. He didn't look at the clock, but he heard it tick, all right. Ticking away the day.

Then the buzzer sounded. He leaped to his feet and bounced into the waiting room. His first patient on his first day! He skidded on the braided rug and came to a wild halt in front of the girl who stood in the doorway.

She was a very pretty girl, with blue eyes and a lovely mouth and soft brown hair tied with a ribbon. But Dr. Carlson just glanced at her, and fixed his eager gaze on the wicker carrying case she held.

"Good morning," he said. "Come right in." He reached for the case. From inside came a full and terrible scream.

"She doesn't like to be in a case," said the girl.

He set the case on the immaculate new examination table. Through the grill at the front of the case a pair of sapphire eyes glared at him with intense hatred.

He opened the door gingerly. "Nice kitty," he said.

The nice kitty erupted with another (*Continued on page* 81)

The Offering

When the nights were long and lonely, people would whisper this story. They would tell how Mis' Sudie bargained with the Devil .

by Stewart Toland

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CLYMER

ZIAH McCUNE was dead. Ziah McCune had reached the end of the years God had laid out to him.

Everyone along the river branch heard of it as fast as the Prouty boy could tell. It came like the breath of winter, hard and cold, and too soon. And each man felt the shiver and the moment's darkness as Death passed, flying low along the river branch with the weight of carrying Ziah McCune. And they crouched lest the dark wings touch them, and they whispered:

"What will his wife Sudie do? What will Mis' Sudie do left all alone?"

And the Prouty boy had the answer for that, too: "She's got a silver dollar. She's promised it to me, come tomorrow, for closing up the grave. Closing is all I got to do. She dug the grave herself, and it's a queer one, long enough for one, but wide enough for two."

"Long enough for one, but wide enough for two." That was what worried along the river branch. It was a tumbling stream climbing down the mountain, and the words were like a strange and lonely music in it. They set every heart to thumping, and not knowing just exactly why. Unless it was because Ziah McCune had been a spare man, thin as though a crow had pecked a peck at him every living day. Yet his grave was wide enough for two.

And it was his wife Sudie who had done it.

Mis' Sudie was a little piece of woman. She was slender even to thinness, but there was such a gentleness in her voice and the touch of her hands and the way her eyes rested on a body that she seemed warm and soft and lovely. She was fourteen when she loved and married Ziah McCune, and like a good mountain woman she had not known nor wanted nor thought of anything else in the twenty years since their wedding day. And now he was dead.

SHE sat on the one-legged bed in this first moment of wakening and understanding. He had died in his sleep. That was a mercy. She wouldn't for anything have had him frightened. And then the loneliness came—it was a terror sitting there beside her. He was gone, and she was left behind.

The sun came up and peeked over the mountain. It leaped from the black spruce down onto the hemlocks, it touched the tulip trees and the chinquapins and the little cabin waiting so alone beside the river branch. It crept in the door, reaching for the noon mark. And still Mis' Sudie sat holding Ziah's hand, and remembering. As far back as she could remember there had always been Ziah to comfort and help her and be her life.

She leaned to him sleeping there. "Ziah, I got nothing left to live for. With you gone I don't want to live."

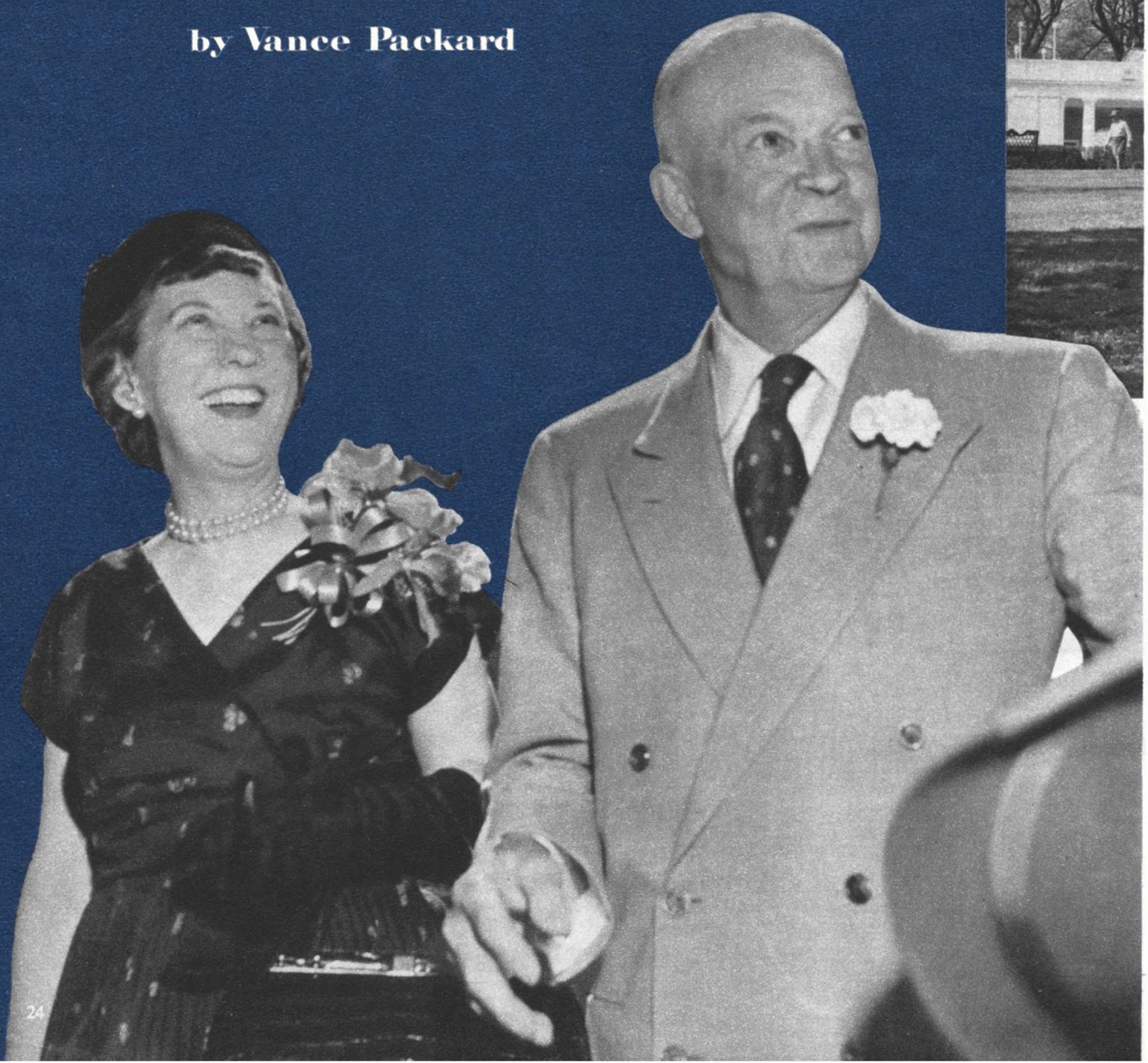
It wasn't just (*Continued on page* 70)

"Listen to our hearts, Devil," she implored. "Listen and make your choice"


John Clymer

Moving in with the EISENHOWERS

by Vance Packard



IKE AND MAMIE'S NEW HOME: The White House, a $40,000,000 mansion with no front door

Haven't you often wondered what it would be like to settle down in the White House? Where would you sleep and eat? How would you cash a check? What would you do for fun? This article gives you an intimate glimpse of the fabulous life in store for the new President and his First Lady

IF YOU are like my wife and me, you have wondered how it would be to move into the White House as the new First Family of the land. Whenever I look through the iron fence and across the wide lawn at this stately, gracious, but forbidding mansion, it always sends a tingle up my spine. Perhaps you have had the same sensation.

More than 4,000 people a day come to the White House on an average. They inspect the historic rooms where 31 American First Families have done their public entertaining. Many of these visitors try in vain to peek beyond for a more intimate glimpse of how the First Family actually lives from day to day. Only a handful of people—mostly family friends and distinguished overnight visitors—can ever do so. They find it an unforgettable experience.

I have just been fortunate enough to spend nearly a week inside this fabulous $40,000,000 mansion with its 107 rooms, including servants' quarters, offices, and storage rooms. I've been getting a preview of the life President and Mrs. Eisenhower will lead after the 20th of this month.

Step by step, I have tried to share their experiences as they move into the White House and settle down. What happens, I have asked myself, when a friendly, typical American family like the Eisenhowers tries to adjust itself to this most exclusive and expensive residence in America? How, for instance, do they go about getting a haircut, or a hair-do, shopping for groceries, or cashing a check?

The White House is more closely guarded than a medieval castle. And it has more facilities for personal enjoyment and luxury than a billionaire's palace. It gleams from its recent renovation. Just by lifting a finger the Eisenhowers can see any movie that has ever been made in America. In every room they enter they will (*Continued on page* 93)

HARRIS–EWING & FLIP SCHULKE

LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR

by Jean DeWitt Fitz

ILLUSTRATION BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

What should a wife do when her husband makes doodles of the glamour girl next door?

I MARRIED a doodler!" Jane sang, whirling into a waltz with the telephone book for partner.

"Hey, let me see that." Flicking off the radio, Gordon hastily unscrambled his lanky six-foot frame from the untidy newspaper.

Jane flopped into a chair. "Come and get it," she challenged, clutching the phone book to her breast as Gordon towered darkly above her. He looked, she thought, delightfully threatening. She giggled. He was a lamb, sweet and tractable —moody at times, but the moods meant nothing. No more than his doodles. He could be teased from his moods.

"Fine thing," she said. "Drawing pictures of glamour gals all over the house! A struggling young architect should be doodling cornices and pedicles, or is it pedestals? *Not* triangles. Beautiful women and triangles, darling! Really, you should see a psychia—"

Gordon leaned over and wrenched the phone book from her hands. From his shirt pocket he produced a soft-leaded pencil and calmly proceeded to deface his art work.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Jane leaped to her feet, peered around his shoulder. "I want to see that again. Why, that wasn't a glamour gal at all. That was Neville Anders! You drew a picture of Neville!"

"Sure," he said, handing her the book and returning to his chair and the paper. "When I phoned Curt I got a busy signal. Neville was picking flowers in her garden, so I sketched her while I waited. Is that bad?"

Jane shook her head, realizing he didn't want to be teased tonight. He was prickly from that proverbial tough day at the office, one of those nine-hour Saturdays that turned him cold to the idea of going to the club or even a movie at night. And all day long she'd been counting on having a little fun with the crowd.

Silently she carried the phone book back to the hall, sat down to make the call to her sister that had been interrupted by the sight of her husband's doodlings. The line was busy. Waiting, she stared out the tiny casement window at Neville Anders' house next door. A quick shiver ran down her spine and she stood up. Gordon couldn't possibly have seen Neville picking flowers from that window. No one could!

Jane sat down again, frowning. Gordon had never lied to her, not even about little things. Why should he have implied that he had watched Neville in her garden? He liked Neville, of course, and so did she. And they both felt sorry for her. It was so awful to be a widow at thirty-three, as Neville was. It was worse than not having been married at all, in lots of ways, because you'd ache so for what you were missing. Saturday nights must be the dreariest of all.

Jane shrugged. It was silly of her to brood over Gordon's aimless remark. "I should invite Neville over," she thought. "It would be a nice neighborly gesture." Her left hand hovered over the receiver, (*Continued on page* 75)

June clutched the telephone book. "Come and get it," she challenged as Gordon towered threateningly above her


NEVILLE
05 2-3802

EUROPEAN PICTURE SERVICE

VON HAVEN

THE TOUR STARTS on the most famous avenue in Europe—the Champs Élysées in Paris

I Really Saw Europe – BY BUS!

by Jack Long

An experienced European traveler discovers the most up-to-date and least expensive way to enjoy an adventure-packed tour of the Continent—an 18-day rubber-tired luxury cruise through 6 countries—for only $13.33 a day!

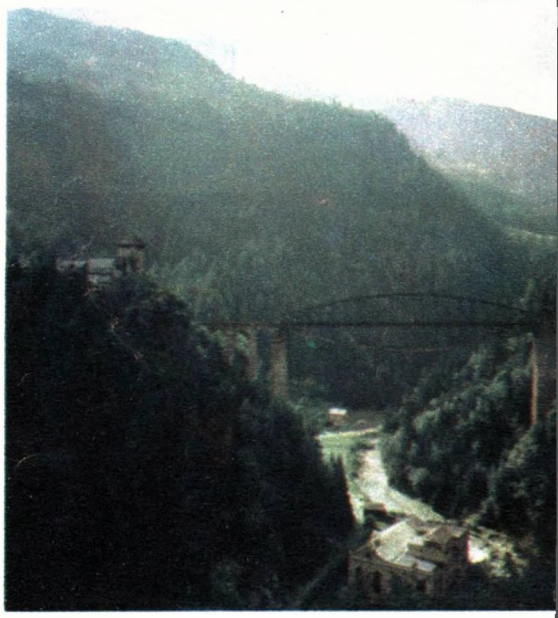
HIGH POINT OF THE TOUR—more than 6,000 feet up—is the Simplon Pass through the Swiss Alps. Notice the small trailer that carries the passengers' luggage. At right: Adele Berg, Chicago, Ill., and the author inspect a Swiss guard while sight-seeing in Vatican City, at Rome

MRS. HELEN CROOKER AND SON, MERVYN, of Vancouver, B. C., pose for a street photographer in Copenhagen, Denmark

BARNELL

"IN THE GREAT PORT of Hamburg, Germany, we found neon-lit night clubs, handsome shops—something close to prewar gaiety"

BARNELL



THE TOUR rolls on through the mist-shrouded valleys of the Tyrol Mountains of Austria

EVER since another American in Paris mistook me for a Frenchman because I was wearing a beret, I have considered myself an experienced and sophisticated European traveler. I've crossed the Atlantic half a dozen times and roamed over most of the countries west of the Iron Curtain, going by steamship, airplane, train, auto, bicycle, and river boat. But on my most recent trip I discovered that I had missed one of the greatest travel adventures of all. I learned that until you've seen Europe by bus, you haven't really seen Europe at all.

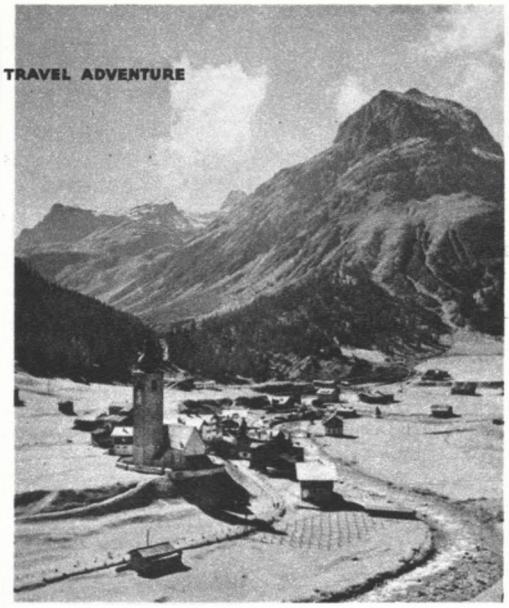
I found this out by spending 18 days on a rubber-tired picnic that covered 2,500 miles through 6 countries. I journeyed in a big blue 34-passenger Diesel land cruiser known to her crew as "Caroline." And Caroline, I might add, was quite a yacht. She possessed fabulous refinements such as I'd never before seen in a bus—a lavatory, for example, an electric refrigerator packed with refreshments, a loudspeaker system for describing points of interest as we passed them, and a radio for keeping in touch with the outside workaday world. Her operators told me, nevertheless, that Caroline would be replaced this season by a new type of air-conditioned coach which is even more luxurious.

My tour started on that famous avenue, the Champs Élysées, in

GOTTESMAN

TWO MEMBERS OF THE BUS PARTY, Mr. and Mrs. Jascha Veissi, Santa Barbara, Calif., take a Venetian-style taxi

AN AMERICAN TRAVEL ADVENTURE



"IN AUSTRIA we passed through tiny villages with pink-stucco houses and churches with onion-shaped spires"

AT A SIDEWALK CAFE in Rome, bus passengers Sue Osmotherly, Winnetka, Ill., Helen Siniff, Wilmette, Ill., and 11-year-old Virginia Bass, Nashville, Tenn., happily sample Italian-style ice-cream sundaes

Paris, took me through Burgundy and the Jura Mountains to Switzerland, over the incredible Simplon Pass through the Alps to Italy, down the Mediterranean coast to Rome, up through Florence and Venice into Austria, and through Germany and Denmark as far as Copenhagen. When it was over my cheeks were rosy, my spine unbent, and my stack of traveler's checks only slightly flattened.

It was a diligent travel agent back home in the U.S.A. who persuaded me that the newest, most economical, and most comfortable way to see Europe is on a package bus tour, with all expenses paid in advance. These tours roll in all directions over the Continent, from the Norwegian fjords to Sicily, and from Vienna to Lisbon. They'll take you from *antipasto* to *smorgasbord*, and from bullfights to wienerwurst. Anything can turn up around the next corner, from a Roman ruin to a precipice with nothing but a 1,000-foot drop below.

The tour I chose was a package put up by the Swedish Trans-European Bus Lines, or *Linjebuss*, as it's called in Swedish. The price for 18 days was $240, including all meals, excellent hotel accommodations, local sight-seeing along the way, and even tips for waiters and porters. That makes an average, in my barely adequate bookkeeping, of $13.33 a day for all expenses. Traveling on your own over Europe—unless you decide to walk—cannot, in my experience, be done for as little, especially by a visitor who's new at the business. My package tour also eliminated the hazards of language, money changing, customs formalities, and getting around in strange cities. These details were taken over by a pair of husky Swedes who served as pilot and co-pilot of the bus, and by an attractive hostess who could handle any emergency with the greatest charm in 15 languages.

Although we covered a big chunk of international real estate in 18 days, there was still plenty of time for fun and games along the way. Our longest day's travel was 330 miles, and there were two days when we did only 70 miles each. We paused for three days in Rome, a day in Florence, and a day in Venice. I've been over much of the route before by plane, train, and private car, but I made enough new discoveries this time to fill two travel notebooks.

Flipping through them now, I'm reminded that I saw not only the Leaning Tower of Pisa, but discovered two more leaning towers in Italy. I watched the Pope create a new saint in Rome. I learned that they sell live crickets at

MAP BY JAMES MACDONALD

THE MAP at left shows the route of Jack Long's 18-day bus tour of 6 countries

THE AUTHOR and young fellow passenger, Mervyn Crooker, shop for souvenirs in Tivoli, spectacular amusement park—the heart of Copenhagen's social life

"WE STOPPED AT NUREMBERG, where some of the picturesque medieval streets have survived the bombs of World War II"

the newsstands in Florence. At a canal intersection in Venice I found a traffic light for gondolas.

I discovered that the *waschautomat*, or self-service laundry, has come to Germany. And to show how far American influence has spread, a "Dine-a-Mite Snack Bar and Service Station" stands on the autobahn outside Frankfort, while in Copenhagen I ordered from a restaurant menu 3 feet 11 inches long, listing 173 different kinds of sandwiches.

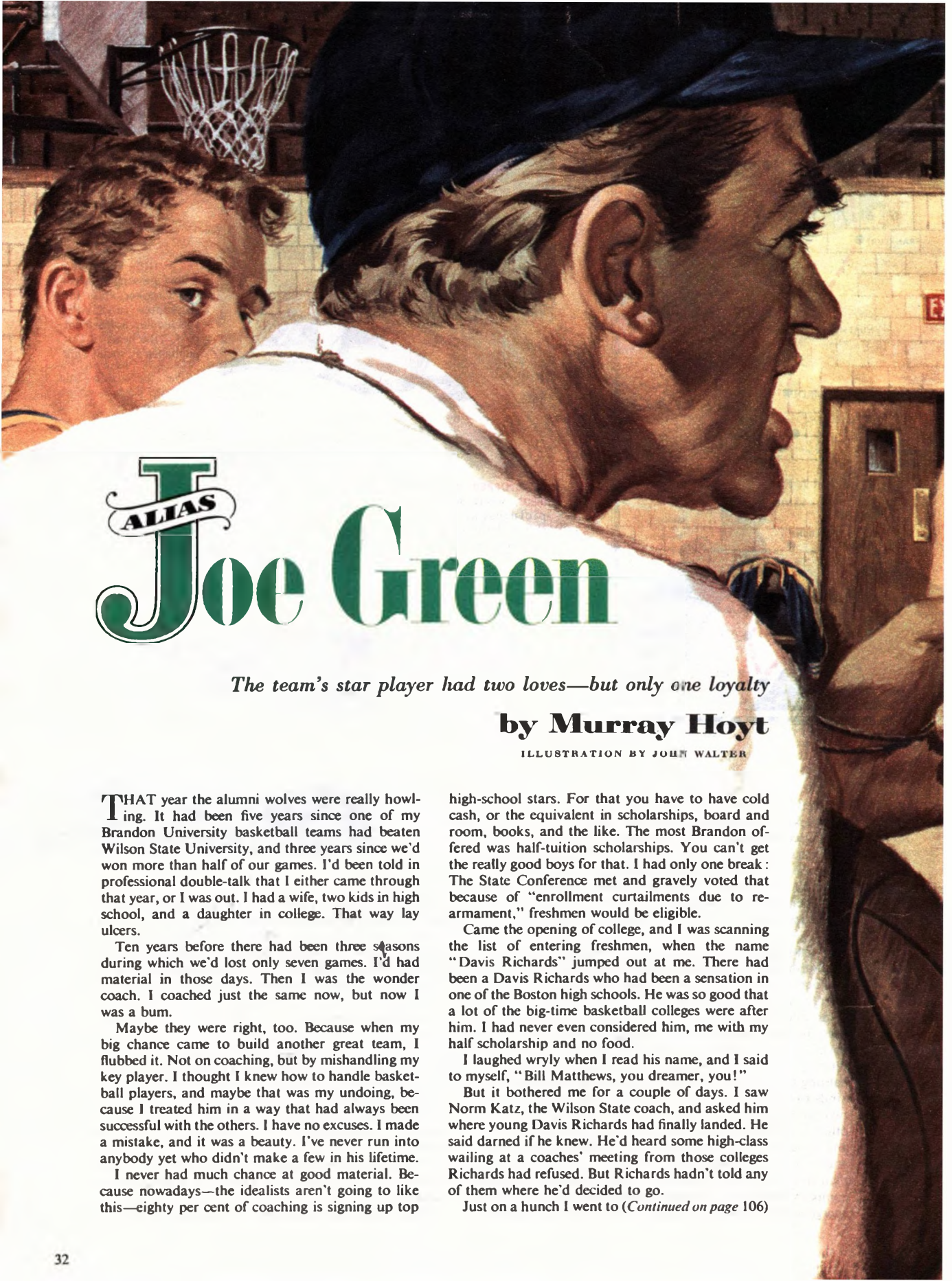
I FIND that the best things about bus touring, however, are not the oddities and wonders you see along the way, but the fact that you can never become either bored or lonely. You're on a traveling house party with a group of all ages, sexes, and tastes, and with a wide choice of walking partners, dancing partners, sight-seeing partners, or rummy partners. On my tour we indulged in a variety of activities, ranging from night-clubbing to catacomb-crawling to sea-bathing to mountain-climbing. We learned that it takes all kinds to make a busload of 33 people. Our group included two professors, one from the State of Washington and the other from British Columbia; two librarians and a mother and daughter from the Chicago area; a concert viola player and an insurance man from California; a young businessman from Sydney, Australia; a retired Swedish telephone company executive; a Danish traveling salesman; and three energetic and attractive Swedish working girls on vacation.

As a foot-loose bachelor, I was naturally entranced by the prospect of 18 days in the company of so much feminine charm. I spent two hours trying to learn how to say "You are a pretty girl" in Swedish, and then the prettiest Swedish girl in the bus spoke to me in excellent English, told me that her name was Svea Hollsten, and that she worked as a typist in a furniture factory in Härnosand.

Elsa Stromborn, our merry and efficient little hostess, explained to me that Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians all study English at school and are generally good at languages. Miss Stromborn's own English was good enough to attract the attention of an American merchant marine officer who was aboard the bus two years ago, and they were married soon after the tour. She expects to retire from hostessing shortly and settle down with her husband in the United States.

Altogether, our passenger list included 13 Americans, 10 Swedes, 3 Canadians, 3 Danes, 3 Finns, and one Australian.

The oldest and youngest (*Continued on page* 84)



ALIAS Joe Green

The team's star player had two loves—but only one loyalty

by Murray Hoyt

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN WALTER

THAT year the alumni wolves were really howling. It had been five years since one of my Brandon University basketball teams had beaten Wilson State University, and three years since we'd won more than half of our games. I'd been told in professional double-talk that I either came through that year, or I was out. I had a wife, two kids in high school, and a daughter in college. That way lay ulcers.

Ten years before there had been three seasons during which we'd lost only seven games. I'd had material in those days. Then I was the wonder coach. I coached just the same now, but now I was a bum.

Maybe they were right, too. Because when my big chance came to build another great team, I flubbed it. Not on coaching, but by mishandling my key player. I thought I knew how to handle basketball players, and maybe that was my undoing, because I treated him in a way that had always been successful with the others. I have no excuses. I made a mistake, and it was a beauty. I've never run into anybody yet who didn't make a few in his lifetime.

I never had much chance at good material. Because nowadays—the idealists aren't going to like this—eighty per cent of coaching is signing up top high-school stars. For that you have to have cold cash, or the equivalent in scholarships, board and room, books, and the like. The most Brandon offered was half-tuition scholarships. You can't get the really good boys for that. I had only one break: The State Conference met and gravely voted that because of "enrollment curtailments due to rearmament," freshmen would be eligible.

Came the opening of college, and I was scanning the list of entering freshmen, when the name "Davis Richards" jumped out at me. There had been a Davis Richards who had been a sensation in one of the Boston high schools. He was so good that a lot of the big-time basketball colleges were after him. I had never even considered him, me with my half scholarship and no food.

I laughed wryly when I read his name, and I said to myself, "Bill Matthews, you dreamer, you!"

But it bothered me for a couple of days. I saw Norm Katz, the Wilson State coach, and asked him where young Davis Richards had finally landed. He said darned if he knew. He'd heard some high-class wailing at a coaches' meeting from those colleges Richards had refused. But Richards hadn't told any of them where he'd decided to go.

Just on a hunch I went to (*Continued on page* 106)

"Listen," I told Dave; "if
you don't play Friday night,
you're through!"

What Teen-Agers want to know about Sex and Marriage

"Must I neck to be popular?" "How do I know when I'm really in love?" "At what age should I marry?" . . . Many delicate questions puzzling today's youngsters are here answered frankly by a mother and teacher who conducts an unusual family-living course for hundreds of high-school boys and girls

By Mrs. Elizabeth Force

THE AUTHOR is a native of Toms River, N. J., and for many years has taught in the local high school, where she pioneered a course in family living that has become nationally famous. Today she has a master's degree in psychology and has taught and lectured at universities and conferences of social scientists. Her textbook for high-school marriage courses, It's All in the Family, *will be published soon.*

ELEVEN years ago I was asked to teach a new kind of course at my high school here in Toms River, N. J. The assignment filled me with some anxiety, because the course was then a brand-new idea in American education and the subject matter was highly controversial. I had to feel my way. Our school board had approved the course after careful study and thorough preparation.

The aim of this new course was to help prepare students for their main role in life, family living. Too many marriages of our graduates, as well as in the nation as a whole, had been breaking up because the partners were unable to handle their roles for one reason or another. Out of these divided homes came troubled children. And troubled children were growing into disturbed adolescents. The course was an attempt to find one answer to this problem.

Soon I found students firing very frank questions at me, questions close to their teen-age hearts and anxieties. And they have continued firing them for 11 years. The questions deal with such nonacademic subjects as love, mating, the secrets of successful marriage, and family relations in general.

A few days ago a comely girl raised this question: "What do you do when a boy gets fresh?"

That, I agreed, was a fair question and opened the subject for discussion. I made the point that the boy in question might very well have been impelled by urges he had little awareness of before that evening. Several of the boys in class emphatically offered the opinion that quite a few girls encourage such "freshness," and then become indignant.

I asked one of the boys, a husky football tackle, his thoughts on how much love-making is permissible on casual dates. He replied, "I don't know—but I sure would like to know!"

Teen-agers are not the only ones who are deeply puzzled by changes taking place in their (*Continued on page* 103)

WHAT ABOUT BABIES? Mrs. Force uses a picture of an appealing infant to break the ice in her marriage class at Toms River, N. J., High School. The photo elicits "ohs" from the girls, "ahs" from the boys, and serves as a starting point for a lively discussion of the problems of parenthood

PHOTO BY JOE COVELLO

AN AMERICAN SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE PAGES

Never Forget

by John Randolph Phillips

Then Nancy laughed and put this rose in the top buttonhole of my shirt

I DIDN'T mean to scare her. But I was always doing things too fast. I was good at dodging responsibility, too, and rebelling against authority. Once I overheard my mother say I was headstrong. The old man just said I was the contrariest boy he ever saw. He said it sad, because he loved me as much as he loved the others, but he said it, just the same.

He was proud of his other children, my two sisters and my five brothers. They'd all had a bit of the devil in them, but they could take discipline and were better off for it. Some of them had families of their own, but they still listened when the old man spoke.

Not that he wasn't somebody to listen to. I was proud of him, too, in my way. In spite of his sternness he was a kind man, and you could bet his word against the world. I never knew him to go back on it. That's why I left home the last time he gave me his word he was going to whip me.

Like I said, I didn't mean to scare her. The thing just happened. We were in the back yard late one afternoon and she was showing me some flowers she'd grown her own self. Her name was Nancy Stafford and she lived with us. Both her parents were dead, her mother and mine had been close friends, and, anyway, our home always had room for one more. She was sixteen then and I was eighteen, and neither one of us knew enough to know what hit us.

Nancy plucked this rose and put it in the top buttonhole of my shirt, and her blue eyes laughed up at me.

I didn't know how to take a girl in my arms. I just grabbed her, and for a second she didn't mind. But then all of a sudden she was beating my chest with her fists.

"Let me go! Let me go, Rives!"

I let her go quick, because my father had walked around the corner of the house and was standing about ten feet from us. He wasn't a big man, but he looked big then, and there was frost in his eyes.

"Go in the house, Nancy," he said.

Halfway there she called back: "Don't do anything to him, Mr. Garth. He didn't mean it."

My old man looked at me. I saw something in his eyes that I couldn't make out, something besides the frost. I think now that what I saw was understanding, but I couldn't make it out then and I always resented what I couldn't make out.

"You scared that child half to death," he said.

"She wasn't so scared," I told him, "till you blundered around the house. Why are you always poking your nose into everything?"

THAT was a dumb thing to say. He never stood for what he called sass. "Come out to the garage," he said.

I knew what that meant, and I wasn't having any. He was sixty-two years old and I was eighteen and he'd whipped me his last time. I walked past him just out of reach. He didn't grab at me. I was bigger and stronger than he was, and I guess he knew he couldn't whip me unless I let him.

Still, he said, "You're good at dodging, Rives, but you can't dodge forever. I'm going to whip you, son, because you deserve a whipping, the next time I lay hands on you."

I walked out to the street, but he didn't follow me. I had thirty-six dollars in my pocket, and downtown I invested part of it in a bus ticket to Lynchburg.

That was in 1942. The first thing I did when I got to Lynchburg was to enlist in the Army. The second was to write my mother and tell her what I'd done.

The Army didn't make a man out of me, but at least it taught me there are times when you can't talk back. When I came back, in '46, I didn't go home to Virginia but stayed on the West Coast and went into business with a buddy from the Army. We did fairly well, but I wasn't ever completely satisfied with myself. I kept hearing the old man say I was good at dodging.

Still I didn't dodge when the Korea thing came along. The trouble out there seemed important to me, and maybe I figured here was another chance to prove I was a grown-up, responsible man.

In Korea I started out just as I had in that other war,

but along the way something happened. I got serious, I made sergeant, and one day, when a good dodger should have ducked aside, I kept going and kept the guys with me going, too.

Later, I came back to the States on rotation, and suddenly I knew it was time to go home. I sent a wire, not to my mother but to my old man. Then I climbed aboard an eastbound train.

My mother and my brother Al met me at the station in that little old country town. When we got home I found my other four brothers and their families waiting for me, and my two sisters and their families, too, and Nancy Stafford. Everybody was there except the old man. I asked where he was, and they said he was down at the store.

They looked me over when they said that, and suddenly I got the feeling that they were reserving judgment on me. Even Nancy seemed to be waiting. To them I was still the kid brother who'd run away from home, the dodger.

I went upstairs and changed into slacks. Then I went to the garage and got out the family car. None of them offered to go with me, for which I was glad.

He was behind the meat counter in his grocery store and his gray eyes brightened at sight of me. We shook hands. Then he told his clerks he guessed he'd be going home for the day. I expected to drive, but it was my old man who got under the wheel. He drove fast, too, for an old guy, and in scarcely any time at all he nosed the car into our garage.

We got out, each on his own side. Then my old man walked briskly around the back of the car to my side and stopped between me and the garage door. Suddenly I got it, and I began to boil all over. I saw the leather strap, still hanging on the wall, and I knew that if he laid his hand on that strap I was going to take it away from him.

I felt like crying. I'd been gone ten years almost to the day, and when I came home all he could think of was that licking he'd failed to give me. I began to tremble, but I wasn't scared; I was just mad. Maybe I felt contempt for him, too, because he couldn't let the thing ride, because he was, after all, a little man who had to act big the only place he could act big.

With his left hand he caught me in the collar. He was seventy-two years old, and yet he had the guts to grab me in the collar. The strap seemed to jump from the wall to his hand. In the fraction of a second it took him to lift it I made the quickest decision of my life. In fact, maybe my whole life had been pointed for this moment. I didn't take the strap away from him. I stood still and let him hit me three times across my shoulders, and nothing in the world ever hurt me as much.

After the third stroke he dropped his hand to his side and let go of my collar. We looked at each other. I didn't see any triumph in his eyes or any particular satisfaction, and I knew then I'd been wrong. He wasn't a little man acting big. It was just that in his judgment I'd needed a whipping for ten years. Where I'd been in those ten years and what I'd done had nothing to do with it. I'd had a licking coming to me and I'd got it. Maybe he was wrong. I don't know. I do know that suddenly, and happily, too, I felt for him the same sober, grown-up, lasting respect my brothers and my sisters gave him.

"I'm a little too old for this kind of thing, Pop," I said, and heard myself laugh.

He didn't laugh, but there was a sudden twinkle in his eyes. He looked at me, and maybe he saw what he'd been a long time looking for. Anyway, he flung that strap to the far end of the garage and he and I shook hands.

In the house, he put his hand on my shoulder and said to all of them, "It's good to have this boy home again, isn't it?"

I was welcome now. They gave me their welcome with the brightness of their eyes and the way they all started talking to me at once. But Nancy's eyes were the very brightest. At least, that's what I thought, that's what I hoped, that's what I intended to find out.

Follow the

OZZIE SWEET

NEW YORK: A winter-vacationing couple, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Bissett of Hartford, Conn., enjoy the increasingly popular sport of skiing at Lake Placid

BOB HOLLAND

VERMONT: Roads stay open all winter to Bromley Mountain, near Manchester. So perfect are the runs that you can ski on the mountain's slopes when there's as little as 2 inches of packed snow

SKI-BUM Trail

For a thrilling winter holiday, a vagabond motor tour of the nearest ski resorts is hard to beat. You'll be amazed at how much fun and adventure you and your family can have trying out a wide variety of lifts and runs

by Hal Burton

CALIFORNIA: Sep Benedikter and family on a week-end outing

HOW would you like to be a "ski bum" this winter? It's easy, and it's fun! I can testify to this, since for two weeks last winter I was a ski bum myself—a vagabond moving from one glittering snowfield to another in the wintry hills of New England, upstate New York, and the rolling Laurentian Mountains of Quebec. I zipped down a new slope or trail every day, savoring the tang of the winter wind in my face, and toasted my shins in front of a new fireplace almost every evening. I came back home with a sun tan deep enough to be mistaken for the Florida variety, the kind of memories that only an explorer can have, and a conviction that a ski bum's life can't be beaten.

As it happened, I traveled by car. But I could have been an air-borne, bus-borne, or train-borne ski bum with equal ease. And I doubt that I ever could have packed more fun, adventure, and downright relaxation into a two-week vacation than I did as a vagabond on skis.

Don't let the name, "ski bum," fool you. It fooled me for nearly 15 years, the length of time I have been skiing. I used to assume that a "ski bum" was twin brother to a "tennis bum"—in other words, a youngster with good muscles, skill at the sport, and a talent for cadging meals or lodging from friendly strangers. I was wrong. I discovered that a ski bum is simply a skier who refuses to stay put. He's a wanderer who spends his holidays moving from one resort to another. In the process he makes new friends, discovers new skiing terrain, and develops an insatiable craving to see what's around the next curve on the road, or over the next range of mountains.

Most skiers fortunate enough to have a two-week winter holiday are prone to pick out one famous resort and settle down there for a full 14 days. That was a sound enough idea before the war, when highways were indifferently maintained and the airplane had not come into its own. But things have changed since then. My wife and I found this out last winter. We traveled some 2,000 miles by car without ever finding ourselves more than 500 miles from our home on Long Island. We motored from area to area over paved roads scraped clean and sanded by efficient highway crews, enjoyed superb skiing every day, and came back with our communal wallet lightened by less than $400. As noted, we could have made the trip as easily by train, plane, or bus.

Even with all that travel, we scarcely scratched the surface of Eastern skiing. Given time and money, we could have spent a full winter without ever visiting the same resort twice. We happened to pick the East because our home is there. But there is skiing wherever there is snow. You can be a ski bum among the rolling hills of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The Rocky Mountain states are dotted with resorts like Sun Valley, in Idaho; Aspen, Arapahoe Basin, Berthoud Pass, and Winter Park in Colorado; Alta, Brighton, and Snow Basin in Utah. On the West Coast, you can ski high above the orange groves of southern California, and move on north up the mountains all the way to Mt. Baker, just short of the Canadian border.

WE LEARNED a lot from our travels, and not all of it had to do with skiing. American winter resorts are geared to the interests of the whole family—a fact which greatly relieved my wife, whose interest in skiing is casual. We ate flapjacks, slathered with shaved maple sugar, at an open-front Adirondack lean-to in the great spruce forests surrounding Lake Placid. We rode a bobsled, with our hearts in our mouths, down the precipitous Olympic Bobsled Run a few miles east of Placid, dropping a mile down that icy chute in less than a minute.

In central New Hampshire, we rode behind a yapping dog team along a forest trail and came on a deer, floundering in chest-deep snow, as we rounded one curve far back in the woods. We skated at night on (*Continued on page* 121)

Going... Going... GONE!

BIDDING BEGINS at typical auction in Stamford, Conn., where the Falkners join in the thrilling game of spotting bargains in antiques

Ever been to a "country auction," where a priceless item can sometimes be picked up for a song? There's fun for the whole family in collecting antiques . . . The thrill of tracking down the piece you want. The high excitement in buying. And the satisfaction of restoring your choice to its original beauty and usefulness

by Leonard Falkner

I HEARD my daughter greet her fiancé rapturously down the hall: "Wait till you see what Daddy's bought us!"

Then they were in the workroom with me, Doris pointing at the mahogany chest of 1830 vintage I'd just brought in from a country auction.

"Isn't it a beauty?" she exclaimed. "Don't you adore it?"

Jim's reaction was bewildered silence. "I guess so," he agreed finally. "Kind of beat up, though, isn't it?"

His words sparked a long-forgotten memory inside me. I took Jim by the shoulders and turned him around. "Get out of here. Both of you. And don't come back till I invite you."

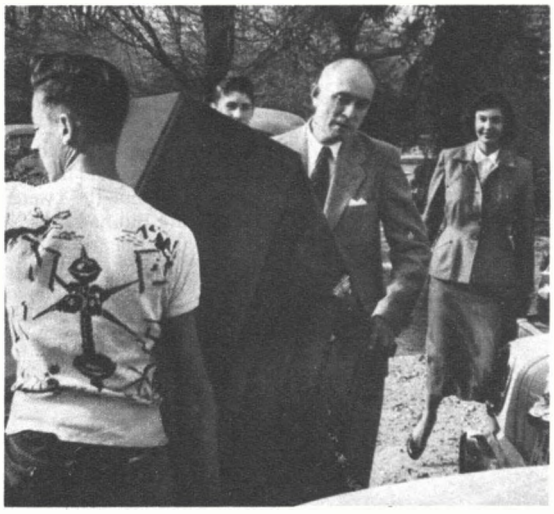
Alone behind the closed door, I looked at the chest of drawers which a moment before I had prized as enthusiastically as my daughter. Stirred by that distant memory, I saw it suddenly as I would have, myself, years ago: a dingy, scarred old piece of furniture, dark with aged varnish, knobs missing, a gaping crack in one of the feet.

BEFORE THE AUCTION the author looks over pieces of antique furniture in which he is particularly interested, to be sure of their condition and authenticity

PHOTOS BY LARRY FRIED

EACH COLLECTOR usually has a specialty. Mr. Falkner goes for colonial furniture. His wife, shown here with him, is more interested in antique glass and chinaware

WILL HE GET IT? Left, a tense moment for the family as Mr. Falkner makes a bid. Good, he wins! Below, the author helps cart off his prize—an antique desk—as his daughter watches



Resolutely, I reached for the can of paint remover.

A week later—a week of evenings spent scrubbing off the old varnish, sanding and restoring and polishing—I let Doris bring Jim back into the workroom. Before him stood the chest, now a sturdy, graceful piece of burnished red, boldly grained mahogany, the missing knobs replaced, the cracked foot repaired.

He stared at it. "Say! Did you know it was going to turn out *that* beautiful?"

"Of course he did," Doris said. She added accusingly, "You called it beat up—remember?"

I remember when I would have, too.

Life is trouble enough, I thought back in those days. Why top it with a mess of hand-me-downs? You knock your shins against them. You can't sit in them without getting a crick in your back. They're always falling apart and have to be repaired.

Then the little virus nipped me, the same that's burrowed under the hides of several (*Continued on page* 123)

Dave entrusted an old dream and a new love to an idol with feet of clay

Frost

IT WAS one of those Sutton Place apartments, high above New York's East River, where you stepped directly from the elevator into the foyer. Carried along with five or six other guests, Dave Malfrey found himself moving swiftly down a passageway into the living room. It was a long, narrow room, handsomely furnished, and filled now at six o'clock in the afternoon with tight little knots of well-dressed people, standing shoulder to shoulder, clutching cocktail glasses in their hands, and talking very fast in high-pitched, animated voices through a thin, drifting fog of cigarette smoke.

The apartment belonged to a couple named Wilder, and Dave had never set eyes on either one of them, but they were friends of Bill Isham's, and Bill had assured him that they wouldn't mind his crashing the party at all. "In fact," Bill had said, "if it's like most of their parties, you can show up, meet Roger, and leave without either George or Marion even knowing you're there."

So here he was, but where was Bill? For that matter, where was Roger Gilmore? Suppose Gilmore didn't come, after all? Suppose he had something better to do this afternoon than attend this crowded, noisy cocktail party? Suppose he decided at the last minute to go to another party or, hard at work on his new book, just forgot about it?

A waiter in a stiffly starched white jacket stopped in front of Dave with a tray of cocktails, and he took one. The waiter moved on, and a girl in a dress the color of violets, with a full skirt that swayed gently when she walked, smiled at him and said, "Hello. This is quite a party, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said, "it certainly is."

He saw now that she was a very pretty girl and that she was also a very young girl. Not more than twenty or twenty-one. Her face had a clean, well-scrubbed look, and except for her mouth, which was painted a soft rose-red, appeared to be completely free from make-up. Her hair, which was cut short, was light brown, and her eyes, between dark lashes, were a clear delphinium blue.

Dave found himself thinking suddenly that even if Bill didn't show up, or even Roger

"There's Roger now!" Dave told Ashley, and she said, "He's very good-looking, isn't he?"

In Heaven

by Allene Corliss

Gilmore, coming to this party would still have turned out to be a good idea.

"Look," he said; "I have a confession to make. I don't even know my host and hostess. In fact, I have never so much as set eyes on either one of them."

"Really?" She was smiling at him reassuringly. "Well, don't let that worry you. I don't know them, either. That is, not well. I came here to meet someone."

"That's funny," said Dave. "That's why I'm here, too. I've been wanting to meet this man—he's a writer—for years, so when this guy who lives across the hall from me, Bill Isham, found out how anxious I was to meet him, he said—"

"He said why didn't you come along to this party today and he'd introduce you to him."

"Yes. It seemed like a wonderful idea at the time, but now I'm not so sure—" He broke off suddenly and when he spoke again a new note of excitement had taken possession of his voice. "There he is now," and quite involuntarily, his hand reached out and his fingers closed lightly about her wrist.

"Who?" said the girl. "Bill Isham?"

"No," said Dave; "Roger Gilmore. There," he said; "just coming in from the foyer."

For a moment they continued to stand quite still, side by side, their eyes fastened on the man who had just come into the room and was being greeted eagerly by the group of people nearest the door. Then the girl said softly, "He's very good-looking, isn't he? Even better-looking than his photographs, if such a thing is possible."

He was. Tall, blond, with a quick, attractive smile, Roger Gilmore stood there at the other end of the room, looking younger, somehow, more boyish than his thirty-five years. He looked carelessly well groomed and successful and only a little, a very little, preoccupied.

"It isn't just that he's good-looking," said Dave, "although he is, of course. It's the way he writes that fascinates me. For my money there is no one writing today, either here or abroad, who can even touch him. He has a new book coming out next spring, you know. He's working on it now."

"Yes," said the girl, "I know." She said then, "If you would like to meet him, and your friend doesn't turn up, I could introduce you."

Dave Malfrey stopped looking at Roger Gilmore and turned his head and stared at her.

"You mean," he demanded a little incredulously, "that you *know* him?"

"Is that so astonishing?" She was laughing at him, but in a nice, not an unfriendly way. "After all, Roger knows all sorts of people. He doesn't exist in a vacuum any more than you or I do."

"No," Dave agreed, grinning back at her, "I don't suppose he does. It's just that I—well, I can't get used to people knowing him, being able to go up to him and just casually start a conversation with him. When you've read everything a man has ever written, and when everything you've done or thought for years has been more or less conditioned by him, it somehow sets him apart."

"You mean that's how it's been with you?"

He laughed quickly. "Well, yes. I was seventeen, a kid in boarding school, when I read his first book. You know—*A More Convenient Season*. That was eight years ago and it—I know it sounds extravagant and young to say this—but in a way it changed my whole life."

She was staring at him thoughtfully, her lower lip caught softly between her teeth. "So things like that really happen," she said wonderingly.

"You bet they happen," said Dave. "I don't suppose he's ever written a word that I haven't read."

Suddenly, over her shoulder, he caught sight of Bill Isham—looking bored, slightly crumpled, and as if he had come here against his better judgment. Still, he hadn't forgotten. He had come.

"Excuse me," Dave said; "there's Bill now." And then he said something else. "Stay right here," he said. "I'll be back." And he shouldered his way quickly down the room.

"Dave, here," said Bill Isham, having made the necessary introductions, "has written a book, Roger. A novel. I haven't seen it, no one has, but he seems to think it's pretty good. It occurred to me on my way over here that you might be willing to take a quick look at it."

Oh, no, thought Dave, shocked. Didn't Bill know that important novelists like Roger Gilmore couldn't be bothered with young, unknown, unpublished writers like himself?

"Is that right?" Gilmore was saying, looking directly at him. "Have you written a novel, Malfrey?"

"Yes," he said, "I'm afraid I have, Mr. Gilmore. But I had no idea Bill was going to mention it. I mean, that isn't why I asked him to introduce us. Believe me, it isn't."

"Oh, for the love of Pete!" said Bill. "Stop being so humble. It won't hurt Roger any to take a quick look at what you've written. He won't have to read the whole lousy novel to tell whether it's any good or not."

Bill had roomed with Roger at college, he had known him "when," and he refused to be impressed with him now that he'd hit the jackpot with three or four books and a good many short stories. Sure, he'd made a lot of money, and the boys who wrote the book columns took him seriously and tossed around a lot of flattering adjectives—but so what? He was still Roger Gilmore, who in the old days had always been broke and borrowing money, and who had finally had to quit school without getting his degree because he was forever running off for expensive, glamorous week ends and couldn't settle down and concentrate.

"Bill's right," agreed Roger quickly. "I won't have to read all of the novel to know whether or not it's got a chance, Malfrey. And I'll be glad to do a favor for any friend of his."

"But you see," protested Dave quickly, honestly, "I'm

not really his friend. I just happen to live across the hall from him."

"Look," said Bill wearily. "When you see a guy dying for want of water, you give him some, don't you? That is, if there happens to be any handy. Well, that's the way it is with Dave, here, the way he's been drooling to meet you, Rog."

"I just happen to think you are a great writer, Mr. Gilmore," said Dave, speaking with a sudden young, rather surprising, dignity. "I happen to think that everything the critics have said about your work is true, and then some."

Roger Gilmore looked at the young man standing there in front of him in his well-cut but inexpensive gray flannel suit. He looked at his close-cropped brown hair and his thin, eager, sensitive young face. And he thought, "Good heavens, was I ever as young as that? As intense, as dedicated, as sincere?" And he thought, "Yes, I suppose I was—a long time ago."

Four books ago, for instance, and heaven only knew how many short stories. Three expensive cars and a cabin cruiser and one broken marriage ago. The house in Connecticut and the place in Bermuda and the apartment in Beverly Hills—in other words, a lifetime ago. But even then, even in the beginning, he'd had a certain sophistication that this kid would never have. Bill had said the youngster was leaving in a couple days for Korea. A reserve officer, he had said, in the Air Force, called back to active duty. But sometime between this war and the last one he had found time to write a book, and now he wanted someone to read it.

No, he didn't want just anyone to read it, he wanted him, Roger Gilmore, to read it. Well, why not? It wouldn't be any good, and he'd have to tell him so. He'd have to write a careful, tactful letter letting the boy down easy. But in the meantime it was pleasant to hear someone tell you, quite honestly and sincerely, that you were a great writer.

It was not only pleasant, it was reassuring. Three years without a book was too long. They kept telling you that, over and over again. Rollo Dewart, his agent, and Wiley Scofield, his publisher, and even, more recently, Sybil Patterson, who thought she was in love with him.

"You can't ride along on your past success forever, Roger," they said, as if he didn't know it better, more agonizingly, than any of them. "It's time for another book," they said. "The last two sold well enough, but they weren't —well, they didn't get the critical support that *A More Convenient Season* got. You wrote them in too much of a hurry." For the money, they meant. Because you had to have it. Because you'd already spent it.

"I know that," he would tell them. "That's why I'm taking my time on this." . . . "But you have started it, you have made a beginning?" . . . "Of course I've started it! I've got the first four chapters done." . . . "Well, why not let us see them? Couldn't you give us at least some general idea as to what it's about?" . . . "No, I couldn't! If I start talking about it, it will spoil everything. I've got to do this my own way."

Besides, how could he tell them what the book was about when he didn't know, himself? *When he hadn't written a line of it.* . . . But they mustn't know that. Rollo mustn't know it, nor Wiley Scofield, nor Sybil. Actually, it was none of Sybil's business, any more, what he did. He and Sybil were through. They'd been through ever since the night, six weeks ago, when he'd walked into that hotel lobby and Ashley Hunter had stepped out of the elevator, a slim girl in a long, white dress, with flowers in her hair. . . .

Roger had gone to keep that first date with Ashley filled with annoyance. An aunt he had never seen, but from whom he had once borrowed a considerable (*Continued on page* 60)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM HALL

"Roger, kiss me," Sybil said. "Just once, so I'll know"

BY THE WAY—

This Is the Story of the Little Green Birds

EVER since I was a youngster in knee pants, swiping pears from a neighbor's orchard, I've been hearing that "Crime Does Not Pay!" In recent years the phrase has been dinned into my ears with increasing monotony. In radio and television it has been worn so threadbare as a trick excuse for blood-curdling stories of violence that, to me, it has become an all but meaningless cliché.

At least, it had become so until last evening, when, sorting out the day's accumulation of papers which I had carried home, I came across a letter which not only moved me deeply, but suddenly brought the tattered old bromide to life with new meaning.

The letter, written with pencil in uneven scrawl, was from a thief and a convict. Not just an ordinary convict, but one who has gone all the way along the crime road and is nearing the dead end. His name is Harry James, and as this is written he is behind bars in the Monroe County Jail at Rochester, N. Y., awaiting trial as a fourth offender. In New York State this means that, if convicted, he faces a sentence of life imprisonment.

After you read Harry's letter, I think you will want to show it to your youngsters, and the neighbors' youngsters. Here it is:

★ ★ ★

Dear Sir:

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is *normal.* Its writers and its subscribers are sane and sensible persons. It is a *healthy* magazine. It entertains the cheerful and honest majority.

I am not a member of that majority. I am in jail waiting trial and sentence as a 4th offender. I am writing THE AMERICAN only because I have something to say that, I think, the great AMERICAN MAGAZINE "family" has never heard before. I'm no professor of English, but I hope I'll manage to make myself understood.

Everybody knows that crime doesn't pay. Even the criminal knows it. Yes, he does. In most cases he continues in crime, not because he expects to make it pay, but because he is like the fellow who just can't stop gambling or taking dope.

Sometimes people try to explain *why* crime doesn't pay. They cite F. B. I. statistics and court records and case histories.

I can prove the unprofitableness of crime, not by argument, but by just a plain statement of facts. It will be the story of "The Little Green Birds."

This last time I was arrested on a charge of burglary, not long after my wife had entered a tuberculosis sanatorium. Last spring, before I found out what ailed my wife, I bought her a pair of parakeets to cheer her up and keep her company while I was at work.

Yes, I worked. I worked hard. Many criminals do. I worked in a plant that made glass-lined tanks. In my spare time, among other things, I cooked all my meals and did all our shopping.

All this time I loved my wife, who was in and out of the hospital four times in eight months. I got her the little green birds, and she loved them from the start. She called them "George" and "Annie." She spoke baby talk to them. They learned to recognize her face and voice. When she entered the room they'd chirp in a certain peculiar way and perform cute little tricks they never did for anyone else. They'd turn their heads and follow her movements around the room. They were *hers.*

When she first entered the sanatorium she often spoke of the day when she would be well enough to come home and see her little green birds. When I got arrested we had to sell everything and give up our kitchenette apartment. Mary cried when the lawyer went to the hospital and told her that even the birds would have to be sold.

Now, I may be separated from her for a long time, perhaps forever. She will be alone among strangers, with few visitors, and with virtually no small change for little luxuries. She'll wear patched pajamas and paper slippers. She'll bear everything patiently, but she'll miss the little green birds. She loved them.

And that's the best proof in the world that crime doesn't pay. It robs our loved ones of the things they love.

It takes the little green birds out of our lives. In this age of atomic bombs and horrible secret weapons, propaganda and hate, we all need little green birds and the things they suggest to us and inspire in us. Love and loving-kindness, tenderness, compassion. Beauty, color, warmth. Life. Tranquillity. Trust, faith.

You have writers who can say all this better than I can. You have my permission to let them use the facts and views I have set down in this letter.

★ ★ ★

Today I looked over our roster of staff writers. For the life of me I could find none who I thought could say it better.

The Editor

TRAVELING JONESES

PRESENTING TWELVE EXCITING PAGES OF
UNUSUAL PERSONALITIES IN TEXT AND PICTURES

America's Interesting People

GEORGE'S HAPPY NEW YEAR

COP-PREACHER

FRED'S FISH

PEANUT'S PINS

January 1953

ARMCHAIR ANGLER

Fred Filkins, fireside fisherman, catches trout from the stream which runs through his Grand Rapids home

FRED FILKINS likes to fish, but he believes in catching 'em in comfort. Whenever he or the Mrs. feels in the mood for a fish fry, Fred gets out his fishing gear, puts on his slippers, seats himself in an easy chair in the den of his house in Grand Rapids, Mich., and pulls in a trout or two. So far as he knows, he lives in the only house in the world with a trout stream flowing through it. People from all over the country have come to see Fred's indoor brook, and some are lucky enough to be invited to do a bit of armchair angling themselves. Because the fish are his own private stock—screens across the brook at each end of his property keep them at home—he needs no fishing license and theoretically there's no limit to his catch. But being a true sportsman, he obeys all the rules.

Fred says an indoor trout stream has the outdoor variety beat all hollow. Besides that matter of an easy chair, he can fish in either summer or winter. The stream, a fast-flowing one, never freezes even in frigid weather. And on a blazing summer day, with the thermometer pushing toward the 100 mark outside, Fred's den never goes above 75, because the cold water acts as a natural air conditioner. Most important to Mrs. Filkins is not the fishing, but the effect of the water on her plants. She claims the moisture in the air works miracles on their growth. Her geraniums in the den shoot up until they scrape the ceiling, and have to be cut down to garden size.

Fred, a maintenance superintendent for a hardware manufacturing outfit, long has owned 66 acres just outside the Furniture City. On the land ran the meandering brook, so when Fred got ready to erect his new house 5 years ago, he built it, with Mrs. Filkins' full consent, smack over the stream. By a bit of work and planning he changed the stream's course to wander all over his property, and created 6 deep pools which he keeps well stocked with future fish dinners. Today he's convinced the entire operation was the smartest thing he ever did.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERT EMANUEL FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

BROADWAY IN A TENT

St. John Terrell okays a colorful mannequin, part of the circus trappings which draw the crowds into his tent-staged musical shows

ST. JOHN TERRELL, a chap in his 30's, first became interested in tents and entertainment when, at the age of 16, he performed to gaping crowds as a fire-eater in a touring carnival. After graduating from his fire diet, he served in World War II as a Troop Transport Command Pilot. When he was discharged because of crash injuries, he joined a USO unit and went to Manila, where the outfit was to put on *This Is the Army*. With the servicemen primed to sample their first stateside entertainment in many months, the announcement suddenly came: "Show canceled." In war-torn Manila not a stage was left standing big enough to hold the production.

Ex-fire-eater Terrell, remembering his days under carnival canvas, spoke up. "Get out the bulldozers, dig a saucer, and put a tent over it," he said. "Put the actors in the middle, and the men can sit around them." So the show went on, and, at the same time, it started a bug working in Terrell's head which today is paying him big dividends. By 1949 he was putting his idea into practice—staging big Broadway musical comedies and operettas in a gaily-colored circus tent, seating the audience around the stage. He chose Lambertville, N. J., as his locale, got some backers to put up cash, and started plans for *The Merry Widow*. When a flood of bills descended on the novice producer, long before the show was ready, his "angels" got cold feet, grabbed back their cash, and disappeared. Terrell withdrew his meager bank savings, borrowed from friends and family, hocked his clothes, and *The Merry Widow* went on. Everyone except Terrell was surprised when it turned out to be a whopping success. He followed it with such shows as *Kiss Me Kate, Blossom Time, Roberta, Carousel,* and a dozen others. Staged with all the hoopla and fanfare of a carnival, he calls his venture Music Circus. It plays to summer audiences each year at Lambertville, and, come winter, Terrell loads the works on trucks and tours the South.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN BERNEWITZ FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

André Borgeaud brings in a rescued dog, one of the 600 he has cared for in California's Mint Canyon

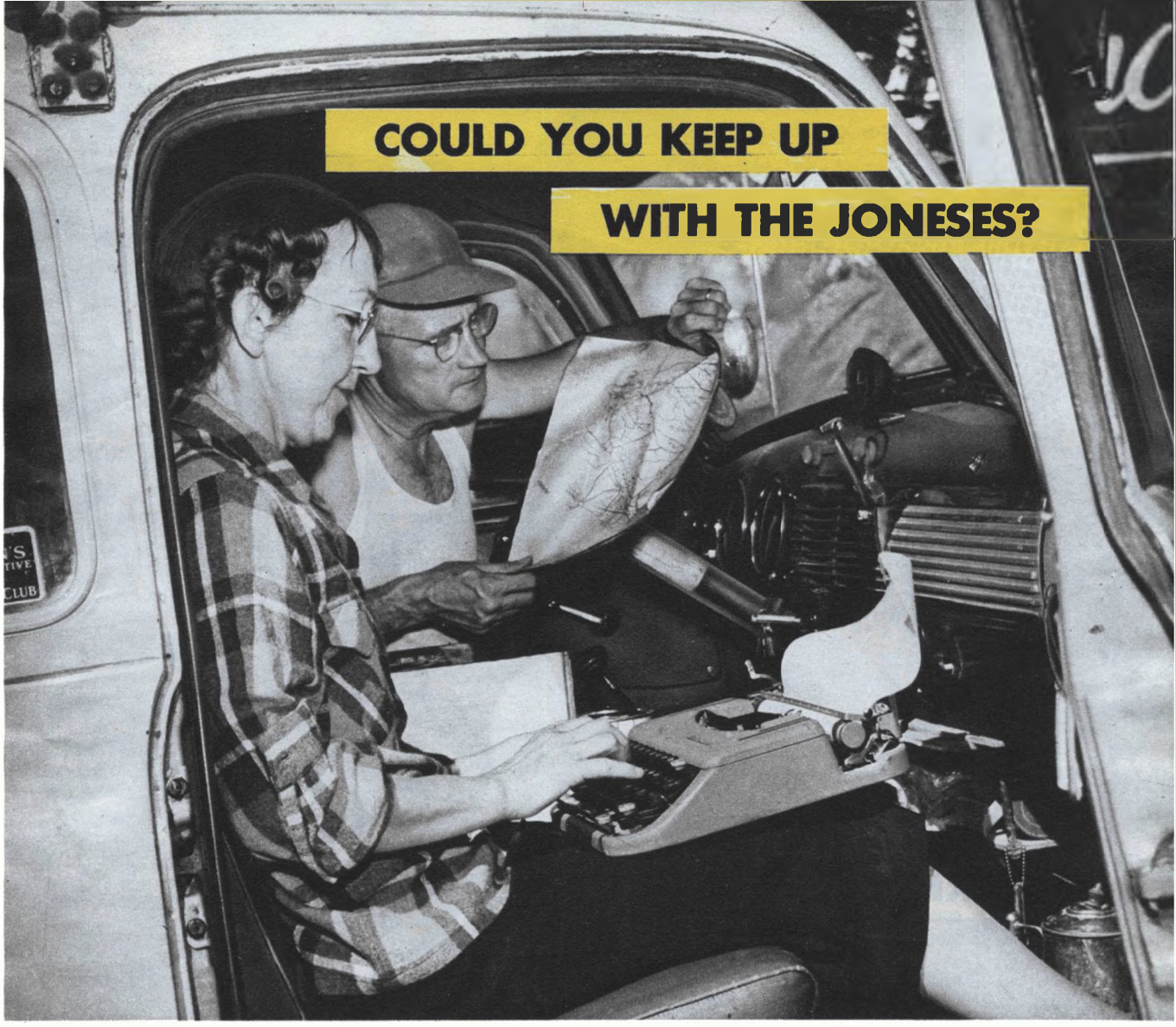
WHEN ANDRÉ BORGEAUD and his wife headed west from New York a few years ago, lost and homeless dogs in California found the best friends they can ever hope to meet. At a small restaurant that they have established in Mint Canyon on the Sierra Highway, the Borgeauds hold open house for stray mutts of all sizes, dispositions, and mixtures which heartless owners in nearby Los Angeles have carried to the desert to be dumped from cars and abandoned. As many as 60 rescued dogs have been sheltered at one time at the Borgeaud place.

André can't bear to see animals suffer. Bringing them in from the hot desert sun, he nurses them back to health, and houses them in kennels he built at the rear of his café. "They are frightened, bewildered, and sometimes half dead after being cruelly tossed into the desert by masters whom they love," André says. "Someone has to take care of them or they would soon die. I can't help picking them up and bringing them home." During the 6½ years he has been operating his restaurant, he and Mrs. Borgeaud have given shelter to over 600 strays, spent about $12,000, in feeding them, and found good permanent homes for most of them. Many motorists stop at the restaurant and ask André for one of his dogs. He doesn't honor all such requests. Before he gives a dog away, a prospective owner must undergo a rigid cross-examination by André and tell in detail just how he will house, feed, and care for the pet.

The Borgeauds went to California because André was fed up with his work as a captain in a fancy New York night club. They wanted a peaceful atmosphere and relaxation. For company they brought along three dogs of their own. Once established on the desert they spotted their first stray, and decided they had room for one more. Since then there has always been room for another. They still look forward to the time when they can take a short vacation. But right now there's too much to do at home.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK BIRNS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

COULD YOU KEEP UP WITH THE JONESES?



Tyrah Jones kept the daily log of their 40,000-mile car ride, while husband Howard studied the maps

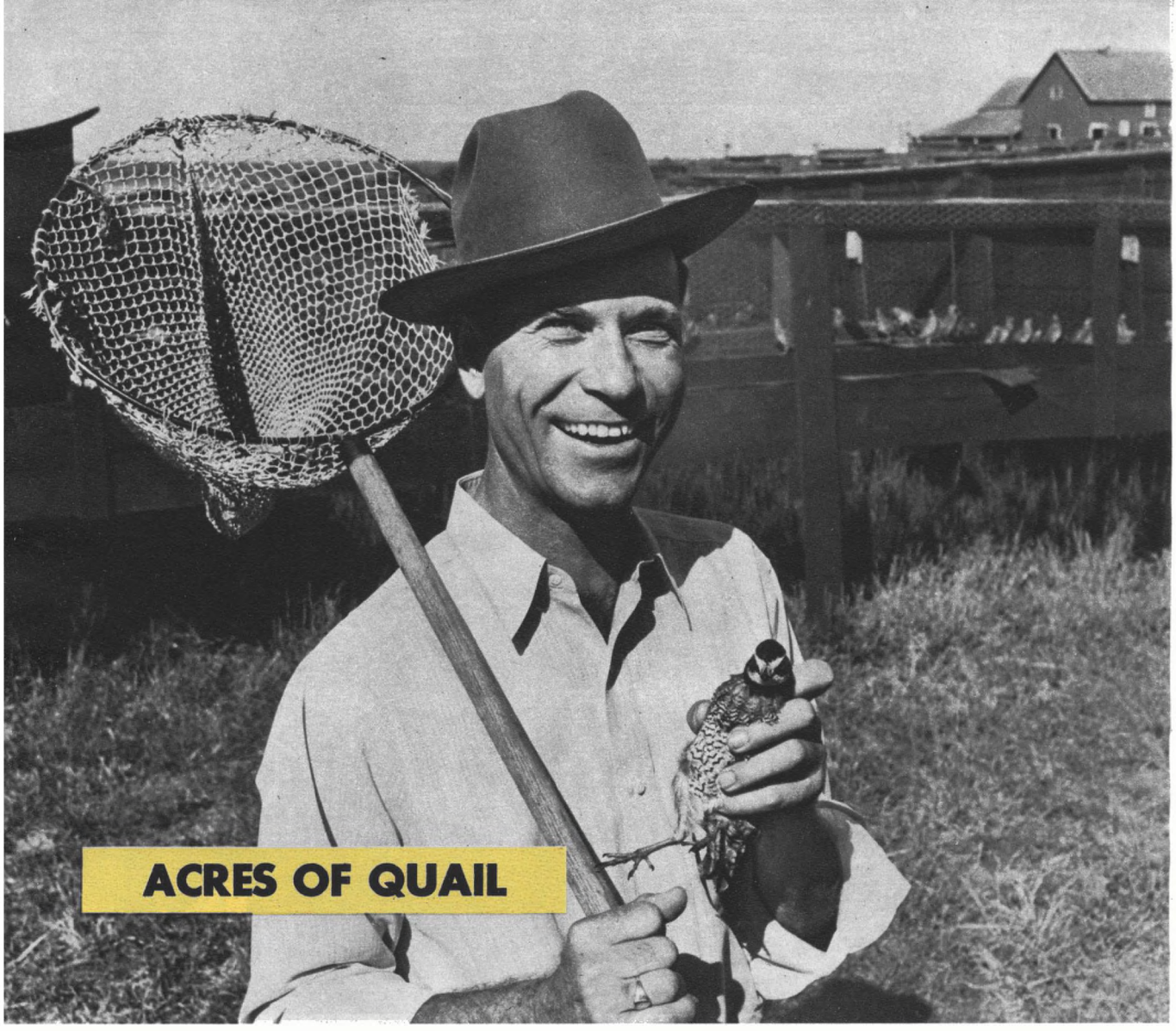
HOWARD JONES and his wife, Tyrah, carried a wanderlust around with them through 31 years of married life. They always wanted to travel. But there was a family to raise and the daily routine of living in their hometown of Dunkirk, Ind. Over the years, however, they saved what they could and salted their savings away for "that big trip we'll make some day."

Well, they finally made it: a 40,000-mile 2-year jaunt which they completed last year and which took them by car from Dunkirk to 150 miles beyond the Arctic Circle on Alaska's northernmost road, back down through western Canada and the western United States, on into Mexico, Central America, and most of the South American countries all the way to the southern tip of the continent. Then they drove back to Buenos Aires, where they caught a boat for home. They went through jungles, over ice fields, deserts, and mountain trails, across tundra, pampas, rickety bridges, and straight through shallow rivers. Occasionally, too, they'd hit a 4-lane concrete highway, but that was the exception.

These two quiet homebodies made the trek in an ordinary suburban carryall named The Warrior, which they equipped with extra fuel tanks carrying 30 gallons of gasoline. They put a foam-rubber mattress in back, an electric fan, a gasoline stove, an ample supply of canned food, and a big container of water, so that they could keep house right in the car when they wished to. Mrs. Jones cooked in the car and washed clothes in roadside springs. They usually slept in the car, and Mr. Jones never missed a day shaving.

The Warrior is still in good shape, although they wore out 9 tires. Now the 50-year-old couple are back in Dunkirk running the family business, a funeral home, which son William took care of while his wandering parents were away. They report the entire trip cost surprisingly little and that they had a wonderful time.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD SASSO FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



ACRES OF QUAIL

Carl Lowrance, the farmer who learned to raise quail on a large scale, displays one of his prize birds

CARL LOWRANCE, who lives near Joplin, Mo., owns what is probably the strangest "poultry" farm in the country. There's not a chicken, duck, turkey, or other domestic fowl on his 40-acre place. Just acres and acres of wild quail. Despite its novelty, Lowrance's venture is a booming success. Last year he produced and sold more than 30,000 birds valued at a minimum of $2 each, selling them in lots of no less than a dozen. And he had to turn down orders for another 26,000 simply because he didn't have enough birds on hand. Besides his profits from the birds themselves, he does all right with the sale of their eggs. Each quail egg is worth 35 cents. From May through July, the months during which the hens lay, Lowrance figures on 4 to 7 eggs a week from each hen. In a good week, his egg production reaches 3,000.

Lowrance started his farm 3 years ago this month. As a sportsman and conservationist, he was well aware that America's wild quail population was being sharply reduced by over-enthusiastic hunters. Many parts of the country which once had abounded with the birds no longer could boast a single quail. Experts told him he couldn't raise wild quail in any great numbers because the birds refuse to be domesticated and are prone to many ailments. This kind of challenge was all Carl needed. He began with a few birds, and developed special ways of his own to keep them healthy and happy as their numbers increased.

Today he ships them all over the country to sportsmen's clubs, Boy Scouts, farmers, and conservation organizations which are restocking areas where quail had become extinct. Other customers are exclusive restaurants all the way from New Orleans and New York to Chicago and San Francisco, which serve the tasty game at fancy prices to discriminating patrons.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE BY ROLAND PATTERSON

HE'S ALWAYS FIRST!

Visitors from all over line up to see Bert Hanson's new ultra-modern farmhouse

THE STORY of Bert Hanson, Vernon Center, Minn., farmer, is one of many "firsts." People around Vernon Center are used to hearing that Bert has been first in this or first in that—usually the No. 1 man in county or state events. Bert, for instance, was the first man in Blue Earth County to own an airplane, and he was the first farmer to be chosen twice as champion corn picker of the state. Now he's the first man in the nation to build an ultra-modern farm home, charge $1 admission to satisfy the curiosity of hundreds of visitors, and turn over the proceeds ($1,050 to date) to the building fund for a new hospital.

Bert has a honey of a house. It cost him $40,000, but he, Mrs. Hanson, and the three kids who live at home—one son is married—say it's worth every penny. While it was a-building from Bert's own modernistic design, neighbors and passing motorists saw that here was something really unusual, and asked to go through it. They got in the way of the workmen, however, so Bert told everyone to wait a while and they'd get a chance to give his home a good once-over once it was completed. True to his word, when the last gadget had been installed, and the last piece of furniture put in place, Bert announced an Open House. But instead of letting them in for free, he explained, he would give each visitor a personally guided tour for $1, then turn the money over to the building fund of the new Emmanuel Hospital in nearby Mankato.

Bert's house is a cross between a ranch and Spanish type, the outside made of Kasota stone, the inside of pumice blocks. Over-all dimensions are 58 by 70 feet. Among the mechanical conveniences are 4 thermostats controlling separate radiant heating systems, a complete assortment of automatic equipment including food freezers, clothes washer, ironer, and dryer, refrigerator, and a master switch which can turn on every light on the place.

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. LANE FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

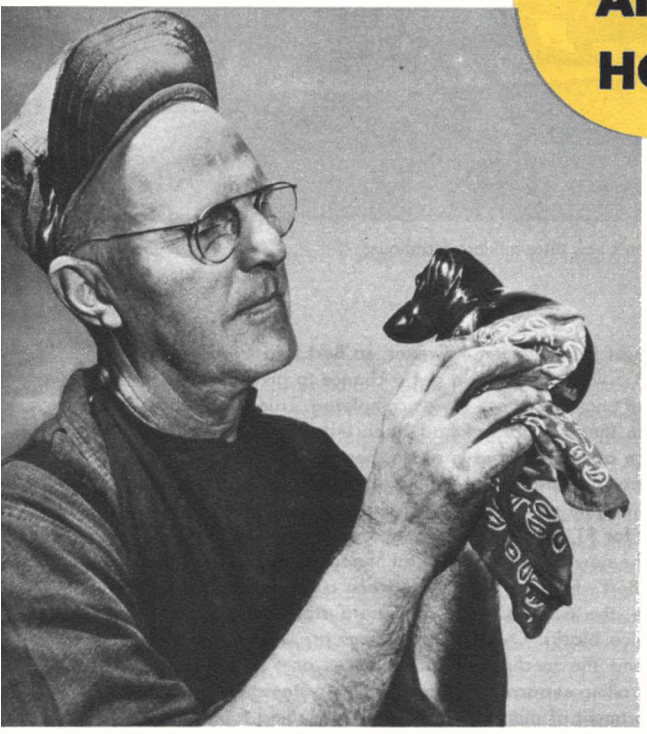
COLD AND HOT

MAGICIANS pull bunnies out of hats, but George Weising of Fairfield, Conn., goes them one better. He magically creates rabbits, along with many other kinds of animals and objects, from huge blocks of ice. His tools: a few chisels, an ice shaver, a large-toothed saw, and a blowtorch. His ice sculpturing requires not only the dexterity of a magician but the skill of an artist. Moreover, it provides Mr. Weising with an excellent livelihood.

He works primarily for caterers and hotel managers, who call on him when they want a special type of table decoration for an elaborate dinner or banquet. His creations bring from $5 for a delicately carved basket filled with icy flowers or fruit, to several hundred dollars for replicas of famous people or buildings. He often demonstrates his expert ways with ice by performing in person at sportsman shows. His quick, deft strokes as he swiftly changes an ungainly block of ice into a shimmering, gracefully curved swan always bring a round of applause. His ice-statues usually last 6 to 10 hours at room temperature. Weising has been making ice carvings since he was 8 years old.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY GILLETTE FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

George Weising, ice sculptor, uses a blowtorch to put the finishing touches on New Year carving

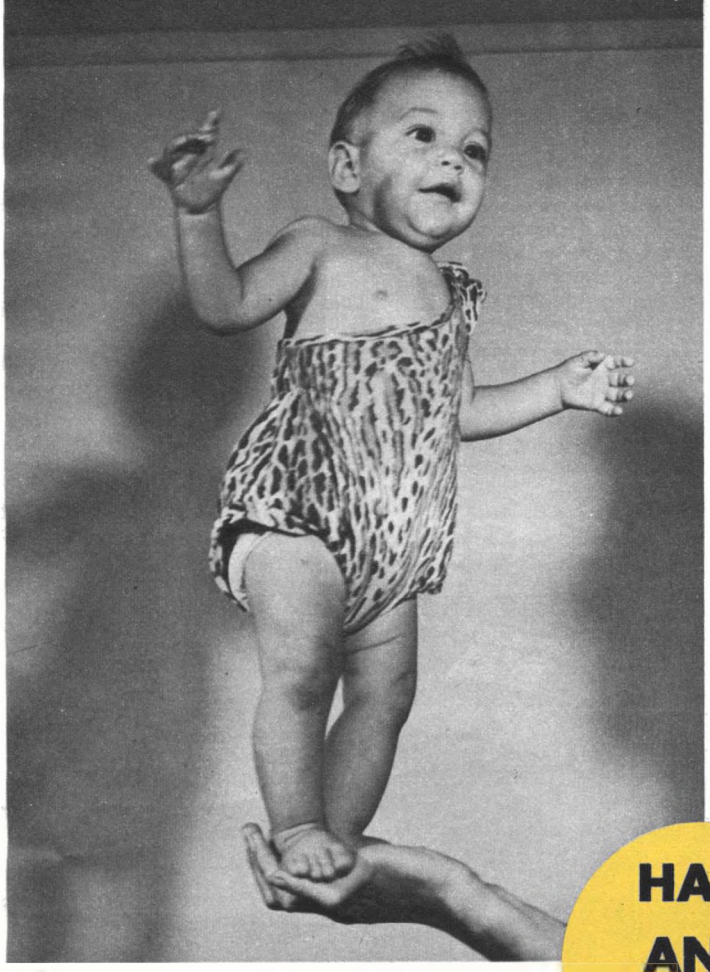


Charles Cunningham, coal sculptor of Summit Hill, Pa., polishes the figure of a dog he has just completed

CHARLES CUNNINGHAM does *his* sculpting from hard coal. This Summit Hill, Pa., carver is, like George Weising, an artist. Also like the ice-expert, he is no novice. Some 63 years ago, his father, a coal miner, took up whittling to pass the time during his lunch hour. Coal was more plentiful than wood, so he made miniature objects from that substance. His statuettes, worked with a pocket knife and file, soon became so popular with local folks that he sold a number of the pieces. Eventually he gave up coal mining to open a small shop where he sold his whittlings.

Before long he taught the craft to each of his five sons. After the father died, however, only one son, Charles, stayed in the coal-sculpting business. He developed and improved on his father's technique, until today his creations are real works of beauty, far more valuable than novelties. With his chisels, lathes, and special engraving tools he makes jet-black shiny jewelry, ash trays, human and animal figures, and decorative pieces of all types, including a three-foot-long model locomotive, accurate to the minutest detail.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM NOCELLA FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



Young Peanuts Rennison of Wilmington, Calif., gets ready for a workout

EDWIN (PEANUTS) RENNISON is quite a fellow. He flabbergasted doctors in Osteopathic Hospital, Fort Worth, Texas, where he was born, by raising himself up at the age of 2 hours to take a good look at the pretty nurse who was caring for him. Since then he's been amazing everyone but himself. Peanuts evidently thinks an 8-month-old youngster can do everything an adult can do—and then some. His accomplishments include standing on his head without assistance, doing handstands, flips, and balancing acts on his father's hand.

Now a resident of Wilmington, Calif., a suburb of Los Angeles, Peanuts is the first child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rennison, who are mighty proud of his achievements. You could see their smiles a mile away when he reached the 6 months' mark and doctors told them that his muscular development was better than most kids of 2 years, and that his perception was far beyond his age. When he entered the world, Peanuts weighed in at 14 pounds. He isn't talking yet, other than to say "Coo-oo," but if he suddenly comes up with a complete vocabulary it won't surprise his parents.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LOU JACOBS JR. FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

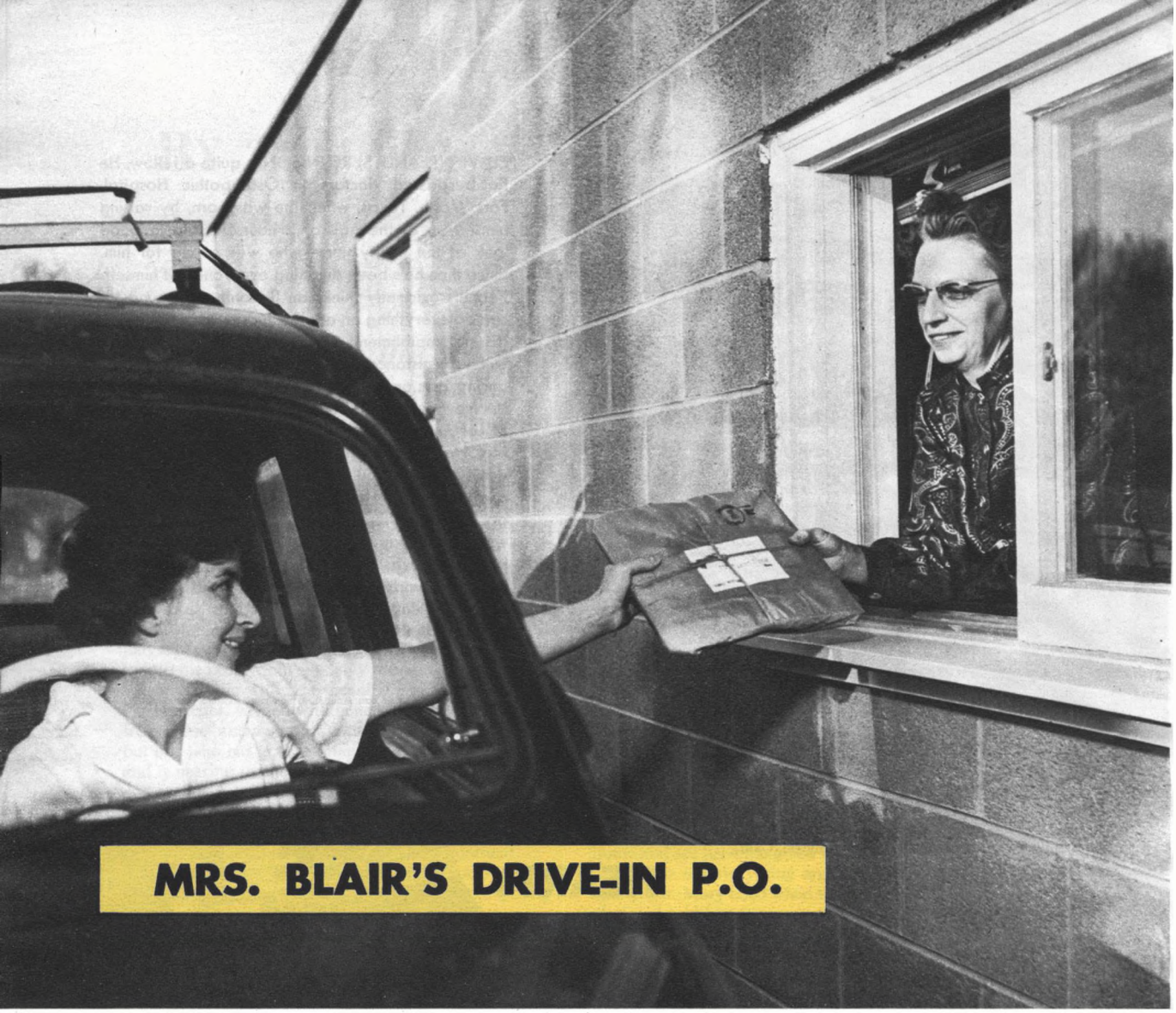
HALE AND HEARTY

JAY W. (DADDY) JOHNSTON is as hearty as they come. This 100-year-old man works every day as a carpenter on various jobs in Los Angeles, Calif. In his spare time, he's building a 3-room addition to his own house. He totes 100-pound rolls of roofing paper up a 20-foot ladder as easily as a youngster could.

Daddy Johnston, who served in the Civil War and fought with Teddy Roosevelt in the Spanish-American War, weighs 200 pounds, stands as straight as a 2 by 4, and measures 6 feet 2. He claims he doesn't know what it means to be sick and credits his health and long life to never eating breakfast. "People should give their stomachs a rest," he says. "Heck, I'm good for at least another 25 years. Of course, I won't make it if I ever start eating breakfast." He gets up at 5 A. M., has his first meal at 11, then takes a light lunch of fruit shortly before bedtime at 9 P. M. He got his no-breakfast theory from the Iroquois Indians whom he knew well as a lad. Daddy was born in Hot Springs, Ark., one of 27 children. He has outlived 2 wives and fathered 16 children, 15 of whom are living.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LOU JACOBS JR. FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Jay W. (Daddy) Johnston, centenarian of Los Angeles, Calif., starts a roofing job as spryly as a youngster



MRS. BLAIR'S DRIVE-IN P.O.

Getting the mail is easy in Leaf River, Ill., since Mrs. Ralph Blair started her Drive-in Post Office

ALTHOUGH LEAF RIVER, ILL., has a total population of only 415 people, including those in the "suburbs," parking problems which plague larger metropolises are often found here, too. When everyone drives into town, the streets get crowded with cars. In the district around the Post Office, however, that problem has been solved, and you can give the credit to Mrs. Ralph Blair, the Postmistress. She and her husband worked things out by building the only Drive-in Post Office in America. Here you don't have to park at all. Just drive right up to the window to buy your stamps, send your packages, or pick up the morning mail. Mrs. Blair got permission from the Government for her new-type Post Office, but no material assistance, since Leaf River is a third-class office, and it's up to the Postmistress herself to provide the facilities.

The idea for the Drive-in job came when Mrs. Blair took the problems of her patrons to heart. Their most frequent complaint was that they had hunted around for 10 minutes for a parking spot, finally found one a half-block or so away, then walked to the Post Office to pick up their mail, only to discover that they didn't have any. Then, one evening, Mr. and Mrs. Blair sat down for a conference on the subject of enlarging the small Post Office premises. Being a finisher in the carpentry trade, Mr. Blair knew a lot about building. As they discussed the project, the idea gradually dawned for a Drive-in.

Postmistress Blair gives her husband all the credit for doing the actual work. He worked evenings and week ends for three months. The new Drive-in Post Office is modern in appearance, has a 26-foot plywood sorting bench, plywood cabinets for supplies, tile floor, brick front, and that all-important window to which the cars drive up. Mrs. Blair is an old hand at being Postmistress, having had the job for 15 years.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE BY BOB NATKIN

THE LAW AND THE PULPIT

ON HIS BEAT Patrolman Rex Coffman of Greenville, S. C., keeps law and order in the best tradition. But when he takes his uniform off, he's an ordained minister and Superintendent of The Greenville Rescue Mission. Sometimes he doesn't have time to take off the uniform; there's so much work to be done in the pulpit or the Mission.

"The Preacher," as he's known around town, is both liked and disliked in Greenville. Those who have a real affection for him are the transients, the sick, the needy, those who have gotten off the straight and narrow and need a right steer rather than a jail sentence, his fellow officers, and most of the townsfolk. On the other side are a few who sneer at his rehabilitation work, doubters and cynics who sometimes charge that "The Preacher" enjoys arresting people just so he can rush down to the jail afterward and save their souls.

Such criticism doesn't change Coffman's ideas about his duties or affect his work. Although he made 711 arrests last year, he bends over backward to avoid locking anyone up. If a drunk will go home quietly, "The Preacher" gets him a cab. Instead of being sent to jail, men without homes get taken to the Mission, where they can stay until they're ready to move along. Other Mission residents are people in temporary jams, like the mother and her three children whom Coffman found stranded one night in a bus station rest room trying to get warm. Local judges often send a man or woman to the Mission when they feel that "The Preacher" can do them more good than the lockup. Coffman can number by the dozens those who have listened to his sermons and gone on to become useful citizens.

Coffman completed his ministerial studies at the Holmes Bible College in Greenville about four years ago. At first, he and his wife planned a future life as foreign missionaries. But now the preacher-cop has found his work right at home.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MONTY DUPUY FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

As a cop, "The Preacher" frisks a holdup suspect. He'll visit him later in jail as a minister

In the pulpit Coffman lays down another kind of law. Services are held nightly at the Mission

ILLINI LOVELY

SOMETIMES PEOPLE are outstanding just because everyone likes them. Lois Lindsey, our January Coed of the Month, has that distinction, but Lois has a lot more than personal popularity to her credit. Her chief interest is in people. You can sense this in the pleasant lilt of her voice when she's conducting a program over Station WDWS in Champaign, Ill. No one on the campus was surprised when her sorority, Delta Gamma, last year elected her their "Ideal Girl."

Lois is in the School of Journalism and Communications at the University of Illinois, where she maintains a straight "A" average, and is president of the local chapter of Theta Sigma Phi, women's honorary and professional journalism society. Because of her special way with people, she was assigned to call on a noted orchestra leader, generally considered a tough subject to interview. She not only got her story, but the musician was so pleased with her helpful manner and genuine interest in his work that he took her to lunch.

At Station WDWS Lois is practically the whole show. She's paying all her university expenses by her work at the studio, where she conducts a 15-minute weekly story hour for kiddies, writes commercials and continuity, and subs for regular announcers when they are away. At one time or another she has acted as record librarian, conducted a program called "The Junior Stork Club," on which she announced the births of babies, and another named "Town Crier," devoted to local events.

In addition, she finds time to work on committees at the YWCA and the Illini Union, to help arrange shows for the Spring Carnival, and to make freshmen feel at home during Orientation Week.

Party night: Lois Lindsey steps down the graceful stairs in the Delta Gamma house

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT BURCHINDER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

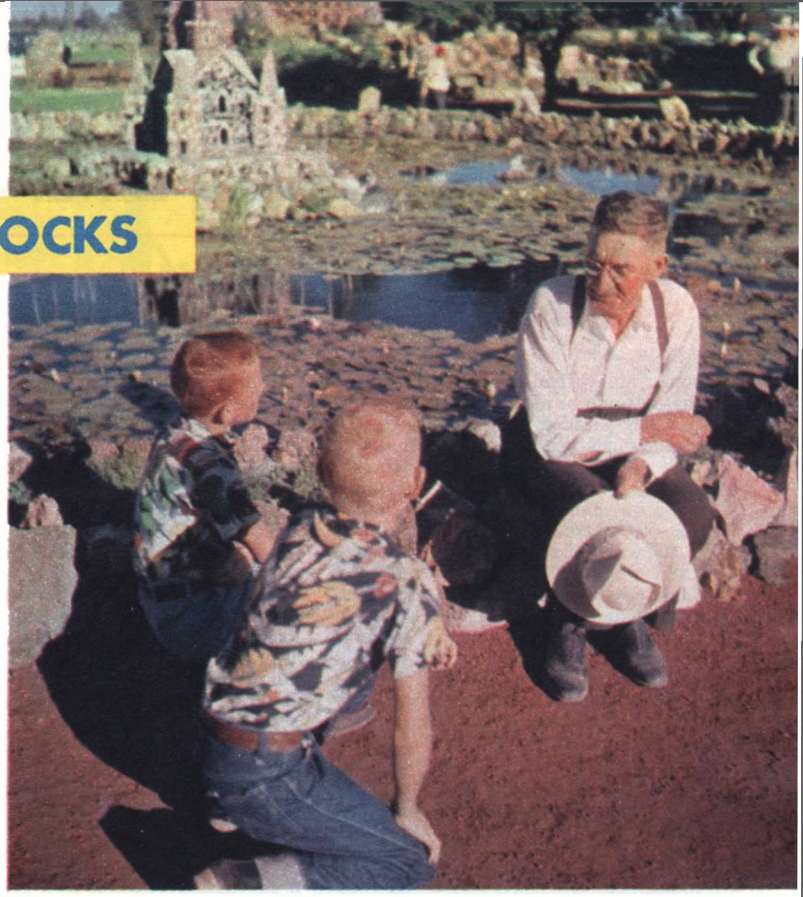
A CROP OF ROCKS

SOON AFTER young Erasmus Peterson bought 256 acres of land near Bend, in central Oregon, back in 1906, he started asking himself whatever made him do it. This was supposed to be good wheat and potato country, but it looked to farmer Peterson as though his principal crop would be rocks. They jutted out from and littered the ground everywhere, thousands of them—big ones, small ones, some jagged, others smooth, some round, some square, some brilliantly colored, others coal-black, but mostly just plain rocks. As Peterson began his seemingly hopeless task of clearing his acreage, he ruefully reflected that while many of the rocks were interesting to look at, they certainly wouldn't help him grow potatoes.

By 1936 Peterson had his land pretty much cleared, with the rocks concentrated on 12 special acres. His first feeling of resentment toward them had gradually given way to one of interest. To help pass the time in winter, after his crops had been harvested, he often worked in the "rock garden," piling and rearranging his vast collection. Occasionally he selected a few appropriate specimens and amused himself by building miniature houses, castles, bridges, and towers. His architecture was as unusual as the rocks themselves, and his neighbors soon began dropping in on Sunday afternoons, not to discuss the outlook for next season's wheat and potato crops, but to look at Peterson's rock creations. As his structures multiplied, so did the number of visitors.

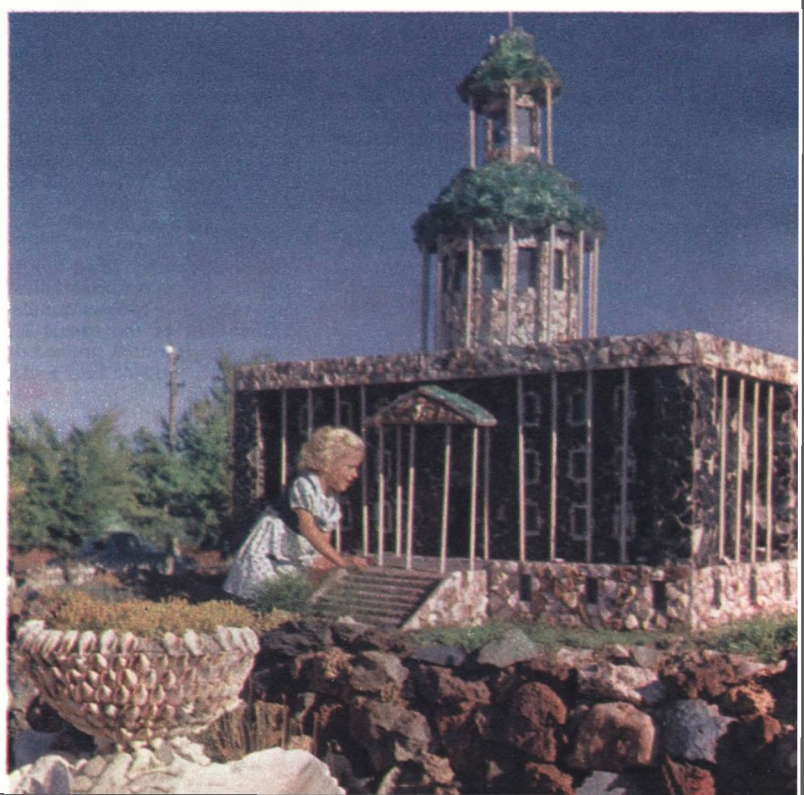
Last year 125,000 people from all over the United States paid 10 cents each to visit Peterson's Gardens, which each season become more of a rival to Mount Hood as one of Oregon's outstanding tourist attractions. Guests have a lot of fun maneuvering pedal-powered boats around the ponds past lighthouses, windmills, miniature cities, and castles all made of rock. They gape at his museum of lava specimens, agate and fluorescent rocks. Peterson has long since sold all his acres except this prized 12.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOU JACOBS JR. FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



Erasmus Peterson tells two young visitors how he built the world's most unusual rock garden

Youngsters find Peterson's castle as strange as anything in a fairy tale



FROST IN HEAVEN

(*Continued from page* 45)

sum of money, had written and suggested that it would be nice if he looked up this perfectly strange girl. It seemed her mother had married again recently, a man much younger than herself, and finding it an embarrassment to have a full-grown daughter around, had shipped her off to New York for the winter.

She was a nice child, his aunt insisted, and it would be kind of him to take her to dinner, help her find a suitable small apartment and a job. His aunt had not once mentioned the money he had borrowed, but it was obvious she had not forgotten it, although, until he opened her letter, he had. There had been nothing to do, naturally, but call the girl up.

"Shall I wear a long dress?" she had asked, and he had said, "By all means," in spite of the fact that, until she had suggested it, he had had no idea of making it that kind of date. Pacing up and down the small lobby of her residential hotel, he had hoped the dress wouldn't be too impossible.

He needn't have worried; it had been exactly right, and she had looked exactly right in it, and he had taken her dancing until two in the morning. And dancing with her, his face pressed against her clean, sweet-smelling hair, he had fallen in love with her; not as he had fallen in love with Nora, who had been his wife, or with Sybil, or with any of the others in between, but in an entirely different way.

He was in love with Ashley in a frantic, desperate sort of way, as if this were his last chance to snatch and hold fast to some illusive magic which so far had always managed to elude his grasp. He'd almost had it with Nora, at the beginning of their marriage, but not quite. And since then not at all. Now here was Ashley, and with her he could have it. But he mustn't move too quickly, he mustn't make the mistake of frightening her off.

"It's very nice of you to feel that way about my work," he said, returning abruptly to the present moment and Dave Malfrey. "Bill has my address. Send your novel along any time and I'll be glad to take a look at it."

And now his eyes dismissed Dave gently, graciously, and went in search of Ashley. Where was she? He'd asked her to meet him here. . . . Oh, there she was, marooned over there near the piano, looking quite lost and alone, poor baby. He nodded smilingly at Dave and Bill and started quickly in her direction. Only to be stopped in his tracks by Sybil Patterson.

"Roger. I have to talk to you."

"Some other time, Syb."

"No, Roger. *Now.*"

Her eyes had that cold, unflinching look he knew only too well. You couldn't cross her in this mood. Not without creating a scene, and the last thing in the world he wanted to do was create a scene.

"All right. But where? We can't—"

"Come with me. I'll find a place."

He went. Reluctantly. Flinging a quick, despairing look in Ashley's direction.

And down there at the far end of the room Ashley saw him go and saw the look he had flung at her, a look that said as plainly as words, "I'm sorry, darling, but this is something I can't do anything about." And then he and Sybil disappeared through a doorway.

A moment later Dave Malfrey was making his way to Ashley's side.

"Well," she said, "I see you talked to him. How did it go?"

"He was wonderful. He's even going to read my novel. Bill suggested it and—well, he couldn't have been nicer about it."

"Oh, so that's it. You're a writer, too."

"Well, not exactly. That is, I've never published anything."

"But you have written a novel?"

"Yes, I have. And I can't believe he's going to read it." He laughed. "Look," he said; "I feel like celebrating. You wouldn't go somewhere with me and have dinner, would you? . . . No," he said quickly, answering his own question, "of course you wouldn't. Why should you? You don't even know me."

For a moment her eyes swung thoughtfully toward the open doorway through which Roger Gilmore and a tall girl in a black cocktail dress had just disappeared. Then she said, "That's all right. You don't know me, either."

"You mean you'll go?"

"Why not?"

She held out her hand to him and he took it, and, with fingers linked lightly, they walked like two polite and decorous children out of the room. They rode down in the elevator, crossed the lobby, and stepped outside into a clear, early fall twilight.

All up and down the quiet street lights were flashing on in the windows of the tall apartment buildings and, while they watched, night seemed to settle down suddenly, claiming first the river and then the city. For a moment more they hesitated, a nice-looking young man in a gray flannel suit and a girl in a dress the color of violets, and then, their eyes meeting, they found themselves laughing gently, at each other and at the whole delicious situation.

"I don't even know your name," he said. "Mine is Malfrey. Dave Malfrey."

"And mine," she said, "is Ashley. Ashley Hunter."

"Ashley," he said. "That's a funny sort of name for a girl, but I like it. It suits you."

"Maybe," she said, "that's because I'm a funny sort of girl."

"Maybe," he agreed. Then he said, "Where shall we go? Somewhere expensive and important? Or shall we just walk along until we come to some place we like?"

"Let's do that," she said, slipping her arm through his. "Let's just walk along." And her voice floating up to him was soft as the wind blowing in off the river, and absurdly young, absurdly happy. . . .

And back in the apartment they had just left, in a small room off the room in which the cocktail party was getting noisier and noisier, Sybil Patterson was saying to Roger Gilmore, "About this girl, Roger. This Ashley Whatever-her-name-is. Who is she, anyway? And just how does she happen to be here today?"

"She's here," said Roger coolly, sitting down on the arm of a chair and snapping open a thin silver cigarette case, "because I asked her to meet me here. As to your first question, she's just what she seems to be—a very lovely, very young and charming girl whom I met six weeks ago in a completely conventional way. In fact, an aunt of mine out in Santa Barbara wrote and asked me to look out for her, see that she found an apartment—that sort of thing. By the way," he said, smiling suddenly, "you don't happen to know of a small apartment, do you? It would have to be fairly inexpensive, I imagine. She has an allowance from her mother, but I don't suppose it's more than a couple of hundred a month."

"No," said Sybil, taking a gold lipstick out of her purse and making up her mouth with quick, savage motions. "I don't happen to know of an apartment. But I do know that you have stopped calling me up, that you have made no attempt to see me for the six weeks she has been in town. And I don't like it, Roger! I don't like it at all."

"Well, I've been pretty busy, Syb. Pretty tied up. Perhaps you've forgotten that I'm supposed to be writing a book."

"You've been writing this book for a long time, Roger. Or you say you have. Sometimes I wonder if you've ever started it—if you've ever written a line of it."

"Are you crazy, Sybil? Of course I've started it." . . . "Here we go again," he thought. Why did she have to drag the book into it? Why was she looking at him, her eyes narrowed, as if she didn't believe him?

"Okay, so you've started it." Sybil shrugged. "Let's skip the book. I don't give a hang about the book. But I do care about us, Roger. About you and me. . . . Are we through, Rog?" she said abruptly.

"Through? You mean through being friends? Why, of course not."

But they were. That is, he hoped they would go on being friends, but they would no longer see very much of each other. He knew it, and so did Sybil. It

had been nice while it lasted. It had been very pleasant. But he'd never really been in love with her. He'd never been really in love with anyone except Nora, and now Ashley.

"You're lying," Sybil said. She was a hard girl. A hard, bright girl with a hard, bright finish. Guaranteed not to scratch or mar easily. She had been married and divorced, not once but three times, and she knew all the answers. She had gone into this thing with Roger six months ago, with her eyes wide open, and she knew it was foolish to go on with it, but she couldn't stop.

"You're crazy about her, aren't you?" she said. "Why? Is it because she is so young? So untouched? Is it because you think that with her you can go back and recapture your own lost youth, and perhaps begin to write again?"

"What do you mean, 'begin' to write again? I am writing!"

"Are you?" She laughed mockingly. "Rollo doesn't think so. Wiley Scofield doesn't think so. They think you're finished—*and so do I.*"

She stopped, a little shocked at what she had heard herself say. She shouldn't have said it, of course. She didn't know that Rollo or Wiley Scofield thought anything of the kind. She wasn't even sure she felt this way herself. All she knew was that she was sick with jealousy. A girl ten years younger than herself; a girl with eyes the color of hyacinths and hair its own natural brown and a mouth that even without lipstick could be warm and rose-red and exciting. . . . If he had to replace her so soon, why did it have to be someone so dewy-eyed and radiant that in comparison you felt like a hag?

"I'm sorry," she said. "I shouldn't have said that. It isn't even true."

"That's all right," said Roger. "Forget it."

"You're not angry?"

"Not at all."

"And you will call me up? I mean, this isn't—"

"Of course not."

"Roger, do something for me, will you? Kiss me. Just once, so I'll know. So I'll be sure."

She went close to him and stood with her face lifted to his. She wasn't beautiful, she had never been beautiful, but she had a certain direct, insidious charm. Especially when she narrowed her eyes like this and parted her brightly painted lips slowly, invitingly.

He bent his head and kissed her lightly, but when she tried to cling to him, he eluded her embrace expertly. He said, "You asked me to kiss you, Syb, and I did. Let's not make a production of it."

He turned and walked quickly out of the room, and there was nothing for her to do but follow him. . . .

"Well, Ashley," said Roger, "what do you think of it? It's not a bad apartment. Small, of course, but now that you have a job you won't be spending too much time here, anyway."

Lord, she looked beautiful, standing there beside him in her slim little suit, with that bright scarf knotted about her throat and her brown hair casual and shining!

"I like it very much," she said, "and I don't mind its being small." She went on, "It's awfully nice of you, Roger, to go to so much trouble about me—first the job, and now this place."

"What makes you think it's any trouble? Maybe I like to do things for you. Maybe I would like to do much more than I do."

"I don't see how you could," she said. "Right from the first you've been wonderful to me, Roger."

"That," he said, almost casually, "is because right from the first I have been in love with you." He smiled at her. "Why are you looking at me like that? Don't you believe it? Don't you believe that I am in love with you?"

"I don't know," she said. "I suppose if you say you are, you must be. But it all seems a little—incredible."

"But, darling, what is incredible about it? You're a very charming, very appealing sort of girl. What's so incredible about my having fallen head over heels in love with you?"

"I'm also pretty young and—well, inexperienced. I guess," she said, frowning a little, "that what I am trying to say is that so many things have happened to you, Roger, and nothing important has ever happened to me."

"Maybe that's why I'm so crazy about you," he said honestly. "Maybe I'm fed up with all the things that have happened to me. Maybe I realize that actually none of the things that have happened to me have been very important."

"But that's ridiculous, Roger! You can't really feel that way. You're a successful writer."

"You mean," he thought, "I *was* a successful writer. Ten years ago. Five years ago. Even three years ago." . . . But what was it Sybil had said? "You can't ride along on your past success forever, Roger."

And she was right; you couldn't.

"You've made a lot of money," Ashley was going on.

"And spent it."

"But that's what I'm trying to say! Just having spent a lot of money makes a person different."

"In other words, if you had met me before I ever wrote a single word you might have felt differently?"

"Well, yes."

"But you didn't, Ashley. You met me two months ago. And I'm crazy about you. I really am, whether you believe it or not. And if you would just let me, I could prove it to you. But you won't let me, Ashley! You build all sorts of little fences around yourself, you put up all sorts of little signs reading, 'Keep out.' A guy simply can't get through to you, darling."

It was true. She was sweet and warmly responsive—up to a point. But when you kissed her, nothing happened; that is, nothing happened to her. Lord knows plenty happened to you.

"Look," Roger said abruptly; "is there anyone else? Some boy back home, maybe?"

"No," she said. "Really, Roger, there isn't anyone."

"Okay," he said; "so there isn't anyone else and you do find me—well, shall we say attractive?"

"You know I find you most attractive, Roger."

"And you like being with me?"

"Very much."

"And you wouldn't like it if I stopped seeing you, stopped calling you up?"

"Frankly," she said, "I'd hate it."

"But you're not in love with me?"

"I don't know. Yes," she said, "I guess I probably am. That is, a little."

"What do you mean by 'a little'?" he said almost angrily. "You're either in love with someone or you aren't. You must know that, Ashley."

"Yes," she said, "I guess I do know it. . . . Look," she said; "must we talk about it any more? I mean right now? Can't we just talk about the apartment? That's what we came here for, wasn't it? To decide about the apartment?"

"Darling," he said, sighing deeply, "you're impossible. A sweet, lovely, utterly impossible girl. . . . Okay, we'll talk about the apartment."

So then they talked about the apartment, and she decided to take it. Her job at the art gallery on East 58th Street didn't pay very much, but she could still afford an apartment, because the check her mother sent her each month more than covered her current expenses. It was a generous check, because her mother, recently married to a man ten years younger than herself, didn't want her around underfoot and was willing to pay handsomely to see that she stayed away. "You'll love New York, darling," she'd said. "All girls your age should have at least one winter there on their own."

But her mother had been wrong. Ashley did not love New York, she did not like being on her own. If it hadn't been for Roger, the last two months would have been grim, indeed. All of which made her feel more than a little guilty at having walked out on him like that, two weeks ago, at that cocktail party.

When she got back to her room that night the telephone had been ringing, and it was Roger.

"Where have you been?" he demanded. "I've been calling every fifteen minutes for the last two hours. You were standing all by yourself over there by the piano," he said. "I started over to you and someone stopped me, and when I looked again you were gone."

This hadn't been quite true, of course. It had been he, Roger, who had disappeared first, but Ashley decided quickly not to point this out to him. She said, instead, "Well, you didn't come and didn't come, and after a while I—I just decided to leave. I went for a long walk, and finally I came back here. The telephone was ringing, and it was you."

They had talked for a little while and she had promised to have lunch with him the following day, and they had hung up.

She wondered now why she hadn't told him the whole truth. And decided it was because she had wanted, rather desperately, to keep what had happened to her that afternoon and evening, entirely private, entirely to herself.

But just what, she asked herself, *had* happened to her?

Actually, nothing very much. She had met a young man at a cocktail party; they had left the party and walked south for quite a long time until they came to a small cafe. They had gone in and sat down at a table covered with a coarse but clean white cloth, and had ordered food: chicken cooked in a brown earthen casserole, and a tossed green salad, and hard rolls and sweet butter, and a bottle of Italian wine. They had talked easily and eagerly about a number of different things, and on their way back to her hotel in a cab he had told her that he was leaving in a couple days for Korea.

It would probably be a short war, he had said, and when it was over they must celebrate his return by having dinner at the same place. Presently they had said good night to each other and good-by, and that had been that. It had been stupid of her to hide it from Roger, especially as she would now never be able to ask him about Dave Malfrey's book. She would never be able to say to him, as she so much wanted to, "Have you read it? Is it any good? As good as he thinks it is—as he hopes it is?"

She could, however, talk to Roger about his own work, and in the weeks immediately following she did try to talk to him about it. But he always managed to put her off, to change the subject.

As fall slid forward into winter she got the definite impression that Roger's work must be going badly. He obviously wasn't sleeping well; he had lost weight and he was drinking too much.

One afternoon late in February as they sat in her living room, listening to music from one of Roger's favorite recordings, she decided to ask him straight out if anything was wrong.

"Tell me something, Roger," she said, sitting down beside him on the red sofa. "Is the book going badly? Are you worried about it?"

"Worried about it?" he said. "Certainly not. Why should I be *worried* about it? It's coming a bit slowly, that's all. But I won't be hurried, I won't be pushed around—not by Rollo, not by Wiley, not by anyone." Even you, my sweet, his voice implied a trifle bitterly.

She said, "No, of course not." And after that she never mentioned the novel to him again. But one day in March, Rollo Dewart, his agent, called her up and asked her to drop around to his office on East 43rd Street.

Rollo was an abrupt, harassed, slightly stoop-shouldered man in his late fifties. He managed a stable of writers who were, for the most part, as valuable and often as temperamental as a string of race horses. He had been very fond of Nora, Roger's divorced wife, and he still kept in touch with her. He didn't know this new girl of Roger's, but the story around town was that Roger was crazy about her and that Sybil Patterson, who had wanted to marry Roger herself, was plenty burned up but was playing smart and being an amazingly good sport about the whole thing. Rollo had never approved of Sybil as an influence in Roger's life; on the other hand, the switch in Roger's affections hadn't seemed to produce any better results where his work was concerned.

"Look," he said to Ashley, after they had talked for a few minutes. "You've been seeing more of Roger this winter than any of the rest of us. Is he or is he not working on a new book?"

For a moment she didn't answer him. Then she said, "Well, he says he is."

"That's just it!" said Rollo, his hand crashing down hard on his desk. "He says he is! But can we prove it? Look." He leaned forward. "He's taken advance payments from Garland House, his publishers. I won't tell you how much, but it's plenty. They're getting hot under the collar over there, and I don't blame them. If I could just tell them that someone, you or I or the woman who cleans his apartment, had read a couple of chapters it would reassure us. I thought perhaps he'd read some of it to you—but he hasn't?"

"No."

"Look," he said; "what is your own private opinion? Do you think—?"

"I think we've all got to leave him alone," she said steadily. "I think he's got to do this his own way."

"You don't think he's all washed up, then? You don't think he's kidding us and kidding himself? You don't think he just hasn't got another book to write?"

"No," she said, "of course not. Of course, I don't think that." And then she stood up and said, "If that's all, I'll go now," and she turned and walked out of the office.

Rollo Dewart sat there and let her go. What else could he do? It had been a shot in the dark, calling her in. There'd been just a chance that she might be able to tell him something. But she hadn't, and that was that.

He would let this thing ride another week or two and then he'd get Roger up here and really crack down on him. He'd been patient, no one could say he hadn't been. But Roger had been putting them all off for months now, making all sorts of promises and then breaking them. He'd have to come through with something during the next few weeks or he could find himself another agent and another publishing house. . . .

Exactly three days later, Roger Gilmore walked into the office, laid four hundred and thirty-five pages of neatly typed manuscript on Rollo's desk, and said, quite casually, "Well, there it is, Rollo. There's the book you and Wiley have been yelling for. And, just between the three of us, it's the best thing I've ever written."

Roger still couldn't believe that he had really done it. It had all happened so quickly, so inadvertently. Nothing had been planned, nothing thought out. He'd come across the manuscript quite accidentally one night and picked it up with a sharp feeling of guilt. After all, he had promised the kid to take a look at it. He'd torn open the brown wrapping paper and read the note Dave Malfrey had clipped to the title page. A short note, hastily written, it had said merely that Dave was sorry he didn't have a better copy to send along, but he had typed the novel himself and didn't even have a carbon. The note had also said that until now he had never shown the book to anyone, for the simple reason that he hadn't known anyone who, he felt, would be interested.

Roger had tossed the note into the wastebasket and had read the first page of the manuscript. Then he'd read the first chapter. The telephone had rung a couple of times, but he hadn't bothered to answer it. At a quarter to twelve he had finished Dave Malfrey's novel. And his first thought had been, "But it's good! It's not only good, it's terrific." His second thought had been, "I might have written it myself. It reads as if I had written it." And his third thought had been, "It's the book I should have written three years ago when I went into this tailspin."

"I met Harry while I was operating a duplicating machine in his office"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY LAFE LOCKE

This tailspin he was still in. This tailspin that never seemed to end.

And suddenly he had found himself facing the question he had been evading for months now: Was it possible that this thing was just going to go on and on? No more books. No more short stories. No more anything, except a steadily increasing pile of bills, of debts. He owed everyone: his tailor, the florist shop around the corner, half the restaurants in town. He owed two thousand dollars in back income taxes and he was three months behind on the check he tried to send his mother each month. She wouldn't say anything, never said anything, but without it life wouldn't be easy. And then, of course, there were all those advances from Garland House. Four of them.

What a mess he was in! What an unholy mess! And it wasn't that he hadn't worked, that he hadn't tried. He had, at first. But nothing he had done had been any good. And recently the ideas had simply refused to come. For months, now, he had sat down at the typewriter, day after day, and nothing had happened. It was horrible. And how much longer could you go on pretending to yourself, to Rollo, to Wiley Scofield, to all the people you met around town that everything was all right? That everything was fine?

Not much longer, he told himself grimly.

And what happened when you stopped and told people the truth? What happened when you said, "Well, you see, it's like this: There isn't going to be a new book—not next week, not next month, not ever"?

What happened then?

He heard a sound like a groan and realized that it had come out of his own throat. It was a choked, rasping sound such as a woman or a child might have made, caught in a moment of sheer fright, and it brought him abruptly to his feet. For a moment he stood there, swaying slightly; then he turned and plunged blindly out of the room. . . .

The bar was warm and dimly lighted, and he sat down on one of the high bar stools and ordered a brandy. Someone slid onto the stool next to him and said, "Hello, there, Roger. What brings you down to this part of town?"

He looked up, and saw that the man beside him was Bill Isham.

This part of town? What part of town? He'd walked for hours, not even noticing where he was going, much less caring.

Bill, fortunately, didn't wait for an answer. "What's new with you?" he said. "Don't think I've seen you since that cocktail party at the Wilders' last fall."

"That's right," Roger agreed, nodding his head automatically. "Guess that was the last time."

They talked for a while about nothing much, and then Bill said, "By the way, remember the kid I introduced you to that day at the party—Dave Malfrey his name was? Well, you never know." Bill paused and took a crumpled pack of cigarettes from his pocket, shook one loose, and tapped it gently on the back of his hand. "He's dead. He was killed a few weeks ago over in Korea."

"Dead?"

"That's right. The superintendent's wife down at our place saw his name on a casualty list. She took it real hard. He'd lived there in the house a couple of years and she'd grown kind of fond of him."

"That's strange," said Roger slowly. "That's very strange. I was just going to write to him, myself. About his novel, you know."

"That's right," said Bill. "I'd forgotten about the novel. Then you did read it?"

"Oh, sure. Sure, I read it. One night last week."

"Well, how was it? Did the kid have anything?"

For a moment Roger hesitated. Then he heard himself saying carefully, reluctantly, "To be perfectly honest with you, no. Oh, it was well written enough, but there was no story, no suspense. Characters badly developed. Dialogue—well, corny."

"In other words, you'd have had to write him and let him down easy."

"That's right." Roger paid for his brandy and reached for his hat. "Well, nice to have run into you, Bill. See you around."

Roger had almost reached the door, when he stopped and turned around. He said, "By the way, what shall I do with the kid's manuscript? Send it back to you?"

"Me? No. What would I do with it?"

"How about his family?"

"Didn't have one so far as I know. Just a married sister out in Seattle. But if it's no good, what's the use of paying postage on it? Why don't you just destroy it?"

"You think I should?" Roger said hesitantly.

"Sure. Why not?"

"Well, you're probably right. Good night, Bill."

"Night, Rog."

Was it then, as Roger walked through the doorway and out onto the street, that the idea had hit him? Or hadn't it already taken form in his mind when he had lied to Bill about the novel's not being any good? . . . No matter. Once he had decided on a course of action, the rest had been easy.

First, he'd had to type out the whole four hundred and thirty-five pages on his own typewriter. Then he'd destroyed the original copy. Burned it, sheet by sheet, in the fireplace. Then he'd had the whole manuscript typed at his usual place. And now, there it was on Rollo's desk, and Rollo was sitting there, with his pipe in his hand, his mouth hanging open, looking very much like a startled penguin.

"You mean this is it, all finished—the finished book?"

Roger laughed shortly. "Well, why so surprised? I've been supposed to be writing a book, haven't I?"

"Sure, you have, Roger. Sure, you have. It's just that— Why, man, this is wonderful! Wiley's going to be just as happy about this as I am, Roger. I don't mind telling you they've been giving Wiley a pretty bad time at Garland House. After all, it was Wiley who okayed all those advances."

"Well, Wiley can relax now. He's got himself a book."

"You mean it's good, Roger? Maybe not as good as *A More Convenient Season*, but—"

"Better than *A More Convenient Season*." And as he said this, Roger knew suddenly that it was true. It was better. Rollo would think so and Wiley would think so, and the critics, every last one of them, would say so.

"I like the title," said Rollo. He read it slowly: "*Frost in Heaven*."

For a moment Roger found himself wishing a bit wistfully that at least the title might have been his. But it wasn't. Even that was Dave Malfrey's. . . .

It was September again and the long nightmare was over, had been for months now, and Roger could go about with Ashley a free and reasonably happy man. *Frost in Heaven* was the November choice of one of the book clubs, and was being seriously considered by a big movie company. After years of owing everyone, Roger was not only solvent again, but he had a substantial amount of money in the bank.

Yes, the long nightmare was over, and now all he had to worry about was Ashley.

He was more in love with her than ever, but he couldn't go on like this, not knowing how he stood with her. She was twenty-two years old; old enough to know what she wanted. And now, he told himself, it was time she decided whether she wanted him.

He had never seen her looking lovelier than she did tonight at the restaurant where they were dining. He told her so. Then he said, "This business of having a book published is a lot like waiting for a baby to be born, I imagine. In other words, I'll be much more amusing company once it appears in print."

She smiled at him quickly. "But you're never anything else," she said. "You're always amusing company, Roger."

It was true, she thought. He had a way of making even the most casual date important. It wasn't so much, she decided, that he dramatized himself and everything that happened to him, as that he dramatized you and everything that you did together. There were drawbacks, of course. In fact, sometimes when she was with him like this, sitting at a table, or dancing somewhere around town, she felt exactly as if they were characters in one of his novels, faithfully and gracefully repeating sparkling bits of dialogue that he had already written.

It was pleasant and exciting, but a little disconcerting. Because she wasn't a character in one of his books; she was Ashley Hunter, a very human if somewhat confused girl. For some time now, she had not been very sure about anything, except that she was going to try to keep from making the emotional hodgepodge of her own life that she had seen her father and mother make of theirs. That was one reason, she supposed, why she could not let herself fall in love with

FUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

LET'S THINK ABOUT THIS AGAIN DEPT.: In Norfolk, Va., a manufacturer of "falsies" advertised the virtues of his product, added a solemn note of warning: "Beware of imitations."

OPPORTUNITY: The Kansas City (Mo.) *Star* carried an urgent help-wanted ad for a "healthy, rugged girl weighing over 300 lbs. to be sawed in half by upcoming prestidigitator; have good act, but present partner is thin, and sawing-in-half routine too short."

O-OPS: The Office of Price Stabilization, Washington, announced it was decontrolling the price of tombstones, inasmuch as they are "of insignificant importance in the cost of living."

MISS-LEADING: An indignant citizen in Grand Rapids, Mich., complained to the Better Business Bureau that the book which he ordered after being intrigued by the publisher's circular carrying such chapter headings as "Some Girls Know How," "Since Eve Ate Apples," and "Bachelor Bait," turned out to be a cookbook.

CAUTION: The Episcopal Bishop in Houston, Texas, handed out cards to motorists urging them to drive more carefully, because "You may hit an Episcopalian."

TEEN-AGE TROUBLES: A jitter-bugging lad at a high-school dance in New Britain, Conn., who kicked up his knees as well as his heels, ended up by breaking his own nose. . . . A high-school football player in Detroit crashed head-on into a steel post, knocked himself unconscious, later explained to his coach: "I run faster with my eyes shut."

ACCOUNT PAID: In Mobile, Ala., a hen laid an egg in the tax collector's office.

STILL MAD: A few hours after he was treated in an Evansville, Ind., hospital for a stab wound in the thigh which, he explained, had been inflicted by his wife, who was mad at him, a sorrowful husband was back with a stab in the shoulder and the explanation that his wife was still mad at him.

TAX BITES DOG: After a man in Boston willed $5,000 to his collie, with instructions that she live with a friend and pay for her room and keep, the State Tax Commission ruled that, dog or no dog, the collie would have to pay the $369 inheritance tax, and if she invests the remaining $4,631, will have to pay a yearly income tax on what the fund earns.

SHOCKING: In Vancouver, B. C., a man was held for mental examination after 200 officials protested that it was bad enough when he jumped into a bear's cage, still worse when he chased the bears into their dens, left them suffering from "shock."

BIG STICK: A motorist in Long Beach, Calif., who tried to pay a $2 parking fine with 200 pennies dipped in glue, got stuck with another $25 fine.

PRIDE GOETH: In Chicago, Sweeter Elegancie, a champion Persian cat scheduled to appear at a cat show, lost a fight to an alley cat, disappeared from home.

BIG RETURN: Charged with auto theft, a man in New York City declared indignantly that the owner "has no complaint. I put a new top on his car and four whitewall tires."

UP-TO-DATE: An enterprising book publisher in New York advertised that his latest dictionary "contains chlorophyll."

CUT OFF: The California Unemployment Insurance Board, after due consideration, announced that a saleslady in Los Angeles, who had refused to change her horsetail hair-do, which her husband liked, for one which her employer liked, was not entitled to jobless benefits.

PROTEST: In Raleigh, N. C., when police stopped a motorist for driving his newly acquired used car without a license, the headlights, trunk lid, and bumper fell off.

BABY-SITTERS: In Euclid, Ohio, bus drivers complained bitterly that too many mothers on shopping tours were putting their children on busses and leaving them there to keep riding around town until the mothers finished their shopping, turning the bus drivers into baby-sitters.

ARTHUR LANSING

Roger, completely, unreservedly, as he so much wanted her to do. At thirty-five he had already been married once and emotionally involved several times. There was no reason to suppose that his feeling for her would prove any more permanent.

The other reason, whether she was willing to admit it or not, had to do with a nice-looking boy named Dave Malfrey with whom she had spent a few isolated hours, one evening months ago. Absurd not to be able to get him quite out of her mind. Absurd to cling to that ridiculous belief that some day she would walk into a room and there he would be. Because of course she would never see him again. He was gone, and there'd been nothing, anyway, not even a promise to write. She was foolish, she knew, but there it was: So long as there existed in this world a tall, brown-haired boy by the name of Dave Malfrey she couldn't fall wholeheartedly in love with Roger or anyone else.

In the meantime, if she could only just once bring Dave's name quite casually into the conversation. If she could only say, "By the way, Roger, remember that cocktail party at George and Marion Wilder's last fall? Well, I met a boy that day. We got to talking, and it seems some friend of his had promised to introduce him to you. His name was Malfrey or Mallory or something, and I've often wondered if he did get to meet you? He seemed so terribly excited about the whole thing."

This is what she wanted to say, and this, astonishingly, was what she suddenly heard herself saying, her voice sliding a little breathlessly over the words. She hoped Roger wouldn't connect her belated interest in a boy named Dave Malfrey with the fact that both she and the boy had left the party when Roger came to look for her.

HE DIDN'T connect the two facts. He was too astonished at discovering that she knew such a person as Dave Malfrey had ever existed.

He took his time about answering her. He lit a cigarette, dragged on it deeply, and blew the smoke away from his eyes. Then he said, "Why, yes, as a matter of fact, I did meet him. His name was Malfrey, not Mallory. Bill Isham introduced us. Nice-looking kid in a gray flannel suit."

"I don't remember what he was wearing . . ." Oh, but she did! She remembered everything about him: his hair, which was brown, and his eyes, which were brown, too. And his mouth . . . Oh, she remembered. As if it were yesterday and not a year ago. "Just," she said, "that he wanted so terribly to meet you."

"Yes. Well, he'd written this book, you see, and he wanted me to read it. As a matter of fact, he sent it around the next day, but I was—well, I was busy on my own novel and I put it to one side. To be perfectly honest with you, I'm afraid I forgot all about it. Then one night I was in this bar down in the Village, and Bill Isham came in and we got to talking. He told me that the kid had gone to Korea and was killed over there—"

He stopped and stared at her in con-

cern. "Ashley, is something wrong? You look ill."

She laughed a little unsteadily. "As a matter of fact, I am. It's—it's my head. I wasn't going to mention it, but I've had this frightful pain in my head all day." She put one hand against her left temple. "It sort of comes and goes. I'll be all right again in a minute."

Dave Malfrey was dead. He had been for months. Roger had known it, and this Bill Isham, whoever he was, had known it. Everyone in the world who had ever known Dave had probably known it. Everyone except Ashley Hunter. She hadn't known it. She had gone right on believing all these months that he was alive. She had gone right on believing that sometime, somewhere, she would see him again. And that when she did everything would be different, because then there would be time for everything: time to get to know each other, time to fall in love. . . . Only, that didn't take time, did it? No more, anyhow, than the split second it took to look deep into another pair of eyes, hear the sound of a voice, feel the touch of a hand on your arm. . . .

"Look," Roger was saying anxiously; "perhaps I should take you home."

"Perhaps," she said.

Roger found a cab and took her straight to her apartment. He took her key and unlocked her door and snapped on the lights. . . . And then his arms were around her and he was kissing her; first her hair and then her throat and then her mouth. He was saying, "Darling, I've been very patient and I am not, by nature, a patient man. I haven't hurried you, I haven't tried to rush you into anything, but I can't go on like this much longer. You've got to make up your mind about us one way or the other. You've got to decide, Ashley."

"Decide?" she repeated the word numbly, like a tired child. "Decide what, Roger?"

"Decide whether or not we are going to go on together or split up. Decide whether we are going to get married or stop seeing each other."

Split up? Stop seeing each other? He couldn't mean it. . . . But he did mean it. He meant every word of it. If she didn't love him, if she didn't intend to marry him, then tomorrow or the next day he was simply going to get out of New York and go to South America or Mexico or somewhere. This thing, he said, wasn't getting them anywhere, and maybe she could take it, but, frankly, he couldn't. She could call him up any time, he said, within the next two days. After that he would be gone. . . .

SHE called him early the following morning. She said she simply couldn't face New York without him. She said of course she loved him, and she was sorry she had been so long finding it out. She said yes, naturally, she would marry him, but not right away; in November, maybe, after his book came out.

He said why wait until November? Why not right away? But she was unexpectedly stubborn. She said no, in November; she wanted time to buy some clothes and plan her wedding. He said, "Then let's make it right after the book comes out," and she said, "Well, before Christmas, anyhow."

And that was the way things stood two weeks later, when Sybil Patterson called Roger one morning and said she was getting a few people together for a week end at her place in Vermont, and why didn't he and Ashley come along, too?

Sybil, in the course of three marriages, had collected quite a bit of important jewelry, plenty of money, and three houses. The place in Vermont was her favorite and she used it often, for impromptu week-end house parties. Roger had gone on quite a number of these house parties in the past, had always enjoyed himself enormously, and saw no reason why he shouldn't go on this one. Sybil, once she had realized he was serious about Ashley, had behaved very decently. As a matter of fact, she had gone out of her way to be nice to Ashley. As a result, the two got along famously, and Roger was pretty sure that Ashley would be more than willing to go along on the house party.

He said, "Unless I call you back, Syb, you can count on us."

She explained that she was going to Vermont the following day with George and Marion Wilder, but that several people were flying up Friday afternoon. Ed Parsons, her handy man, would meet them all at the airport with the station wagon.

When she had hung up, Roger tried to call Ashley, but the line was busy.

WHILE he waited to put the call through again, he went into the bathroom and started to shave. Everything about his life was working out just the way he wanted it to. He had a new book coming out in a few weeks, a book that was sure to settle, once and for all, any doubt as to where he stood in the current literary scene. He was engaged to a young, lovely-looking, and completely endearing girl. He had money in the bank, and when this Hollywood deal went through he would have a lot more. He had been able to clear up all his back alimony and put things straight with Nora, something that meant a lot to him. Even this business with Sybil was working itself out pleasantly and in a perfectly friendly, civilized manner.

Yes, Roger told himself, he was a very lucky man. He lathered his face and was just starting to shave when the electric buzzer sounded. He swore mildly and wiped the lather off and walked toward the hall. It was probably the man from the laundry with his shirts.

He opened the door, and the man standing there was not the man from the laundry; it was someone Roger had never expected to see again. The man standing there in the hallway was Dave Malfrey. . . .

Ashley Hunter sat in a low-slung chair on the terrace of a remodeled white Vermont farmhouse, and tried to put the bits and pieces of her smashed life together again.

Dave Malfrey wasn't dead. He was alive, and sitting not two feet away from her, right here on this wind-swept flagstone terrace. All she had to do if she wanted to touch him was reach out her hand. That casualty list had been wrong. He should have been listed as missing in action, not dead. His plane had been shot up and he had had to crash-land in enemy territory. It had taken him several months to get back to his base; he'd been in prison camp, and finally escaped. Then he had done a long stretch in an army hospital in Tokyo.

AND now here he was, back in the States, on a sixty-day leave, and except for being somewhat thinner and a little more fine-drawn looking, he didn't look much different from the way he had looked that night she had met him a year ago.

Only, that night they had been alone, of course, and today there were several other people sitting around on Sybil Patterson's terrace in the late afternoon sunshine, drinking Sybil's cocktails and laughing and talking. Several other people, including Roger, to whom she was engaged.

"I suppose you realize," said Dave—and his voice, like his face, had lost some intangible youthful quality that it had had a year ago, but it had also gained something—"I suppose you realize what a generous gesture it was on Roger's part to let me come along on this party. To insist that I come."

"I know," she said.

"Do you mind," Roger had asked her, "if he comes along with us tomorrow? After all, the kid's at loose ends, and it would be a swell chance to talk to him about his novel."

And she had said, "Why, no, of course I don't mind. Why should I?"

It had been part of the whole crazy, unreal situation. Dave Malfrey was not only alive, he was going with them to Vermont. On the same plane. She would see him, talk to him. . . . The lost, trapped feeling began then, that feeling of being right in the middle of a crazy, mixed-up dream. Only, it wasn't a dream, and she wasn't going to wake up.

"Yes," she said to Dave. "Well, I suppose Roger felt it wouldn't be very gracious to leave you cooling your heels in New York all by yourself over the week end. After all, you had come all the way from Seattle just to see him."

"Well, not *just* to see him. I had another reason for coming East."

"Really?" she said carefully.

"Yes," he said. "I wanted to see Roger to find out about the novel, but also I wanted to see you. As a matter of fact, one of the things that used to keep me going, out there, when things were the toughest, was thinking about you. I used to remember all sorts of things about you: the way your hair curled against the nape of your neck, all soft and shiny, and the funny little habit you had of narrowing your eyes when you laughed, and the way you'd sort of get to talking so fast that every little while you'd have to stop and catch your breath. . . . I remembered all those things. I thought about you a lot out there."

She said softly, "I thought about you, too. At first, I mean. I thought you might write. I used to hurry home from the art gallery and look in the mailbox, and

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there would be letters from my mother in Santa Barbara and letters from my father in Colorado Springs, and from girls I used to know at school. But there was never anything from you, and after a while I knew there wasn't going to be, and I stopped looking."

"That's funny," he said. "I did write. On the ship going over and several times while I was in the hospital. But then I would read the letters over, and they never seemed to say any of the things I wanted them to say. At least, they didn't say them the way I wanted to say them. So I just decided to wait until I got back and see if . . ."

"Go on," she said, a little pulse beating hard in her throat. "See if what?"

"Well, see if we really did—if there really was—" He broke off abruptly, ran one hand nervously back over his hair, and continued in a rather shaken voice, "I didn't know anything about you and Roger, of course."

THERE, he'd finally said it. The thing they'd both been circling around for almost two days now. Roger. Roger and her.

"Well," she said; "there wasn't anything to know. Not then, I mean. That was something that happened later." . . . Much later. After she thought he was dead. After she thought he was lost to her forever.

"Oh, Dave, oh, darling," she thought, "what are we going to do? We have to do something—surely you see that? We can't just go on as if nothing had happened—me marrying Roger and you going back to Korea. It all depends upon you, doesn't it? Not on me. I can't throw myself at your head, darling. You have to make the first move. And you won't. You would die rather than take Roger Gilmore's girl away from him, especially now that Roger is being so nice to you, so very, very decent—reading your novel, talking to you about it. . . . Or has he talked to you about it?"

She asked him, and he said, "No, not really. But there's no hurry. He's read it, and he says it's good, that it's got definite possibilities. It's going to need a lot of work done on it, of course, and he wants to go over certain scenes with me pretty carefully. We're going to get up early tomorrow morning and take a couple of guns and go off by ourselves. Roger wants to take a shot at a partridge or two. It'll be quiet up there on the mountain and we can talk . . ."

"That's right," said Roger, joining them just in time to catch what Dave had said. "It'll be quiet up there, and we can talk without being interrupted." It would be quiet up there, and if Dave's gun should go off accidentally while he was climbing over a stone wall and blow his brains out—well, it would be a horrible thing to have happen, but it would end, once and for all, this nightmare in which he, Roger, had been existing for more than forty-eight hours.

Had it really been only two days ago that he had opened that door and seen Dave Malfrey standing there in the hallway? It seemed like a lifetime. Roger's first impulse had been to close the door quickly, as if by closing the door he could blot Dave out once and for all, extinguish him completely. But it wasn't as simple as that, of course. On the other side of the door Dave Malfrey would have continued to exist, and just so long as he was alive, running around loose in New York, running around loose anywhere in the world, he was a menace, a potential time-bomb. Once a book, entitled *Frost in Heaven*, was released to the public, the world would be much too small to hold both Dave Malfrey and himself. One of them would have to step aside in favor of the other, and he, Roger, had never stepped aside for anyone.

That was why he had brought Dave along on this house party. With Dave here, he could take time out to pull himself together and decide what had to be done. . . . But he knew what had to be done, didn't he? Either tomorrow morning out there in the woods, or the next day, but certainly before they left here. . . . Yes, of course, he knew what had to be done, and when. The only thing he didn't know was how to do it. It had to look like an accident, of course; it mustn't look like—

Suddenly his mind shied away from that next word. It was too ugly. Too melodramatic. You had to be a certain type of person to murder a man, didn't you? You had to be a criminal. He, Roger, wasn't a criminal. He was just a guy who was caught in a jam, and had to do something about it. You couldn't expect him to stand quietly by and let his whole world collapse about his head, could you? Especially right now when things were working out so well for him —all this fame, all this glory, and Ashley.

His eyes swept over Ashley hungrily. She was so young, so untouched. Sitting there in her little yellow tweed skirt and matching cashmere sweater. Her hair so casual and innocent. Her eyes so startlingly blue. Her mouth so rose-red and tenderly fashioned in her lovely, suntanned face. Ashley loved him and had promised to marry him. As soon as his book came out. As soon as Dave Malfrey's book came out.

But it wasn't Dave's book, it was *his* book! It had been his book for months now. Dave had no right to it; Dave was supposed to be dead. . . .

"TIME for one more round," announced Sybil Patterson in her hard, bright voice, brandishing a silver cocktail shaker, "and then we have to go up and change. We're driving over to the Hunt Club for dinner, and they stop serving at eight—"

It was just then that Sally June Parsons, one of Ed's daughters who helped out when there was extra company, stepped out on the terrace and informed Sybil that she was wanted inside.

"Someone t'see yuh," was the way Sally June put it.

Sybil went inside and was gone about five minutes, and when she came back she looked oddly excited.

"Guess what?" she said, pausing dramatically just outside the French doors. "Wiley Scofield, Roger's publisher, is here. He flew up from New York and Ed's just driven him over from the airport. He's washing up, but he'll be right with us. And that isn't all!" she said. "This whole thing was supposed to be a surprise for Roger, but you know me—I can't keep anything to myself. Wiley didn't come alone. He brought something with him."

She had been standing with her hands behind her, but now she brought them quickly out in front of her.

"Look!" she said. "A copy of Roger's book! It isn't going to be released for another six weeks, and even Roger, himself, hasn't seen it—have you, darling?"

She held the book out in front of her so they could all see it.

"Isn't the jacket divine?" she said. "And don't you love the title—*Frost in Heaven?*" . . .

YOU wrote a book, Dave thought. You wrote a novel. It took you two years to do it. Two years of working at another job, a job you didn't like very much, and then hurrying home at night to a one-room apartment and sitting up until dawn, drinking black coffee, pouring your heart out on paper. You wrote thousands of words and threw them away, and wrote thousands more, and all the time you lived for one thing: the moment when the novel, which had become a part of you, a sort of extension of yourself, would be finished. You dreamed of the day when it would appear in print, no longer a pile of typescript but an actual book that you could hold in your two hands.

Now that moment had come, without any warning whatsoever, at six o'clock in the afternoon on the terrace of a strange house in Vermont, and there was no joy in it, no exaltation; nothing but a blind and pulsating anger, a coldly mounting sense of rage and betrayal.

Oh, it was his book, all right. No doubt about that. At first he had thought that perhaps Roger had been content just to lift the title; but now he had the book in his hands, and no matter where he opened it, no matter where his eyes fell, there were the scenes he had created, the dialogue he had written. Funny how, with an explosion of fury taking place inside your brain, you could close the book and hand it calmly to Ashley. . . .

Why didn't he say something? Roger thought. What was he waiting for? Six feet away, frozen into immobility, Roger stood with his eyes fastened on Dave Malfrey.

Talk about your medieval inquisitions! They had nothing on this. It had been at least ten minutes since Sybil had sprung her surprise, her jolly little surprise, on them, and during that time the book had passed reverently from hand to hand, until eventually it had landed in Dave's hands. And still he had continued to stand there, riffling the pages casually, reading a paragraph here and there, and saying nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Now he had passed it on to Ashley, and still no comment, not one darned word. What was he waiting for? Was he

expecting him, Roger, to make the first move? Was that it? Did he think that if he just stood there and waited, nerves stretched to the breaking point would snap suddenly and he, Roger, would say, "I'm sorry, Malfrey. I know it was a lousy, low-down thing to do. You see, I thought you were dead. I thought it would never matter to you one way or the other, and it mattered terribly to me."

Well, is that what he *should* do? Right now? Or should he just sit tight? Deny the whole crazy story? After all, it was going to be his word against Dave's, wasn't it? And whom would they believe? Why, they'd believe him, Roger, of course. They'd say that Malfrey must be out of his mind. They'd say it was that bad time he'd been through in Korea, that he was just another mental case. Of course they would!

Maybe Dave knew this. Maybe that was why he was keeping so quiet. Maybe he realized how monstrous any accusation such as he had to make was going to sound to all these other people. How monstrous and incredible. Maybe Dave realized that the moment he opened his mouth he'd find himself hustled off to some psychopathic ward. . . .

Now Ashley, having finished looking at the book, was handing it back to Wiley Scofield, and Sybil was saying brightly, "I hate to break this up, I really do, but we positively must go up now and start changing."

Everyone was getting up and following her through the French doors into the living room, and across it to the wide front hall. And suddenly, back there in the living room, Roger heard Dave saying to Wiley Scofield, "I'm sorry, sir, but could you give me a few minutes of your time? There's something I have to talk to you about."

For a moment Roger hesitated, there at the foot of the stairs. But only for a moment. Then he went on up with the others, leaving Dave and Wiley alone down there in the living room.

Dave began, "I don't know whether you caught my name or not, when Mrs. Patterson introduced us just now. But it's Malfrey, David Malfrey. I'm just back from a stretch in Korea. Before I went over there I spent two years writing a book. A novel."

"Really?" said Wiley, concealing his annoyance. If there was one thing he disliked it was having to bathe and dress in a hurry. "Well, you must let me see it some time. We're always looking for new books to publish."

Dave said, "That's just the point, sir. You see you *have* published my book. You've not only published it, you are holding it right there in your hands."

Wiley Scofield made a funny, clicking sound with his tongue. He started to say something, but Dave wouldn't let him; Dave had started to talk now, and he went right on talking.

"In other words," he said, speaking clearly and calmly, "Roger Gilmore didn't write *Frost in Heaven*, Mr. Scofield. I wrote it. It took me two years to do it, and I put everything I had into it, and when I finished it I gave it to Roger to read and went off to Korea. I even wrote him a little note, explaining that I had typed it myself and didn't have a carbon copy and that no one, Mr. Scofield, but myself had ever read a word of it."

He waited a moment then, but Wiley Scofield only stared at him as though the power of speech had left him. Dave went on: "A few months later, Roger walked into a bar in the Village and got to talking to this guy, Bill Isham, who had introduced us in the first place, and Bill told him I had been killed—that someone had seen my name on a casualty list. I don't know what prompted Roger to do what he did then. Maybe the novel he was supposed to be working on had gone sour on him, and you people were pushing him and he thought mine was good enough to pass off as his own work. I don't know what he thought. All I know is that the book you've published isn't his book, it's mine."

Sometimes, when he was tired and overwrought, Wiley Scofield was troubled with dreams in which quite impossible and harassing things happened to him. This was like one of those dreams. Surely any minute now he would wake up and find himself still on the plane, and later he would tell the story around town. "And the heck of it was," he would say, "that the more this guy—he was a young Korean war veteran—kept talking about it, the more convinced I became that he was telling the truth. When I woke up, I was in an absolute cold sweat. I mean, suppose *it had been true?*"

Sally June came in through the French doors with a tray of empty glasses; a tall grandfather's clock chimed seven times; and suddenly Wiley Scofield knew this wasn't a dream. This was real, this was actually happening. And he heard himself saying to Sally June, "Will you please go upstairs and ask Mr. Gilmore to step down here for a minute? Tell him Mr. Scofield wants to talk to him. Tell him it's important." . . .

Deny this thing and keep on denying it. That was what Roger had decided to do, in those few minutes he had had alone in his room before he had been summoned down here to face Wiley, to face Dave.

"Look," he said now, and his eyes, by-passing Dave, fastened themselves gravely on Wiley. "I should never have brought Dave up here in the first place. It was a ghastly mistake. I should have realized that first morning in New York when he came barging into my apartment, completely unannounced, that he was just one jump ahead of a complete nervous breakdown. All those months in that prison camp— We might as well face it, Wiley, the kid's simply not normal."

"First," said Dave, his eyes blazing angrily, "you steal my book, title and all, and now you accuse me of being a mental case. Look, Gilmore; how low can a man sink before he touches bottom? When I think how I used to feel about you— I darned near worshipped you. That day at the Wilders'— I left that party walking on air. You'd turned on all that charm of yours and captivated me completely. And, what's more, you'd promised to read my novel—"

"By the way," said Wiley, "where is

"Here's good news, Ed . . . there's an article here that says the winters are gradually getting milder"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY JEFF KEATE

this manuscript of Malfrey's, Roger? He says you brought him up here so you could discuss it."

"Yes," said Dave, "where is it, Roger? Tell us that. Show it to us. Show us those four hundred and thirty-five pages of manuscript that I spent two years on."

"I—well, this is embarrassing," said Roger, still ignoring Dave and looking directly at Wiley. "I haven't got the manuscript. As a matter of fact, I did read it. I read every word of it, and it was lousy. And then I bumped into this guy in the Village, just as Dave says I did, and he told me Dave had been killed. I spoke to him about the novel, asked him what I should do with it, even suggested sending it on to Dave's sister, in Seattle—you can check with this guy, Bill Isham, and he'll tell you all this is true—and Bill said why bother to send it out there if it wasn't any good? Why not just destroy it?

"So," Roger said, "that is what I did. I burned it. And then when Dave showed up two days ago on my doorstep, I simply didn't have the heart to tell him the truth—to tell him that his book was no good and that I'd burned it up. So I lied to him and said it was good, and suggested he come along up here with me so we could discuss it. I guess I thought that once I got him up here, away from New York, that I—well, that I could sort of let him down easy."

ROGER stopped and took a deep breath. So carried away was he with his own eloquence that for a moment he almost believed what he had said. Almost . . .

"Look," he said, still addressing himself directly to Wiley; "you *do* believe me, don't you? You don't think for a minute—" He laughed quickly. "But of course you don't."

"I don't know," said Wiley. "I don't know what to believe." He mopped his brow with a handkerchief, and turned abruptly and started out of the room.

"Where are you going?" Roger demanded, and for the first time his voice lost some of its smooth composure. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to call Rollo in Connecticut and tell him to fly up here just as fast as he can. He's in this, too, right up to his neck, and I want him here."

"Wiley!" said Sybil, appearing suddenly in the doorway in a simple little dinner dress that had never cost a cent less than two hundred and fifty dollars. "Roger—what's wrong? Why aren't you dressed?" She swept into the living room. "What's going on here, anyway?"

"Ask Roger," said Wiley grimly. "Ask Malfrey. I'm going to make a telephone call." And he brushed past her and headed for the telephone closet under the stairs.

"Well," said Sybil, "go *on*. Tell me. One of you say something. Don't just stand there staring at me."

Dave said, "It's about Roger's book, Mrs. Patterson. It so happens it isn't his book at all."

"Not his book? Then—then whose book *is* it?"

"It's mine," said Dave. "I wrote it."

"*You* wrote *Frost in Heaven*? But—"

"Yes. Every word of it. I don't think Roger even bothered to change a comma or a semicolon. He took it just as it was, and now Wiley has published it, and the only thing about it that is Roger's is his name on the title page. And that doesn't belong there—and it isn't going to stay there!"

Sybil's dismay was almost comic. "I knew something was wrong! I knew it all the time. And I went to so much trouble! I planned everything so carefully, and nothing worked out as I meant it to—out there on the terrace, I mean. You were surprised, Roger, but not in the right way. I felt it, I felt it in my bones, but I had no idea . . . Oh, this is dreadful!"

"What is dreadful?"

They all turned, and there was Ashley. She had changed into something misty and blue, and she had brushed her hair until it shone, and painted her mouth that soft rose-red. She was coming toward them, now, and she repeated her question: "What is dreadful?"

It was Dave who answered her, just as he had answered Sybil. But his voice, speaking to Ashley, lost most of its defiant, angry quality and became oddly quiet and controlled. "It's about the book, Ashley, Roger's book."

"Well," said Ashley, "what about it?"

"Roger didn't write it," said Sybil. "Dave wrote it."

"Oh, no!" said Ashley, her eyes flying first to Dave's face and then to Roger's. "Oh, no."

"Yes," said Sybil. "At least," she went on, "Dave *says* he did. Wiley's gone to call Rollo, to get him to come up here. I don't know what good he thinks that will do. After all, if Dave did write the book, getting Rollo up here isn't going to change anything." There were voices on the stairs. "Oh, dear, here come George and Marion."

"Look," Sybil said urgently. "They mustn't know about this. No one but us must know. I'll stop George and Marion and send them along to the club with the Campbells. I'll tell them Rollo is flying up, and that the rest of us are going to stay here until he comes. I'll tell them something has come up about the book. I'll tell them—I don't know *what* I'll tell them, but I'll get rid of them some way. Then I'll make some coffee. Rollo can't get here for at least two hours." . . .

DENY this thing and keep on denying it. That was what Roger had decided to do and that was what he had been doing. For two whole hours. Denying it first calmly, and then with less patience and more vehemence, his voice growing more and more tense. But now Rollo was here. Rollo was his agent; he'd be on his side, wouldn't he?

"Look," Roger said; "just because Dave says he wrote this book, Rollo, they seem to think he did write it. At least, Wiley seems to think so. Did you ever hear of anything so fantastic? Tell them it's absurd, Rollo. . . . And you, Sybil," he said, turning to her and flinging out his hands in a beseeching gesture. "Surely you, who know me so well—surely *you* don't believe this incredible story?"

"I don't know," she said. "I want to believe you, Roger. I want to believe you terribly. But I—well, I just don't *know*."

"And how about you, Ashley?" Roger's eyes swung deliberately toward her. Surely Ashley wouldn't let him down. Surely Ashley, sitting here in that high-backed chair with her hands clasped tightly in her lap, surely she would stand by him?

But she didn't stand by him. She let him down, too. Harder and more unequivocally than any of them.

"I think Dave is telling the truth," she said. "I think Dave wrote the book, just as he says he did."

"In other words," said Roger, "you believe him, and you don't believe me?"

"Yes."

Roger felt something let go inside his head. He felt his heart pounding crazily, and he knew he ought to stop talking, or at least try to get better control of himself before he said anything more. But he couldn't stop. He said, "You're supposed to be in love with me, Ashley, but perhaps you aren't. Perhaps it's Dave you're in love with."

"Perhaps it is," she said, and all at once she looked terribly young and terribly happy, and as if a great weight had been lifted suddenly from her slim shoulders.

"Never mind whom Ashley is in love with," said Rollo. "This isn't any half-baked love scene from one of your more recent novels, Roger; this is the screwiest situation that any bunch of otherwise sane people ever got mixed up in. And it's not just a question of Malfrey, here, *saying* that he wrote the book." He turned to Scofield: "Tell them what you told me just now, Wiley. Tell them how Malfrey can quote whole paragraphs of

the book from memory—how he knows just what happens in every chapter, and exactly what *Stephanie* says to *Mark* when she finally tells him off once and for all. Tell them— Oh, what's the use! Dave wrote the book all right, and that's that."

He went on, "That day you came into the office, Roger, I should have known, then. It was all too slick. Too pat. You'd been worried sick about your work all winter, and so had everyone else. And then suddenly you walk in and dump a finished manuscript on my desk. I should have known. I should have guessed, anyway."

"But you didn't," said Wiley wearily, "and neither did I. And now we're all in this thing together, and we've got to do something about it."

"I know," said Rollo. "But what? Roger is ruined, of course, as a writer. No matter how intelligently we handle this, he's finished. He'll have to get out of New York, bury himself somewhere in the country where no one has ever heard of him . . ."

"Roger!" said Wiley, pacing agitatedly up and down. "I'm not worried about Roger. As you say, he's all washed up any way we handle it. I'm worried about Garland House. What kind of an announcement can we make? That because of a slight error Roger Gilmore's new book was not written by him at all, but by another man? You can't tell the whole story, and you can't just leave it there!"

Rollo stared at him wretchedly. Suddenly he turned and faced Roger. "Tell me just one thing," he said. "You've known for three days that Dave Malfrey was alive. You've also known that in just six weeks your book—that is, *his* book—was going to be released. Just what did you intend to do about it, anyway? Bump him off sometime between now and then?"

Rollo stopped short and took a deep breath and released it explosively. "You did!" he said. "That's exactly what you intended to do—bump him off."

"Don't be silly," said Sybil. "Roger isn't a murderer."

"He was a desperate man," said Rollo. "And any desperate man is a potential murderer."

"Okay," said Roger, speaking for the first time since the situation had collapsed on him, with Rollo's statement that Dave knew the book inside out. "So maybe I did think about it. Maybe I did kick the idea around a bit. But I would never have done it."

And suddenly he knew he wouldn't have. Sybil was right; whatever else he was, he was not a murderer. He would have gone partridge shooting with Dave tomorrow morning, and he would have tried to get up nerve enough to kill him, but in the end nothing would have happened. Dave would have been safe. They would have returned together for lunch, and eventually everything would have worked out just as it was working out now. Dave would have found out about the book, and Wiley and Rollo would have said all the things they had just said. And Ashley . . . To be honest, he had known all the time that she wasn't in love with him, hadn't he? Yes, of course he had known.

No one had ever really loved him, deeply and honestly, except Nora. And Sybil, perhaps. Yes, Sybil was looking at him right now as if she still loved him that way, which was too bad, because when you were going to kill yourself it was better if no one loved you, so that no one got hurt. And he was going to kill himself. He was a writer, and as a writer he was all washed up. Murder was something he couldn't quite bring off, but suicide was different. They always said it took courage to kill yourself, but they were wrong; it took only the clear, cold knowledge that you had reached the end of the line, that no matter which way you turned, there was no place to go.

"I would never have done it," he repeated slowly. "I simply wouldn't have had the nerve."

"Maybe you're right, at that," said Wiley. "Maybe you wouldn't have shot Dave. So I suppose," he said bitterly, "that makes you some kind of hero—"

"Oh, stop it!" said Sybil. "Leave him alone! Don't you see he can't take much more of this?" And she got up and went over to Roger and put her hand protectively on his arm and left it there. He might be all washed up as a writer, he might be all washed up as a man, but she still loved him; she meant to stand by him, and this was her way of telling, not only Roger, but all of them, that this was so.

"Okay," said Rollo, "we'll leave him alone. But Wiley and I are still holding the bag." He turned to Wiley Scofield: "There's only one way to handle this thing," he said, "and that is to bust it wide open—give the newspapers the whole story and let the pieces fall where they may. It will ruin Roger, and make fools of us, but there isn't any other way to handle this—"

"No," said Dave, "you're wrong. There is another way. One other way."

He stopped and took a deep breath, and his eyes moved slowly from one to the other of them, until at last they rested on Ashley. She was looking straight at him, and she had that special glow, that special radiance about her. Maybe she had meant that about being in love with him instead of Roger, and if she had meant it . . . "I thought you might write," she had said. But he hadn't. If he'd only done what he wanted to do that night they'd met; said the things he'd wanted to say. He'd been afraid to push this thing that had happened to him, that had happened to them, too far. But now . . .

"Look," he said, wrenching his mind back to the present moment; "it's fairly simple."

"Simple!" said Wiley Scofield. "Will you kindly tell me just what is simple about it? It's about the most complicated—"

"I know," said Dave. "That is, if we do it your way."

"What other way is there to do it?" demanded Rollo, and his voice was too loud, too shrill, but he couldn't seem to control it.

The Month's AMERICAN Short Novel *begins on page 42*

"I'm trying to tell you," said Dave. "All we have to do is keep still, keep our mouths shut, and no one but us will ever have to know that Roger *didn't* write the book. It's as simple as that."

For a moment, utter silence descended upon the room. Then Rollo leaned forward, small drops of perspiration beading his forehead. "Do you realize what you're saying, Malfrey? Do you realize what you're doing? This is your book, your baby. You've poured your heart and soul into it, and it's *good*. For the past two hours or more you've been fighting for it, fighting hard, and now, suddenly, for no reason at all, you do a complete rightabout-face. I don't get it, Malfrey. I don't get it at all."

Dave smiled. "I'm not sure I get it myself. Nevertheless, as you just said, it's my book, it's my baby, and it's up to me to decide how I want this situation handled. Well, I've decided."

For a moment, he continued to stand there, a nice-looking young man in a gray flannel suit, which he would presently exchange once more for an Air Force uniform; then he turned and walked quickly across the room and out through the French doors onto the terrace.

"He really means it," said Rollo, letting his breath out slowly. "He means every word of it. It's incredible!"

"Incredible!" said Wiley, his voice trembling with emotion. "It's insane."

"You mean," said Sybil, staring at them blankly, "that he's going to *give* Roger the book? Just like that?"

"That's what he said," Rollo confirmed. "I agree with Wiley—it's insane. And what about the money?" said Rollo. "Who gets the money?"

"Dave gets the money," said Wiley, "every red cent of it. I insist upon that. . . . Do you understand, Roger? Dave gets the money."

"Of course, Dave gets the money," said Sybil quickly. "Roger doesn't want the money. Tell them you don't want it, Roger."

But Roger couldn't tell them anything, because he wasn't listening. Roger was not at that moment thinking of what had just happened to him in terms of money. Roger was thinking of what had just happened to him in terms of life—and death. What they didn't know was that Dave had made him a present—not just of a book, but of something a thousand times more important—namely, the chance to go on living. What they didn't realize was that whereas a few minutes ago he, Roger, had been traveling rapidly down a dead-end street, now his feet were set once more upon an open road.

He hadn't known that things like this could happen, and probably they didn't, except in rare instances. But so long as they could happen once in a while; so long as there was even one Dave Malfrey in the world, there was hope, wasn't

there, not for just the Roger Gilmores, who were not too important one way or the other, but for everyone, everywhere?

Yes, Roger told himself, there was. . . .

It was dark out there on the terrace and the wind was blowing, and high in the sky the moon was a cold, white disk with no warmth, no radiance in it.

Ashley closed the French doors and leaned against them, and Dave whirled around and faced her, his hands, hanging at his sides, clenched into tight fists.

"Well," he said, "what are you waiting for? Why don't you go ahead and tell me that it was a completely crazy thing for me to do?"

"It *was* a crazy thing for you to do," she said. "Why did you do it, Dave?"

"I don't know," said Dave. "In the beginning the whole thing seemed just as important to me as it still does to them. Out here on the terrace this afternoon I—I guess I went sort of nuts. I wanted to kill someone. I wanted to kill Roger. It was my book and it was a good book, and he didn't have any right to it."

"It's still a good book," said Ashley, "and he still hasn't any right to it."

"I know that," said Dave. "But you can't ruin a man's life, you can't scuttle a guy's whole future, just for a book. At least, I can't. Ashley, did you see his face? Did you see his eyes?"

"Yes," she said, "I saw them."

"Well, I couldn't take it. The whole thing just sort of blew up in my face. I've had men, who got theirs suddenly and died with their eyes wide open, look at me like that. But I've never had a living, breathing human being look at me that way. . . . Well, suddenly it wasn't worth it, Ashley. It was just a book, and it wasn't worth it."

"No," said Ashley.

"Besides, it's different with me. I'm not all washed up the way he is—as a writer, I mean. I can write more books and better books. But even if I couldn't, even if I never wrote another word—"

"I know," she said. "Even if you never wrote another word, you would still have had to do what you did."

"Yes."

For a moment, they continued to stand there, facing each other, with the wind whipping at their hair and at the fragile blue stuff of her dress. Then Dave said, "About this business of being in love with me instead of Roger, Ashley. Is it true? *Are* you in love with me?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "I am, Dave. And that is just as crazy as this other thing. Because we don't know each other at all."

"No," said Dave, "I don't suppose we do. But perhaps," he went on, "that isn't important. Perhaps the only important thing is wanting each other, feeling a desperate need to touch each other, to kiss each other—like this," he said, and took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Perhaps you're right," she said. Then he kissed her again, a longer, more demanding kiss this time. And she said, "Of course, you're right, Dave. Of course, darling."

And of course he was. After all, what else was there to being in love besides knowing that you wanted someone desperately and being honest enough, straightforward enough to come right out and say so?

THE END ★ ★

The Offering

(*Continued from page* 22)

something to say to break the stillness. It was something she had to do. Because in the night half her heart had gone away, and the rest of it was broken.

She burned the woodpile. It made a monstrous flaming and crackling, and baked the frost right out of the ground. The earth was soft and good to work with, as though spring had come with all its promise, and she was only bent against the sprouting hoe working up the corn for her bread. She laid it out long enough for one, and wide enough for two, and when it was deep as she cared it to be she set down the shovel and walked beside the branch all the long way to the nearest cabin, and showed the Prouty boy her silver dollar. He had never had a silver dollar all his own.

He came back with her, and he carried out a pieced quilt and laid it like she said in the bottom of the grave. It was her second quilt, the one with the pineapple stitching, a hundred little stitches going round and round, a hundred hundred stitches lying on the ground.

"I was young when I made them," she said. "They will ease the grave and make it warm."

It took the two of them to carry Ziah and lay him there so gently. And over him she put her best quilt, the one with her name on it and his name and the day of their wedding, and the day of their dying. She had stitched that in this morning when she first knew what she was going to do. She sent the Prouty boy off with the promise of the silver dollar when he came to close the grave tomorrow. He ran and ran to tell the news, and he didn't stay to see her get the gun.

It hung on the deerhorns above the chimney piece along with his hunting knife and her salt gourd. The gun was long and heavy. Ziah had carried it in the War Between the States. There was one bullet in the gun. She looked, to be sure. Well, that was all she would need. And if it misfired there was the knife. She didn't like knives, there was something evil about them. This one was broad and stubby and the handle was made of the hoof of a deer. She slipped it into her side pocket and cradled the gun in her arms; it wasn't near so cold, now, nor strange. She went out without once looking back and walked to the grave and laid the silver dollar on the shovel.

She touched the trigger that would send her so quickly to Ziah, when, plain as though he had spoke, she heard the words, "Thou shalt not kill."

She had not thought of it like that, at all. Only that she had nothing left to live for. But Ziah was a God-fearing man. He always had been. He had kept all the Commandments. Thou shalt not kill—not your father nor your brother nor your neighbor, not even yourself; that is the way he would interpret it. It would shame him to have his Sudie take a life, even though it was her own.

She knelt by the grave. "Ziah, help me. I'm so alone, and I'm frightened. And I want to be with you. Please, Ziah, is that too much to ask?"

She waited for him to answer, as she knew he would, because not once had he ever failed her. And quietly, silently, the words came out of their lives: "Fair exchange ain't no robbery."

How often had he said that, time and time again. Fair exchange. A little thrill of peace touched her. That was it. She would give her life away. She would hunt until she found someone dying, and she would give that person her life and take his death. And Ziah and the Ten Commandments needn't be shamed at all, for fair exchange surely wasn't no robbery. So she whispered, "I'll be back," and she turned and walked along the river branch.

And the first cabin she came to she hallowed and asked if they knew of anyone who was dying. And they said no, they was eating and filling out all their lives. And she asked at the second cabin did they know of anyone dying. They said no. They were tolerable and next to poorly but they knew of no one dying, 'less it was Ziah McCune, but he was already dead and she knew that right enough. She did.

From cabin to cabin she went, till the sun was gone and the winter's night had come in shadows wrapping like cloaks about every tree. They weren't willows and butternuts and magnolias and sycamores now. They were her loneliness. And though she walked and walked, no one had learned of anyone dying and in need of a life, until she got round on the other side of the hill and heard of the Devil coming to call.

He was due before the first stroke of dawn at Will Evans' cabin, come to take his girl Marthe.

They were God-fearing folk living along the Dark River branch, and they were Devil-fearing, too. Every man knew that there was the One watching him on the one side of him, and the other waiting in the pitfalls on the other side close as brothers. So it wasn't a particular surprise when they heard about the Devil coming to call.

Now there were only men and young ones in the cabins, and all the women gone. Mis' Sudie peeked in the open doors and she knew they were telling true that there was someone sick and in need of help. Though she wagered none had come with the help she had to offer. They'd have brought their warming bottles and covers and extra night shirts and

molasses and vinegar and bear's grease and bags of pennyroyal, but no one would have brought a whole life.

She began running then—she ran until she saw where a door was closed. Yes, they wouldn't leave it open and as easy as that. They would at least make the Devil knock.

She opened her gun and took the bullet out. She hung the gun on the gallery pegs, and then she hallowed: "Is there someone dying inside? Is this where the Devil's bound to come?"

They opened the door to her to see what help she had to give, and all she held was a bullet in her hand.

Mis' Sudie crossed over the threshold. The house was small and stifling hot. There was one barred window and the door that was quickly closed, and the chimney place was filled with fat pine. There were maybe thirty women sitting and standing and crouching around the walls, waiting to see the death come. Because there was nothing else to do. They had done all they knew, and there was no doctor nearer than fifty miles. And because they hadn't been bred to fuss and cry, there was no sign of grief. That was the way they had been raised up. They couldn't hold back the hand of God. Nor the Devil, either. So they waited silently, dry- and bright-eyed and curious to see what was to be. And they saw Mis' Sudie, who had dug a grave long enough for one but wide enough for two.

EVERY eye turned to the pallet on the floor. It was right in front of the fire, for though Will Evans' girl was burning up with fever she couldn't stop her shivering. Mis' Sudie knelt beside the covers. The girl was young. So young there were dimples still in the backs of her hands. Her hair was soft. It was like sunshine lying there. She was pretty, or she would be if her eyes weren't staring so.

"Why, she's frightened!" Mis' Sudie said. She touched the hot cheeks and held them close and for a moment the girl looked at her. "You got no cause to be afeared, Marthe, for I have come to take your place."

Marthe didn't seem to hear.

But the others did. They leaned to her like wheat blowing before the wind. And every mouth said, "Why?"

Mis' Sudie made it very plain: "My husband is dead, and that means I am dead, too, for there can't be no reason left for me to live. I only want to be with him." She rolled the bullet in her hand. "But there's the Commandment. I've got to live long enough so as not to shame Ziah waiting in our grave. Because it is our grave. You figured that, didn't you, when the Prouty boy told? That's the help I've brought, a whole life. I want to give it away. Before you, and before God, I want to take the death this child is so afraid of."

But it was the Devil Marthe had said was coming. She had seen him in her fever, and she had heard his promise. On the first stroke of dawn, he had said. She had screamed it to all the room, and now she lay watching the chinks in the walls to see were they black or coming on gray, and she didn't hear at all what Mis' Sudie was saying.

But the others did.

And every mouth said "No!"

One by one they tried to talk it out of Mis' Sudie. They had been telling Marthe that it was only the fevers and the sickness and her being young and too much imaginative that made her think the Devil was to call. They had said it was only a terrible dream. . . . But supposing it wasn't? Who knew what fevers saw, and how true they were? Supposing it was real and the Devil was to come? It was more than anyone's duty or kindness to take on the fires of hell for another. If she'd just wait a bit there'd be a death somewhere's she could borrow without the smell of brimstone in it.

But Mis' Sudie kept shaking her head and not believing, until Marthe's mother, with the hope all gone from her face, because she knew it wasn't right to ask so much, said, "Mis' Sudie, if you take my Marthe's death, and it is the fires of hell you're taking, don't you see you wouldn't never be with Ziah, for he was a good man?"

Mis' Sudie looked as if she had been struck. For a long, long moment she said nothing at all. She watched all those faces watching her. Finally she said, "Ziah was a good man to me, but what do I know of him beyond that? He had his gun and his feet that took him miles and hours away, what do I know of him then?"

INDEED, what. What mountain woman knew anything of her husband beyond her door. For a woman never left her house except to tend the sick. And what a man did was his own business. He answered no questions, and he told no tales.

Mis' Sudie flushed, because she had never thought disrespectful like this before, that Ziah could be anything but good. "I trust the Lord shows us the way. Maybe the Devil's coming is just so I can be sure to be with Ziah. Maybe he's coming to tell me of my husband, and the way he lived and the way he died."

She was so sure there had to be a reason in this, for nothing nowhere happened but what there was reason to it. It was God's world they lived in and God's way, and the Devil was in it only to sort the wheat from the chaff, and so she argued with them to prove that Ziah

"Hello, Grace . . . finding a few little things to do?"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY HERB WILLIAMS

had sold himself to Satan, too. She remembered the time of strangeness in their lives:

"I remember one time, nineteen years gone it is now. It was in the spring, and the laurel buds were just about to burst, he went away and didn't come back until the bloom was over and done. He said he had been hunting, but he brought no game."

A woman nodded. "Nineteen years ago, I remember, too. I remember how lovely the flowers were, though I didn't see them then, for my Jake had set out to kill a man. It was Ziah who found him and brought him back and saved him from the noose. That was the hunting he done. I didn't know you never knew."

Mis' Sudie said, "No. I never knew. But that wasn't the only one. I remember the time he took all the cash money we had and never said what for, and the clean shucks I had set aside for a rug. It was in December in that cold year of nothing at all, do you remember?"

They did.

"Maybe it was then he sold himself to the Devil."

And a younger woman said, "I was tending in the store that year, though we had less than nothing to sell. But your Ziah came in and bought a hundred black shoe buttons, and he sat by our stove and made a cornhusk doll for every little girl along the branch. A doll with real shoe-button eyes. He said it would take their minds from being hungry. He said you shouldn't ought to know for not having any children of your own. You might think that somehow he was reproaching you, and yearning for what he couldn't have."

She had seen those dolls. She had seen every little girl carrying them and loving them. And she hadn't known.

But she wouldn't think on it now. She couldn't. She had to find a reason for this, and so she said, "It wasn't only in December, it was all the winter long and late into spring. He stayed away from home hours on end, and he stole the yarn I spun to make him a winter shirt."

And another woman said, "He was playing ball with the boys. He showed them how running in the snow made feet warm as any shoes. And when the snow was gone he took walnuts and wound them with yarn and made their balls like that. You see, Mis' Sudie, that wasn't the year of nothing at all. That was the year he made the children laugh."

But still she was fighting for a way the Devil could take her to him. She said, "I remember the time he was away three days and nights and come home with the smell of mule about him, but he wouldn't say why. Though later I learned there had been one stole." She pleaded with them so softly, so desperately. "Stealing a man's mule, surely that would get him into the fires of hell!"

And another woman said, "That was our mule. It died, but first for three nights and three days Ziah stayed with Ben keeping the fires warm around her as she lay on the ground."

"I remember the time he brought the knife home. It was fine, sharp steel and had a deer-foot handle. Ziah never had cash money to buy a knife steel like that. He kept it close about him. It must have been because he stole it."

"He never. That was a present from my husband and me the time our first boy baby was born blue and dead. It was Ziah who put his lips to the baby's and blew the breath right into him. He said he'd seen a man do it to a puppy once."

Now they didn't wait for Mis' Sudie to remember; they told her all they knew of Ziah McCune: Of how he'd walked the woods the night the Jacey child was lost. He'd been the first there with his ax the time the Harner house burned. Didn't she see that wherever there was hurt or trouble or a little extra happiness needed he was there? And just giving was enough. He hadn't needed to boast about it, not even to his wife.

And kneeling there beside the pallet, Mis' Sudie saw. For the first time she knew her husband—not just the man he was to her, but the man he'd been to all his world. And she saw that he hadn't ever belonged to the Devil. Not even one little finger had ever been turned in any way except the way of kindness. The knowledge was warm and wonderful inside her, and it was a coldness, too. For surely if she sold herself for Marthe she wouldn't ever see Ziah again.

She knelt there figuring it all out. It was just as everyone said. She should turn and run and run and hunt an honest death that held no more than dying to it.

Mis' Sudie got up off the floor. She was stiff and it was hard, and somehow she was very tired. But she picked up her bullet and went over and opened the door. Will Evans was outside waiting.

"Is she better? Tell me, Mis' Sudie, will my Marthe live and be all right?"

Mis' Sudie stood and looked at him, and she saw Ziah blowing breath into a blue boy baby. He would have sold himself to the Devil to do that. He would not have thought of himself at all. He would understand now why she did it, and why she wouldn't ever see him again.

"She'll be all right," Mis' Sudie said, and closed the door.

She walked right over to Marthe. The fright was still in the girl's eyes, and the stubbornness. She was so determined to die, and so afeared to do it.

Mis' Sudie spoke softly: "What did you sell your soul to the Devil for? What was the price?"

Slowly Marthe turned and looked at her, at this first person who believed. "I don't know," she whispered. "I've done wickedness; it must be so, though I don't know when or what. Everyone about says no, it's the fever and to forget, that the Devil isn't to come for me. But I heard him, and I saw him. They don't know how wicked my heart is, and they won't believe."

Mis' Sudie leaned close and laid her head down and listened to Marthe's heart. And said indeed it was wicked enough. She would just sit there with her and wait for the Devil, to see how it would be. And all the neighbor people settled down and waited, too.

And all the long while they waited Marthe was watching Mis' Sudie instead of for the dawn. And Mis' Sudie was watching Ziah, this man she had never known. By and by a strangeness came over her, and a wonder.

She said to Will Evans' wife, "Do you have any apples?" Indeed she did. "And do you have an oven?" It was brought from beside the chimney, a box of tin with three sides to it and a top and a bottom and an open hole to set before the flames. Mis' Sudie looked to all the neighbor women: "Does anyone have a pennyworth of cinnamon, or a nutmeg or a spice-wood stick?"

They had that, too. One ran east through the falling snow for the cinnamon, and one went farther east to fetch the nutmeg, and one went south for the spice-wood stick. Mis' Sudie pared the apples, took off every bit of peel, and she cut the heart out of them. Ziah's knife was so broad it sliced right through, but that was no matter. She set each one, five of them there were, in a pan and stuffed each apple with a candied peach, and each peach with three dried currants, and in between the currants she put a

"Why mess up good icing with a lot of cake?"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY BILL YATES

whole chestnut. She cut a piece of spicewood and slivered it into the apples, with just a grind of nutmeg and a whisper of cinnamon. Then she covered it all with cider and set it out to bake.

The spices blended and filled all the room to goodness, and still she hovered over the fire, letting it grow low and almost out. She stayed until the apples were soft, floating like little islands in their juice, and she called for cold spring water and made apple tea. For that was what Jackson's *Historical Register* for the Army had said was best for colds and fevers. And she was just about to serve it when everybody in that house grew suddenly hard and tight and afraid.

They could smell it. The smell of hair and horn burning, and of flesh. And the first stroke of dawn lay in the chinks, and a wind was coming through, stirring up their blood and the hair on their arms.

Marthe said, "You've come for me."

No one saw what she saw. Unless it was Mis' Sudie.

She looked where Marthe was looking, and she said, "Couldn't we make a bargain?" She sat there holding her hands hard and tight in her lap. There was a whiteness about her lips and pain in her eyes, but her voice was soft and gentle as it always was. "The way everyone is going to the devil these days they can't be worth such a much."

She laid her silver dollar down on the floor. It was more cash money than most folk saw in all a year. "You can take that if you've a mind, or you can take Marthe."

They waited. And the silver dollar didn't move. Everyone had known it wouldn't right from the beginning, for the Devil wouldn't touch silver. So she set the dollar aside, rich as it made her be.

"Wait!" Mis' Sudie called, staring almost to where Marthe lay as though something hovered over her. "If that ain't enough I've got a gun and a knife; she can't be worth more than that!"

She waited and she listened. And the whiteness was terrible around her mouth now. "I can see it ain't worth you're after, but flesh. I offer you myself." She was whispering now. "You can take Marthe or you can take me, but you've got to make a sign so everyone will know which one of us belongs to the fires of hell. Listen to our hearts, Devil, listen and listen and make your choice."

She was proud and beautiful in that moment. She lifted Marthe in her arms. "Hold your hand out, child; this is what you saw, this is what you feared. Hold your hand out so he can take it if he wants it." And Mis' Sudie held her hand out, too, leaning close against the fire.

THEY waited. For almost a lifetime they waited. And then a moaning came over the room. For every eye could see it—the red mark growing and spreading and welling up into an ugliness in the shape of a horned hoof.

It was on Mis' Sudie's hand.

She looked at it. It was as though she had never seen the hand before. She let Marthe's finger trace it out. Mis' Sudie kissed her and she touched the hair that was like sunshine lying there. "You see

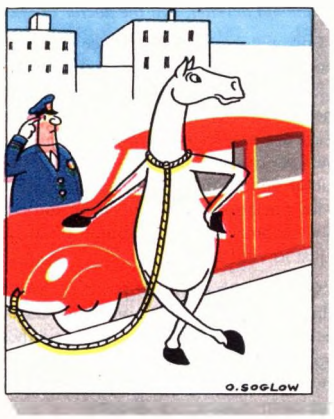
IT'S THE LAW!

by Dick Hyman

ILLUSTRATED BY O. SOGLOW

In Baltimore, Md., it's illegal to take a lion to the movies

Throwing snowballs is prohibited in Watertown, N. Y.



An old Milwaukee, Wis., ordinance forbids parking over 2 hours unless a horse is tied to the car

It is against the law to play marbles on Sunday anywhere in the town of Charlestown, R. I.

Has your state or town some curious law or ordinance? If so, send it to "It's the Law!" The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. We will pay $5 for each acceptable contribution. None can be returned.

he doesn't want you. You're free. He doesn't want you. He wants me."

Mis' Sudie picked up the gourd of apple tea and she held it to Marthe's lips, and the girl drank it every drop. She let Mis' Sudie lay her down and cover her over, and for the first time in days and nights and days Marthe stopped her trembling and closed her eyes and slept.

Mis' Sudie picked up her silver dollar and her bullet and went and opened the door. She left it wide so Will Evans could go in and kneel by his little girl. Mis' Sudie lifted down her gun and put the bullet in it, and walked along the river branch through the dawning. She walked until she stood beside her grave. The snow had covered it, it lay smooth and unbroken as though there were nobody there. She smiled, and laid the silver dollar in the shovel for the Prouty boy.

And she knew the story he would tell. She could hear it whispered around every hearth for years and years to come—of Ziah, who died a God-fearing man, and of Mis' Sudie, who was took off by the Devil. They would tell it when the nights were long and lonely and people wondered about the things they couldn't know.

And they wouldn't. No one who told the story would ever tell it right. No one would understand. They couldn't know what loneliness was, until they had loved a man like Ziah and had him took away. They couldn't know the fear of going to meet the Devil, to be sure you were selling your soul to him. Then the strangeness and the wonder to realize suddenly he wasn't coming. That was why she made the apple tea. Not just to take Marthe's fever down, but because, fussing about it at the fire, no one noticed her burning Ziah's knife in the flames.

They smelled the hair and the horn, and her flesh searing as she held the deer hoof to her hand. They had seen the pain in her eyes, but they hadn't known. She had held her hand so hard it had taken the blood from it and she could stretch it out for a moment white and clean, but the heat of the fire had brought the burn back, and it had brought back a little girl's life who had been scared, believing she had to die. No one would ever tell that part. Or of why Mis' Sudie had known the Devil wasn't to come.

BECAUSE, waiting for him, she had seen Ziah, this stranger she had known, yet never known. She saw him walking the wood to steal a man from the noose. She saw him helping no more than a mule. She saw a youth that had been a little boy born dead and blue. She saw every little girl had been his little girl, and every little boy had been his little boy. He had bought them with a hundred shoe buttons and a hundred walnuts wrapped in yarn. No, he had bought them with laughter.

She saw that it wasn't the Devil at all that was to call for Marthe that dawning. It was God telling Mis' Sudie what she had to know. That was the reason in this. To tell her where Ziah was.

He was out there in the living of all those people.

He wasn't there in the grave at all. He hadn't ever been. His body was, but not the touch of his hands. Not his kindness. Not his laughter—the little children had that. Not his breath. He was living in all their lives.

She could sit by the corners in the settlement and see the people pass, and say, "Good morning, Jake" and "Good morning, Ned" and "Good morning, Marthe," but her heart would say the right words: "Good morning, Ziah."

She looked at the grave that was long enough for one and wide enough for two, and now was covered with snow as though nobody were there. Even the snow had known. She touched the trigger on the gun. How strange she had thought it could take her to him. When he wasn't there at all.

Mis' Sudie turned and went into the cabin that wasn't lonely any more. And she heard the river branch breaking through the ice and singing in the sun. All up and down the tumbling stream the words sparkled and danced:

"Mis' Sudie isn't alone, after all. Ziah and Mis' Sudie are together, going hand in hand."

For that is God's plan.

THE END ★★

(*Continued from page* 26)

fell back on the phone book in her lap. Gordon must think that Neville was pretty, to draw that kind of picture. Funny how attractive some older women could be, but perhaps that was just because they *were* older and had to take more pains. You couldn't imagine Neville in blue jeans, for instance. She gardened in cute cottons and a big hat.

Suddenly Jane decided not to call up anybody. Ever since she'd had her first date at fourteen, she'd looked forward to Saturday nights as special. Even if Gordon was tired there was no reason for him to huddle behind a newspaper the entire evening. He could at least talk to her. . . .

THE doorbell chimed twice and then twice again. That was *her* signal, Neville's. They'd told her to ring twice if she ever wanted them, but she never had. Jane collided head-on with Gordon in the hall.

"It's Neville!" they cried simultaneously, and moved toward the front door.

You could hardly blame Gordon for thrusting out both hands in welcome. Neville looked so cool and pretty in a mint-green linen, and her long-lashed brown eyes were a little wistful as she asked if they were busy.

"We were just talking about you," Jane cried. "It must have been telepathy that brought you over. Come on in and have some fruit punch."

"And some music," Gordon said. "I've been wanting Chopin all evening but I've been too lazy to get out the records."

"Well, why didn't you say so, I'd have got 'em out!" Jane led Neville into the living room, squeezing her arm a little to make up for inhospitable thoughts she couldn't quite control. Both Gordon and Neville had decidedly long-hair taste in music and she . . . Well, tonight she felt restless, a lot more like dancing and being gay.

"It's about time you came to see us, for a change. I don't believe you've been here more than twice since we moved in!" Gordon was really being the gallant host, apparently having shed his tiredness like an old slipper.

"I thought so, too. Right now I can't imagine anything more delightful than Chopin"—Neville smiled up at Gordon—"and a long, cold drink," she said to Jane.

Jane was glad to escape to the kitchen, even if it meant struggling with the ice cubes. Let Gordon fiddle with the record-player. He was right, of course. It was time they repaid some of Neville's hospitality. On several occasions she'd invited them into her attractively furnished house for supper after a session outdoors with their respective gardens. Sometimes they would listen to records there, too, but more often they'd talk. Neville was a genius at getting anyone off on his favorite subject, whether it was recipes, municipal graft, the latest art exhibi-

tion, or Gordon's favorite low-cost housing.

Jane's hand shook slightly as she poured the drinks, and she mopped up the small puddle disgustedly. Why the sudden jitters? After ten months of marriage she certainly knew Gordon well enough to be sure he wouldn't have a yen for another woman, even if he did make doodles of her.

The Chopin *Prelude*—or was it an etude or nocturne?—postponed conversation. Jane passed the drinks and sat down on the plump ottoman near Gordon's chair. Something possessed her to shove it closer to his knees and lean back against them after she'd patted him lovingly. When she did she felt his muscles contract and stiffen. Gordon never liked to be affectionate in public, she remembered ruefully.

A polonaise succeeded the *Prelude*, and then Gordon played the Beethoven *Ninth*. He and Neville seemed utterly absorbed in the music.

"Goodness, I'm glad that's over!" Jane almost ran to the record-player. "I've been scared to open my mouth and I'm crazy to show you my new freezer, Neville. You can put stuff in it any time you want to."

GORDON had given her the freezer for her twenty-third birthday last week and had seemed as proud of it as she was, especially proud of the neat little packets of fish and vegetables she'd already put up. But, accompanying them to the kitchen, he didn't say a word.

"You've done a beautiful job, Jane," Neville said, fingering a carefully packaged box of shrimp.

She doesn't look as if she'd ever set foot in a kitchen, Jane thought, wishing belatedly she'd changed her dress before dinner, whether they were going to the club or not. Oddly enough, in her own kitchen Neville was tremendously competent—and psychic. The very first night they were there for dinner she'd served Gordon's favorite meal—a good steak, baked Idahos, asparagus, and strawberry parfait. It had taken Jane months to discover that her husband didn't particularly care for cream sauces or fancy salads.

"It's shameful of me to have stayed so long," Neville said, following Jane back to the living room. "You're both tired and—"

"No!" Gordon protested, too vehemently. "Why, the evening's just begun. We've hardly said hello. Later we can scramble some eggs or drive down to Tony's for a hamburger and a cup of coffee."

There was an awkward pause.

"Another time," Neville said softly.

Jane could almost feel Gordon's unspoken anger, directed at her because she hadn't urged their guest to stay or even suggested a midnight snack. She curled up on the couch in mute and miserable lethargy.

"I read that your firm got the Bronx auditorium contract, after all," Neville was saying. "I'm not surprised."

"It went through last week." Gordon hesitated a moment, then added casually, "They even decided to use my octagonal lobby."

"With the ticket booth in the center? But of course that's what sold them! It was a brilliant idea."

Bewildered, Jane glanced from one animated face to the other. Why, it was ages ago that Gordon was working on the auditorium plans, right after they were married. He'd talked a lot then about lobbies and ticket booths, but she hadn't paid too much attention. Something about bottlenecks and unnecessary line-ups. Neville seemed to know all about it.

"Last Friday," she cried suddenly, hating to be left out. "That's when you got your raise. Was it because you had designed a special lobby or something?"

"Could be," he said, smiling at her vaguely, as at a child who'd interrupted. "They especially liked those window features, Neville, the ones you commented on, available for four cashiers in a rush—"

But Neville was now on her feet, with a gesture of apology to Jane. "You're worn out, darling. Do forgive me for pouncing in on you. I want to hear more about the interiors of the booth, Gordon, but it will have to wait until next time."

"I'll walk you home," Gordon said.

"Of course he will," Jane said resolutely against Neville's protest. "And please come back again soon. For dinner, some time next week."

She stood in the open doorway, wincing a little from the gracious acknowledgment of a perfect evening. It hadn't been perfect at all, for her. And was it quite necessary for Gordon to take Neville's elbow to guide her down the steps? She wasn't that old—or that young, Jane thought cynically.

Only one hundred feet, Jane estimated, half an hour later, between her doorstep and theirs. A hundred feet over, a hundred feet back. Was he in her house, listening to that low, modulated voice that never fumbled for the right word, the interested, flattering word? Miserably, she prepared for bed, hating herself for doubts that were too fantastic to put into words, for an overactive imagination that had fed on too many stories about the menace of "the other woman." Then she heard his key in the lock, and her fears were alchemized to sudden anger.

Gordon was humming as he came into the room, one of the dance tunes she'd played earlier in the evening before Neville had come over and ruined everything.

"Darn Neville!" she thought, jerking to a sitting posture. "Enjoy yourself?" she asked sarcastically.

GORDON turned, his hand on the closet door. The level, appraising look that he directed at her was more irritating than the previous humming.

"Well, *did* you?" she repeated.

"I enjoyed Neville—tremendously," he said. "And if I hadn't, I hope I wouldn't have been rude enough to show it in my own home."

"I wasn't half as rude as you two were, practically ignoring me all evening and then talking down to me as if I were the village idiot!"

"Sorry," Gordon said curtly. "I wasn't aware of it. Don't you think we'd better quit this senseless—?"

"Of course you weren't aware of it! You weren't aware of anything but Neville and I'm beginning to think that's just what she intended." Humiliation and anger were like a goad whipping

WHY IS IT?

By Roy L. Fox

That the janitor—after years of this . . .

. . . and this . . .

. . . and this—is always thought of . . .

. . . like this

Jane's imagination to ever stronger flights. Not to mention Gordon's cold, unfriendly stare. It was incredible that he could be looking at her like that.

"How does it happen that she knows so much about your business? I'm sure *I* hadn't heard that your plans—"

"She *listens*." Without another word Gordon departed for the bathroom, his pajamas over his arm.

Jane lay back rigidly on the bed, aware of the enormity of this first important quarrel. In a sense, she admitted a degree of guilt in starting it and her real motive.

She had wanted Gordon to deny her suspicions, even to ridicule them. Then she would have apologized, and cried a little, perhaps, so he could comfort her. But now it was too late for tears and reconciliation, because Gordon hadn't denied anything. By defending Neville he'd proved that she'd already become important to him.

Huddling miserably close to her edge of the big double bed, Jane did not speak or move when Gordon returned and flicked off the light. Her mother always said a man was like putty in the hands of a scheming, clever woman. That was one of the cliches Jane had scoffed at, but there must be truth in it. Otherwise it wouldn't have *become* a cliché. . . .

AFTER fitful sleep she was awake at seven. Although they usually slept late on Sundays, Jane tiptoed to the kitchen to make herself coffee. And, glancing out the window, she saw Neville reach out of her back door to take in the milk. Neville, who slept late every morning, couldn't sleep today. No wonder!

Suddenly, her color high, Jane streaked across the lawn separating their house from Neville's, and pounded on the back door.

"I saw you come out for the milk. I'd like to talk to you," she said, accepting the dinette chair that was offered, but not the cup of coffee. "Gordon's still asleep. He'll never know I came over unless you tell him."

"If there's something you want to keep from Gordon, I can respect a confidence, Jane," Neville said gently.

"But not a marriage! You don't respect a marriage very much, do you?" Aghast at her own words, Jane clenched her hands to keep them from trembling. Perhaps she'd made a dreadful and humiliating mistake. Certainly there was a startled expression in the eyes that flashed to meet hers. But that could be guilt, she thought. Otherwise, why was Neville taking such a long time to answer?

"You think I've deliberately tried to—to attract your husband?"

"You *deliberately* kept him out last night?"

"Did I? Time passes so quickly when you're interested, I doubt if either of us noticed. But, tell me, has Gordon said or done anything that would make you think he could possibly be in love with me?"

"Infatuated would be a better word," Jane said bitterly. "I don't think it's even that now, but it might be if you go on playing up to him. Why, Gordon hardly knows you now. He can't have talked with you more than a dozen times."

"How long had you known each other before you were married?"

"Since I was a kid," Jane said, then bit her lip. "That's not quite true. I sort of worshipped him from a distance from the time I was in high school, but he didn't really know me until he came back from Japan. He was there after the war and we weren't married until six months after he got back. But we *were* married," she added pointedly.

Neville rested her white elbows on the table and laughed. "So they were married and lived happily ever afterward!" she mocked. "In spite of all the evidence around you, that's what you believe, isn't it, Jane? It's what I believed at your age. Unhappiness, unfaithfulness, divorce—that might happen to other people, but never to you. The gods smiled on you and Gordon, so leave it up to the gods. Just be sure to keep 'dangerous' women out of his way! Don't take out any insurance. Don't bother to pay premiums for the miracle of a happy marriage!"

"I don't know what you mean." White-faced, Jane rose from her chair. "I just came over to tell you that this—this *thing* between you and Gordon could mess up all our lives if it goes on. If it really got serious, my pride would let him have you and—"

"You think I couldn't make him happy?"

"You're at least six years older than he is! And, well, being Gordon, he'd still have me on his mind. He'd be guilty and miserable."

Neville stood up abruptly, put her hands on Jane's shoulders. "Sit down," she commanded. "Do you realize that's the first time you've ever mentioned Gordon's welfare? *Your* pride, *your* marriage, *your* priority! How about him? Just what do you have to offer?"

Jane sat down and listened to Neville's voice going on and on relentlessly. It was as if she were giving a speech, long-rehearsed or well-remembered. Confused, Jane winced at certain phrases, groped at others for their true meaning.

". . . little princesses who get a man and expect to be coddled forever after . . . mental and physical laziness . . . no need to enchant or seduct after marriage, no need to anticipate a man's moods . . . no intelligent interest in his work or the world you live in.

"You haven't even begun to *earn* Gordon's love yet," Neville finished. "And yet you accuse me of trying to steal it. If, after almost a year of marriage, he still has it to give away, I'd say it was on the open market!"

Jane walked past her to the door, hesitated a moment. "Maybe you're right about some things," she said, "but I don't think I'm as much of a washout as all that. If I had been, Gordon wouldn't have married me. And don't think I'm not going to fight to keep him, because I am! I'm not afraid of you or—"

"That's fine. Perhaps you'll find that

competition is stimulating, since you're no longer afraid of it. Why not bring Gordon over here for supper tonight, at seven. He has some blueprints he wants to show me."

Jane could only nod, unable to find words to accept the brazen challenge. Back in her own kitchen she moved automatically to prepare their breakfast of orange juice, toast, and coffee. They always ate lightly Sunday mornings because of the big one o'clock dinner that followed so shortly and became, invariably, her conversation-piece for the day. Neville would probably say that she bored Gordon with making so much of Sunday dinner, but Mother and Sis always had and she'd got in the habit. It was true she'd discouraged regular church-going since they were married, because she couldn't sleep late and manage breakfast, church, and dinner in their allotted time. Gordon enjoyed Dr. Choate's scholarly sermons, too, she remembered.

Suddenly Jane flicked on the oven switch, turned it high for popovers. They'd have bacon and eggs, too, and go to church. At least she'd suggest it. A change in routine might be just the thing to break the ice this morning. Certainly she wasn't going to refer to last night, and she hoped he wouldn't. Maybe later in the day she'd be able to cope with Neville's supper invitation, with some of the shocking things she'd said. Most of all, with the shocking person their amiable next-door neighbor had turned out to be.

Gordon seemed glad to take her to church, the same one in which they'd been married less than a year ago. Could he be recalling that ceremony, as she was, remembering their solemn vows? She stole furtive glances at his stern, uncommunicative profile, wondering if he could ever truly contemplate breaking those vows, no matter what the provocation might be.

But had she kept all of them herself? Neville's accusations darted through her mind, and she wondered despairingly if she had honored Gordon's opinions, his integrity, even his interests, such as his love of good music. Hadn't she been impatient always with the ideas and moods that hadn't absorbed her?

Dr. Choate's sermon was about fear, directed principally to those who had loved ones in battle, but Jane found it applied to her, to everyone whose lives and loves were in jeopardy. Even to the lonely ones, like Neville, who might become ruthless because of their inner fears.

At dinner she was the first to bring up the subject of Dr. Choate's sermon. Gordon glanced at her rather quizzically, but seemed glad to embark on an impersonal discussion with her.

"We're on guard with each other today," Jane thought unhappily. "Like fencers, like armed strangers." It occurred to her that she would have enjoyed this particular dinner conversation if the bogey of the supper invitation hadn't tormented her.

"Neville's asked us over for supper—at seven," she committed herself, as Gordon rose from the table. "I told her we'd come."

Was it relief or anticipated pleasure that brightened his face? "I'm glad, Jane," he said. "I knew you didn't mean those hysterical things you said last night."

"But I did!" she wanted to cry. "I mean them more than ever, now that she's practically admitted I was right." Instead, she shook her head and tried to smile, refusing his offer to help with the dishes.

Later, while he washed the car, she threw herself down on the couch and tried to sleep. It seemed incredible that just yesterday she'd been lying here in happy, carefree anticipation of the Saturday night ahead, unaware that she was so inadequate as a wife and so selfish. Well, maybe she wasn't! Certainly Gordon had never complained before. Maybe this was just Neville's way of making her feel inferior. Jane began to count her assets. She was gay, pretty, popular with her friends, a better than average cook and housekeeper . . .

Suddenly she jumped to her feet and strode purposely to the bedroom. At least she could quit this maudlin self-pity. If this evening were not going to be a dreary repetition of last night, she'd better make the most of what she had, in looks, brains, and courage. Her childish tantrum last night had proved one thing conclusively—that she wasn't going to entrance Gordon by tears and accusations. . . .

At seven, when they crossed the lawn, Neville's house was ablaze with lights and a strange car was parked in her driveway.

"Thought she was just having us for supper?" Disappointment was evident in Gordon's voice as he pushed the doorbell.

"So did I. That's a New York license. I wonder . . . Oh, hello, Neville. Are we late?"

"Come in, you two, and meet my sister and brother-in-law. Heaven knows it's taken me long enough to get them out here."

Neville was radiantly beautiful tonight in white chiffon. As she acknowledged the introductions Jane noted that Jack and Margaret Webster were dressed up, too, and that a white-jacketed manservant had been hired to serve.

"I didn't know it was going to be a party," she said a little ruefully to Margaret, who'd made room for her on the couch.

"Oh, Neville can stir up a party at the drop of a hat, especially if she has a bee in her own bonnet. I suspect she's up to something with Jack and your husband," Margaret said indulgently.

Neville stood in the center of the room, between the two men, talking animatedly. Gordon, Jane noted, seemed oddly ill at ease.

Suddenly conscious that Margaret had broken off an apparently endless stream of chatter, Jane turned back to her seatmate.

"He's terribly attractive." Margaret was smiling at her. "Neville told us he was, of course. And brilliant."

Jane flushed, and hated herself for the telltale color of her cheeks. She should have been proud of the compliment to Gordon and have acknowledged it graciously. But what right had Neville to speak so possessively of him? She didn't know him that well. Or did she? Was it possible that she and Gordon had been seeing each other—?

"I'll take two of them"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY BOB SCHROETER

"You probably know that we've been urging Neville to move to New York and take a job with Jack's advertising firm. We've been needling her ever since Ned died last year. You can't imagine how we worry about her living out here by herself."

"No," Jane said. "I didn't know. She seems contented here."

"But she's changed her mind," Margaret said triumphantly. "That's why she called us this morning. She's decided to take the job, and I'm going to find her an apartment if I have to build one!"

"And then she and Gordon will meet in New York," Jane thought woodenly, "if they haven't already been meeting there." Her eyes flashed to Gordon, who now stood in the center of the trio, the dominant figure even though Neville was talking.

". . . so you can see what Gordon's done for Parks and Swansea, Jack," she said, "and you know, of course, how slow these big architectural firms are to give advancement. A little piece on this project of his in one of the better magazines might wake them up, if you think it could be arranged. . . . No, don't say a word, either of you. Dinner is ready. Just think about it. Margaret . . . Jane, dear, I'm afraid I've neglected you both shamefully."

"Not at all!" Rising swiftly, Jane moved to Gordon's side. He was practically rigid with anger. Neville had made a dreadful mistake. If there was one thing he couldn't stand it was patronage, currying favor. How Neville could possibly have misinterpreted his showing her his blueprints and discussing the project, Jane couldn't understand. Why, Gordon's integrity practically shone. The thought was cut off short. Hadn't she, herself, been doubting his integrity just a moment ago, accusing him of meeting Neville in town? What a fool, an utter, utter fool she'd been not to know her own man!

How she managed to get through the elaborate four-course dinner Jane could not remember in detail. And yet, there was an awareness that she'd never spoken so surely or felt more in control of an awkward situation. This time it was Gordon who had to make an effort to overcome his emotional reaction to Neville's proposition, and Jane gladly accepted the responsibility of helping him by guiding the conversation from dangerous channels.

THEY were finishing dessert when Neville announced her forthcoming move to the city. "But there's no reason for us to get out of touch," she said. "Jack's office is on Madison, only three or four blocks from yours, Gordon. When Jane comes in to town we could at least have lunch together."

She didn't glance at Jane when she said it, but looked straight at Gordon, whose eyes met hers unwaveringly. Then he turned to Jane and smiled. "You fix it up with Neville, dear. Call her when you come in shopping."

"Of course." Jane welcomed the scrape of Neville's chair on the parquet floor. In a few minutes she would claim a headache and they could go home. As guest or host, Gordon would never be childishly rude or petulant, as she'd been last night, but even innate good manners could not cloak his evident discomfort—and disillusionment. In a peculiarly ironic way she, too, felt disillusioned by Neville, let down—after all the challenging sentences that had been flung at her this morning. The fancy dress, this elaborate and unheralded dinner party, the too-obvious interest in Gordon were out of character. People didn't change this much without . . .

Jane's demitasse suddenly clattered loudly against the saucer and her astonished eyes met Neville's cool stare. And then she knew.

"Why, she's giving Gordon back to me," Jane thought. "He was never really hers; she didn't really want him. But she is giving him back!"

Dazedly, she realized that Gordon was on his feet claiming some important bookwork as an excuse for their early departure. She made appropriate remarks to the Websters and Neville, and preceded him out the door.

"Let's take a walk," he said, his hand gripping her elbow. "I need some fresh air."

She skipped a little, trying to keep up with his long strides. "You know, I'm really going to miss Neville when she goes," she said reflectively a few minutes later.

"You are! Why, I was just about to say that some of the things you mentioned last night might not be so far off the beam. Although, honestly, Janie, I didn't know it. She'd always seemed a good friend to both of us, fine company, intelligent—"

"And beautiful," Jane said. "Some women can become more beautiful as they grow older."

WITH her arm tucked in his she could feel him shrug. "Possibly. If they don't get stupid ideas."

In the warm, protective darkness Jane smiled. Neville's ideas had taught her something about men. More importantly, they'd taught her something about women. They could be generous, they could be sisters, sharing their hard-earned wisdom—most precious wealth—even at the risk of appearing "stupid." Tomorrow she could thank Neville in person, but there was a better way. Practice that wisdom with Gordon, and some day, like Neville, she might be rich enough and sure enough to share it. If only she didn't forget.

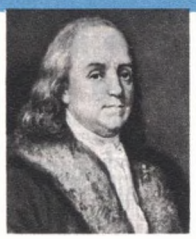
THE END ★★

WHAT'S IN A NICKNAME?

by Frank Lewis

1. The Old Curmudgeon

2. The Great Profile



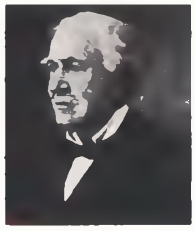
3. Poor Richard

4. The Georgia Peach

5. Little Mo

6. The Divine Sarah

7. Old Hickory



8. The Wizard of Menlo Park

9. The Little Flower

10. The Swedish Nightingale

AMERICANS are generous people, and among the things we lavishly bestow are nicknames. We give almost everybody, from next-door neighbors to Presidents, catchy titles which wrap up their personalities in neat capsules. In fact, one of the earmarks of fame is a nickname which the entire nation recognizes. On this page are 15 nicknames accompanied by pictures of their famous bearers of the past and the present. See whether you can identify each of these noted individuals by his or her correct name.

A score from 12 to 15 means that you have an enviable memory for names and faces and a well-rounded knowledge of American life. From 8 to 11 you're mighty good at this. From 4 to 7 is fair. Below 4 puts you in the class of William (the Bard) Shakespeare, who airily wrote, "What's in a name?" All set?

To check your answers, turn to page 116

11. Mother of the Red Cross

12. Boz

13. The Silver-Tongued Orator

14. The Greatest Showman on Earth

15. Mad Anthony

(*Continued from page* 21)

yell and flew through the air. She landed on the table and crouched, the dark, seal-brown face set in an expression of fury.

"She doesn't act too sick," he said. His heart sank. He had never been intimate with a Siamese cat, but he had read about them.

"Come here, Lorelei," said the girl.

Lorelei swung toward them across the table. Her tail was as big as a baseball bat. The girl put out her hand and rubbed the pointed ears. Dr. Carlson shook down the thermometer with an air of false courage.

FIFTEEN minutes later they both knew that the cat had no temperature. Dr. Carlson swabbed his hands with iodine where the claws had cut in the deepest. Miss Blake smoothed her hair.

The cat made herself small on one corner of the table, and uttered a string of curses in strong Siamese.

"Now, if you'll describe the symptoms," said Dr. Carlson.

"I think she has a hair ball in her stomach," said Miss Blake. "She's been shedding a lot lately."

"Yes, I noticed that," said the doctor, blowing the fine fur from his sleeves. "Her appetite good?"

"Well, she wouldn't eat her breakfast," said Miss Blake. "But then she saw me getting the case out, and she got mad right away."

"What do you feed her?"

Miss Blake blushed. She was even prettier when she blushed.

"Well, I know it isn't a very balanced diet. But Lorelei only eats what she likes. She likes fried chicken best, then turkey and lamb. She will eat round steak if it is cooked quite rare. She likes a raw egg in the morning."

"No milk, I presume. How about liver?"

"She doesn't like liver. She will eat salmon and adores lobster—boiled, not broiled."

"Well, Miss Blake," said Dr. Carlson, "I think if you leave her overnight I can clean her out thoroughly, and check for worms, too. Then, if everything's all right, you can get her in the morning."

Miss Blake went over to her cat and spoke softly. "My precious angel," she said, "Mommy will be back, and you be a nice, sweet kitty and get all well." She turned to the doctor: "I hate to leave her—"

"You need have no worry," he said. "We'll get along fine, as soon as she settles down a bit."

As soon as Miss Blake had gone, Dr. Carlson decided to put the precious angel in a cage until the high-school boy who was to help afternoons with chores could hold her while the medicine went down. It was, he thought, not a one-man job.

Getting Lorelei in a cage wasn't a one-man job, either. He approached her gently and got one hand on her. Then she lashed out and ripped his arm. Her velvet paws had claws like lancets.

Dr. Carlson mopped his forehead. He knew the theory, all right, and he had given cats medication frequently. But not this cat. She needed a gauze bandage wrapped around her to hold her paws down. And he needed a suit of armor.

"Nice kitty," he said placatingly.

A murderous growl answered him.

Twenty minutes later Lorelei was on top of the bookcase in the waiting room, and Dr. Carlson was busy with the iodine again. The worst of it was, any other patient would be scared away by the racket.

Dr. Carlson went to the kitchen, and came back with a piece of the fried chicken which was to be his dinner. He carried it into the waiting room and held it out. The next instant Lorelei came sailing through the air and landed on his chest, sinking her claws in for a good hold. She made a curious throaty sound.

Dr. Carlson, the chicken, and Lorelei went into the room of cages. The doctor heaved the chicken into the nearest cage, the cat followed her bribe, and the cage door slammed behind her.

When Dr. Carlson looked in again a little later, Lorelei was crouching in the far corner of the cage, just glaring. He advised her to take it easy, and she told him what to do.

Lorelei certainly had spirit.

While Dr. Carlson was straightening rugs and pushing the chairs back into place, Peggy wandered in and got curious. She took the doorknob in her mouth, turned it, went in to the cages, and froze to a point. The Siamese flung herself against the walls of the cage, hissing now, a fierce, jungle hiss. Dr. Carlson hastily removed Peggy, who went out looking over her shoulder.

The buzzer sounded. Dr. Carlson smoothed his coat down, and went to the waiting room.

TWO shabby men in old army shirts and jeans came toward him, one holding a very small, very limp white dog in his arms. "She got poisoned," he said. "Got hold of some furniture polish."

Dr. Carlson took the little body and rushed to the treatment room.

He was praying. The cat, and then this; two failures the very first morning. It was too much.

Fifteen minutes later he stuck his head out of the door and said, "Do you have any idea what kind of furniture polish she swallowed?"

The older man reached in his jeans and drew out a large bottle of polish. Dr. Carlson grabbed it, sniffed it, flew back to the table. The little dog was breathing more evenly now, the heart steadied.

Pumped out and responding to the antidote, the little dog kept on breathing. And inside half an hour the two men carried her out.

Dr. Carlson took a look at Lorelei, who looked back with blue rage. Now, there was no use in letting one small cat defeat a duly graduated veterinarian. He

got a large bath towel and approached the cage. He had his sleeves pulled well down and, on second thought, he added a heavy jacket over his white coat. He put on a pair of gloves.

"Now, remember," he said, "this is all for your own good. Nice kitty."

She came out of the cage yelling, and he grabbed her right hind leg. She scratched his neck. He wrapped the towel around her, swaddling her to the narrow wedge of face. Any other animal in the world, he reflected morosely, would have given in.

Not Lorelei. She made herself stiff in his arms and nearly slid through the towel. When he put the bundle on the table, the medicine tipped over. He set his teeth. He got her mouth slightly open, and poured.

He put the cat back in the cage and mopped oil from his collar. He sat down. He needed an assistant, and he couldn't afford one. In the meantime . . . If he couldn't manage one Siamese cat, he was no proper vet. He got up, decisively, and cleaned the examining table. He would treat that cat if it was the last thing he did. By the time the oil had gone through her, he could test for worms.

The phone rang.

"This is Miss Blake," said the soft voice. "How is Lorelei?"

"Doing very well," he said. Better than he was, he thought.

"Does she have any worms?"

"I haven't yet been able to check," he said.

"Oh," she said. There was a silence. "Well, did you put sand or papers in her box?"

"Box?" he asked.

"She won't use anything but that special sand," she said.

"I see," he said.

"I'll call again later."

"Yes, do."

He mopped his forehead and went back to Lorelei, who glared at him from the corner of the cage.

"So I have to get special sand," he said. "All right, you take care of the office."

He made a sign, "Back very soon," and pinned it to the door. Might lose dozens of patients, he thought, as he backed the car out and opened the door for Peggy. Peggy loved driving; she leaned her head on his right arm, frosted the windshield with her nose, whacked him with her happy tail.

"Cats!" Dr. Carlson said in disgust.

The nearest pet-supply shop was quite a distance, but he hurried. The treated sand was expensive; he bought quite a lot. He dashed back to the office, smoothed the sand neatly in a small, flat carton, and thrust it into the cage.

Lorelei's wild blue eyes regarded him fiercely.

"This may be fun for you," Dr. Carlson said, "but not for me. I'm just looking forward to giving you those large capsules for hair balls. That will be a party. Let's both get our strength up."

"Wow," she said.

"Wow, too," he agreed.

Afterward, he peered through the door, opening it a mere crack.

Lorelei got up, tiptoed to the box, inspected it carefully, laid a slim velvet paw on it, made a pattern. Made another, in a different direction. With great dignity she got in the box.

Young Dr. Carlson had another cup of coffee.

He looked thoughtfully at Peggy, who was drinking a bowl of milk and spilling it all over the clean floor. "What dog," he asked, "would have to have a private bathroom? I ask you, Peggy!"

He cleaned up the kitchen floor, let Peggy out in the run. He came back, to find Lorelei seated on the waiting-room table, taking out the flowers he had so carefully put in the silver loving cup he had won for tennis. She didn't hear him, she was so absorbed in lifting each tulip out and nibbling it; sniffing the lilacs in ecstasy, then taking a very small sip of flower water. She looked at ease, and comfortable.

Dr. Carlson went into the cage room, and saw that she had unlocked the bar lock. She had been ready to come out, so she had come.

Young Dr. Carlson groaned. He went to the kitchen and located a small piece of round steak which he had planned for his next day's dinner. Assuming he would be busy, he had stocked up.

"I'm busy, all right," he told himself.

On second thought, he broiled the steak. He cut it into tiny bits and bore a saucerful to Lorelei, who greeted him with fury, and leaped to the top of the bookcase.

He set the saucer on the table and stood near it, with the towel wrapped over his arm.

The phone rang, the buzzer sounded, but he did not move. He heard steps going away outside, and set his mouth and waited.

Of course, a Siamese shouldn't eat so much, anyway. Still the chicken breast meat was a small amount . . .

Lorelei began to speak to him. She told him a long story, larded with expletives; then she mollified some of her worst comments and grew plaintive. Once she turned her back and ostentatiously washed her front paws and broke down her ears with firmness. Then she spoke again, this time a wistful tale of her troubles.

Finally she leaped from bookcase top to table, and graciously ate the meat, selecting by paw the rarest bits and carefully moving them aside. She liked her beef medium rare; not too rare, not too well-done, she indicated.

Young Dr. Carlson found himself grinning.

And he picked her up and held her. She looked him over, but she refrained from clawing. Her eyes were the deepest sapphire, beautifully set in the dark, seal-colored mask. Delicately her whiskers feathered out; her pointed mouth was darker velvet.

"I will say you are beautiful," he said.

"You take it or leave it," she said, or so he thought.

He ventured stroking under her exquisite chin with one big finger. She lifted her head and yawned. Walking on eggshells, he carried her to the cage and

set her in and closed and locked the door. Then he went to mop up the wreckage of the flowers and vase which had plunged to the floor.

He discovered then, by running a slide, that Lorelei had no worms at all. She was, it seemed, an extraordinarily healthy cat.

He sat down and figured up his day so far. He had charged the men a dollar, since they looked so poor. The treatment for the little dog would amount to over a dollar when he added it all up. He was about forty cents behind.

Then for the Siamese; the chicken and beef were not much, but the broken thermometer, the two torn jackets, the dent in the loving cup, the scratches on the waiting-room table . . . He sighed and put his account book away.

The buzzer sounded, and it was Miss Blake.

"I just happened to be passing," she said, quite untruthfully, "so I thought I'd ask—"

"She's fine," he said heartily. "No trace of worms. Medication for hair balls to be administered."

"Then I can take her home?"

He looked at her. She had a catnip mouse in her hand. He wondered if she always walked around with one.

"How did you happen to have a Siamese cat?" he asked.

She dimpled, and looked exceptionally pretty. "That's a good question," she said. "I am not in a position to buy a pedigreed cat. My aunt had a litter and gave me Lorelei in return for typing a history of Wade County from 1790 to today." She looked at him gravely, her eyes wide. "Your dog, I presume," she said, "is a pedigreed setter, too?"

He grinned. "I couldn't afford to buy a duck," he said. "I worked my way through school— I'm just beginning. But I found Peggy wandering by the road, and advertised, and she never was claimed. So I kept her." He added fervently, "She's the most intelligent, most exceptional—"

"Like Lorelei," she said.

Suddenly he didn't want her to walk out and never come back again. One thing he knew from his books: Nothing is as healthy as a Siamese cat.

But he must be ethical. He was a doctor. He moved slowly to the door of the cage room. She was right behind him.

"I'll let you take her out of her cage," he said.

AT THAT point the waiting-room door was flung open, and a large and very drooling boxer lunged in. With him, he had a big man in imported tweeds.

"Now, Wellington," said the Tweedy Type, "now, Wellington."

The cage door was already open, and Lorelei shot out. She described a swift parabola in the air, made for the flowered drapes, and went up them like a sailor up a mast. In passing, both Miss Blake and Dr. Carlson sustained a few scratches, since they were in the way.

Wellington lunged. Lorelei clawed on up.

This was the almost worst moment for young Dr. Carlson. He had inexpensive paper draperies at the windows; they looked very springlike and pretty, but they were not quite able to support the weight of a climbing Siamese, and they quite definitely ripped down in long shreds.

Miss Blake turned with fury. "Now, see; you've frightened her," she said to Dr. Carlson. "See what you've done!"

"Now, listen," he said, "that cat—"

"Never mind the cat," said the Tweedy Type. "This is an emergency. I must have attention right away. I couldn't wait to drive on to my regular vet. Let me say that Wellington goes up for his final championship points at Morris and Essex, and this happened!"

The final tip of the draperies gave way, and Lorelei plummeted down, turning herself in mid-air so that she landed on the potted fern so necessary to a doctor's office. The fern crashed over, the pot broke, dirt and fronds scattered, and Wellington lunged again, uttering a joyous cry.

THEN the Siamese and Miss Blake both exploded into the cage room, and with great presence of mind Dr. Carlson slammed and locked the door.

"Now come in," he said to Tweedy Type, "and I'll examine your dog."

"He got into this dog fight," said the owner. "Not his fault at all, I assure you. This Great Dane simply jumped him. In the tobacco shop."

Dr. Carlson heaved the boxer to the table with difficulty. He was a little tired. There was a slash across the top of the boxer's snubby and sniffling nose. His eyes were quite placid, and he licked the doctor's hand as he was examined.

"I think I'll just take a stitch," said Dr. Carlson. "If he is going in the ring it would be better. Ordinarily, it might be let alone, but it will heal more evenly if I stitch it up a bit. Possibly you might just stand beside him. My assistant is—out at the moment."

"Quite," said the man, "quite."

His tweedy sleeve thrust out, he laid his hand on Wellington.

"Steady, old man; this is nothing," he said. "Steady, old thing."

Wellington snuffled. As Dr. Carlson swabbed around the wound, it began to bleed under the clot which had formed. He reached for the needle and the gut, pulled the cotton swabs over. He was deeply absorbed; one couldn't fail on a champion.

Miss Blake was pounding on the door. She didn't care to be locked in, he gathered. He bent his head over the boxer, and at that moment there was a terrible crash.

Tweedy Type had fainted dead away. In falling, with nobody to catch him, he had hit the edge of the examining table.

Dr. Carlson flew to the cage room, unlocked the door. "Quick!" he said. "I need you!"

She flew after him. She took one look, and said, "You go on and sew up the dog's wound. I'll manage with the man. I've done First Aid."

Dr. Carlson, with a rather shaky hand, sewed up the complaisant Wellington. Miss Blake opened Tweedy Type's collar, swabbed his head, held spirits of

ammonia at his nose. She grabbed a clean towel and ran cold water over it and laid it on his forehead. Then she stood up and pulled a roll of tissue open from the side table and swiftly mopped up the few drops of blood which Wellington had contributed to the party.

The owner gave a feeble groan. The boxer got off the table and ambled over and sat down, eying his fallen idol with interest.

Presently the man came to and raised his head. "Sorry," he muttered. "Never could stand sight of blood."

"Your dog is all fixed up," said Miss Blake soothingly. She turned to Dr. Carlson: "Have you any brandy?"

He had. Well, not brandy, exactly; it was a farewell bottle of champagne from some of his classmates. He rushed to get it, broke it open. Miss Blake took a paper cup—she seemed to find everything—and administered a spot of champagne.

HALF an hour later the boxer owner was recovered sufficiently to rise from the waiting-room couch.

"Sorry," said the man. "I just have never been able to— Thank you and your nurse very much."

"Don't mention it," said Dr. Carlson. "It's all in the day's business. I think your dog will be able to show, all right. This should heal without a scar; it was a clean and small wound. And tending to it immediately should help. You might check with your vet in a few days."

"I'll be back here," said the man. "Near home and accessible and all that. But would appreciate your not mentioning any—incidents. I happen to be the President of the Boxer Club in this state. Wouldn't be a good idea—you know what I mean."

"A doctor never reveals anything that happens," said Dr. Carlson. "Ethics, you know, and all that."

They shook hands. Wellington snuffled. The two went out to a big yellow convertible and drove away.

"Whew!" said Dr. Carlson. "Could do with some coffee."

"Could," she agreed.

"Where's Lorelei?"

They went to the cage room. Lorelei was rolling on the catnip mouse, flinging it in the air, catching it lovingly, rolling again.

Dr. Carlson led the way to the kitchen and they had coffee and cinnamon toast. The high-school boy had just plain not turned up. Dr. Carlson felt it was no use to phone. The boy either had another job, or had made the team.

As he poured his third cup of coffee, Lorelei came in and jumped lightly to the top of the refrigerator. She began washing her face and paws, going over and over them with meticulous care.

Miss Blake said hesitantly, "Was she —any trouble?"

"Oh, no, certainly not—not at all," he said. "One has merely to understand the Siamese temperament. That's all there is to it."

"That's it," she said.

Peggy came in, and Lorelei roared from the top of the refrigerator. Peggy stood up on her hind legs and looked searchingly at this small and yelling creature, then came over to the table to see what could be had to keep body and soul together. She decided cinnamon toast with extra butter was all right until supper. Then she went out again, on her own business, for she was a busy person.

The kitchen was pleasant, with the late sun slanting in.

"How did you happen to be a doctor for animals?" asked Miss Blake.

He told her. He told her everything. All his fears and anxieties seemed to come out and mingle with the good smell of coffee and cinnamon and butter. He even told her how he had felt when his father and mother were laid in the deep hole and the earth sifted over. How the small mongrel dog he had at the time had come and laid his head in his hand and looked at him.

"I had an alley kitten," she said. "I hid her in the closet. My stepfather—Well, I had her three days. I mean to say, if you know how they can love you—"

"I know what you mean " he said.

Lorelei jumped to the table not a bad jump. She walked to the plates, her tail agitating proudly. She sniffed the toast bits left, selected one, and tossed it in the air with one brown glove.

"I think she is a perfectly healthy cat," said Dr. Carlson.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" Miss Blake said. "She's all I ever have had, and I got so frightened—"

"That's what I feel," he said, putting down his coffee cup. "Animals are so—so sound, and they give so much. That's why I wanted to be a vet. It was—quite an ideal with me." He went over and got the bottle of champagne and poured a glass for her and one for himself. "My first day," he said, "and what happens? I fix up one small mongrel and one large owner. And as for your Siamese—I can't charge for her, she was a lifetime of experience. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe I ought to go back to the farm."

She sipped her drink. "I never tasted champagne before," she said.

"Me, either," he said. "But this is a special occasion."

LORELEI delicately walked across the table and sniffed his glass. He held it out and she sipped a small kitten sip. And sneezed.

Lorelei stretched, flexed her claws in and out, in and out. She yawned, washed a piece of paw, and sat down on his shoulder, breathing in his ear.

"Why, look!" said Miss Blake. "She never let anyone—she just doesn't like strangers "

"I wouldn't call myself a stranger," he said.

The sun poured a golden stream across the table. With Lorelei still on his shoulder, he got up to make more coffee.

The phone rang, as he was measuring the coffee.

"I'll go," said Miss Blake, and flew.

He put the pot on. Then he hurried after her to the office.

"Yes, this is Dr. Carlson's," he heard Miss Blake say. "Yes, this is his assistant. . . . Yes, we'd be delighted to have Lilybelle to be checked over. . . . Yes, we do have room for Buster, too, if he can't be separated from her. We are quite crowded, but we know how important it is that pets should be happy. . . . Nine in the morning? . . . Thank you. We'll expect you, then."

She turned from the phone and her eyes were very wide and very shining. "More patients," she said breathlessly.

"But look," he said, unwinding Lorelei's tail from his ear. "I haven't any money. I do need an assistant, but—"

"You'll be surprised," she said, "what's going to happen when I help out with office details."

"But you just can't drop everything—"

"That's all right," she said. "I'm between jobs at the moment, and I've just decided my career is helping in a doctor's office."

She smiled at him. Lorelei leaned down and slightly bit his ear.

It occurred to young Dr. Carlson that they were quite a lot alike at that moment, the girl and the cat.

"I'm sure I can manage," he said, "if I have you, and Lorelei, to keep things going."

Lorelei reached out a velvet paw and slapped him gently.

THE END★★

I Really Saw Europe —by Bus!

(*Continued from page* 31)

members of the party were in one family group: Mrs. J. M. Neblett, age 77, of Hopkinsville, Ky.; her daughter, Mrs. Oscar Bass; and her 11-year-old great-granddaughter, Virginia Bass. Before the trip was over, Mrs. Neblett had been acclaimed the most indestructible sightseer of the crowd. She explained that she had developed her endurance by doing several miles of roadwork daily during the months before her departure from Hopkinsville. I pass this along as a hint to any prospective visitor who would like to avoid blisters and muscle trouble.

In a survey I made of the passengers, it was agreed that Rome was the high point of the tour. Other high points were the crossing of the Alps—high enough, indeed, to be 6,000 feet above sea level—and the cities of Florence, Venice, and Copenhagen. These were the jewels of the journey—the places every traveler wants to see at least once in his lifetime.

Lesser but still noteworthy climaxes were Rapallo, on the Italian Riviera; Pisa, where the famous tower leans; Viareggio, where we had a swim in the Mediterranean; the beautiful and ancient hill town of Assisi; and Innsbruck, Austria, where we found the most modern hotel on our route and the best American-style coffee.

We had our first big thrill on the second day out of Paris. We had spent the night in a pretty little French village called Champagnole, in the Jura Mountains—which are actually only foothills

—and then had crossed the Swiss border at 10 A.M. After lunch in Montreux in an airy hotel dining room whose windows looked out over the Lake of Geneva, we began to climb into the Alps. There had been a rumor that the road through the Simplon Pass was still blocked by snow and that we would have to go by rail through the tunnel, with Caroline presumably accompanying us on a flatcar. This seemed incredible down below in the warm May sunshine.

On their lower slopes the Alps were a rich, ripe green, with the grass like a nubbly rug crossed by little footpaths and cut by narrow streams. We saw friendly looking sheep with black feet and muzzles, and odd goats with their front halves black and their rear ends white. Soon the grass was replaced by a forest of lacy pine trees, with a thick blanket of rose-brown needles on the ground. Someone pointed to an emergency telephone in a box by the road, and we began to feel adventurous. Then we were beyond the trees. Patches of snow appeared. I could feel my ears popping from the change in altitude.

WE WENT through a tunnel so narrow and twisting that co-pilot Torsten Hansson, our second driver, got out and walked ahead to guide us. Several times the bus made seemingly impossible hairpin turns, with Caroline's nose, which projected beyond the front wheels, apparently hanging in empty space. If we hadn't been already convinced of the driving genius of ham-fisted Sven Larsson, our chief driver, half the passengers would have chosen to walk at this point. Finally we saw nothing ahead of us but snow and rock and a dazzle of light from a distant glacier. Beyond the right shoulder of the road was a deep crevasse with white rushing water at the bottom.

We stopped and got out of the bus. Even though the sun was warm, snow was still banked where the plows had left it. Virginia Bass and our other junior passenger, 12-year-old Mervyn Crooker, of Vancouver, B. C., ran up a slope and found furry lavender-and-yellow anemones growing, while the rest of us gazed at the vast, distant white-topped peaks, as lifeless and remote as the moon, and focused our cameras. Sue Osmotherly, of Winnetka, Ill., one of our two vacationing librarians, announced positively that the view was more impressive than the Grand Canyon. We learned later that we had been the second tourist bus of the season to cross the Simplon.

A little more than 200 miles and 24 hours later we were looking, not at snow and mountain peaks, but at the palm-lined shore of the Mediterranean at the seaside resort of Rapallo. This is the sort of unbelievable contrast which the continent of Europe packs into its short distances, and which makes travel there a wonderful grab bag of experience.

Between the Alps and the Mediterranean we had spent a night beside the lovely misty shore of Lake Maggiore, in northern Italy, and we had lunched in the big, busy city of Milan, which Italians call the New York of Italy. After lunch our group scattered in all directions, some to see the cathedral, some the famous La Scala opera house, some window-shopping in an elaborate, glass-roofed, block-long arcade of stores.

The only things I bought in Milan were a tube of my favorite American brand of tooth paste, which had been manufactured in England, and a pack of American razor blades which, according to the box, had been made in Italy. They were the same goods, however, and at about the same price, that I'm used to at home. I mention this to save anyone who's listening the trouble of carrying an extra valise of toilet necessities. All the facial tissue, soap, cold cream, and other requirements of the male and female tourist can be acquired as easily in Quimper or Capri as they can around the corner from where you live.

At Rapallo I went for a ride on an aerial cable car with Virginia and Adele Berg, the young lady from Chicago who shared the seat behind mine with her mother. A glass-enclosed cab carried us up 2,000 swinging, swaying feet to the top of the hill called Montallegro, where we found a little church with a wedding in progress. This excursion, which costs a quarter and takes 20 minutes to the top, combines the thrill of a roller coaster with a vast, serene view of the Mediterranean shore which turns you into a poet and philosopher on the spot.

After leaving Rapallo, our route for the next two days took us south along the coast through Viareggio and Pisa to Rome. Viareggio is the Atlantic City of northern Italy, with miles of sand beach, hotels, and cafés. We arrived in the afternoon in plenty of time to go for a swim.

The next morning at Pisa we stopped for 45 minutes to investigate the famous tower. I had never believed that the Leaning Tower really leaned as much as it appears to in photographs. To find out, I climbed it with Prof. Arthur Crooker, physicist from the University of British Columbia, in Vancouver; his wife, Helen; and Phil and Thelma Fehlandt, of Tacoma, Wash., where Phil is head of the chemistry department at the College of Puget Sound. We agreed that the thing sure does tip, especially the lower stories, where you get a seasick feeling from stepping out on the open terraces. It was Professor Crooker's opinion that the tower levels out a little at the top, since the builders spent a century or so finishing it after the foundations skidded, and corrected the tilt somewhat.

When we reached the top we found an old man about to sound the hour on a huge bell, and hurried right back down the 294 steps to the bottom. "Maybe it *has* stood up for six hundred years," Thelma said, "but I'm not taking any chances."

ROLLING down to Rome, Sven turned on the radio and we heard selections from the Broadway musical, *Annie Get Your Gun*. The music was splendidly inappropriate as we sped past white oxen pulling high two-wheeled carts, through centuries-old vineyards and olive groves, and into view of the tall mushroom-

shaped "pines of Rome," striking against the sky.

The next three days were a continuous party. There were daily sight-seeing tours provided free by the management for all who had the endurance to keep going. The art galleries, the churches, the Sistine Chapel, the catacombs, the Colosseum, the Pantheon, the Villa d'Este, the Vatican Museum, all were covered. Personally, of all the sights of Rome, I'm most enchanted by the Forum. This little valley in the middle of the city is the crumbled downtown crossroads of what was the greatest empire in history. There's not much left of it, but for me it's better than all the well-preserved relics embalmed in museums. You can wander over the Forum by yourself in the open air, among its triumphal arches, its columns, broken statuary, ruined temples, and crumbling brickwork, and touch the past. You can sit down on a piece of 2,000-year-old masonry and have the happy thought that since civilization has lasted so long, maybe, in spite of taxes, the high cost of living, and the atom bomb, we'll squeak by a little while longer.

For the less athletic sight-seers in the crowd there was always the charm of Rome itself, which is a dandy place to relax and enjoy the local scenery and the passing citizenry. One of our champion relaxers was Jascha Veissi, of Santa Barbara, Calif., a Russian-born viola player of considerable fame in music circles and not inconsiderable talent as a comedian. With him was his wife, Harriet, a quiet New England woman who accepted her husband's idiosyncrasies with great calm, even when he decided to pass out political leaflets on the streets of Rome, where we arrived just before an election.

When we got tired of walking, the Veissis and I would meet late in the afternoon at Doney's, a huge sidewalk café on Via Veneto, which is the Champs Elysees of Rome. We found that Doney's is the strategic spot for studying the best-dressed men and the prettiest girls in town. The first time we sat there, Jascha eyed a shapely damsel strolling by in a crimson blouse and jet-black slacks and said, "Can you see that on the walls of a gallery?" Harriet pointed out, however, that you can, because the girl had a classic profile as perfect as a Renaissance painting or an ancient coin. We decided that the streets of Rome are an art gallery come to life.

I have never seen what is probably Rome's No. 1 sight-seeing attraction, St. Peter's Church, as I saw it on this trip. We were lucky to arrive on the day before a "solemn beatification"—the creation of a new saint by the Pope. The local tour manager hired by the bus line for the occasion was able to get passes for those who wished to attend, and about half of us witnessed the proceedings.

We arrived at 5:30 in the afternoon with several thousand others in the huge square in front of the church. In the crowd were a number of charming girls dressed in black with big Spanish combs and lace mantillas on their heads. Their presence was explained by the fact that the new saint was a Spanish nun.

I aimed my camera at a group of the prettiest *señoritas*. They immediately bore down on me jabbering in Spanish. They weren't mad, though. I could communicate with one of them in French, who told me she wanted a print of the picture and gave me her name, which was Albinita, and her address, which was in Valladolid. I'd heard that Spanish girls were the shyest and most sheltered of any in the world, but these were behaving like bobby-soxers at a matinee. As they rushed away, Albinita tossed me a French phrase roughly translatable as, "Hey, you're a cute kid." This, of course, I deny with all the dignity at my command—but it's no wonder they say you learn a lot from traveling.

We proceeded to the church and were directed by helmeted Swiss guards in brilliant orange-and-blue striped suits with pleated ruffs around their necks, and by civil guards in Napoleon-style uniforms. We found seats among a mixture of fashionable women in fine lace veils, bearded monks in sandals, school children, soldiers, and just plain people.

There was none of the hushed atmosphere one expects at a church service. This was obviously something special. Usually the tourist sees St. Peter's as a great, empty cavern, silent and gloomy. Today it was lit by hundreds of crystal chandeliers hung like popcorn on a string all the way up to the great dome. The organ played, the Sistine Choir sang, and the noisy crowd had the air of a football rally rather than a throng of worshipers.

Next to me a young seminarian wearing a black robe and with a tonsured head sat studying a book. After a few minutes he turned and said politely, "If there's anything you'd like to know about the proceedings, I'll be glad to explain."

The first thing I asked was, "How

"I'll trade you one canine for two bicuspids"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON
BY REG HIDER

come you speak American-style English?"

"I'm from Bristol, Conn.," he said. He explained that he was studying at one of the Vatican colleges. I commented on the noisy conduct of the people around us, who were jumping up and down and looking toward the entrance, from where we could hear bursts of shouting and cheers. "I used to find it strange at first," he said, "but it's just the way the Italians show their devotion on such occasions. They like to express their feelings."

Suddenly we heard a blast of trumpets and a wild yell from the crowd. Everyone leaped on the benches. Seated in a chair, His Holiness was borne down the center of the basilica above the heads of the people, past the huge gilt-bronze altar, and out of sight beyond. Along with everyone else, the young seminarian from Connecticut was hollering "*Viva Il Papa, Viva Il Papa*"—"Long live the Pope."

After a brief speech in Italian and a ceremony we were too far out in left field to see, the Pope was carried away to the tune of more pandemonium, and we began to battle our way out through the mass of people. Adele claimed to be deafened for the rest of the evening, but we all agreed it was a magnificent show, even for the Protestant members of the audience.

WE LEFT Rome by the Via Flaminia, one of the famous roads of the Caesars, which leads into the Apennine Hills to the north. The night was spent in Assisi, a sun-baked, windy, and very old town which clings like a hornet's nest to a steep slope. The next day took us over more hills, then down along the pea-soup-colored Arno River into Florence, the artistic capital of northern Italy.

Our arrival in Florence coincided with the holiday of Ascension Day, and also, as it happened, with the 500th anniversary of the death of the martyred reformer, Savonarola. The result was a carnival atmosphere which began on the road to the city, when our bus got into a bicycle race. I didn't know until then that bikes could go so fast, even down hill. Weaving his way among 20 or 30 pedaling demons with numbers on their backs, Sven finally won.

Our one day stop-over in Florence was spent partly in inspecting its great works of art, partly enjoying its festival spirit. Guided by a little English woman in a floppy, decaying hat, we trooped dutifully through the Uffizi Gallery and the churches, but missed one of the greatest sights in Florence—the statue of David by Michelangelo, which stands in the Academy Gallery along with the magnificent unfinished figures which the great sculptor left at his death.

These I found by myself with a 50-cent guidebook I bought at a newsstand, a practice I heartily recommend. At hotel lobbies and news dealers' in any big tourist town in Europe, you can buy a guidebook with map which tells you the habits and peculiarities of the natives, the chief sight-seeing attractions, the hours of admission to churches and museums, the location of banks, hotels, stations, hospitals, information centers, and all-night drugstores. These little books are a good supplement to the bigger, more general guidebooks which tourists usually carry from home, and they can double the fun of a short stay in any city.

While buying my booklet in Florence, I noticed some small wooden cages hanging outside the newsstand, and found that they were inhabited by families of large brown crickets. Back at the hotel the English-speaking clerk explained that this was the day of the "cricket feast." Never having heard of anyone feasting on crickets, I consulted my guide, and found that for centuries the children of Florence have gone out into the parks to celebrate the return of spring on Ascension Day by catching crickets and bringing them home in cages. Now it appears that they can ask Daddy for a few *lire* and buy their crickets, instead.

The other carnival touches in Florence included a torch parade to commemorate the burning of Savonarola at the stake 500 years ago, and the appearances in the main square and around the cafés of university students in long, pointed hats covered all over with pins, braid, dangling bells, and other knickknacks. The hats, I was told, are a centuries-old tradition among the students, but I'm not sure about the water pistols they carried.

I was convinced that every day is a holiday in Italy. The year before, I had arrived in Florence in September, and the streets were filled with youngsters carrying lighted paper lanterns down to the river. On the water were barges, also illuminated with paper lanterns. This display, as I remember, was in honor of the birth of the Blessed Virgin.

On the road to Venice next day we stopped for lunch at Bologna, where two notable events occurred. First I discovered, in a square called the Piazza di Porta Ravegnana, two leaning brick towers, both about the same age as the tower of Pisa, and one considerably higher and apparently leaning even more. Their lack of fame may be due to the fact that they are both ugly, while the Pisa tower is a little architectural gem.

ALSO, in Bologna, we ate what everyone agreed was the best meal of the trip. Although the food was excellent over most of the route, the restaurant chosen by the bus line in Bologna is a world-famous establishment called Al Pappagallo. Lunch began with a green-noodle and cheese mixture called *lasagna*, and the main dish was a tender slice of turkey breast topped with ham, cheese sauce, and a fragment of truffle. Mashed potatoes, asparagus, and an ice-cream-roll dessert completed the meal. As we staggered out the door, Mrs. Norberg, Adele's mother, announced that she was going to try cooking the turkey dish as soon as she got back to Chicago.

All of us slept that afternoon until Caroline approached the long causeway which crosses the lagoon to Venice. Then Adele woke up and announced that the surroundings smelled like Gary, Indiana. This is part of the striking contrast between the mainland outskirts of Venice—petroleum tanks, warehouses, factories—and the island city itself, which appears to have been designed especially

as a tourist attraction 1,000 years ago.

We parked Caroline at the big auto garage on the edge of the city and transferred to nine gondolas, which took us to our hotel. For the first time on the trip, Sven and Torsten were not at the controls, but were being sculled along with the rest of us by gondoliers in white middy blouses. Halfway between the garage and the Grand Canal we passed a traffic light at an intersection, and Sven almost fell into the drink laughing.

Since Venice lives on the water, all the normal services of a big city have a peculiar nautical twist. I noticed in the course of my visit that instead of street cleaners, there are canal cleaners, who float up and down in scows with garbage cans aboard and pick trash out of the water. Venice has canal cops who patrol the side canals in two-oared gondolas and the Grand Canal in speedboats. The speed limit for motorboats is 4 kilometers—about 2.5 miles—per hour.

TRAFFIC travels on the left because the oars of the gondolas stick out on the right. The fire stations are occupied by bright-red power boats with shiny brass fittings and nozzles, and the ambulances are white-curtained launches with blue and yellow crosses. The streetcars are chugging steamboats which crisscross up and down the Grand Canal, or main street, stopping at floating stations moored to the banks. Groceries come in delivery boats instead of trucks, and a famous American soft-drink barge is a familiar but still startling sight to American eyes as it plows up and down, stacked with cases of bottles.

We arrived for the week end, and found that to have a gay Saturday night in Venice, all you have to do is go to the main square, Piazza San Marco. There you can sit or stroll in this huge celestial ballroom under the stars, with its fantastic wedding cake of a church at one end, and listen to the municipal band and watch the people.

Exactly on the hour, you have to be in a position to see the performance of the clock tower at the northeast corner of the square. This must be the most spectacular time-keeping machine in the world, built by a couple of mad Venetian geniuses in the 15th century. Its lower story is a huge dial showing the time, the phases of the moon, and the relation of the sun to the Zodiac. Above is a porch with a gilt statue of the Virgin and windows where the time is told in numerals. At the top are two mechanical supermen in bearskins who swing at a great bell with sledge hammers and frighten the pigeons in the square.

During the week of Ascension, when we arrived, there is a special show. Every hour on the hour, two doors beside the Virgin open, and a mechanical angel with a trumpet emerges from the door at the left and circles around to the door on the right, followed by the three Wise Men, who bow to Mary as they pass. While we watched, the fantastic figures got stuck the first time around, and in order not to disappoint us the Wise Men politely put on a repeat performance.

As we crossed the lagoon again on the way out of Venice, there was a disagreement among the passengers. "I wouldn't have missed the place," said Sue Osmotherly, "but it's something you only have to see once." Jascha, on the other hand, maintained that Venice is unique. "You ought to come back every year," he said, "just to find out whether the city really exists, or whether you dreamed it."

Soon we were climbing mountains again, but this time they were the gentle Dolomites rather than the overwhelming Alps. Sven knew a short cut to the Brenner Pass, and took us down a dirt road through tiny villages with houses of pink stucco and dark-stained wood, carved like cuckoo clocks. In Austria we passed inns with elaborate pictures painted all over their fronts, and small white churches with onion-shaped spires. At 6:30 we descended through a mist-shrouded valley to Innsbruck, and found waiting for us a spanking new hotel, with a dining room and cocktail lounge that looked like Michigan Boulevard.

The next three days included lunch at Munich, where they claim to make the best beer in the world, and a short stop at Nuremberg, where some of the picturesque medieval streets have survived the bombs of World War II. We went on to dinner at Würzburg, where they also claim to make the best beer in the world; and to lunch the next day at Frankfurt, headquarters of the American occupation forces. I'm happy to report that the city is in much better shape than when I last saw it in 1945. It's still full of Americans in uniform, but the rubble has been cleared from the streets and there are new buildings everywhere.

Beyond Frankfurt, Caroline took us up Hitler's famous 4-lane autobahn into the British zone of Germany, and on to the huge, hustling seaport of Hamburg. There we found something close to prewar gaiety—shops handsomely stocked, neon-lit night clubs, and a big hotel that provided us with a string orchestra at dinner and delicious strawberries with whipped cream for dessert.

THE next day we crossed our 5th international border and discovered the charming vest-pocket-size country of Denmark. There are no big limousines, fine furs, or diamonds to be seen in this orderly, scrubbed-looking nation, but there is an air of cheerful well-being. The contrast of riches and poverty found in much of Europe does not exist here. Few Danes drive cars in the capital city of Copenhagen, but they seem perfectly happy on their bicycles.

Lauritz Melchior, the famous Danish-born opera star, once told me that it was worth a trip to Copenhagen just to visit the Tivoli amusement park. He was right. Tivoli occupies the heart of the city and is the center of Copenhagen social life. If a Dane wants to take his wife or his girl out for the evening, he pays a few cents admission to the park, and his problems are over. Inside are free orchestra concerts, bands, parades, acrobatic performances, dancing, a pantomime theater, and midnight fireworks at closing time.

Our *linjebuss* crowd invaded Tivoli the evening of our arrival, strolled among

the gaudy pavilions, and watched the colored lights reflected from the little lakes. We heard an orchestra play Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*, watched two daredevils with rockets in their hands turn themselves into a human pinwheel high in the air, and had an excellent dinner.

The following day the Crookers, the Fehlandts, and I had a farewell lunch at Oskar Davidsen's, the most famous restaurant in town. We were handed a menu that unfolded like an accordion and offered a list of 172 sandwiches. The Danish open sandwich is similar to Swedish *smorgasbord*, and may be anything from a tidy appetizer to a meal. At Davidsen's the menu is an encyclopedia. There are 46 kinds of fish and shellfish combinations, 46 kinds of meat and poultry creations, 34 kinds of salt and smoked meats, 35 kinds of egg and salad preparations, and 16 kinds of cheese.

I made a meal of 3 sandwiches, starting with a portion of juicy little shrimps on rye. Then I tried one billed as Hans Christian Andersen's favorite: crisp bacon, tomato, liver paste with truffles, meat jelly, and horse radish. The climax was called "Bombay toast," a fantasy of macaroni, chicken, finely chopped giblets in curry-mayonnaise, with egg and smoked salmon on top. These masterpieces cost about 75 cents. From our experience in other restaurants as well, we agreed that Copenhagen offered the best food values to be found in Europe.

Afterward we walked back to our hotel, a modern and comfortable establishment whose only unusual feature was in the bathrooms. None of us could figure out the double pull-chain system we found there, with one chain labeled *lille skyl* and the other *stor skil*. A friendly Dane provided the translation: "little flush" and "big flush." He explained this as a wartime water-saving device and blamed it on the German occupation.

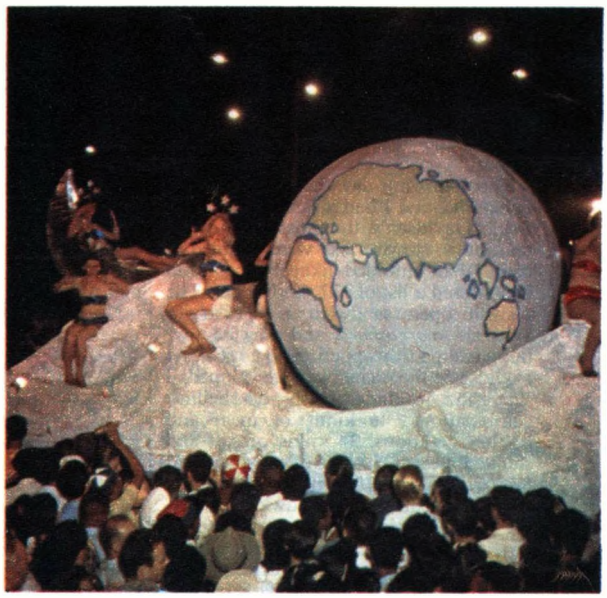
ON OUR after-lunch walk, the Crookers and the Fehlandts and I began to get a strange feeling, and not from all the food we'd eaten. We noticed, for one thing, that numerous Danish children between the ages of 6 and 20 were wearing American-style blue jeans with copper rivets at the seams. We noticed that there were automatic vending machines selling cigarettes and sandwiches and fruit. We passed big department stores, modern apartment houses, and a glass-walled office building. In a bookshop we saw *Tarzan*, Jack London, and Ernest Hemingway displayed. We stopped at a music store and looked at records by Bing Crosby, Les Paul, Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington, and Johnnie Ray. The biggest movie house was playing a Gary Cooper picture.

"You know," said Helen Crooker, "I feel as if I were already home, and it makes me sad. When we started, I thought an eighteen-day tour would seem like a long time. Now I'm ready for eighteen more."

Personally, I, too, am ready to pack my bag again and see a few more countries. And how will I travel this time? By bus, naturally.

THE END ★★

CARIOCAS, as natives of Rio call themselves, plan their costumes months in advance of the pre-Lenten festival



ELABORATE AND COSTLY FLOATS, both allegorical and humorous, are created by Brazil's outstanding artists

Carnival capers

TOURISTS join in the fun at the Grand Masquerade Ball, where everyone frolics until dawn

AN AMERICAN TRAVEL ADVENTURE

PHOTOS BY DORIS JACOBY, MOORE-MCCORMACK LINES

NO REGALIA is too outlandish for Rio's fun-loving citizens when this yearly revel rolls around

BONGO PLAYERS pound out rhythmic sambas on the streets

in Rio

Midwinter vacationists head for Brazil next month to join the carefree Cariocas in one of the gayest pre-Lenten festivals in the world. It's a colorful riot of fantastic costumes, singing, feasting, and dancing

by Larry Thomas

Even the dogs get dressed up

FOR three days and four nights each winter (this year the dates are February 14–17), throngs of joyous people from all over the world gather in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, for one of the biggest, gayest, and most fantastic pre-Lenten carnivals on earth. As early as November, plans for this super-carnival are almost complete. Fun-loving Cariocas (as residents of Rio proudly call themselves) have been planning their elaborate and colorful costumes for weeks. Hostesses have sent out invitations to their parties far in advance. Amateur song writers have been busy drumming exciting new samba rhythms on table-tops, each hoping that his song will be chosen as the official carnival tune.

As the time draws near, the police prudently lock up all the local pickpockets and other dubious characters, so that they can join the carefree fun themselves. By the time the Saturday before Lent rolls around, everyone has been whipped to a froth of pre-carnival excitement.

At noon Saturday, all business stops. The Cariocas rush home to don their costumes, or "fantasias," as they are called. Nothing is too extreme or far-fetched. The costumes range from fabulous Parisian creations costing thousands of dollars, to weird homemade masks which would scare the paint off anything our small fry wear at Halloween. On every side you see countless pirate, Indian, slave, and goblin outfits, so fantastic they defy description. Even the poorest workers have managed to lay aside a few *cruzeiros* during the year to buy cloth and sequins for their gaudy costumes.

And it's from the viewpoint of the ordinary people that the carnival is most exciting. For, although there are elaborate costume balls and private parties for the upper classes, it's the native *fiesta* in the streets that draws the biggest crowds. Natives flock into Rio from all the surrounding environs. Some of them start their journey to the capital more than a week in advance, walking barefoot, and covering up to 25 miles a day. Wearing their extraordinary "fantasias," they meet in vast numbers in Rio's

outskirts and then converge on the already-thronged Avenida Rio Branco—cavorting, shouting, singing, eating, flirting, and drinking. Nothing stronger, however, than champagne and beer can be sold during the festival.

Day and night, fun-loving Cariocas roam up and down the streets squirting each other with scented ether called Lanca Perfume. When it hits, it feels like a splash of ice water. And if you get squirted often enough you may even get a slightly dizzy sensation from inhaling the fumes.

Anything can happen at carnival-time, and sometimes the results are amazing. One year, for example, street crowds, gyrating and moving rhythmically along in a snakelike formation to the beat of drums, found themselves doing a brand-new dance step. It was the unpremeditated birth of the samba.

THE Rio carnival is completely spontaneous. No one planned it as it is today. No one individual or civic group dreamed it up. Rather, it just grew, gradually evolving year after year from the desire of a whole nation to relax and forget its troubles for four days of let-yourself-go fun. It has its origin 'way back in the year 1641, when word reached Brazil that Portugal had regained her independence from Spain, and the colonists celebrated the liberation by dancing in the streets.

Essentially, Rio's carnival is still a pre-Lenten festival, differing little from carnival-time in any community whose cultural base is Latin and Roman Catholic. In the olden days, religious folk said "*Carne, vale!*"—a Latin phrase which means "Flesh, farewell!" And, just to seal the vow, they'd get in a few riotous days of overindulgence to strengthen them against the time of fasting.

On Sunday morning there is a wild rush to the famous Rio beaches, where many of the Cariocas dress in multi-hued bathing suits made of crepe paper. Visitors watch in shocked amazement as the revelers dash into the blue water and the water-logged paper suits begin falling off bit by bit. Fortunately, most of the bathers know about this in advance and wear regular bathing suits under their frivolous beach regalia.

That evening, the best carnival tune is selected and announced. Immediately, the crowds in the street begin to pick it up and sing it. On Monday evening, the upper crust of Rio attends the Grand Masquerade Ball at the Teatro Municipal, while the street crowds continue their outdoor revels. The stouter souls continue to frolic on into Shrove Tuesday, but by this time even they are getting tired. Tuesday evening, the crowds are cleared from the Avenida Rio Branco to make way for a richly ornamented parade of allegorical floats. Some of Brazil's most noted artists and sculptors create and design these festive showpieces.

By dawn Wednesday the last party is over and the streets are almost knee-deep in the flimsy relics of merriment. Weary celebrants plod through the rubbish on their way to Mass, some still in costume, others wandering home for the first time since Saturday to change clothes before going to church.

By noon, the streets are miraculously clean, and the shops are open. But most of Rio is sleeping a sound sleep of exhaustion. It's months before any Carioca dares mention the word *carnival*, or even whistle the carnival tune. But while it lasts, it's wonderful! No visitor who sees it can ever forget it—and many of them make immediate plans to come back again next year, when it's carnival-time in Rio.

THE END ★★

"Sorry, but we're having the caboose for dinner!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY JOE CAMPBELL

Moving In with the Eisenhowers

(*Continued from page* 25)

always be greeted by a profusion of beautiful fresh-cut flowers, bought wholesale. Their furniture is dusted three times a day. They have at their beck not only butlers, valets, chambermaids, and ushers, but even carpenters, plumbers, and painters—64 people just to look after them and their house!

If they wish to go outside the White House they travel in a manner that few private citizens, even the wealthiest, can afford. They have at their command two dozen sleek limousines, a private super airliner, a private railroad car, and one of the world's most luxurious yachts. We Americans insist that our heads of state act like Presidents, but live like kings. This can be wonderful. But it can also be difficult, particularly in adjusting the familiar and intimate details of family living to a new goldfish-bowl existence.

Let's follow the Eisenhowers as they learn to adapt themselves to this strange new home which, in the words of Jefferson, is "big enough for two emperors, a Pope, and the Grand Lama."

As President and Mrs. Eisenhower step up to the entrance of their new home the first odd thing that strikes them is that they don't have a key to the front door. They will never need a key, even though their house is filled with treasures worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Mr. Harry Truman, the departing tenant, owns a souvenir key, but he is undoubtedly taking it with him. The Eisenhowers, however, need not worry about their lack of a key. The White House has day and night guards at every door and gate.

Further, the Eisenhowers find that their new home doesn't have a front door, as most homes do. Some people assume the "front" door is the square portico on the north side, facing Pennsylvania Avenue. Others assume it is the rounded portico on the south side. The Eisenhowers are expected to use this southern door.

As they walk in the door a familiar figure is already there to greet them and take President Ike's hat and coat. Sgt. John Moaney, General Ike's manservant since military days, is already on the job as the Eisenhower valet.

The pleasant, crisp Head Usher, Howell G. Crim, also greets them, and leads them to the private elevator. It whisks them from the ground floor up two flights to the "second floor." Here their private de luxe family living quarters begin. These quarters on the second and third floors include 25 rooms and 12 baths. President and Mrs. Eisenhower begin looking them over.

Since they were married, the Eisenhowers have lived in 26 homes, including two-room flats, a stately pile of bricks at Columbia University, and a charming little white villa overlooking a pond outside Paris, France. But nothing in their experience has prepared them for the fantastic existence they face in these new quarters.

For one thing, this new "home" has no living room. The second floor is divided down the middle by a 175-foot-long corridor, like an elaborate hotel. On both sides of the corridor are luxurious two-room suites with baths. Some First Families have devised a makeshift central living room by closing off the west end of the corridor.

Equally surprising is the fact that the White House, unlike most American homes, has no "master" bedroom. At this I can imagine President Ike screwing up his face in one of his famous looks of chagrin. In both their last homes the Eisenhowers have had a master bedroom. If they try to fix one up in the White House it will be makeshift and without adequate closet space.

If the Eisenhowers follow the pattern set by their predecessors, each will choose and occupy a suite. But none of the suites has connecting doors to other rooms.

Most recent presidents, including Mr. Truman, have chosen the central suite facing south, because it includes the oval study. This study leads out onto the famous balcony which Mr. Truman built. A private bedroom leads off to the right. Mrs. Truman has occupied the suite immediately to the right of Mr. Truman. And their daughter, Margaret, has had the suite across the corridor.

Mrs. Truman reportedly has complained to friends about the difficulty of finding privacy on this second floor because of the guards, servants, or guests who are likely to be in the corridor. She has felt that a First Lady couldn't go parading down the corridor in her bathrobe in order to drop in to chat with her daughter or husband.

Actually, there is one way that President and Mrs. Truman have been able to get to each other's suites without going out into the populated corridor. That is by the narrow passageway between their clothes closets.

When the Government renovated the White House two years ago the architects argued about the wisdom of putting a connecting door between these two suites so often used by Presidents and First Ladies. There were aesthetic reasons against it. As a White House aide explained to me: "They finally compromised by putting in a false door, with the thought that some future occupants may want to have it cut into a real door." . . .

When mealtime comes in the White House, how do the Eisenhowers dine? Here they have a wide choice. As in a well-appointed hotel, they can, if they wish, have the butlers set up a dining table in any of the rooms they may happen to be in.

If they prefer to dine more regally there are two possibilities: First, they can go to the huge State Dining Room on the first floor. The table there, when all the leaves are in, seats 104 people. The only First Family who felt comfortable dining there alone were Mr. and

TODAY'S FABULOUS FIGURES

AN ESTIMATED 16,500,000 WOMEN get professional beauty treatment each week, spending an average of 1½ hours in a beauty shop.

IN FOOTBALL TODAY, the ball is in actual play only about 12 minutes out of 60.

MORE THAN HALF OF ALL PATIENTS who think they have heart disease, according to a recent medical journal report, actually have no physical trouble at all.

HAWKS ARE NOW BELIEVED to have the sharpest vision of all creatures—about 8 times as sharp as man's.

AMERICAN CHURCH MEMBERSHIP today stands at a record 88,673,005. The total represents 58 per cent of the population compared with 49 per cent in 1940.

MORE THAN THREE-FOURTHS OF AMERICAN WOMEN consulted in a recent survey do all their laundry at home. Four per cent use a neighborhood automatic laundry service. Less than 1 per cent now send all their laundry to a commercial laundry.

THIRTY YEARS AGO a high-school band was a rarity. Now there are an estimated 39,000 in the United States.

MORE THAN 25,000,000 PEOPLE in 656 communities in the United States will be drinking fluoridated water by the end of 1952.

EVEN WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, its light is only about a half-millionth of that from the noonday sun, according to latest scientific findings.

IN A RECENT STUDY in Alaska made for the U. S. Air Force, it was found that temperature under the snow might be as high as 30 degrees F., while 2 feet above the snow it was 72 degrees below zero.

ALTHOUGH IN 1860 farms outnumbered businesses in America five to one, by 1970, if the current trend continues, the number of business concerns will equal the number of farms, with 5,000,000 of each.

THE HIGHEST FEVER TEMPERATURE ON RECORD in a patient who survived was 114 degrees F., observed recently in a 100-pound woman at Memorial Hospital, New York. The 56-year-old woman, under treatment for a tumor, experienced the high temperature for 15 minutes, yet 5 days later left the hospital without ill effects.

LAWRENCE GALTON

Mrs. Hoover. They dined there almost every night, and they wore formal dinner clothes.

Tucked in behind this official dining room is the somewhat cozier Family Dining Room. This is where the three Trumans have dined at night. An electric dumb waiter brings food up from the main kitchen directly below. One of Mr. Truman's successful crusades inside the White House was to have candles restored to the chandelier of this room in place of light bulbs. He likes to eat by candlelight.

The fourth possibility is the cozy third-floor Sky Parlor over the south portico, where the Eisenhowers can dine informally. The Trumans have usually enjoyed their breakfasts and lunches here. This delightful glass-enclosed lounge is about the nearest thing in the White House to a hideaway.

One thing the Eisenhowers cannot do when they are hungry is to raid the big refrigerator in the main kitchen on the ground floor for a midnight snack. It is kept locked.

On the other hand, President Ike can easily gratify his hobby of cooking. In fact, there is an ideal setup, just made for him. On the third floor near the Sky Parlor is a tiny, seldom-used "diet kitchen." Here Ike can cook his lemon-meringue pies, his 4-inch-thick steaks, and his geranium-leaf soups to his heart's content.

Being a curious couple, the Eisenhowers are bound to wonder how they go about coping with some of the most ordinary problems of everyday living. President Ike, for example, may ask Mr. Crim, as I did, how a President goes about getting a haircut.

A President of the U. S. A. just doesn't run down to the corner barbershop. I can personally report that, contrary to rumors, the White House does not have a barbershop. It doesn't even have a barber's chair (although it does have a fully equipped dental chair). What the White House does have, however, is a doorman named John Mays who is very handy with a pair of shears.

Mays has "on occasion" cut the hair of Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt I, Taft, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt II, and Truman. The White House is never too specific about this (because the barbers of America are touchy about free-lance operators). However, I was told that "the doorman" will be available if President Eisenhower wants him.

Mrs. Eisenhower can get a regular permanent wave by going out to a hairdresser, as Mrs. Truman has done. Or she can have a hairdresser come into the White House with a suitcase full of portable equipment, as Mrs. Roosevelt usually did.

THE first time President Ike wants to cash a check he may be surprised to discover that he can't just go to the bank, as usual. A month or so after Harry Truman became President he found he needed to cash a check. He put on his hat, strode out the side door, and headed for the Hamilton National Bank, two blocks away. The Secret Service guards chased after him frantically. Mr. Truman arrived at the bank safely, but there was pandemonium as people jammed in to see him. All traffic was halted in that part of Washington until the Secret Service got him safely back into the White House. Thereafter, he let his secretary cash his checks. President Eisenhower will have to do the same.

The valet, John Moaney, will take over many of President Ike's minor problems of living. He will keep an eye on the recently installed medicine cabinet in the President's bath to see that Ike does not run out of tooth paste. He will keep his shoes stringed, shined, and whole-soled. He will send the President's suits to the downstairs laundry to be pressed, and send his soiled shirts out to a commercial laundry.

Most of us are constantly bothered by deliverymen knocking at our doors to pick up laundry, dry cleaning, and the like. Such trucks will be no bother to the Eisenhowers, since delivery trucks are almost never allowed on the grounds. Only special White House trucks make deliveries. One reason is that the Secret Service doesn't like the idea of strange deliverymen sticking their heads in the kitchen door. Another is that it is a long-standing custom of the White House not to permit any firm to obtain free advertising by parading its trucks across the White House grounds. This is the reverse of the policy in England, where the shoemaker to the king is encouraged to proclaim the fact.

PRESIDENT IKE soon discovers that when he wants to buy a new pair of shoes, he will be expected quietly to call in an expert shoe fitter to take the measurements. And when he needs a new suit, he is to call in a tailor. (Mr. Truman has been ordering many of his suits from a New York tailor named Irving Heller.) When President Ike feels he needs a new tie, his secretary will ask a local firm to bring in a selection for him to choose from.

Even as President-Elect, Mr. Eisenhower began to find that the President of the U. S. A. receives a lot of clothes as gifts, including some ties he wouldn't be seen wearing. He has already received enough hand-knit socks to last throughout his entire term if he doesn't mind the fact they are decorated with elephants.

A few years ago during the shirt shortage some White House reporter, as a jest, wrote that even President Truman was running low on white shirts. The result was an outpouring of gift shirts. An aide told me: "He still hasn't opened some of the boxes."

Mrs. Eisenhower, as you may know, loves to shop. Being First Lady will not interfere with this enjoyment if she doesn't mind being accompanied into ladies' stores by two polite Secret Service men with bulging pockets. But she will be urged by these men not to dally on the sidewalk window-shopping, as she loves to do.

Before the Eisenhowers have been in the White House many hours they must give thought to their personal possessions, which government moving men are piling up in the corridors.

In the past, moving-in day at the White

House has sometimes been marked by an atmosphere of friction, especially when the incoming President, evicting the old, has represented a rival party.

In 1933, the outgoing Hoovers and incoming Roosevelts were on chilly terms, and Mr. Crim recalls vividly his anxiety as he looked out the White House window on moving day. He saw a line of army trucks bearing the Roosevelt possessions pulling into the North Gate while the Hoover trucks were still loading. There were, happily, no awkward incidents. As moving day, 1953, approaches, the Trumans have shown every sign of wanting to get out peaceably and amicably.

Incoming families actually don't need to bring anything except their clothes and toothbrushes. The White House is completely furnished and ready to live in. However, the Eisenhowers have planned to bring a few truckloads of personal possessions, including family pictures (which Mrs. Eisenhower likes to scatter around her rooms), some favorite chairs, the General's painting easel, and his recipe books.

The permanent furnishings of the White House are complete, even down to pillow slips, dish towels, and television sets. The legend is that when President Coolidge left, he took every radio in the place with him. There are, however, plenty of them there now. The departing tenant, Mr. Truman, is taking with him two pianos, because they are personal property. But that still leaves three for any piano-playing friends of the Eisenhowers who come to visit.

President and Mrs. Eisenhower don't have to bring their 1950 Chrysler, because the White House garage is already full of limousines. They can put it up on blocks in Brother Milton's garage at State College, Pa.

The possessions that the Eisenhowers do not bring to the White House are being sent either to the Eisenhower Foundation in Abilene, Kans., or to the Eisenhower farm at Gettysburg, Pa. For weeks an aide has been sifting these belongings, most of which have been in crates for years.

No doubt Mrs. Eisenhower will see many places in the White House she would like to redecorate to suit her taste. Decorating is one of her great passions, and she has had plenty of opportunity in her 26 previous homes. She likes to use lots of yellows and greens. Mrs. Truman liked plum.

How much she can redecorate depends on persuasiveness. If the redecorating costs money, her husband must persuade Congress to provide it. In the past, Congress has often enjoyed making First Families sit up and beg for enough funds for new drapes.

Also, the Fine Arts Commission, a group of graybeards, must be consulted before she makes any changes in the White House outside the purely family rooms. The Eisenhowers have a great fondness for Oriental rugs, but they will have to sell that fondness to the commissioners before they can put any of these rugs downstairs.

Mrs. Eisenhower's three grandchildren will be very much on her mind as she surveys the existing White House setup. How can she make it appealing enough so that her three grandchildren will want to come for frequent visits?

It has been nearly a decade since the White House halls have rung with the cries of small children. Assorted Roosevelt grandchildren kept the place lively while F.D.R. was in office. Lincoln's children once had the run of the entire place and raced through the stately public rooms playing hide-and-seek. Theodore Roosevelt's youngsters tried to see how far they could go up the grand staircase on stilts.

The three Eisenhower grandchildren—Dwight II, 4; Barbara, 2½; and Susie, 1—will live with their mother at Highland Falls, N. Y. But Grandmother Mamie has already urged them to come and visit often at the White House. A third-floor room will be converted into a playroom. And a big sandbox will be built in a secluded part of the White House yard.

Within a day or so after moving in, Madame Mamie will begin to realize that, despite her household staff of 64, there are enough jobs for her to do to keep her busier than America's busiest housewife.

In the past she has enjoyed lolling in bed mornings, and in spending many of her afternoons playing canasta with old friends. But now, for at least four years, she will have to treasure her moments that are free for either lolling or cards.

As First Lady, just to mention 3 jobs, she supervises the housekeeping staff, directs the preparation of menus, and has final responsibility for arranging all official functions.

Even Mrs. Roosevelt, for all her many outside activities, kept a close eye on her official chores. Every morning she conferred in turn with the housekeeper, the chief usher, and the social secretary. Mrs. Roosevelt eased some of the load by bringing in a full-fledged housekeeper, Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt. Mrs. Truman, in contrast, has considered herself the White House housekeeper and has had Mrs. Mabel Walker as assistant housekeeper.

Madame Mamie will soon discover that at the White House the procuring of food is a far different operation than it was in Army posts or at Columbia University or in France. The Eisenhowers in France grew their favorite food, sweet corn, right outside their house. They got their fish from the pond in front of the house. At Columbia, Mrs. Ike often went shopping for food items.

At the White House—and housewives may envy her in this—Mrs. Eisenhower faces no food-shopping problem whatever. It is all done by the Secret Service. The Secret Service agents place the orders for food in person (instead of by telephone) and only at stores they have thoroughly investigated. They stand and watch while the butcher cuts the meat, and they lock the purchases in a White House truck. They take no chances.

One of the first things Madame Mamie undoubtedly will want to do is give her chief housekeeping aide a list of the fa-

DEVELOPED a "kind-to-your-feet" concrete floor for basementless homes. Containing a mixture of sand and vermiculite, a popcornlike, lightweight mineral, it has a resiliency—almost like that of an oak floor—which saves wear on the feet. It's also said to have 4 times the insulation value of ordinary concrete. Ceramic or composition tile, linoleum, terrazzo, or carpeting can be laid directly over it.

CONTRIVED a typewriterlike instrument that teaches the elements of touch typing while producing music. 32 notes are indicated by letters arranged like a standard typewriter keyboard, and a special songbook provides basic exercises in touch typing which come out as well-known tunes.

CONCOCTED a chemical spray which, according to the manufacturer's claims, will actually make plants and even corsages last indefinitely, and bring many dying ones to life again.

MADE an attachment for electric mixers that automatically peels potatoes, beets, onions, apples, and oranges in a few minutes. The peelings are micro-thin, saving food values usually wasted in hand-peeling and -scraping.

MARKETED a new sliding stairway for attic access that features a one-piece ladder which you can slide right out of its tracks for utility use in and around the home.

PRODUCED a new kind of art-modeling material, especially useful for youngsters. A nonsticky, resin-based plastigel, it is noncrumbling, stays pliant without moistening, can be used repeatedly. And your youngsters' creations can be preserved in durable, permanent form by baking the material for about 15 minutes in an ordinary kitchen oven at 350 degrees F.

DEVISED a chemically treated dusting cloth which removes static electricity from automobile seat covers, phonograph records, plastic table-tops, and surfaces painted with rubber or plastic-base paints, all of which carry an inherent static electricity charge. It cleans and polishes at the same time.

MARKETED, for the home handy man a useful new torch with interchangeable burners that has a replaceable cartridge of liquid petroleum gas, which gives 2,500-degree heat and lasts 15 hours. It's good for thawing frozen pipe, removing paint, softening old putty, soldering, doing numerous other jobs.

DEVISED new safety pins that you can use for attaching either shank or tufted buttons without sewing. A slip-proof coil secures button to garment, and pin lies flat against back of fabric without showing. It's made of rustproof brass, so you can wash it with the garment.

PRODUCED an 18-inch-long shopping bag you can carry like an umbrella to market, where it then opens to hold 50 items of canned goods, and to drop down 2 rubber-tired wheels so you can pull it home. It's useful, too, for carting clothes around the house on washday and for other home chores.

BROUGHT OUT two new shaving aids: (1) a brush which serves up shaving cream when you turn the handle and has to be filled only once in 3 months; (2) a safety razor with a built-in, battery-operated light for safer shaving in poorly lighted rooms.

DEVISED a plastic wall dispenser that holds a tube of tooth paste inside and neatly lays a ribbon of paste on your brush when you push a button. It's air-tight and keeps paste soft and fresh.

LAWRENCE GALTON

Names and addresses of inventors and manufacturers of items mentioned in these columns will be sent to any reader who requests them. Mail your inquiries, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to Now They've Done It, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

vorite foods—and disliked foods—of President Ike and herself. The Eisenhower favorites include baked beans, apple pie, corn bread, fried chicken, soufflés. (F.D.R. loved anything containing chocolate but couldn't stand coconut flavors.) . . .

Now we come to the part of White House life that Madame Mamie will probably enjoy most—the parties. She loves parties (her two predecessors have not) and at the White House she'll have someone to handle all the details. It won't take any more work for her to get ready for a tea for 600 than it would for you to get ready for a tea for 6. Her social secretary and the White House Social Bureau handle such chores as working out seating arrangements for dinners (a very touchy matter) and sending out the gold-edged invitations.

White House parties tend to be precise and ruled by protocol. Madame Mamie prefers more casual parties. However, she should be able to warm up the stiffest party with her exuberant charm.

The social life at the White House is pretty strenuous. Here are some figures that may give Mrs. Eisenhower some idea what to expect. In one typical year, Mr. Crim found that:

4,729 people came to meals,
9,201 people came to tea,
14,212 came to receptions where light refreshments were served,
323 people were overnight guests,
1,320,300 sight-seers visited the public "downstairs" rooms.

The most exciting part of White House entertaining is putting up overnight the visiting kings, queens, and presidents. (When Royalty from England come they bring with them a fantastically large retinue of servants and a hot-water bottle for each royal bed.)

Madame Mamie will soon be learning that a high official of some faraway land may insist on cauliflower for breakfast. And, in planning dinner menus, she must remember that visiting Ethiopians, being Coptic Christians, can eat no meat, butter, or cheese. . . .

Like other housewives, Mrs. Eisenhower will continue to manage the family finances and keep a sharp eye on the Eisenhowers' joint checking account. However, she faces her supreme challenge at the White House in paying the bills and making fiscal ends meet.

Every month, starting in February, President Ike will be handed his pay check by his secretary. He may grin in delight the first time, as most other Presidents have done. (President Coolidge looked at his first check thoughtfully with no show of elation. As the lady who brought the check turned to go he said dryly, "Call again.")

When President Ike sees how fast his pay disappears some of his elation may fade. His regular salary comes to $8,333.33 a month before taxes. (He'll get help from an expert in the Bureau of Internal Revenue in filling out his income-tax report in March.) In addition,

he is allowed a drawing account up to $3,333 a month for travel and entertainment, and $4,166 a month for general White House expenses.

When you remember that the entertaining of tens of thousands of White House guests must be paid out of these sums, you begin to appreciate what the Eisenhowers are up against.

If the President takes a trip by train he can't very well go day coach as you and I can. He is given a special armored private railroad car, but he must pay the railroads for hauling the car. This can run into many thousands of dollars on a trip around the country.

Few people realize it, but the President is also expected to pay out of his own pocket the cost of feeding the household staff while they are on duty. That means at least one meal a day for nearly 60 people.

EVEN more than you and me, the Eisenhowers will find the need of relaxation from their strenuous duties. When you and I want to relax we go bowling or drop in on friends or go to a dance or beach picnic. What can the Eisenhowers do?

It turns out that the White House is quite an amusement center in itself. I found a private movie theater along the west wing corridor that will seat up to 100 guests. All movie makers are glad to co-operate in sending, rent-free, any films the First Family desires to see. F.D.R. used to see two or three movies a week. He liked them short and funny. Mr. Truman hasn't cared much for movies (except historicals), but has often gone just to please Margaret.

If General Ike feels in the mood to dabble with his water-color paints he can set up his easel in the Sky Parlor and paint the superb view of the Mall.

General Eisenhower enjoys regular physical exercise. This presents something of a challenge to a White House resident. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, when she felt such a need, would jump on her bicycle and ride up and down the long White House corridors. (Mr. Truman has been taking early secret walks in the suburbs.)

However, there are other ways available. For one thing, there is the excellent little indoor swimming pool, and there is a gym with horizontal bars along the west wing colonnade. The last two Presidents have taken daily dips.

America's golfers are delighted that they finally have a fellow enthusiast in the White House again. Ike is the first since Harding. But today security precautions are greater than they were in Harding's day, when there wasn't even a guard at the White House gates. White House aides are predicting that President Ike will be able to play golf only occasionally, as a great treat, at least in Washington.

One of them told me: "Ike will find that so many other players are being frozen off the course and so many Secret Service men are being tied up policing the course—searching every bunker, rough, and stretch of woods—that he will begin to wonder whether it is worth it all."

During vacations, President Ike may be able to find the privacy a golfer needs by going back to the private course at Augusta, Ga., where he worked on his game immediately after the election.

There has long been an unwritten law that a First Family never dines outside the White House. This is still true to the extent that they do not drop in at restaurants. However, the last two First Families have occasionally gone quietly to the homes of close friends to have supper or attend a family wedding. Occasionally, also, the Eisenhowers can slip into the National Theater for a play or into Constitution Hall for a concert.

If the Eisenhowers want to get away from the White House they can find refuge week ends on the 243-foot-long Presidential yacht, U.S.S. Williamsburg. It has 8 guest bedrooms. They will do well to stick to inland waterways, however, because out in the ocean the yacht rolls like a washtub.

Soon the Eisenhowers will also want to consider where they will go on their longer vacations. Unlike the rest of us, they can't go to public resorts, because of problems of security and dignity. (A President isn't supposed to be seen in public in a bathing suit.) They need hideaways that suit their ideas on how best to relax.

The Hoovers had their Rapidan Camp in Virginia for fishing. The Coolidges went to the Black Hills in North Dakota. The Roosevelts had their Shangri-La in the Maryland mountains. And the Trumans have gone to Key West, Fla. One possibility the Eisenhowers talk about is their Gettysburg, Pa., farm, since they enjoy getting back to the soil. It requires some fixing up to be cozy for them.

WHITE HOUSE life, along with its problems, has some wonderful compensations. For example, there is the thrill of knowing you are regarded as the most important family in the world. And you live in a setting of great beauty, where every room and almost every piece of furnishing is rich in tradition. On the second floor, for example, there is the Lincoln Room, with Abe Lincoln's 9-foot-bed in which distinguished male guests, such as kings, now sleep.

In the lovely oval Blue Room on the first floor, which would be the throne room if we had a royal family, every piece of furniture has been in the White House for more than a century. And there is the China Room on the ground floor, with its samples of the chinaware used by each of America's first families.

And, finally, there is always the view. From the White House windows the Eisenhowers can look out across the White House's broad, rolling lawn and the Mall to see the memorials to three of the President's predecessors—Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln.

As they gaze at those great memorials they can sense the grandeur and challenge of their own roles. The thrill and inspiration the Eisenhowers feel should convince them that the White House, for all its challenges, is a pretty wonderful house in which to live.

THE END ★★

If you are like most people you probably have never bothered really to master the principles of first aid or learn the symptoms of common diseases. You often read about them, then forget them. Consequently, when emergency strikes, you are unprepared. To make sure that you are ready to handle anything from a burn to the first sign of measles, attach this article to the inside of your medicine-chest door, where you and your family can always find it in a hurry when you need to know . . .

What to do *until* the Doctor comes

by D. B. Armstrong, M.D.

A YOUNG Berkeley Heights, N. J., housewife, after hanging the last piece of laundry on the back-yard line, turned and started toward her kitchen. Suddenly she gasped, dropped her clothesbasket, and raced to the small fishpool her husband had built at one end of the flower garden.

There, face downward and apparently lifeless, floated her 17-month-old daughter. Young Susie had climbed from her play pen and, unnoticed, had made her way to the pool.

An instant later the mother had pulled Susie to the grass. Her breathing had stopped and all signs of life had vanished. Instead of becoming panic-stricken, the mother methodically started applying artificial respiration.

Twenty minutes later she was still kneeling over the tiny, helpless form with no visible reward for her efforts. Then came a slight movement from Susie and in a moment a faint cry. Before long, and before the doctor, called by a neighbor, could arrive, the little girl was gasping, coughing, and actually breathing. At Overlook Hospital in Summit she made a quick recovery.

The mother thanked Providence that just one week before she had completed a first-aid course which had taught her exactly what to do in such an emergency.

That mother was prepared. Are you?

Well, we all can be. Almost before we know it the season will be here when millions of us will be making week-end picnic trips to the beach. Being prepared for an emergency takes on a lot of importance then. If we take a knowledge of first aid with us when we go for that cooling dip, we can avoid the tragedy that sometimes ends a day of pleasure.

And there is still time to enroll in a first-aid course before spring and summer arrive. Believe me, as a physician who too often has seen the lack of first aid, I cannot recommend too strongly that you sign up for such a course now.

RIGHT now is the time of year when youngsters are most likely to develop a half-dozen or so ailments such as chicken pox, measles, mumps, whooping cough, and, in some communities, still even diphtheria.

Now, here is something to remember about these childhood diseases. All of us cannot be M.D.'s. In fact, I believe that no knowledge of medical treatment is better than a faulty or incomplete knowledge. But all of us *can* recognize certain early symptoms, get the youngster to bed, and call the doctor. That is the best first aid in many cases.

WHOOPING COUGH is highly contagious and sometimes has disastrous effects, for it may end in pneumonia or even lead to tuberculosis. Medical treatment is something for the doctor to take care of. What you can do is to recognize the early signs—a tight, dry cough which steadily gets worse, soon followed in most cases by the telltale whoop. Often it is accompanied by sneezing or vomiting. When you first hear your Joey's or Margie's dry, hacking cough which lingers on for no apparent reason, get the youngster to bed, keep him away from other children, and call your doctor.

The same rule applies to other ailments which hit our youngsters. Get them to bed, or at least keep them home, at the first serious signs, and call the doctor. He will do the treating, of course, but it will help you to know some of the symptoms.

With CHICKEN POX there is usually a little feverishness and a loss of appetite, but this may be so slight you don't notice it. Then come the tiny, pink, raised spots and blisters. They usually appear on the trunk of the body, the scalp, and the mucous membranes, more than on the arms and legs. Ordinarily, the child won't be especially ill, but confinement to bed is necessary, and other children should be kept away. Of course, you should call your doctor.

Supposing MEASLES is the culprit. This is what to look for in the way of signs: First a slight fever, then red and watery eyes with the lower lids puffed. Soon after comes a "cold," with running nose, sneezing, and a dry cough. That is the stage when the disease is most catching. It is before the typical rash breaks out, and your physician should be on the job long before this.

With MUMPS your child will have a fever, tenderness, and probable swelling of the glands located in front of each ear. Often the glands below the lower jaw and the tongue are infected, too. To avoid complications, early medical care is important.

Even more important is prompt attention for POLIO. The season when it is most prevalent is not too far away. If your child should complain of a stiff neck and spine, if it is hard for him to bend his neck and spine forward, and if,

Here are accidents which can happen to any child

in addition, he has pains in his arms, legs, and back, don't hesitate for one minute. Put him to bed and call the doctor. Other polio danger signals are drowsiness or restlessness, headache, vomiting, and irritability. Quick action on your part may save your child from death or serious deformity.

A few common-sense measures when these and similar upsets come to your home can spell the difference between a complicated illness and a mild ailment. Your No. 1 step in all cases is to get the youngster to bed and keep other children away from him. Next call the doctor. Then, should the ailment prove contagious, do what you can to prevent its spread to others. Here are some simple rules on this last point:

Wash your hands thoroughly after attending to your child. Use paper tissues for his handkerchiefs and burn them as soon as possible. Keep his toothbrush, comb, drinking glass, washcloth, and towel away from the rest of the family's. Boil his eating utensils for 10 minutes each time after he uses them.

Naturally, knowing what to do until the doctor comes is helpful in adults' ailments as well as in children's. Generally speaking, the same rules hold true. Get them to bed and call the doctor. In some instances, if you know what to do you won't need a doctor. Ordinary nosebleeds, for example.

Not long ago the value of first aid in attending to a NOSEBLEED was brought home to a neighbor of mine. Returning from shopping, she found her husband pacing the floor and blowing his nostrils, from which the blood was flowing rather freely. He apparently was under the impression that only a certain amount of blood would escape from his nostrils anyway, and he wanted to get it over with as quickly as possible.

She told him to sit in a chair with his head tilted back. Then, with his collar loosened, she applied a cold, wet cloth over his nose. At the same time she instructed him to press firmly on the sides of his nose. A clot soon formed and the bleeding stopped. In this case no doctor was needed.

You may not need a doctor for simple HEADACHES, either. A cold cloth or an ice bag on your head may do the job until the maladjustment in your system which caused the ache corrects itself.

If the headache persists, though, or if it is an unusually bad one or frequently recurs, do not depend on home remedies to make you chipper again. They probably won't. Instead, they may mask the real trouble while it may be getting constantly worse. Keep in mind that a headache is a symptom, not a disease. If the symptom soon disappears with an ice bag helping things along, fine. If it doesn't, see your doctor. It may mean anything from serious eye trouble to brain tumor.

IF ALL of us practiced such simple measures as these, our illnesses would certainly be much less serious and countless lives would be saved. But having a knowledge of first aid when accidents occur is still more important. With accidents your first-aid role often takes on an even more vital nature.

A wobbly stepladder, a loose stair tread, a bare electric wire, a knife that slipped, a match that didn't go out when you threw it in the trash basket—these are the silent enemies in our home which injure, cripple, and take our lives.

I don't mean to be an alarmist. There would be little point in bringing up these grim facts unless we could do something about them. Fortunately, we can. Each and every one of us can bring down the toll by knowing what to do when an accident happens.

By intelligent use of first aid you can, in cases of minor accidents, make the injured person more comfortable and prevent the injury from becoming a major one. In bad accidents, if you don't know what to do, the lack of first aid while waiting for the doctor may mean the loss of a life.

If such an accident comes to someone in your home, you may not always have time to look up the rules in an article or book. Life may be ebbing away while you're hunting for the right chapter or paragraph. The only solution is to be prepared.

And your very best preparation is to enroll in that first-aid course I mentioned at the beginning of this article. They are given in most communities by the Red Cross or by a qualified civil-defense agency.

Nothing will take the place of a regular first-aid course where you learn by doing. Most of us can profit, though, by considering some typical accidents and then learning what to do about them.

In order to show you just how valuable first aid is when accidents occur, let's take an imaginary 12-year-old Johnny and put him through a whole series of hypothetical accidents, showing the proper first-aid treatment each time he comes to grief.

Don't be alarmed. We'll bring him safely through each crisis. And by the time we're through with Johnny I think you'll know better what to do when the Johnny in your family—or any other member—has an accident.

One day, strictly against orders, Johnny slides down the stair banister,

sails off the end, and, in landing, twists his leg. He's hurt it badly. The pain is most intense halfway between his knee and ankle and he has difficulty in moving his leg. You're not sure whether it's a break or a sprain. Call the doctor. That's the first thing to do in any serious accident when first aid is necessary.

Since you don't know exactly how seriously Johnny's leg is hurt, treat it as though it's a FRACTURE. In spite of the pain, Johnny wants to get up. Keep him lying down. While there's no break in the skin, which means the fracture is a simple one, moving him about or letting him try to stand up may cause the broken bone to pierce the skin, causing a compound fracture.

This increases the injury and introduces the danger of infection. Don't handle the injury. Don't try to set the broken bone. That job is strictly for the doctor.

To PROTECT Johnny's leg from further injury make a splint and fasten it to his leg. This keeps the broken ends of the bone from moving about and increasing the damage.

Making a splint is easy. Take a light board or broom handle long enough to reach beyond the joints above and below the break. Pad the splint with cloth on the side which goes next to the injury. Bandage the splint firmly but gently to Johnny's leg, being careful not to place bandages directly over the fracture.

Put a blanket over Johnny to keep him warm. This may help to combat shock. Then wait for the doctor's arrival. Had Johnny broken his arm instead of his leg, you would apply the same first-aid measures.

Often you can tell a broken bone because the broken ends overlap noticeably. Or the injured arm or leg may be shorter than normal and in an unnatural position.

Johnny's break, as we have seen, was not a compound fracture. If it had been, with the broken bone protruding through the skin, first aid calls for covering the injury lightly with sterile gauze to guard against infection. Don't try to push the bone back beneath the skin and don't put any medicine on the injury. Keep the boy warm and wait for the doctor.

After Johnny's recovery he's out playing ball one day, and he falls and sprains his wrist. A SPRAIN is an injury to a joint or the ligaments supporting the joint. Apply ice packs or cloths wrung from cold water to his wrist for several hours to reduce the swelling. As it subsides, apply hot compresses to help the tissues return to normal. Later, a light massage will help. If his sprain is severe, you will call the doctor.

Now, if Johnny had been sliding into second base and twisted his back instead of his wrist, chances are that the muscles would be hurt. When the muscles are involved rather than the ligaments, it is a STRAIN instead of a sprain. Heavy lifting in an improper position causes many strains.

For a strain, keep Johnny quiet, in bed if necessary, and keep him warm. Rub his back with warm alcohol to help relieve the pain and to stimulate circulation. Apply hot pads. In a few days Johnny's playing ball again. Then—

He gets into a scrap with the neighborhood bully and gets a BRUISE. A bruise is caused by a fall or a blow. While the skin is not broken, the tissues underneath are injured. A black eye is a typical bruise and Johnny has a real shiner. Apply an ice pack or cloths wrung out in cold water to his eye. This eases the pain and keeps the swelling down. And tell him next time to remember to duck.

Johnny's next mishap occurs one day while he's mixing up a new concoction in the basement with ingredients from his chemistry set. You hear a loud "Pop!" Johnny has mixed the wrong chemicals together, they exploded, and Johnny has burned his hand. It isn't a deep BURN, but the skin is reddened and painful.

Apply a paste of baking soda and water, or some petroleum jelly, or a burn ointment, or olive oil. Then bandage his hand with a sterile gauze dressing.

Had the burn been more extensive, *you should lose no time in sending for the doctor*. In a second-degree burn the skin is blistered (Johnny had only a first-degree burn), and in a third-degree burn the tissue is destroyed for some depth. In a severe burn, shock usually develops, and the doctor should be on the scene as soon as possible.

In giving first aid for deep burns, tie a piece of gauze or a clean cloth over your mouth. This helps to prevent contamination with germs from your mouth and nose. These germs are responsible for most of the serious burn infections.

Don't apply any salves or ointments on these serious burns. The doctor may have to waste time in removing them to get started with his own treatment. Don't try to clean the burn or open any blisters, and don't pull away any clothing which may be sticking to the burned area.

All you can do is have your patient lie down while you immerse the burned part in a slightly warm solution of water and bicarbonate of soda or apply several layers of sterile gauze wet with this solution to the burned part.

If the burn is extensive and medical treatment is delayed for even a short time, apply a pressure bandage to prevent seepage of tissue fluid from the burned area. Make the bandage good and thick, snug but not too tight. Once it is on, leave it alone until the doctor can treat him. Keep him quiet and comfortably warm. . . .

Now we'll get back to Johnny. He CUT himself. Maybe you *did* tell him to whittle away from himself rather than toward his body, but the fact remains his thumb has a real cut in it.

Have him wash his hands thoroughly with soap and water. Apply a mild tincture of iodine and put a pad of gauze or clean cloth over the cut. Bandage it snugly in place with strips of cloth or adhesive tape. . . . Just a word about

HOW WELL ARE YOU PREPARED FOR ANY EMERGENCY?

Here are basic first-aid supplies which Dr. Armstrong recommends for the home, for traveling, and for the small workshop. You can buy them in your neighborhood drugstore.

For the Home:

1. A clinical thermometer.
2. First-aid dressings, including sterile gauze, bandages, roll of adhesive plaster, and a number of 1-inch compresses on adhesive in individual packages.
3. One pint of rubbing alcohol.
4. Aromatic spirits of ammonia.
5. Boric acid solution for use as eyewash. (1 teaspoonful in a pint of water.)
6. One tube of petrolatum.
7. Sterile castor oil or mineral oil.
8. Oil of cloves for toothache.
9. Mild tincture of iodine (2% solution).

For the Small Workshop:

Someone who is well versed in first aid should have charge of these essentials, to be kept in a metal cabinet in a conspicuous place.

1. Individual sterile dressings.
2. Individual package-type finger dressings, 1½-inch compresses.
3. Individual package-type 3-inch compresses (also a few 4-by-6-inch).
4. Assorted gauze roller bandages of various widths.
5. Triangular bandages.
6. Tourniquet.
7. Scissors.
8. Package or roll of absorbent cotton.
9. Splints of yucca or similar material.
10. Individual ampoules of aromatic spirits of ammonia.
11. Individual ampoules of iodine.
12. Adhesive tape, safety pins, and any special equipment for the particular type of treatment found necessary in certain industries.

For Traveling:

When you make that automobile trip or go camping or hiking, take a small first-aid kit with you. It occupies little space and may prove most useful.

iodine. It grows stronger with age, so keep a fresh supply on hand.

Now, suppose it wasn't his thumb at all that he cut, but his arm. He might have severed an artery. That's far more serious. Then the blood is brighter in color and comes in spurts instead of a slow flow. And profuse bleeding from severed veins, a steady welling of blood darker in color than that from the arteries, is plenty serious, too.

Do not delay in calling the doctor for these kinds of bleeding. Tell him it's an emergency.

Here's what you do while waiting for the doctor: Have Johnny lie flat, with his head low. Keep him warm and make sure he has plenty of fresh air. Then immediately apply pressure on the appropriate "pressure points." If you don't know where the pressure points are, that is something you must learn in a regular first-aid course.

Suppose you don't know about "pressure points." Then try to stop the bleeding by pressing a pad of cloth directly on the wound itself. Make up a thick wad of cloth and force it against the cut. Bind it in place. If the bleeding doesn't stop, use more pads and more pressure.

Probably you have heard about tourniquets. Unless you've been taught how to use them, *don't*. That, too, is a valuable lesson to learn in a first-aid course. A tourniquet improperly used can cause more harm than good by crushing nerves and tissues and cutting off the blood supply.

Very often direct pressure on the cut will stop the bleeding. But you can see how important it is to take a first-aid course, for sometimes, to save a life, you *must* know about "pressure points" and you *must* know about tourniquets.

WELL, the cut on Johnny's thumb is well healed. Then one day, as though he already hadn't had enough woe, he accidentally takes POISON. Not intentionally, you understand, but a glass of insecticide was sitting on the kitchen table. Coming into the room as you went to answer the phone, Johnny saw the glass, thought it was water, and took a couple of big swallows before he suddenly learned the drastic difference.

Right away you must accomplish two things: 1. Dilute the poison. 2. Get it out of his stomach.

Have him drink several glasses of water, as much as he can hold, to dilute the poison. Then, to remove everything from his stomach in a hurry, prepare an emetic. Two easy and effective emetics are a glass of warm salt water (one tablespoon of salt to the glass) or a glass of warm, soapy water.

The object is to induce vomiting. If neither emetic is successful, try a cup of warm water containing a teaspoonful of dry mustard. Vomiting should be induced repeatedly until the fluid coming from Johnny's stomach is clear. Tickling the back of his throat with your finger may get the process started.

After Johnny's stomach is empty, check the original container of the insecticide to see whether an antidote is recommended. Probably it will be. Just in case you didn't know what the poison was or didn't have the container, give Johnny the whites of two or three raw eggs or a glass or two of milk. Either is a good antidote for many poisons.

You're to blame in this particular matter about poison, for it should be kept out of reach of children at all times. But Johnny being 12 years old, you may answer, can reach practically anywhere that you can. A utility closet or chest which can be locked, with the key safely in your possession, is the solution.

And watch your medicine cabinet. Poisons or drugs which are dangerous when improperly used should certainly be kept locked up. For your own protection make sure that each bottle in the medicine cabinet or utility chest is plainly labeled. Adults sometimes take poison by mistake, too.

NOW our hapless Johnny experiences a series of four accidents, each one serious, but each calling for the same type of first aid—artificial respiration. For our purposes here we don't need to go into how each mishap occurred or how one tyke could have such a run of bad luck. It's enough to say that in a short period of time he, in turn, had a bad choking spell, suffered an electric shock, was overcome by carbon-monoxide gas, and then had a narrow escape from drowning. In each instance his breathing had almost stopped. Hence, ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION.

For each of these accidents, send for the doctor quick. Johnny's in real trouble. Then apply artificial respiration to get him breathing again.

Lay him flat on his stomach, with his cheek resting on his hands. Kneel on one or both knees in front of Johnny's head, facing him.

Place your hands, with thumbs almost touching and fingers spread out on his back, just below his shoulder blades. With your elbows straight, rock forward so pressure is gradually brought to bear on Johnny's back. This empties his lungs.

Now rock back, releasing the pressure quickly and easily. Then pick up his arms just above the elbows. Draw them up and toward you, which pulls air into his lungs. Repeat from 10 to 12 times a minute. Continue without interruption until Johnny is breathing normally again. Keep him warm.

Of course, if Johnny choked from a marble caught in his windpipe, before giving artificial respiration you must remove the marble. The best way to get rid of anything caught in the throat or windpipe is to have Johnny lean forward or lie crosswise on a bed while you whack him vigorously between the shoulder blades.

And for the electric shock, remember not to touch his skin or clothing with your bare hands while the current is on. Turn off the current if you are near the switch. If you can't do this, then stand on a folded, *dry* coat or a thick fold of *dry* newspapers or on a *dry* board. Then, with one hand protected with several thicknesses of *dry* cloth or newspapers, grasp a part of Johnny's clothing and drag him away from his contact with the current.

With carbon-monoxide gas, get Johnny

WHY DON'T THEY?

PAINT luminous danger signs on both sides of railroad cars so that auto lights will be reflected when approaching a train at a crossing at night?—*Mrs. Ruth A. Keil, Pekin, Ill.*

FURNISH small compartments on automatic toasters in which butter may be melted?—*Barton Grooms, Lamesa, Texas.*

MARKET a collapsible, crib-type guardrail to hook over the side of standard beds for use on trips, to prevent active babies from falling on the floor?—*Herbert C. Fishman, Lynn, Mass.*

Portable guardrail

INSTALL coin-vending machines every few blocks to provide change for parking meters?—*Mrs. Stephen E. Gilbert, Globe, Ariz.*

CONTRIVE rubber caps to fit over the ends and bottom board of Venetian blinds, to eliminate rattling when the blinds are lowered and the windows open?—*Louise Pigot, Cambria Heights, N. Y.*

INSTALL rear-view mirrors in rowboats, so an oarsman can see where he is going without continually craning his neck?—*Bessie Leach, Bloomsburg, Pa.*

MANUFACTURE colored doorknobs to harmonize with the color of the room in which they are used?—*Mrs. W. E. Alman, St. Petersburg, Fla.*

Colored doorknobs

MAKE bright-colored, candy-tipped tongue depressors for doctors and parents to use on very young patients?—*Mrs. William Cord, Vevay, Ind.*

MANUFACTURE adjustable shoe trees for growing children?—*Mrs. B. H. Cloward, Pocatello, Idaho.*

HAVE rubber suction cups on the bottom of ink bottles, to prevent tipping them over?—*Deborah Mason, Freeport, Maine.*

MAKE paper clips from plastic, in order to prevent rust stains on important papers and also to conserve metal?—*E. C. Dizney, Wilmore, Ky.*

PUT UP liquid shoe polish in spray bottles, to keep hands clean when polishing shoes?—*Mrs. Raymond Bauer, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Shoe-polish sprayer

PRODUCE a homogenized paint to eliminate time-consuming and messy mixing of the settled pigment?—*Mrs. Walton B. Joiner, Baton Rouge, La.*

MARK on all boxes of stationery the number of sheets that may be mailed in one envelope for a three-cent stamp?—*Ada E. Vesper, Santa Rosa, Calif.*

Have you any ideas no one else seems to have thought of? Send them on a postcard to the "Why Don't They?" editor, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. We'll pay $5 for each suggestion accepted. None can be returned.

to fresh air and call the police or fire department for an oxygen inhalator. Then proceed with your artificial respiration until the inhalator arrives.

Johnny is fit as a fiddle again, but one day he comes home with a cinder in his EYE. Look at his eye closely to see whether the speck is on the eyeball itself or on the lining of the eyelid. In this instance it's on the eyelid and you can give first aid. Any object on the eyeball itself is more serious and generally calls for a doctor's attention.

Tell Johnny not to rub his eye, no matter how much it stings and burns. That only tends to imbed the cinder. Pull his lower eyelid down gently to see exactly where the speck is. If there, with a corner of a clean handkerchief or a twist of cotton dampened with water, remove the speck.

Should it seem to be on the lining of the upper lid, grasp the lashes of the upper lid and tell Johnny to look upward while you pull the eyelid gently forward and downward over the lower lid. Chances are that the tears will then wash it out. If they don't, use an eyedropper to flush his eye with sterile water or a solution of baking soda. If this fails, take Johnny to the doctor. After the cinder is removed, a little sterile castor oil or mineral oil dropped in the eye is soothing.

If the speck is on the eyeball, and flushing doesn't wash it loose, don't poke at it. Get expert attention at once.

JOHNNY'S siege of trouble is about over. You may wonder that any one person, even if he is a healthy 12-year-old, could go through the multitudinous tribulations that Johnny did and still live. First aid, promptly and intelligently applied, is the answer. And remember that any of Johnny's accidents could happen to any member of your family.

But because Johnny has been through so much, we can scarcely be surprised if one day he feels faint—in fact, has a FAINTING SPELL. Well, we'll bring him out of that, too. Easy.

Lay him on his back on the couch and lower his head by raising his feet and legs or placing a blanket under his hips. Loosen his clothing around his neck and waist. See that he gets plenty of fresh, cool air. Hold smelling salts or a handkerchief containing a few drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia under his nose every minute or two. When he "comes to," which should be very soon, have him lie quietly for a little while before getting up.

We can now say farewell to Johnny and hope that he lives to a healthy old age without ever so much as even stubbing his toe again. But from his own experience it's pretty safe to bet he'll know what to do in giving first aid to anyone else whenever the occasion arises.

Johnny learned the hard way. I hope you will choose the easier method by enrolling at your very first opportunity in a regular first-aid course. Your life and the lives of others may depend on it.

THE END ★★

What Teen-agers Want to Know about Sex and Marriage

(*Continued from page* 34)

behavior. Many of their fathers and mothers are even more puzzled and anxious. The children whom they once understood so well have seemingly become aloof, giddy, or inscrutable. I can sympathize with these parents because several years ago I helped to raise two children through the difficult teens.

Our course has now become a permanent feature of the Toms River school system. Over the years we have had warm support for the course from parents and community leaders. Our warmest support comes from the boys and girls (now men and women) who took the course when they were in school.

Perhaps from my experience with teen-agers, I can give my fellow grown-ups some insight into what is going on in the heads and hearts of many of these youngsters, although I am not so brash as to suggest that any adult can generalize about these young people, or that these are the only problems they are worrying about.

The setting of our classes, I should mention, makes it easy for the students to speak their minds frankly. Our "classroom" is a large but cozy living room. The walls are pine-paneled, the rug a soft green, the couch and draperies colorful. We have a small kitchen, too. The boys and girls take great pride in keeping the room clean and orderly. The janitor never needs to touch it.

WE MAKE it a big point of honor that nothing personal said in our classes will be repeated outside. Family loyalties are guarded and respected. We just don't carry tales. The students fire their questions not only at me, but at the many guests who visit us. Our "guest-experts" sometimes come from afar. More often they come from our own town of 6,700 people. Doctors, clergymen of all faiths, lawyers, nurses, engaged couples, and a great many happily married couples drop in to help us understand the problems facing the families of today. Among these are many former students of the class. Probably 600 or more of our former students are now married (although not all happily married, alas) and building their own families. Their visits to the class with their babies are the high points of the year.

At no time does it occur to any of us to laugh at a student when personal questions are asked and answered. The question is raised in all seriousness and it is handled sincerely and candidly. Absolutely no ridicule or comments like "Oh, that's just puppy love" are forthcoming. Some pupils confess they won't tell their families about their love problems for fear of being laughed at and hearing, "Don't be so silly."

Snickering and sly glances when anything remotely connected with love or sex is mentioned are all too familiar to teachers who deal with adolescents. In our classes, if any such sly glances or snickerings are noted, I step in at once to clear up the situation. Snickering and furtiveness are signs of discomfort. At the first sight of any such embarrassment I say:

"Now, there is something we've said that disturbs you. I wonder what it was? Perhaps it is because you have not heard this particular term before. This course is for pretty mature students, so we need to use a mature terminology. We shall always select a vocabulary that will give dignity to our subject. And this term I used is entirely proper and respectable."

"All right to go ahead?" I ask.

They nod "Yes" and I rarely see any further signs of discomfort or furtiveness. If I do, the direct challenge technique is repeated.

OVER the years I have learned to respect our teen-agers tremendously, and not to underestimate them. During the 11 years we have discussed hundreds of topics and they have asked thousands of questions on all kinds of matters—money matters, household chores, how to be a better daughter or son, how to help parents make the home happier.

Here are some questions about their problems of dating, the behavior and nature of both sexes, and the institution of marriage that they regularly bring up for discussion year after year:

What makes girls act so peculiar? (This is asked by boys.)

Throughout high school, girls seem to be a great enigma to boys. A freshman boy once asked me resentfully, "What makes girls so big when we are so little?"

He was right in his observation, of course. Girls start shooting upward a full year before boys, and begin developing into young ladies while the boys are still young kids.

"Nature matures girls first," I told the boy. "It is Nature's way for preparing them for their role of motherhood."

"I'm going to speak to Nature about this," he muttered.

The result of this difference in maturing is that many freshmen boys are still interested in roughhousing and playing games together while the girls are looking for dates. All during high school the girls stay way ahead socially of most boys the same age. This creates social problems at the school dances, where the boys sit on the side lines or play tag, and the girls either are wallflowers or have to dance together.

Boys also complain in class that they can't understand why girls are so inconsistent. One minute the girls are friendly and the next haughty. One boy, addressing the girls, said, "I don't get it. Why do you say one thing and mean another? Why all of a sudden do you act mad and we don't know what you are mad at? You just say, 'Oh, nothing.' What did we do!"

Do you have to make love when you go out with the boys? If we do, will they

talk about us? (This is asked by the girls.)

"No, you don't have to make love, but there is surely nothing wrong in wanting to show your affection to someone you truly care for," I assure them.

Some girls complain that if they don't neck they won't get dates. They have exaggerated fears of the competition from the few promiscuous girls in circulation. I point out that these girls are not oversexed or anything of the sort, but usually are unloved, pathetic kids. They are using promiscuity as a way to get attention and affection they can't get in any other way. Everybody has a body, I tell the youngsters. Bodies are a dime a dozen. But *what else* have you got to make yourselves interesting and appealing?

I TRY not to make any youngster feel guilty about his or her urges or affections. Nature's prime function, I explain, is to propagate the race, and love-making is a part of her plan. The sexual urges of the male are concentrated and pretty direct. These urges are probably at their greatest height when he is about 18. This causes a control problem, I add, because boys in our civilization can't afford to marry until much later, perhaps 24-25. However, boys differ in this regard just as girls do. Not all have the same intensity of sex drive. There is great variation among both sexes.

"So you girls," I point out, "have to play fair. It is not fair to lead the boy on and then be angry when he finds that he is not entirely in control of the situation." Arranging dates of other kinds will reduce the likelihood of using love-making merely as a pastime. We point to the sportsmanship aspect of the matter, showing that exploitation of one sex by the other is undesirable.

The boys admit that they do kiss and tell. The girls have a pretty good idea of what the boys discuss in their bull sessions. This is all thrashed out in the classroom, and it is fun to hear the boys and girls tell one another off. After the heated discussion is over, each sex has a better understanding of the other's viewpoint. This leads to more respect for one another, too.

One girl said she once heard her brother and three other boys comparing notes on different girls. "I think that's a crummy thing to do!" she said glaring at her male classmates. They calmly agreed it was crummy but said, "We all do it, but *not* about girls we particularly care for. Only about the others."

It was also suggested that perhaps boys tend to make their romantic exploits sound bigger and more successful than they actually were. The boys agreed on this.

To the question "Do you hash over your boy-friends too?" the girls sheepishly said, "Yes, but not on a 'how far' basis."

Is a girl necessarily "bad" if she gets pregnant before she is married?

This is a tough one to answer but I do my best. To handle it, I digress a bit. If possible, I bring into a class a young mother (and the father if I can get him) with a very young baby. If that is not possible, I hold up a picture of an appealing infant. The girls of course adore the babies, and the boys show more interest in the wriggling infant than might be expected.

"Now, look," I say; "here is a fine baby. What does he need in order to get a fair start in the world?"

The answers come flying back at me: "A good home." "What do you mean by that?" I ask. And they reply, "Two good parents who will stay together." "Parents who love him." "Parents who will want him."

"Do you think there are any babies born who are not wanted?" I ask.

Oh, yes, they know.

"Is it fair to the baby not to want him?" I ask.

In a chorus they reply that it is outrageously unfair. Teen-agers are very touchy about fair play.

Now I make the next point. Mating carries with it a profound responsibility. A mature person is prepared to accept responsibility for his acts. And a mature person is also one who has learned to channel and control his emotions, his urges as well as his angers. They nod agreement. This is not always easy or possible to do, I explain, but in our civilization, society expects the child to be born in a home that is ready and happy to receive him. He cannot get "fair breaks" if he is unwelcome and resented. Sometimes the unexpected baby is made welcome and loved and things turn out all right. More often, though, the coming infant is bitterly resented and the young parents do not want either the child or each other. "In that case, does the baby get a fair break?" I inquire.

MANY of the students confess that they had never looked at it that way. They agree in today's world a human being needs all the breaks he can get.

Here, I invite a local Roman Catholic priest, a rabbi, and a Protestant clergyman to come to visit the class to explain the religious points of view. The stand taken by the clergymen appeals to the teen-agers' sense of idealism, and they respond warmly to these talks by asking countless questions concerning how the churches feel about questions of home, marriage, and family.

Is it possible to really "fall in love"—the kind you marry on—at 17 or 18?

One girl in my class said she had been "engaged" to four different fellows in two years. The boys pounced on her for being fickle. I pointed out that adolescents, in the first flush of their sexual awakening, tend to fall wonderfully in "love" with the whole opposite sex. Only gradually do they discriminate on the basis of such mature considerations as companionship and character.

By the time they are 17 or 18 many students are caught up in affairs that go far beyond "puppy love." They honestly believe they are experiencing a grown-up kind of love, and some of them actually are. The really mature girls are quite calm and reasonable about their plans. They do wear their engagement rings, but they also attend to their studies. They plan their summer weddings systematically with full consent of the parents.

On the other hand, I have noticed very often that some girls who are so anxious to get married are basically very unhappy. Their anxiety to get married to *the* or *a* boy-friend seems to be a means of escape from some home situation which is troubling them. One girl, for example, can't get along with her mother. "I don't think she likes me," she stated, "so I'll get my own home and get out of her way." These forlorn, miserable young people are looking for affection and freedom. They honestly believe that they will find both in a marriage and enter into it with that attitude—"I can't lose."

"Are you trying to *get away* from something?" I ask these girls. "Is that a good attitude to take in building a new home?"

EACH year I ask the students to write out their ideas on how they feel when they are in love. The boys tend to be dramatic. One wrote: "When she isn't around, I feel like a lost dog." Another reported: "The sight of her makes my stomach jump." To the boys particularly the physical manifestations are often violent and therefore most disturbing. On the other hand, girls tend to take a more serene view of their loves. One said: "I wanted to do everything I could to help him and make him happy." A second wrote: "You build up a feeling of liking toward him until you can't imagine liking anybody else as much."

How soon is it all right to go steady?

Most parents object to their youngsters getting serious too soon, and my teen-agers argue the pros and cons of going steady. The parents are usually trying to steer the youngster away from someone they don't really approve of, at least so the young people think. If the parents like the boy or girl selected, they usually approve, because they feel safer. Since the greater wisdom is usually on the parents' side, we invite parents in to present their side. "I didn't know parents could be so intelligent," commented one student afterward.

I tell the students that they have a lot to learn before making a final commitment. Until they are at least 18, "playing the field" is a way of finding the person who is really best for them, a Right One, as they call it. And they can always go back to one they find, in retrospect, to be best. "Suppose he is taken?" inquired one girl realistically. The chances are he will not be. If he is they will find new opportunities.

Why are teen-age boys so much less interested in marriage than girls?

Boys love to court girls, but in their teens marriage is usually far from their minds. Their draft status is a big factor. But, more important, they have not been oriented to marriage as girls have been. A girl practices her future home-making role from the time she is a child by holding the baby and helping her mother cook. To be a bride is a goal constantly held up before her. The boy,

in contrast, plays soldier and reads in the funny papers that husbands are poor, browbeaten creatures, and hears about the high cost of rearing a family and caring for a wife.

When a boy reaches 18 his main impulse is not toward marriage but rather to try his wings. As one boy said indignantly, "For heaven's sake, I'm just beginning to get free of school and my parents."

How do we tell when we've found the Right One?

Each year I ask my students to write down all the traits they want in their life partner. They begin writing furiously and soon have lists a foot long. When they have written themselves out of adjectives I tell them to tear their lists up into tiny pieces. Puzzled, they obey.

"You are just not going to get all those things," I tell them. "So what will you settle for? What are the really important qualities you want and need?" Most people, I warn them, don't "choose" mates at all. It kind of happens. The biological drive sends them right smack into somebody's arms, and then they try to justify how they got there.

In this sobered atmosphere we begin talking about traits that are known to promote a stable marriage and a good home life—traits such as dependability, considerateness, flexibility, maturity, affection, and love of children.

How much right do parents have to pry into our private romantic affairs?

THE other day a husky 17-year-old boy exploded in class: "My folks want me to report where I've been every night. They don't think I'm old enough to take a girl to Asbury Park in the car at night. But in a few months I'm going to be drafted and sent to Korea. When I do I become a man!" I assured him that he might become a man any minute, and perhaps already was one.

Youngsters who are 16-17-18 years old want very much to be trusted. Of course, parents can't stop thinking of them as children, and worry about their physical and moral safety. In class we discussed what supervision is reasonable for teen-agers. Most of the students agreed that only limited dating should be allowed before 14, and then it should be supervised. They also agreed that parents of 15- and 16-year-olds should know where their youngsters are going, whom they are going to be with, and when they will be back. But by 17 and 18, they insisted, teen-agers are old enough to stand or fall on their previous training.

When can you marry, and what do you need to know beforehand?

For better or worse, America's young people are marrying younger every year. Girls now marry on the average at 20.4 years. Nine of our senior girls right now are wearing engagement rings. I rejoice with each one and offer to help her learn more about her new status if I can. But I make the general point over and over that a girl marrying much before 20 is more apt to make an immature choice—a choice she may regret—than the girl marrying after 20. Many girls have told me, after completing the course, that they had broken off engagements, and now were thankful for the additional growing-up time.

The students all want to know how much money is needed to get married. To answer them I invite young married couples who were former students to drop by. In starting the discussion I ask a girl what things she feels she will need in her home to start with. She may glibly list such things as car, refrigerator, TV set, and dining-room set. One listed the approximate cost of all the things she wanted and added in rent. It came to more than $5,000. While all this was going on the visitors were chuckling.

The married couples say that they *now* have most of the things she listed, but that they had to scrimp just as most other couples do at the start, and in fact got much of their temporary furniture from their families' attics. "Anyhow, it's more fun to build as you go," they philosophically add. "And our tastes change too as we become older."

As another project, I regularly invite engaged girls in, and let the students interview them. When one engaged girl came in the students brought up such frank questions as: "Have you talked about how many children you want?" (They had.) . . . "Have you learned how to make up when you have fights?" (She said they do have occasional quarrels but that they have learned how to get over them by give-and-take.) . . . "Have you settled whether you will work or not?" (Teen-age boys mostly take a dim view of working wives. She said she does not plan to.)

Do people stop loving each other when they get married or do they love in a different way?

Teen-agers are still very much sold on the idea of romantic love, complete with moonlight and roses. Thus it bothers them that married grownups seem to spend more time washing dishes than romancing. As one perplexed girl, referring to married couples she had observed, said: "They just kind of ignore each other."

I POINT out that married couples can love each other more deeply than teen-agers can comprehend. They do their love-making privately, but if you observe them closely, I say, you can observe evidences of their affection for each other.

We talk in class about different ways that married folks reveal this love: . . . in the adventure they share in planning and building their homes . . . in the way the wife fixes special dishes she knows her husband will like even though she doesn't . . . in their little private jokes . . . in the way he takes her to the movies or out to dinner when he knows she has had a hard day . . . in the way he remembers the special days that are important to her (birthdays, anniversaries) . . . in the way they stand by each other when troubles come.

What makes a good marriage?

One regular assignment in my class is that each student must notice different families he knows and watch for what we call the "emotional climate" in various homes. Is the home atmosphere

best described as "relaxed," "hectic," "authoritarian," "tense," "permissive," "jolly," stiff," "anxious," "friendly," or what? The students also note how the husband and wife behave toward each other.

Later we talk over in class their observations, without identifying the families. One girl reported coming upon a wife who was still in her pajamas, and with her hair uncombed, at 4:30 P.M. This student wrote in her class workbook: "To make my home more satisfying for my husband and children I will try always to be neat and have my hair combed by the time my husband comes home."

A second girl who has observed a man and wife wrangling over whether to invite one of his friends to supper wrote in her workbook: "I shall always make my husband's friends welcome."

EACH year I also invite several married couples to come into the class and give their ideas on what makes a happy home. The students are able to see how they co-operate, how they try to look after each other, how they delegate authority. One middle-aged husband, in explaining why he lets his wife keep the family accounts, explained: "When I handle it, the money doesn't go so far."

What size family is best to have?

For some reason all classes argue a great deal about this, so I bring in people with different-sized families and let the students talk it over with them.

Some argue for big families, others for one or two children. Most of the students seem to conclude that three or four is best. One wife who had no children had a rough time in one of my classes this year. She explained that she had been one of 7 children herself and had washed so many cereal bowls and diapers that she had lost her enthusiasm for children for a time.

"Anyway," she added, "I'm too old now."

"How old are you?" a student immediately asked.

"I'm 36."

"Why, that's not too old to have a baby!" several girls exclaimed.

Taken back, the lady laughingly explained, "I didn't mean I was too old physically. But I'm just too old to be a good mother now." The students conceded that it is probably harder for an older mother to be a good companion to her children, although age alone is not the deciding factor.

How do you teach children to understand the facts of sex?

I never can tell for sure how much my students actually know about their sexual nature, the biology of human reproduction or how many crude or distorted notions they have picked up, or how sound this attitude toward sex is. Seventeen-year-olds are reluctant to admit any ignorance whatever about sex, at least to their elders. There is no doubt that by this time their notions and general attitudes are fairly well directed either in a wholesome or unwholesome channel.

It is essential to encourage them to seek information from reliable sources—perhaps their parents or other adults. Good reading and films can help. We use several fine ones that are designed to help them answer younger children's questions.

"These films are for young children," I say, "but they may show you how you can explain the facts of biology to your own children later on." They agree this is a fine idea. The first film, *Human Beginnings*, is for pre-school children. In it a mother and a teacher answer the young children's questions. A second film, *Human Growth*, is for 6th graders. It shows with simple dignity the two human reproduction systems. It explains Nature's sound reasons for menstruation and shows how babies are born. These two elementary films fill in the gaps that may have existed in the teen-agers' knowledges.

The teen-agers invariably and emphatically state that they should have seen them years ago, long ago.

We also talk about the phases that the small child goes through in trying to understand his sexual nature, when it has never been explained to him. Several confess they themselves never got much preparation from their parents, and envy the fortunate students who say, "I can go to my dad and mother about anything!"

Can we be happy in our marriage if our parents are not happy?

A sensitive girl once asked me privately, "If Mother and Dad are separated does that mean I can't succeed?" She quoted figures offered by some marriage "expert" showing that marital unhappiness tends to run in families. "You are not a statistic," I told her. "Your marriage will be what you make it to a large extent. But a failure on the parents' part undermines confidence in marriage itself on the part of the children."

Many teen-agers complain that they barely ever see their dads. This is probably the No. 1 complaint about parents. It seems that Dad is always "busy." A big, strapping boy stated in class: "When I have a son, I'm going to give him more time." We bring out the point that it isn't always the amount of time Dad and Mother can give to their children that counts. It is what they do with that time—quality not quantity.

The students don't think that all parents can be pals with their teen-age children, but they do feel parents should be confidants and friends. And they think that parents and teen-agers should do lots of things together.

THERE is, I should add, much you parents can do that will be of immense value to your youngsters whether a school program is offered or not. Try to make a conscious effort to see that the youngsters have sound attitudes toward the problems of courtship and marriage. Give them a fine example. I know that teen-agers prize the parent who shows a sympathetic interest in their problems and answers frankly any and all questions that are asked. Youngsters soon learn to know what they can, and cannot, talk about with their parents. They need understanding and support as much at 17 as at 7.

Parents who are puzzled as to how to handle any particular situations in discussions with their youngsters can get help in the dozens of pamphlets issued by the American Social Hygiene Association, 1790 Broadway, New York, N.Y., or from the National Council on Family Relations, Chicago, Ill. These organizations will gladly send you a list of pamphlets and books available.

There is no question in my mind that a program such as we have in Toms River pays rich dividends. Although our town has grown tremendously, the faculty feels that there is a more wholesome attitude about sex than there used to be. Many parents comment to us on the positive changes that have come over their youngsters after taking the course. The youngsters themselves are the first to admit that they are able to think straighter about their problems.

A survey made of our married couples a few years ago indicates pretty clearly that the divorce rate for graduates of our course is only a fraction of the high national divorce rate.

To me, however, the proof that the course has been worth while shows up in hundreds of little incidents.

Or take another incident. Last week, for example, I went shopping for my groceries. My friend Bill, now a local title searcher, hailed me across the store. He said, "See, I'm helping my wife shop—just like you taught!"

THE END ★★

Alias Joe Green

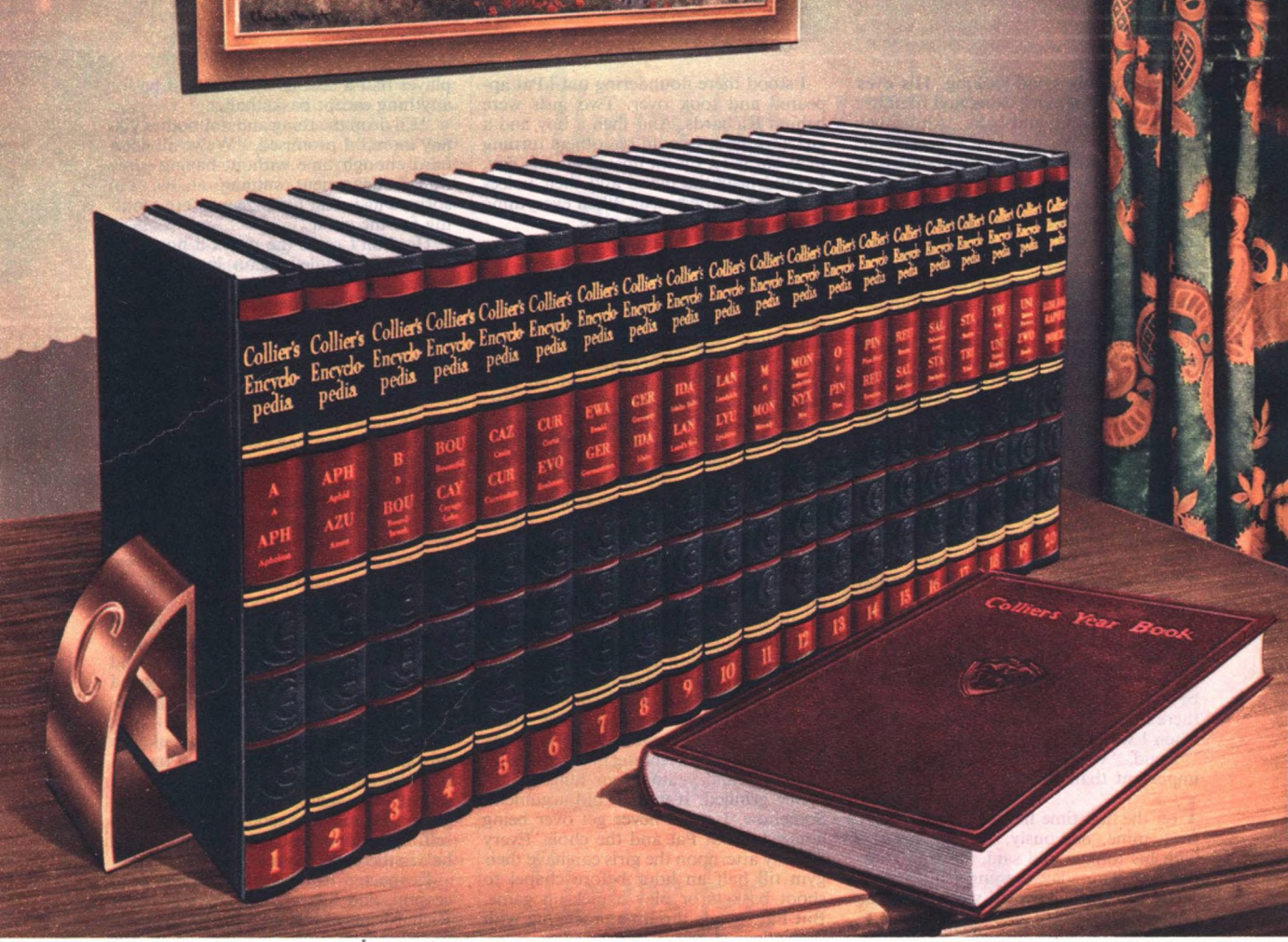
(*Continued from page* 32)

the Admissions Office, and was completely bowled over to discover that our Davis Richards *was* the basketball star. The Director of Admissions, who is incredibly unworldly about athletics, had given him a half scholarship. A half scholarship! It's astounding that a man could be connected with Brandon as long as he's been and not know that, without a football team to bring in big money, basketball gate receipts support the entire athletic budget.

But the funny part of it was, he'd given it without knowledge that the kid was a basketball great. One of the profs had been interested in Richards and recommended him for the scholarship. The kid had applied cold as far as basketball was concerned, and late in the summer. In answer to the question about athletics he'd told the Director that he had "played some basketball in high school."

I left the office walking two feet in the air. The scores the season before had all been close. One really great playmaker, which was what Richards was supposed to be, could make the difference for us.

I looked Richards up the next day. He was about six-two with wide shoulders. He had big playmaker's hands, and he



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was reasonably good-looking. His eyes were straightforward, calm, and friendly. He had a firm handshake. Altogether you couldn't have asked for a nicer, more likable kid. Still, I figured that being that good, he'd likely be a prima donna.

The candidates came out for practice in November. From there in I'm always darned near a stranger to my family. I eat and sleep and think basketball.

After the first practice Richards came to my office and said, "Coach, I thought I'd better tell you that I won't be able to come to practice on Tuesdays or Thursdays."

"Not any Tuesdays or Thursdays?"

"Not any Tuesdays or Thursdays."

You either handle prima-donna stuff when it first appears or it gets the best of you later. I decided to have a showdown.

"Well, Richards, you either want to play basketball or you want to do something else. You can't do both. If everybody on the squad wanted to be absent from practice two days a week we'd never have our regular combination there all at once for scrimmage."

He said, "I know, and I'm sorry. But those evenings are out. And later, if games should come so that we'd be away on a Tuesday or a Thursday, I wouldn't be able to make the trip. In February there'll be a Friday and a Saturday night when I won't be able to play."

I said, "What is this thing that's more important than basketball?"

For the first time his eyes looked away from mine, nervously. He wet his lips with his tongue and said, "Every Tuesday and Thursday evening from seven-thirty till nine I have to work with Joe Green."

I decided to bluff. I said, "Well, Richards, you'll have to choose between Mr. Green and basketball."

I waited for him to choose basketball, but he didn't. He just looked disappointed. I was shocked.

There was an awkward silence. I said, "If you should change your mind within a reasonable length of time, Richards, come to the house and see me. You can rejoin the squad and we'll both forget about this."

He thanked me, and that was how we left it.

I hung around the house all afternoon. And I stayed up till midnight that night, waiting. Kids who have tasted the crowds' cheering, the adulation, the press write-ups, can't give it up. It's like a drug.

But he didn't come and he wasn't at practice the next day. Or the next or the next.

The fourth day the doorbell rang, and when I answered, Richards was standing on the porch looking embarrassed.

I said, "Come in, Richards." When we were in the living room I said, "You don't need to say it. I'm glad you've come to your senses, that's all. It's just as if it never happened as far as I'm concerned. And I'll expect you for practice tonight."

"Well"—and he gulped a little—"to tell you the truth, I didn't come about that. Some of the choir are meeting here with your daughter, Patricia, to work on some spots in the *Requiem* which are bothering us. Didn't she tell you?"

I stood there floundering until Pat appeared and took over. Two girls were behind Richards. And then a boy and a girl appeared. I could see others turning in at our gate. I went upstairs to my den. I could hear the piano and their voices for an hour afterward. When everything was quiet I went downstairs.

I said to Pat, "I thought you told me you'd never even speak to one of my basketball players."

She tossed her head, looking pretty and a little defiant. My daughter hates basketball. She said, "'Goons' was the word, not 'players.' And if you mean Davis Richards, I understand he isn't yours. And, besides, he's not like basketball goons—he's normal."

"Young lady, are you implying that your poor old father isn't normal?"

"Oh, you're a nice character and I'm glad I picked you for a father. You're delightful company. You have a lot of brain power. But do you use it building things, or producing goods, or selling things? No, you use all that brain power and energy plotting to get a beat-up ball of air through an iron hoop. Now you answer me: Is that normal?"

It's a good thing to see your profession through the eyes of your family once in a while. It helps you keep your sense of perspective; it keeps your head small.

I said, "You've got me. But is it any less normal than standing in front of a lot of people and yelling your lungs out?"

She grinned. It was an old argument. Somehow, I could never get over being amazed about Pat and the choir. Every Sunday afternoon the girls can have their gym till half an hour before chapel to shoot baskets or play a pick-up game. But Pat spends the time practicing with the college choir.

She got in one parting shot. She said, "We were pretty skeptical about having a basketball player in the choir. But we're broad-minded. When he turned out to be a nice guy otherwise, we haven't held it against him."

I regretfully decided, after that, that I couldn't wait for Richards to come to me. I took the next step: I went to the Dean. The Office of Admissions awards scholarships to new students. But the regular Dean has charge of them after that.

I said, "If Richards isn't going to play basketball he shouldn't have his scholarship." I figured that if there was any chance of losing his scholarship, he'd be at practice the next day.

That afternoon the doorbell rang, just as I had expected it would. Only, outside I found Professor Farnsworth of the Music Department. He was so mad he kept choking every time he tried to talk.

The gist of his remarks was that he had got Richards that scholarship for work in his choir and that it had nothing to do with basketball. And he'd thank me to keep my big nose out of his affairs. He didn't go around to the Dean to undermine my basketball scholarships. What did I mean by trying to wreck the one choir scholarship he'd ever been able to put across?

I apologized all over the place. It had never occurred to me that if a basketball player had a scholarship it could be for anything except basketball.

"I'll drop the thing and not bother you any more," I promised. "We've all got a hard enough time without having some other department sniping at us. I'm sorry. I just didn't realize we were scouting for the choir."

He didn't react the way I'd hoped he would; he bridled again instantly. He said, "And why not? Anybody can run around in his underwear and throw a ball at a hoop. But not everybody can read the bass of Handel's *Messiah* at sight. Why shouldn't somebody like that have scholarship help if he needs it?"

"He should; he should," I agreed. "I didn't mean any offense. I won't interfere again. You can count on it." . . .

At the end of the week I gave in—temporarily. I looked Richards up. I told him that I had been trying to find some way in which he could play for me. I had decided on a program of extra work on the days he practiced to make up for Tuesdays and Thursdays.

I needed him desperately, and I figured that once I had him on the squad I could quietly free him for the Tuesday and Thursday practices and games. He agreed to the extra work, and reported for practice.

He was a terrific ballplayer, make no mistake about it. In my brand of basketball the playmaker is the key man. He sets up the scores, holds the team together. He may not score ten points himself. The important thing is that when he's in there, the team scores. And scores.

I expected trouble after the first concession, and lots of it. I never got any. Richards never missed a practice, except on Tuesdays and Thursdays, nor was late, nor dogged it, nor acted sore when one of the forwards loused his passes. The guys liked him, and when they dropped a pass he usually apologized to them as if it was his fault. None of my regulars except Richards was good enough to be high-hat. But they were all more prima donna than he was.

Once I'd seen him in action, I was more anxious than ever to have him working full time. On the face of it, it may not seem as if two days would matter that much. But when you're getting ready for the season, every minute that you can work your regular combination together counts. If you intend to build your offense around one man, you waste a day when he's not there.

Then, after the season starts, and you're playing two or three times a week, you need your regular combination together desperately to iron out mistakes that have shown up in the games. It would be a terrific annoyance to be all ready to do a lot of constructive work and find it was Tuesday or Thursday and you didn't have all your regulars there. It would have been bad enough any year, but this year the chips were down.

I couldn't fight the thing without knowing more than I did about it—what department this Joe Green was in, and all. So I got a college catalog that night. There was one Green on the faculty. His name was Frank, but people with all kinds of names get called "Joe."

I went to see Instructor Frank Green in the Geology Department.

He said, "Richards? I don't know any Richards. I haven't any Richards in any of my classes."

I said to him, "Do they ever call you 'Joe,' do you know?"

He said, "Not that I know of."

I couldn't find any Joe Green in the town telephone book. There were no Greens listed among the students. And gradually I began a slow burn. This Joe Green business was a run-around. I'd taken it for granted the whole thing had something to do with evening conferences, or tutoring—a coach has that to contend with a lot, because the profs all think their work is the only important thing at Brandon and don't have any consideration for basketball—but I was forced now to believe it didn't.

I called Richards into my office after practice that night and said, "You weren't entirely frank with me about this Joe Green business. There's no such person in the catalog. What are you doing on Tuesday and Thursday nights?"

His eyes wouldn't meet mine. They fixed themselves on a point in back of my left shoulder. There was defiance in the way he held his shoulders.

He said, "I'm rehearsing for the annual augmented choir concert. We're singing Verdi's *Requiem.*"

"You told me you were working with Joe Green."

"I told you that to avoid a riding from the gang. I know from past experience what most athletes think of a choir. Verdi's first name was Giuseppe. In Italian, that's Joseph. And Verdi is Green."

"You mean that's all that's keeping you from practice? Why didn't you tell me? I can get you excused. I might even be able, if this Verdi thing is an extra, to get you your choir credits without your having to sing in it at all."

"I don't want to be excused from rehearsal. I don't want to get my credits without singing in the Verdi."

"You don't *want* to be excused? You mean you'd *rather* rehearse choir than practice basketball? Why?"

"I like choir work better than basketball. I plan to go into choir work as a career; singing first, and later as a leader. I came to Brandon because its choir is famous all over the country."

I JUST couldn't understand his attitude. He seemed perfectly sane and reasonable in all other respects. If he'd tended to business he could have made a terrific name for himself in basketball and been assured of a career in coaching. Instead, he preferred to waste his time with the choir.

I thought about it a lot. I even talked to Pat about it.

I said, "Are you singing in this Joe Green *Requiem* thing?"

She said, "Of course. Did you think I'd miss it?"

"Why do you like it?"

"You mean, why does Davis Richards like it better than basketball? Well, maybe it's the nicer company."

I might have known I wouldn't get anything serious out of her.

I made the best of a bad situation on Tuesdays and Thursdays. I used the time to sharpen up Richards' substitute, Crawford, with the regulars. I might need Crawford in case of an injury. And actually Crawford needed practice more than Richards, because he had to learn a new pass tempo. Richards had the regulars so they were handling passes a split second faster and farther from them than they'd ever handled them before. When you work with somebody better than you are, you're dragged up toward his level of performance, or you drag him down. Nobody dragged Richards down.

Crawford, in turn, had to pass sharper to work with the new tempo of the regulars. After a while even the substitutes began to sharpen up from working with Crawford when he came back to the second team. Crawford began to take on some of Richards' tricks just from watching him operate. He didn't do them the way Richards did, but he did them.

RICHARDS was one of those rarities, a split-vision passer. He kept his face front when dribbling or running. But all the time he saw, somehow, out of the corners of his eyes just where everybody was on the court.

Then suddenly he'd whip a pass across to somebody open at the second of the pick-off. And since the man's guard had had no warning that the ball was coming, we gained the fraction of a moment that makes the difference between a clean shot and a tie-up.

It sounds fancy the way I tell it. And it was. But it wasn't fancy for fancy's sake. Richards never did tricks to show off. He did them to score for the team.

Part of the sharpening process was self-defense on the part of his teammates. At first those passes fooled them just as thoroughly as they fooled our opponents. They had to cultivate a constant, almost desperate alertness, not only to avoid looking bad, but to keep from being hit on the head.

We won two home games in December, and went on a trip just before the Christmas holidays. On the trip we took three more, and lost a thriller to Yale. Later the Yale players put Richards on their all-opponent team, and made him captain. And we were the smallest college they played.

As soon as the boys got back in January, Richards came to me. He said, "You'll be leaving on Thursday, the 10th, for the Friday and Saturday games with Colgate and Hamilton?"

"That's right, Richards."

"Well, Thursdays are still tied up with the choir, which means I can't go. Also, I thought you should know about the Friday and Saturday in February when we have the final rehearsal and give the performance."

"When will that be, Richards?"

"February 22nd and 23rd."

I heaved a little inward sigh of relief, because we didn't have anything scheduled for those two days. It was immediately after the all-important Wilson State game, so that was all right.

"As for the Colgate–Hamilton trip," I told him, "I've made arrangements for

you to fly out to Utica on Friday morning and join us there."

What I didn't tell him was that, with my job at stake this season, I was paying the extra for his plane transportation out of my own pocket.

Things went along well. We lost in overtime to Colgate by one point, and we won our other games. The alumni snarls dropped to a soft purring where I was concerned. But I felt no great sense of security. Wilson State had beaten Yale. And Wilson State was my test. I could have a terrific season against everybody else, but if I lost the big one I would become expendable.

THE Wilson State game was on Wednesday, February 20. It started to snow on the 19th, reached blizzard proportions almost at once, and was still going strong by noon, the 20th. Norm Katz telegraphed—the phone lines were down—that he couldn't get through. He asked for a postponement until the 22nd and I wired back an okay.

I called a shooting practice for that night. At practice I told them the game would be played Friday. In the middle of telling them I caught Richards' eye and remembered that he'd wanted that Friday and Saturday off.

I spoke to him after practice. I said, "I'm sorry I had to break up your Friday rehearsal plans with this postponement."

He said, "It's a tough break. I'd counted on playing."

I turned and looked at him. "You mean you aren't going to play?"

"I told you I couldn't play on either the 22nd or the 23rd." He stood there looking regretful, but not contrite or ashamed, or any of the ways a man letting down his college should have looked.

All of a sudden all the tiredness, the years of defeat, the years of smugness and gloating I'd taken from Norm Katz, the worry over the loss of my job, all closed in on me and I felt panic. If Richards didn't play I was done. Somehow I had to make him change his mind.

Sometimes if you make players angry with calculated cruelty, by sneering or lashing out at them, they'll do anything to prove you wrong.

I spoke low, very intense, spacing my words because I had to shake him. I said, "Our little choirboy has got to have his fun—never mind about me, or the other guys on the team who've worked hard and deserve a victory, or about Brandon. You expect all the fun of playing basketball and none of the inconvenience. Do you think the gang will feel happy about this? Now, listen: I expect you to show up in uniform ready to play Friday night. If you aren't there, you might as well transfer as far as basketball is concerned. Because if I live to be a thousand I wouldn't even let you carry the water bucket on the team I was coaching. Do you understand?"

While I was talking, a couple of red spots appeared high in his cheeks.

When I stopped he turned and walked to the locker room without saying anything.

I paced up and down in my office a long time, thinking about it. When I went outside the air was cold and crisp. The light in the chapel tower was peaceful. There was a moon, and you could see the intramural football field and the mountains, very calm beyond. I began to feel better. On the way home I figured he'd be there Friday night. Because he'd know I meant what I said about his never playing basketball again. And he'd be ashamed to let the team down. . . .

The next day Pat came in while I was reading an article on the fast break.

I said, "Hi." I set aside my magazine, because Pat and I have been pals for years and I always look forward to talking to her.

She didn't smile back. She said, "Did you say the thing to Dave Richards that they say you said, just because he's doing what he told you all along he'd do?"

"Maybe I talked a little rough to him. I didn't mean anything. It was my way of handling him. He's got to play or we'll lose."

She just stood there. Then she said in a flat voice, "I told them you never said anything like that. I said you had a sense of perspective."

Then she turned and started away. It's hard to describe the look on her face, the disappointment, the disillusionment in it.

I jumped up and caught her in the hall and talked to her. I tried to explain. And she listened. But all the time there was that look on her face. She kept looking at me as if she was seeing me for the first time. And didn't like what she saw.

I finally went back into the living room. Not only was I going to lose the livelihood of my family, but one of my own people whom I was doing it for had turned against me. I sat there and felt about as miserable as I ever remember feeling. . . .

We had shooting practice again that night, and Richards didn't show up. My daughter and I were very polite to each other at dinner. It was like eating with a stranger.

Friday night, before game time, I made myself sit in my office a long while. But finally I couldn't stand it any longer and I went into the locker room to see about Richards. He wasn't there.

When they were all nearly dressed I went back into the office. My hands had begun to shake. I felt frustrated, defeated, bitter. I had come that close to winning. And the same prima donna who had given it all to me had taken it away. If he'd walked into the office then, I might have hugged him. Or I might have slugged him. I don't know what I would have done; I'd never felt toward anyone before the way I felt toward him. He didn't show up.

I think in the back of my mind it was a long time before I gave up hope. All the time we were running through warm-up drill, shooting longs, even when the starting five were throwing their practice fouls with Crawford in the fifth slot, I kept hoping. I didn't give up hope until the referee tossed up the ball at center and the game was on.

I SAT there during most of that first half, defeated and hopeless. My mind watched the play and I sent in the substitutes I should have, sent in the messages I should have, told my team what it was doing wrong, what plays were going through, how they could be stopped. I did all this by instinct, not to win, but to make the inevitable defeat less awful.

Even when we went ahead on a little spurt I had no hope. Crawford was doing a fine job. He was rising to the situation. But he wasn't Richards.

Even when we increased our advantage a little and led by twelve points at half-time, I wasn't hopeful. I was too completely sold on our inability to win without our key man.

"Of course I'm going to wear them to church. . . . Who'll know the difference, unless you tell them!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY HARRY MACE

Downstairs at the half I told the boys they were doing a good job. I pointed out mistakes, tried to show them how they could stop the Wilson State plays that were clicking. They lay on the benches and rubbing tables, and the whole scene was pretty relaxed for a Wilson State game.

As I was walking out behind them to go back upstairs my mind, which had evidently been bothered subconsciously by that relaxed attitude, began to think about it. I said to myself, "They're relaxed because they think they can win. Richards has made them *look* good so long that they believe they *are* good. They're confident on their shots; that's why the percentage is good. He's fooled them into believing that most of his ability is really theirs."

After that I saw the game differently. I had begun to hope.

The boys went out and opened up a larger margin by the third quarter. It was like a miracle. They couldn't do anything wrong. Then one of the forwards missed three shots in a row, and I saw him wet his lips with his tongue. You could almost see his confidence shaken right in front of you. The others saw, and tried a little harder, maybe, or tightened up. And we played two solid minutes with nothing but rimmed shots—not a basket.

We called time out. I did everything I could to bring back the confidence. But it turned into a contest between Wilson State and the clock.

We scored. We played good ball. We gave ground grudgingly. But we weren't the inspired team any more.

With less than a minute to go, Wilson State tied the score. Then they sank a foul try and went one point ahead. The dream was over. The bubble had burst.

With six seconds to go, Crawford passed in. Their guard jumped up to bat it over to his own center. The ball caromed up and sideways off his hand, and went through the basket he was supposed to be guarding in about the biggest piece of fool luck I have ever seen. The gun went off while they were bringing the ball down-court, and we won by one point. . . .

I SAT in my office and Norm Katz came in. I'd thought I could gloat over him but I couldn't; I didn't feel like it. I stayed on long after he'd gone, after the boys had all dressed and left and the locker room was silent. I knew that I owed the win to Richards, just as surely as if he'd been there. Playing with him had made the others better than they had been before, and had made them confident that they were even better than they were.

I was willing to admit that. But I was just as bitter and as furious toward him as ever. He hadn't known his absence wouldn't beat us. He hadn't cared. He'd let us down, and it hadn't even been for the Verdi performance, only for a rehearsal. I'd made an ultimatum. If I could have understood what he'd done or could have sympathized with it, I could have backed down. But I couldn't understand and I couldn't forgive him. We'd beaten Wilson State without him, and we would win most of our remaining games without him. My job was safe now for another year. I guess my bitterness stemmed a little from the fact that I'd come to like him personally, which made what he'd done seem worse. As far as basketball was concerned, he was through.

I met him on the campus the next morning. He said, "Congratulations on the Wilson State game, Coach. I hear the guys were terrific."

It was that word "hear" that did the damage. I said, "You had to *hear* it. You weren't there. It was no fault of yours that they made it. You and Joe Green. A rehearsal, not even the performance. Just don't come sucking around Monday trying to get back again."

Don't ask me why you say things to hurt somebody you like, when you'd be polite to a stranger.

After a little he said, "It was our only rehearsal with the four soloists from New York. I *couldn't* miss that one."

I hadn't known that. I stood there and he stood there, and I began to think again about his letting us down. I turned and walked away.

PAT and the rest of the choir must have heard about the meeting. Pat and I were pretty near back to normal by then, but that noon we were being polite and asking each other to pass things, so I knew my own daughter wasn't on my side.

That night Mary, my wife, got out my best suit and put it on the bed. She said, "Dress, dear, or we'll be late."

I said, "Why? We aren't going anywhere, are we?"

She said, "You have a daughter who's singing in a production of Verdi's *Requiem*. You're going to take me to hear it."

I would have bet any man ten bucks right then that I wouldn't go.

When we got up there the place was pretty full. I was astounded that anybody was there. An usher told us Pat had saved two seats for us down front.

Before the thing started, the seats were all full and people were packed along the back upstairs and down, standing. The man next to me was telling his wife that this was the finest choir in New England. He'd driven four hundred miles to hear the concert.

When the kids filed in wearing choir robes, they filled not only the choir seats, but all the chancel of the chapel. There must have been about a hundred and twenty-five of them. The four soloists came in and sat down.

Then Farnsworth came in and took his place with his back to the audience. He raised his arms and the choir stood.

There was a moment or two, and then it started so soft it was just a breath, just a thought, "*Requiem, requiem, requiem aeternam* . . ." Latin. That was the last straw. I'd said a happy good-by to Latin when I was a senior in high school.

And then Farnsworth's fingers curled over, palm up, and he lifted his hand. And the volume swelled out, and then sank again, suppliant, pleading.

I wasn't going to listen. It went on, and I did listen. I listened for almost two hours. Words of Latin I hadn't realized I remembered, suddenly meant something

to me. The basses sang, and their words came like an echo from the other parts one at a time in the divided chorus.

It went on, and it was good. I told myself that when a thing was good Bill Matthews gave it admiration, whether it was a good pick-off play from a slow break, or the singing of a choir. The soloists did a nice job. But I was always impatient for that chorus, those hundred and twenty-five voic.s that Farnsworth played on with the movement of his hands the way a harpist moves his hands and makes music flow. It reached the heights, then faded again. It was terrific.

I watched Pat, and she stood there looking like an angel, so beautiful it hurt. So beautiful it made my heart ache that she couldn't always be a little girl and see me through a little girl's eyes instead of as I am, a guy who's not always perfect. I looked at Richards, and he looked like any one of the clean-cut, nice kids watching Farnsworth. You could see he was in charge of the bass section as plain as if he'd had a sign on him.

And gradually it did things to you—the music, the stained-glass windows, the interior of the chapel, and the thought behind the Latin words. It balled something up inside an old basketball coach. For the first time I understood how Richards felt about this thing that he'd chosen for a lifework. It was the way I felt inside about the thing I'd chosen to do in the world, when my team clicked. It was the thrill of any perfect thing of its kind.

WHEN it finally ended, I didn't have any more animosity left in me for Richards or anyone else. Maybe the music had drained me clean—I don't know. I was only proud of Pat and of Richards and of Farnsworth and of the Music Department, the way I hoped that they were proud of my teams and of me.

I looked up Richards when everybody was milling around afterward. I told him, "It sounded wonderful, Dave." And then I grinned at him and said, "Now that it's over you can be at practice every night for the rest of the season."

He had that withdrawn, stiff look when I started to talk. He did a small double-take, looked at me, and then a grin started to spread across his face. He said, "I'll be there, all right."

Pat came by and heard the last of what we said. The look on her face was very nice, more like it used to be. I never was able to decide whether she put Mary up to dragging me there.

I probably will never know for sure.

THE END★★

Will There Always Be a Roosevelt?

(*Continued from page* 18)

just returned from shopping at a nearby roadside stand, she said, and complained of the high price of fruits and vegetables. I was surprised to learn she did her own marketing, but she told me she always does when at Hyde Park, and said she frequently drives across the Hudson River bridge at Poughkeepsie, because she finds vegetables are cheaper on the west side of the river than close to home.

After finishing her buttering job and giving instructions to the maid, who, with an assistant, was concocting a mountain of potato salad in the kitchen, Mrs. Roosevelt showed me around her home. The cottage was originally the Val Kill furniture plant, she explained, which she and her husband had started during the early depression years as an experiment in small industry. Remodeling has converted it into a delightful country home. A large L-shaped living room, paneled in pine, is lined with books and family photographs. On the grand piano are large pictures of F.D.R. and M. Auriol, President of France, and beside the fireplace hangs one of former President Roosevelt's mother, who looks down on the room with what seemed to me an air of considerable disapproval.

The country living room is decorated with a plain blue carpet, plain linen drapes, and numerous bowls of cut flowers.

It opens on a large screened porch which, in turn, commands a view of the Val Kill, a tennis court, and a 20-by-40-foot swimming pool which lies between Mrs. Roosevelt's cottage and another which is used by her son John and his family for week ends and vacations. A third cottage, located on a hill some distance away, was occupied by Elliott (Mrs. Roosevelt pronounces it "EL-Yawt") when he tried to farm the place commercially some years ago.

John supervises what farming is done today, which consists mainly of keeping a few saddle horses and milk cows. Two outside men do the work of the establishment. As I strolled through the grounds with my hostess and Tamas McFallow, a playful Scottish terrier that is one of the grandsons of F.D.R.'s famous Fala, I noticed that the grass needed cutting, weeds were running riot in some places, and several of the outb ildings and fences could have used paint. Mrs. Roosevelt has often said that she is trying to conserve her capital in order to leave as much money as possible to her children when she dies.

WE HAD just finished our walk when the other luncheon guests arrived. It was rather like the arrival of a tornado. As cars and busses containing the 75 boys, ranging in age from 8 to 12, pulled up in the parking lot, the youngsters piled out with whoops of excitement and charged like so many wild Indians across the lawn to a picnic area beside the swimming pool. About three fourths of them were Negroes and they had all been committed by New York juvenile courts for misdeeds ranging from petty larceny to homicide, but as they ganged up and shouted greetings, worshipfully touching Mrs. Roosevelt's hands, her arms, and even her garments, they were like any other kids who had been invited to a picnic by a lady they liked.

She handled them with the skill and graciousness she uses in handling a political assembly, a group of clubwomen, or an assemblage of Kaffir tribesmen. As she chatted with the youngsters and smiled the famed Eleanorean smile, the kids acted as if they felt she was delighted to have them. She shooed them along to swings, a slide, and other amusements while she turned to the important business of roasting hundreds of hot dogs. She cooked them all herself, perspiration rolling down her face as she bent over a big charcoal fire, and served them to the boys over a long picnic table, while Tommy and the two maids stood beside her and dished out potato salad, pickles, and ice cream.

After the young guests had eaten all they could hold—some of the boys consumed as many as four hot dogs—Mrs. Roosevelt gathered them around her under a tree and read stories from Kipling's *Jungle Book*. Up to this point the picnic had been something of a riot, punctuated by a couple of fist fights which had to be stopped and a small grass fire which we stomped out. But once their hostess began reading to them the youngsters were completely quiet. As she enunciated Kipling in her high-pitched, finishing-school accent, the listeners virtually devoured her with their eyes.

I stood some distance away and chatted with a colored instructor from the Wiltwyck School who had come along to help supervise. I mentioned the fact that I was going to visit Mrs. Roosevelt's children. He shook his head a bit gravely.

"I don't know about those Roosevelt children," he remarked, "but there's one thing to be said for them. They certainly picked themselves a fine mother!"

Apparently, an increasing number of people feel that way about Mrs. Roosevelt these days. Since she stopped taking an active part in party politics, the jibes and sneers which used to be directed at her are heard much less frequently. She seems to have become an accepted American institution.

Those who know her best say that, like Niagara Falls, she isn't going anywhere, but will keep rolling along magnificently in the glare of floodlights as long as she lives. She has no present intention, she told me, of retiring. . . .

NEXT to Mrs. Roosevelt, Franklin Junior, Democratic Congressman from the 20th District of New York, has harvested more headlines than any other Roosevelt during the last year, and it was he whom I visited next. Congress was in session, so I went to Washington to see him, and it was from a perch in the House gallery that I caught my first glimpse of him. He was at his seat on the House floor, silhouetted against the famous Gilbert Stuart portrait of George Washington.

"Frankie," as his brothers and sister

Sgt. 1st Class Einar H. Ingman U. S. Army Medal of Honor

"The sergeant charged alone . . ."

THE REDS IN AMBUSH on the ridge had lain concealed, withholding their fire. Now they opened up. The two squads were trapped. Their leaders were wounded; others were dropping.

Sgt. Ingman took command. He reorganized the survivors, assigned fields of fire, encouraged the men to fight. A red machine gun opened fire. The sergeant charged it alone, neutralizing it with a grenade.

Then he tackled another gun. A grenade and a burst of fire knocked him down, badly wounded. He got up, reached the gun, and dispatched the entire crew. When his squad reached him, they found Sergeant Ingman unconscious—but 100 of the enemy fleeing in panic.

"Bucking the Communists," says Sergeant Ingman, "takes an awful lot of staying power. The G.I.'s have got it. You have, too, when you invest part of your hard-earned pay *regularly* in Bonds."

Bonds are first of all a cash saving for you. But they're also back of our country's *production power*. Which couples up with G.I. *fire power* to keep the peace for all of us.

Peace is for the strong!
For peace and prosperity save with U.S. Defense Bonds!

Now E Bonds pay 3%! Now, improved Series E Bonds start paying interest after 6 months. And average 3% interest, compounded semi-annually when held to maturity! Also, all *maturing* E Bonds automatically *go on* earning—at the new rate—for 10 *more* years. $18.75 can pay back $33.67. $37.50 pays $67.34. And so on. Today, start investing in U. S. Series E Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan at work.

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call him, seemed to be having a splendid time as a lawmaker. He was not engaged in the debate which was under way, but he didn't sit still for a minute. He whispered incessantly to Representatives seated around him, grinned and chuckled frequently, tossed back his cowlick of tawny hair every few seconds, and, when he wasn't doing anything else, waved gaily to friends in the gallery.

He was still smiling exuberantly when he emerged from the chamber to meet me, and when we settled down in his office, which is dominated by enormous pictures of F.D.R. and Harry Truman, I continued to be struck by his beamishness. He is now 38, but he seemed younger as he threw off his coat, loosened his shirt collar, and snapped his galluses.

Franklin's shirt was embroidered with the letters F.D.R. Jr., but you need only look at his face to know who he is. He has his mother's blue-gray eyes, but in other respects he resembles his father more than any of the other Roosevelt children. His face also contains a certain element of boldness—some call it recklessness—which is less apparent in the others. Looking at him, it is easy to understand how he wrecked several motorcars in his youth, tried bullfighting in Spain, and won decorations for bravery during the war.

"I'm driving a three-horse team," Franklin said, putting his feet on his desk. Then he lighted a cigarette and explained what the three horses are.

One is his law practice in New York City, in which he has been engaged since getting out of the Navy in 1946. The second is his lawmaking business as Representative from New York's 20th Congressional District. The third is agriculture. He operates a 225-acre sheep and cattle farm at Poughquag, N. Y.

"You don't mean to say you're a dirt farmer?" I asked.

"Hell, yes," he replied. "I can't afford to be a gentleman farmer. I was up at my place last week end pitching hay like mad. You'll have to see me at work on my farm."

In addition to the three horses he mentioned, Franklin drove a fourth one during the first half of 1952—Averell Harriman's campaign for the Presidential nomination. But the critter went lame on him at the Democratic Convention, and since then he has been devoting all his time to giddyapping his other careers.

To keep up with them he has three different homes, three offices, and four secretaries. When Congress is in session, he told me, he and his wife spend five days a week in a house they have rented in Washington. The rest of their time they divide between the farm at Poughquag and a hotel apartment on West 91st Street in New York City. In New York, Franklin also has an office on fashionable Madison Avenue, where he heads the thriving law firm of Roosevelt, Freidin and Littauer—which handles many cases involving corporation, labor, and tax litigation—and a Congressional office on Columbus Avenue, which isn't so fashionable, where he meets his constituents.

These constituents are made up of about as widely mixed a group of Americans as you'll find anywhere. The 20th Congressional District takes in all of West Side Manhattan between 20th and 120th Streets and between Fifth Avenue and the Hudson River. Living within its confines are people of every economic status from paupers to millionaires, and of all racial and religious strains. About 50 per cent are Jewish and 25 per cent Irish, but the district also contains large groups of Italians, Poles, Greeks, Negroes, and Puerto Ricans.

"Most of my constituents are liberals," Franklin said proudly, "and, since I'm a liberal, we get along fine."

That is unquestionably true. He has been called a callow cub in the realm of national politics, but when it comes to gleaning votes in New York's 20th he seems to know his onions. He has consistently supported legislation which is popular in his district—civil rights, low-cost housing, increased benefits for veterans, stronger American backing for the U. N.—and he works tirelessly at the time-honored Congressional tasks of making friends and doing small favors for his supporters.

When he first ran for Congress in 1949, to fill a seat left vacant by the death of the veteran Sol Bloom, he faced strong Tammany as well as Republican opposition, but he rallied powerful labor-union support and waged a bang-up campaign. He made hundreds of street-corner speeches, rang doorbells to get acquainted with voters, and literally buttonholed strangers on the street.

"I'm Frank Roosevelt," he would announce to a startled garment worker or longshoreman, extending his hand, "and I stand for the same things my old man did. I'll appreciate it if you'll vote for me."

These tactics went over so well that he was elected by a thumping majority, and he still devotes a good deal of time to cultivating his political vineyard. He doesn't kiss babies, his friends say, but when he enters an Irish bar in his district he invariably orders corned beef and cabbage, and when he goes into a Jewish delicatessen he smacks his lips over herring or hot pastrami.

He also personally answers thousands of letters. While I was with him he had to cope with one request from a Puerto Rican voter who wanted him to get his dog out of the city pound, and several others from foreign-born persons who sought his aid in getting their relatives into this country.

One letter which he received was not flattering. "You're a louse," it stated, "and so was your old man!"

That made Franklin roar with laughter. He always welcomes criticism, he said, because he feels it is good for him.

His agricultural labors, I found, are a bit less impressive than his political endeavors, but they will no doubt yield him votes too, in rural areas, if he ever runs for a higher office. His big place at Poughquag, in Dutchess County 20 miles southeast of Hyde Park, is the kind of farm you see mostly in pictures. A stately white house surrounded by handsome barns and other outbuildings nestles beside a pond in a lovely valley. The place is so picturesque, in fact, that artists come all the way from the city to paint it.

On the day I drove there to see Franklin in the act of dirt-farming, I was greeted effusively by a basset hound named Boris, which tried to lick me in the face. Franklin's wife rescued me. She gave Boris a whack with a fly swatter, apologized for his behavior, and invited me in.

She is a tall, pretty blond girl, the former Suzanne (Sue) Perrin of Manhattan's upper-crust social set, whom Franklin married in 1949 after being divorced by his first wife, the former Ethel du Pont. She explained her husband had been unavoidably delayed in getting home from the city. "But I'll be glad to show you our crops," she announced brightly.

I said I was more interested in learning how she and Franklin farmed than in seeing the crops, so Sue led me into the library, a charming room completely lined with books, and we talked about farming. In addition to growing hay, oats, and corn, she said, they had a flock of about 100 Suffolk sheep, 18 head of poled Hereford cattle which they were raising for breeding purposes, chickens, and some riding ponies which they called "gift horses," because they were given to them by one of their neighbors, Henry Morgenthau Jr.

"Do you and Franklin do the chores?" I asked.

Sue said indeed they did. She weeded the flower garden herself, she explained, and when Franklin was at home he worked terrifically hard pitching hay. When they had week-end guests, he made them pitch hay, too.

"But aren't there other things to do besides pitching hay?" I asked. "Who plants the crops, and harvests them, and takes care of all the animals?"

Sue seemed genuinely surprised by that question. "Why, the farm manager," she said. "We have a farm manager, of course, and some other people who work on the place."

Franklin and Sue have just one child, Nancy, who was born to them last spring, but Franklin has two sons by his first wife, Franklin 3rd and Christopher, who visit the farm occasionally but spend most of their time with their mother. She is now the wife of Benjamin S. Warren Jr., a Detroit lawyer.

For recreation, Franklin and Sue often go horseback-riding over their own and adjoining estates, or go swimming in a pool on their place. As a hobby, they collect old prints, books, and other objects relating to John Paul Jones, who has always been one of Franklin's heroes. In the library and in her husband's study, Sue showed me several pictures of the old sea warrior.

She didn't mind having a house full of Paul Joneses, she said, wrinkling her nose, but there was one antique she didn't want. That was a mounted

buffalo's head which Elliott had announced he was sending them. "I'm living in daily dread," she said, "that the moth-eaten old thing will arrive."

While we were in Franklin's study, Sue also pointed out a massive desk and chair which he uses when working there. They belonged to his father when he was in the White House. On the back of the chair is a brass plate which says "*The President.*"

Whether the people of this country will ever give Franklin Junior the right to occupy that chair officially is, of course, a matter of pure conjecture. He cut quite a figure at the Democratic National Convention, where his forcefulness and physical resemblance to his father were much commented upon. He was mentioned as a possibility for Vice-President. But many politicos say he blundered at the convention by appearing a little arrogant on occasion, and that he made a definite mistake when he stated at a conference that he would "place a question mark" after the liberalism of Adlai Stevenson.

But Franklin Junior is a very young man. He unquestionably has charm and aggressiveness—plus that name of his. As a result, many leading Democrats think he will go farther politically than any other member of the Roosevelt family.

Chieftains of the party in New York have expressed the opinion, in fact, that if Franklin behaves himself even reasonably well during the next two years there is only one man who may stop him from getting the Democratic nomination for Governor in 1954. That man is James A. Farley, who was responsible for Franklin's daddy's first nomination for the Presidency. If Jim Farley should decide to run for Governor himself in '54, the political bigwigs say, he may crimp the young man's chances, but otherwise it looks as if he has a clean shot at the nomination. And if Franklin ever becomes Governor of New York he will be within jumping distance, at least, of the White House.

When I asked him flatly what his future ambitions were, he smiled and gave me a properly modest answer.

"The decision as to whether or not I continue in public life won't be up to me," he said blandly. "That decision will be up to the public."

But Franklin will have something to do with it, too. He confessed he's got politics in his blood. Of all the Roosevelts he is the one to keep the closest watch on. . . .

Soap was the first thing I saw—soap, and bath salts, and hair preparations, and perfume atomizers—when I first called on the youngest of F.D.R.'s children, John, in a suite of offices on New York's West 45th Street. The door of the office did not bear his name, but merely the legend, "4711, Limited." When I entered the reception room I was confronted by a glass showcase containing all that soap and other toilet articles. I thought I had wandered into the wrong place, but a receptionist assured me I hadn't and took me into a big private office to meet John, who, from the public's point of view, is the Roosevelt Mystery Man.

That is because John, who is 36, has been quite un-Rooseveltian in many respects. He has never had a divorce, never taken an active part in politics, and never been in a highly publicized financial jam. His behavior has been so unspectacular, in fact, that the charge has been made he is a Republican. That is not quite true, because he does not claim allegiance to either major party, but last fall he strongly supported General Eisenhower.

Knowing these facts about him, I was prepared to find John conservative to the point of stand-offishness, but he turned out to be every bit as affable and jovial as the other members of the family. When we first shook hands he gave me, for an instant, a shy look from under down-drawn eyelids which suggested a bashful kid, but a second later, when I remarked that he appeared to be even taller than his brother Franklin, he howled with Rooseveltian laughter and became as outgiving as anybody you'll meet.

"Sure I'm taller than Frankie," he guffawed. "I'm six feet four and a half, and Frankie and Jim are only six feet four. We've always called Frankie the fat boy of the family, and we call Elliott the runt. Elliott's only six feet three."

In addition to being the tallest of F.D.R.'s sons, John would probably be voted the handsomest. His upper front teeth are slightly irregular, but his other features are strong and clean-cut, and he wears a habitual expression of good-natured serenity which is missing in the other children—perhaps because he has never been chewed on quite as hard as they by that bug called ambition. He looks like a happy, uninhibited, easy-going young businessman, and that, as far as I could discover, is just what he is.

He has a lot of business irons in the fire, he told me, some of which were "as hot as firecrackers," but none of them seemed to worry him profoundly and he had to scratch his head a couple of times to remember his various business titles.

One of them is that of vice-president of 4711, Limited, an old cosmetics firm of Cologne, Germany, which John and his business partner, Raymond Lee, who first merchandised the Toni Home Permanent, bought recently from the Alien Property Custodian. This company distributes its products through department and drug stores in the United States and other countries.

John is also president of Roosevelt-Lee, Inc., of Beverly Hills, Calif., which he described as "a sort of catch-all company which manages business properties on the West Coast, real estate in Arizona, and other stuff belonging to Mr. Lee and me."

Another title of John's is that of either secretary or treasurer—he laughed uproariously because he couldn't remember which—of the McKay-Davis Packaging Company of Toledo, Ohio. He was quite sure he was president of a branch of that concern, the McKay-

Davis Packaging Corporation of New Jersey, and I found out later that he was right.

This company produces a "strip-sealing machine" which John was very enthusiastic about. To show me what the machine would do, he opened his desk drawer and tossed out a handful of little cellophane envelopes, each containing a different product—soluble milk, lemonade powder, headache pills, antihistamine tablets, which had been automatically sealed in by the machine. He was as proud of them as a small boy of his marbles.

Still another enterprise in which John is financially interested is the McKay-Davis Chemical Company of Cuba, which sells drugs and pharmaceuticals in the Cuban market. He said he believed his brother Elliott was president of that company.

To perform all his widely scattered business chores, John travels an average of 100,000 miles a year, mostly by plane, but he told me that when he's at home he leads a routine family life. He and his heiress wife, the former Anne L. Clark, of Nahant, Mass., have four children: Haven, 12; Anne, 9; Sally 5; and Joan, born in August. They spend five days a week in a large Park Avenue apartment—the one where he doesn't know how many rooms or servants there are—and on week ends they usually go to that stone cottage at Hyde Park.

John's wife, whose father, Haven Clark, was "the father of the investment counseling profession in this country," according to John, used to do a lot of sailing Down East, he said, and he used to play a good deal of polo, but in recent years they've given up these sports. For recreation, he plays what he describes as a tired businessman's brand of tennis, and he and his wife are giving the children riding lessons. The kids learned to ride cowboy style when the family lived in California, where John had a job for a while as buyer for a chain of 30 ready-to-wear stores, and now they're introducing the children to English saddles.

WHEN I asked John if he had any intention of going into politics, he looked solemn for once and said emphatically, "Not the slightest. I'm going to stick strictly to business—and I mean, *my own* business!"

It is highly unlikely, John's friends say, that he will ever set the river on fire or appear in any more headlines in the future than he has in the past, but of all the Roosevelts he appears to be the most lighthearted and happy. . . .

Before taking off for the West to visit F.D.R.'s three other children—James, Anna, and Elliott—I called briefly on one of his most celebrated grandchildren. This is a young man who now calls himself Curtis Roosevelt, but he was born Curtis Dall and for a number of years wore the name of Curtis Boettiger. He is much better known, however, simply as Buzzie.

If you're old enough to remember F.D.R.'s first inauguration in 1933, you will also remember Buzzie. He was just two years old at that time, but he was a nationally famous character, because he and his sister, Sistie, then 4, were the Katzenjammer Kids of the White House. They lived there with their mother, Anna, while she was preparing for her first divorce, and the newspapers never tired of publishing their pictures and relating their pranks. When Buzzie and Sistie climbed into the President's lap, or romped with him in his bed on Sunday morning, or raided the White House jam pots, it was hot news from coast to coast.

I found Buzzie, who is now 22, at work in a cubbyhole office on the 17th floor of a New York skyscraper, where he has a job with an advertising agency. He is a tall, slender young man who looks quite collegiate but does not bear any striking resemblance to his Roosevelt kinsmen. He was wearing a crew haircut and heavy, horn-rimmed glasses which made him look a trifle owlish. On his desk was an extensive array of briar pipes. He lighted one of them and told me, with more gravity than I had come to expect of any Roosevelt, about his work and home life.

BUZZIE is employed by the advertising agency as an account executive, but he hastened to assure me he is not a "rich huckster." There's been a lot of nonsense written, he observed, to the effect that all account executives are glamorous, gold-plated characters. He received only $45 a week when he started out as one. That wasn't enough for two people to live on, so when he got married, in May, 1950, to the former Robin Edwards, daughter of a California aircraft company executive, his wife had obtained a job too—as secretary to an editor of a women's magazine.

Neither he nor Robin ever accepted financial assistance from their relatives, Buzzie told me proudly, and on many occasions just before payday they had been down to their last dollar or two. Since their baby, Julianna, was born in March, 1952, Robin has given up her job to take care of the child. But he is earning more money now, Buzzie said, and they are getting along all right, although they still have to be economical. They never dream of taking a taxicab if they can use a subway or bus.

WHAT'S IN A NICKNAME?

(Answers to quiz on page 80)

1. Harold Ickes
2. John Barrymore
3. Benjamin Franklin
4. Ty Cobb
5. Maureen Connelly
6. Sarah Bernhardt
7. Andrew Jackson
8. Thomas A. Edison
9. Fiorello La Guardia
10. Jenny Lind
11. Clara Barton
12. Charles Dickens
13. William Jennings Bryan
14. P. T. Barnum
15. Gen. Anthony Wayne

"Has changing your name to Roosevelt helped you in the advertising business?" I asked him.

Buzzie thought that was problematical. "Sometimes," he said, "the name is a handicap. For instance, when my associates introduce me to a client, the client may get the idea they're trying to pull big stuff by bringing a Roosevelt into the picture. And not all clients like Roosevelts."

Buzzie, Robin, and little Julianna occupy a four-room apartment on East 73rd Street, where they live much the same kind of life as thousands of other young families. Buzzie gives Julianna her bottle in the morning and at night, and, on Sundays, frequently takes her for a perambulator ride in nearby Central Park. When Robin goes shopping at the supermarket around the corner, one of the clerks sometimes tries to draw her into a political discussion, but Buzzie said that, on the whole, "there simply could not be any less excitement than there is about the fact that we're Roosevelts."

Now and then in the evenings Buzzie and Robin take the baby over to the Park-Sheraton Hotel to see Grandma Eleanor Roosevelt. On week ends they also visit her frequently at Hyde Park. But their main recreation at the moment is architectural daydreaming. They love to scan books on small-home construction and draw floor plans of the kind of suburban house they hope to buy or build some day in New York or Connecticut.

BUZZIE has a small white scar in the middle of his forehead. I asked him if he had received it playing football. He said no, he had got the scar when he was a very small boy and he and Sistie were jumping up and down on a big four-poster bed in the White House. Buzzie had fallen out of the bed, cut his head, and both he and Sistie had run, dripping gore and screaming at the top of their lungs, to their mother, who at the moment was presiding over a formal tea party.

"You may have read about the silly incident at the time," Buzzie said, blushing slightly. "I understand it was written up in newspapers all over the country."

Whether Buzzie will ever again achieve that national prominence which illuminated his babyhood remains to be seen. Those who know him well describe him as an unspoiled, industrious, likable, but not highly extraordinary young man.

Sistie, too, has sunk into the comfortable kind of obscurity which veils most of us. I did not see her, for she is living in Paris, but Buzzie told me she is leading the quiet life of a rather typical young housewife. Her husband, Van H. Seagraves, who is the son of a doctor in Oregon City, Ore., is an economist employed by the Paris office of the Mutual Security Agency, and they live on his salary in a small apartment on the left bank of the Seine. Sistie has one child, Nicholas Delano Seagraves, aged 3, and Buzzie said she was expecting another one soon.

When I talked with Sistie's mother, Anna, in California, she asked me to

make one point plain to readers—the fact that Sistie's husband obtained his government job without Roosevelt influence of any kind. The family didn't even know Van had applied for the job, Anna said, until after he'd obtained it. . . .

But again I'm getting ahead of my story. It was James Roosevelt, not Anna, whom I met first when I surveyed the western branches of the Roosevelt family tree.

Jimmy, as most people know him, had wired that he would be happy to give me an hour of his time if I crossed the continent to see him, and it was on a sunny California morning that I first called on him at his insurance office on Hill Street in downtown Los Angeles. It is a big beehive of an office, bustling with dozens of clerks and secretaries, and a young woman at the reception desk asked me if I had come in "to make a payment." I said I hoped I wouldn't have to pay anything for the privilege of seeing her boss, and she smiled and led me into a large corner office, where Jimmy greeted me.

F.D.R.'s oldest son, whom Republicans long referred to as the "Crown Prince," is now 45 years old and a bit more dignified and urbane than his brothers. His slenderness and bald head give him a slightly professorial air and he doesn't laugh quite as often or as boisterously as Franklin and John. But he is just as affable as all the Roosevelts, and his bright blue eyes, which are more like the eyes of his father than those of any of the other children except Anna, twinkle frequently when he's talking.

He talked first about his business. He is a broker for the insurance firm of Roosevelt & Sargeant of Boston, with which he has been associated for 20 years, and he also heads five California companies. These companies specialize in selling automobile, accident, life, and other forms of group insurance to members of labor unions, and also make loans to car owners who belong to unions.

JIMMY has been quite successful in this business. Starting out in 1947 in a small office with five employees, his enterprises have expanded steadily, until he now has eight offices scattered throughout the state and 75 persons on his payroll.

In doing this, however, Jimmy has brought down upon himself a charge with which he and other members of his family have often been tagged—that of merchandising the Roosevelt name and prestige. While he was still in college, his critics point out, he accepted a $15,000-a-year job which, they claim, was offered to him merely because of his father's position. Later, he plucked a fat financial plum in the movie business, which was reportedly available to him only as the President's son. And today, his enemies say, he is cashing in on F.D.R.'s name and fame as a friend of labor by soliciting dollars from labor unionists.

Such charges, Jimmy said, are ridiculous. On the other hand, he told me he thinks he is rendering a real service to many working people by selling them automobile insurance at reduced premium rates, and also by making coverage available to some groups of poor Negroes and Mexicans who formerly were so discriminated against that they couldn't buy auto insurance at all.

Politically, Jimmy said, he has no plans at the moment. It is generally believed he is still licking the wounds he received in his crushing defeat by California's Republican Governor Earl Warren in 1950. In a state which had gone Democratic in every Presidential election for 20 years, Jimmy was swamped by his Republican gubernatorial opponent by a vote of 2,461,754 to 1,333,856 and didn't carry a single county.

WHEN I asked him to what he attributed these results, Jimmy grinned a bit ruefully and said he would prefer not to discuss the reasons; but other Californians told me he had made several serious political blunders. For one thing, they said, he had got into "bad company" by running on the same ticket with Helen Gahagan Douglas, and this made him appear more of a left-winger than he is.

For another thing, Jimmy had to face the charge of being a carpetbagger. Had he come from Iowa, the fact that he was an out-of-the-stater might not have hurt him a bit, local politicos told me, but his New York and Boston background was quite a handicap, and he made matters worse by inadvertently letting it drop that he was so ignorant of West Coast geography he didn't even know where the thriving city of San Luis Obispo was located.

Mrs. Roosevelt didn't help matters either, I was told, when she flew west and made a speech in her son's behalf, in which she said she felt sure that Jimmy's fine education and White House experience fitted him admirably "to lead California in the ways of democracy." That speech for Jimmy is said to have so stirred up a lot of native sons and daughters that they could hardly wait to go to the polls—to vote for Warren.

Jimmy's only political activity right now, he told me, consists of speaking one night a week at Democratic clubs. On the other nights he usually stays at home, and is in bed by 10 o'clock. He and his second wife, the former Romelle Schneider, 36, a brunette nurse whom he first met while undergoing a stomach operation at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., just before the war, have three children. They are James Junior, aged 7; Michael Anthony, 6, and Anna Eleanor, 5, whom they call Nell.

Jimmy is devoted to the youngsters. He customarily gets up early in the morning so he can play with them for an hour or take them for a walk before leaving for his office. He takes Romelle and the children to a Catholic church on Sunday mornings, then goes alone to his own Episcopal church.

Jimmy also has two children by his first wife, the former Betsy Cushing of Boston. They are both daughters, Sara, 20, and Kate, 16, but he rarely sees them, for the girls spend most of their time in the East with their mother, who for several years has been the wife of John

Hay (Jock) Whitney, the prominent financier and sportsman.

Jimmy and his family formerly lived in a square, four-bedroom Georgian house in Beverly Hills, but when I was with him they were in the process of moving, with their one retainer (a cook) and their beagle dog, into a new home he had just purchased in Pasadena. He had paid $31,000 for the property, Jimmy told me, and while it is a very attractive one-story house located on a beautiful street, it is not pretentious. The house is on a lot 85 feet wide by 320 feet deep, and you enter it through a small dining room. Back of the dining room is a large kitchen; back of the living room is a library; and there are three bedrooms and two baths. Jimmy was having another bedroom and bath added to the house, however, and was considering installing a swimming pool in the large backyard.

The house was in a mess when I was there, because of the moving which was under way, but I saw several interesting items. Books containing the writings of American Presidents, which Jimmy collects as a hobby, had been arranged on shelves, and the library also contained the original Isaac Roosevelt's Revolutionary sword.

If you've ever wondered what happened to F.D.R.'s long cigarette holder, Jimmy's got that, too. He keeps it locked up most of the time with his father's signet ring, cuff links, and other family treasures. In the kitchen, Romelle makes practical use of another family keepsake —a big refrigerator which was formerly in the Roosevelt mansion at Hyde Park.

Most of Jimmy's new neighbors in wealthy Pasadena are Republicans, but I have no doubt he'll get along nicely with them, for he is generally well liked personally, even by those who disagree with him violently on politics.

At the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce I talked with a man who is one of Jimmy's implacable political foes. He grinned, and said he and a lot of other businessmen were looking for a squirrel which attacked and bit Jimmy last spring. "We'd like to present that squirrel with a medal," he said.

But this man had no accusations to make against Jimmy personally, and observed, in the end, that he was "a nice fellow and the smartest one of all the Roosevelt kids, even if he is wacky."

When I talked with a prominent insurance man who is one of Jimmy's rivals in that field, he took a somewhat similar view, but was more ironic. "I haven't a word of criticism to say about Jimmy's business methods," he told me. "We other fellows in the insurance business are just envious of him. We only wish we were named Roosevelt, too, so that we could grab off some of that nice labor-union business like he does."

Political reporters on California papers—including some who attack him regularly in print—have nice things to say about Jimmy's sense of humor and frankness. They like him, they told me, because he is able to grin even while reading the columns of Westbrook Pegler, one of the most caustic critics of the Roosevelts, and because he does his best to answer all questions.

A few months ago, one of these reporters said, a report came into his office late at night that Edwin C. Pawley, millionaire oil man who is a power in California politics, had punched Jimmy in the nose during a rhubarb at a Democratic committee meeting. In an attempt to verify the story, the reporter had telephoned Jimmy's home at 2 A.M. and roused him out of bed.

"No, Ed Pawley didn't punch me in the nose," Jimmy good-naturedly explained, "but I think he'd have liked to!"

When I asked veteran reporters and other political experts if Jimmy had any political future in California, I found opinion divided. Several of them pointed out that a political aspirant rarely stages a comeback after sustaining a crushing defeat in a major election, but others held that since Jimmy is still young, he may still go places. The latter gave the opinion that he simply tried to climb too high too fast; that he might well get himself elected to Congress two or four years from now, and then move on to higher things, and that he can't be written off yet. . . .

Jimmy was explaining his father's will to me one day in his office, when Anna came in. Under the terms of the will, he said, neither he nor any of his brothers nor his sister have as yet inherited a dollar. F.D.R. left all his estate in trust to his widow, to be used by her during her lifetime, but upon her death the property is to be divided equally among the five children—half of it going to them in cash, but the other half remaining in trust, to be passed on to their children. F.D.R. was deeply concerned, Jimmy pointed out, about providing for his grandchildren as well as his children.

"But how's Anna been getting along?" I asked. (That was before her recent marriage to Dr. James A. Halsted, Veterans Administration physician, and I had heard she had been in financial straits after the *Arizona Times*, of which she was publisher, went bankrupt in 1948.)

"I may say," Jimmy explained smoothly, "that Mother has always been most generous in helping any of her children who required her help."

It was at that moment that Anna stepped into the office. She exchanged glances with Jimmy. "Yes," she said breezily, "Mother certainly is most generous."

Anna's appearance and manner surprised me more than that of any of the other Roosevelts I had met. In New York, Buzzie had told me his mother had been in poor health, and had added, soberly, that she had been through many "heartbreaking experiences" in her life. I realized that. I knew she had been through two divorces and the failure of two publishing ventures (the other one was her unhappy experience with the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*). I was prepared to find Anna, at 47, a subdued and perhaps rather depressed person.

But I was quite mistaken. As she shook hands with me she appeared as lighthearted and frisky as a girl of 20. Anna today has bobbed hair which is mostly gray, but she is as tall and straight as ever, her eyes are very blue, her teeth are very white, and she gives the impression of being younger than she is. She started laughing and talking right away, like all the Roosevelts, and I could understand how, back in the 1930's, she was credited with having a genius for putting at ease all kinds of White House guests, from angry businessmen to foreign potentates.

What made Anna laugh first was the idea that any reporter should wish to interview her. For three years she hadn't done anything of importance, she said, except recover from a lung infection with the jawbreaking name of *coccidioimcosis*. She explained, spelling it out, that it was more vulgarly known as "desert fever" or "valley fever," and that she had come down with it while living in Phoenix, Arizona. To get over it, she had been

"Your machine is working all right now, Mrs. Hadley!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY JIMMY MACK

compelled to spend a lot of time in bed resting. All she had done recently was collaborate with a doctor on a book about the proper care of pregnant women and make a few radio and television appearances.

"Who took care of you while you were ill?" I asked.

Anna laughed again and said she had taken care of herself beautifully, and was still doing so. Then she lighted a cigarette with a filter attached and talked about her mode of life.

BEFORE her marriage to Dr. Halsted, she and her son, John Boettiger Jr., 13, who was her only child by her second marriage, had lived alone in a four-room apartment in Westwood Village. Westwood Village is one of the swankiest suburbs of Los Angeles, but, as Anna described her apartment, it was a pretty bleak sort of place, virtually a tenement. There was no view from her windows there, she said, except other apartment windows, and when you stepped out of the front door the first thing you saw was an incinerator. But incinerators, she added brightly, could be very useful appurtenances and she had been glad to have one.

Inside, Anna said she had furnished the apartment with an assortment of odds and ends of furniture and many books, naval prints, and ship models which once belonged to her father.

"Don't you like Los Angeles?" I asked.

"I like it as a place to live," Anna said, "but I'm not hide-bound. If necessary, I could live elsewhere."

Her blue eyes sparkled with amusement as she said that, but she gave me no hint of her intention to try marriage a third time. She and Dr. Halsted, who is 47 and the father of four children, are now living in a residence on the grounds of the Veterans Hospital in West Los Angeles. Anna's son Johnny and two of the doctor's boys, Thomas and Charles, by his divorced wife, the former Isabella Hopkinson of Milton, Mass., are living with them.

Anna then talked about Buzzie and Sistie—who were children of her marriage to Curtis Dall, whom she divorced in 1934—and said she would love to see them oftener but couldn't afford to go traipsing to New York and Paris every day. The last time she was in New York she had slept on that folding bed in her mother's apartment.

"Which one of your brothers," I asked her, "do you think resembles your father most closely?"

ANNA looked thoughtfully at a large picture of F.D.R. on the office wall and said that, physically, she supposed Frankie looked most like him. "But in other respects," she added, "Jimmy is more like him than any of the other boys."

As I was taking my leave, Anna laughed delightedly over a question she put to me. "How on earth," she asked, "do you ever expect to catch up with Elliott?" . . .

That turned out to be a very pertinent question.

While talking with the other Roosevelts, I had made repeated inquiries about Elliott's whereabouts. Mrs. Roosevelt thought he was in Florida. Franklin said I would have to go to Havana to see him. John opined at first that I might find Elliott in Toledo, Ohio, but set me right later by saying I could contact him at the Rolling R Ranch near Meeker in northwestern Colorado.

I started making long-distance calls to the ranch and learned Elliott was there right enough, but wouldn't answer the phone. In this dilemma, I finally appealed to Mrs. Roosevelt for advice, and she suggested that I send a long telegram to Elliott saying I would like to visit him. "He might answer it," she said hopefully.

Elliott did answer my telegram. "Will be delighted to see you here at ranch," he replied by return wire, and set a date just two days later for my visit. I boarded a plane at New York for Colorado, but was intercepted at Denver by another wire from him suggesting that I postpone my visit for ten days. Consequently, I went on to Los Angeles and, after seeing Jimmy and Anna, started wiring Elliott again.

I won't set down all the telegraphic correspondence which then developed between the Rolling R Ranch and me, but one missive which I received merely said, "Mr. Roosevelt has gone away," and was signed "Mrs. Roosevelt." It was finally arranged, however, through a person who signed herself "Mrs. Parker, Housekeeper," that I should proceed to Glenwood Springs, Colo., and that Elliott would meet me there and drive me to the ranch.

ON THE date stipulated I arrived at Glenwood Springs and, since no hour nor place had been set for our meeting, made myself comfortable in a hotel lobby, not knowing whether anyone would actually meet me or I'd merely get another wire. Hours passed. I had read a magazine from cover to cover when a tall man in khaki pants and white shirt sleeves touched me on the shoulder and announced, beaming through dark glasses, that he was Elliott Roosevelt.

I'm afraid I was a trifle exasperated by that time, but the Roosevelt exuberance was hard to resist, and when Elliott led me out to his car and introduced me to his wife, Minnewa Bell Ross Roosevelt, California oil and real estate heiress whom he married in March, 1951, I found she had a peace offering for me. It was a big ice-cream lollipop. She'd just bought it for me, she said, and she hoped I wouldn't be mad at them for being so terribly late.

They had arrived in a gray sedan, and Minnewa, a tall, attractive woman of 40 with coppery hair, graciously moved into the back seat so that I could sit with Elliott, who was driving, and talk with him. "It isn't very far to the ranch," she said; "only sixty-eight miles."

Elliott stepped on the starter, we left Glenwood Springs in a cloud of dust, and were soon on a gravel road which led us steadily up and up through picture-postcard scenery of wild mountain grandeur. As we reached altitudes of 9,000, 10,000, and finally 11,000 feet, the road picked its way at times along the edges of fathomless precipices, and as Elliott kept speeding along I kept thinking of a mountain goat on wheels.

He drove so nonchalantly, in fact, that he didn't bother to watch the road a couple of times when he was pointing out scenery to me, and once when the car's wheels were within inches of a chasm's brink, Minnewa squealed with terror.

"Now, now, honey-bug," Elliott reproved her gently, "don't be a back-seat driver."

"I know, sugar-pie," she replied. "I'm trying not to be. I just don't want to wind up at the bottom of the mountain."

AS WE climbed higher and my ears popped from the altitude, I gained my first impressions of Elliott, who is now 42 and, by all odds, the most "complicated" of the Roosevelt children.

Elliott presented problems in prep school, never getting to college, and he has been involved over and over again in highly publicized activities. He was once called before a Congressional Board of Inquiry to answer implied charges that he had accepted favors from government contractors in exchange for "influence." He got headlines in the war when he reputedly bumped enlisted men off an Air Force transport plane to make space for a bulldog he was flying to Faye Emerson, and, in perhaps the most widely publicized episode of all, it was revealed he had obtained from John Hartford, chain-store magnate, a $200,000 loan after getting F.D.R. to introduce him to Mr. Hartford by telephone. This debt of Elliott's later was settled by the Roosevelt family, according to reports never denied, for $4,000.

I expected to find Elliott something of a swashbuckler or perhaps a smooth sort of person, but as we rode through the mountains he didn't impress me as either. On the other hand, he struck me as rather quiet and introverted for a Roosevelt—less aggressive than Franklin, less jovial than John, less polished than Jimmy. He was extremely agreeable and debonair most of the time, but at moments when his face was in repose he wore a brooding and rather unhappy expression which reminded me of that of a small boy who has been denied something he wants very much.

As we skirted a snow-capped range, Elliott told me a little about the ranch we were heading for. It was part of a large tract of land which formerly had belonged to Minnewa's father, he said, and was only 40 or maybe 50 miles from the famous 101 ranch in Wyoming where his great-uncle Teddy had spent a lot of time in his youth. He and Minnewa had bought the ranch in the spring of 1952, he said, and while it wasn't very big—"only 1,200 acres"—they intended to buy more land, add some more stock to the 200 head of cattle and 27 horses they had on the place, and make it their permanent home every year from spring until fall when the big snows came.

The rest of the year, Elliott went on, they would spend in their place at Marathon, Florida, 90 miles from Miami,

where they owned a point of land jutting into the Gulf of Mexico.

"I read in the newspapers," I said, "that you've built a $40,000 fishing shack there."

Elliott grinned and said he guessed that it could hardly be called a shack. It would be better described as a cottage or bungalow. It was nice, though. They had scooped out a natural lagoon and made it into a 40-by-80-foot swimming pool where the water was changed by the tides. They also had a small yacht basin.

"Do you own a yacht?" I asked.

Elliott shook his head. The only thing he and Minnewa had ever had in the way of a boat was a 33-foot cabin cruiser which they used for fishing.

"Do you ever go to New York to see your mother?" I asked.

Elliott said, "Yes, indeed." Spring and fall, he and Minnewa went to Hyde Park for vacations, and also went there, of course, for the Christmas holidays. In addition, he had to make many business trips in the course of a year to places like New York, Havana, Toledo, and Los Angeles. "Just last month," he said, "I suppose I traveled 25,000 miles."

"With all the traveling you do," I said, "I'm surprised you don't fly your own plane."

For a moment Elliott's expression seemed that of annoyance. "I can't afford to keep a plane," he said.

We talked about flying for a few minutes—Elliott flew on 89 combat missions during the war and rose from a captaincy to the rank of an Air Force brigadier general—and then roared down through a veil of clouds and I caught my first glimpse of the Rolling R Ranch.

I HAVE called it a Shangri-La. That was the way it impressed me. The ranch lies in a green saucer surrounded by lofty mountains which wall it off from the rest of the world, and you feel that here is a remote paradise untouched by most of the woes which harass mankind. Two silvery forks of the White River, one of the finest fishing streams in America, thread their way through the valley, and beside the south fork, right in the center of the green saucer, are the houses and outbuildings of Elliott's ranch.

There are four houses altogether—a stone house and log cabin which are used by the Roosevelts, a frame house which is occupied by the ranch foreman and his family, and a bunkhouse which provides living quarters for four ranch hands. We drew up in front of the stone house and were gaily greeted by two of Elliott's four children who were visiting the ranch at the time.

They were Ruth Chandler Roosevelt, 18, whom everybody calls Chandler, and David Boynton Roosevelt, 12, both children of Elliott's second marriage to the former Ruth Josephine Googins of Fort Worth, Texas. Elliott has a third child by this marriage, incidentally, Elliott Jr., 16, but he was not at the ranch at the time.

In case you're not quite clear about Elliott's marriages, I may well enumerate them here. His first wife was the former Elizabeth Donner, of Villanova, Pa., by whom he had one child, William Donner Roosevelt, now 20 and a sophomore at Harvard University, where he rooms with one of Adlai Stevenson's sons. His second wife was Ruth Googins, by whom, as I've said, he had three. His third wife was Faye Emerson, now of radio and television, who bore him no children; and his present union with Minnewa has not, as yet, been blessed with progeny. Minnewa, like Elliott, had been through three divorces before they were married. She has one child, Rex Ross Jr., 8, who spends part of his time with her and part of it with his father, a Santa Monica, Calif., physician.

THE stone ranch house in which Elliott, Minnewa, and their children by assorted marriages live is not large, but it is cozily furnished in western style. The mounted heads of deer, antelope, wild cats, mountain sheep, and other beasts adorn the pine-paneled walls, bearskin rugs are strewn on the floor, and the living room contains several pieces of furniture from Hyde Park, including an enormous easy chair which was presented to F.D.R. by the Upholsterers Union. Sitting in it is like sitting on a cloud.

As in all the Roosevelt homes, there is a picture of the late President on prominent display, and Elliott has, in addition, placed a marble bust of his father in the living room. On one wall hang Georgian daggers and drinking horns which were presented to Elliott when he toured the U.S.S.R. in 1946, and on another wall is a pair of .44 caliber six-shooters which once belonged to the original Jesse James.

What fascinated me more than Elliott's ranch house, though, was the log cabin, about 100 yards away, which he uses as an office and hideaway. The cabin contains only two rooms and is rather frightening because it is decorated largely with the heads of snarling mountain lions killed on or near the ranch, but it has a back porch which any fisherman would mortgage his soul to own. Last summer, Elliott moved the south fork of the White River several dozen yards so that it now flows directly under the porch. He just sits there on his back porch in a rocking chair, drops a fly or baited hook into the river, and pulls out one rainbow trout after another.

Moving the river wasn't much of a job either, he said. He merely brought in a bulldozer from the outside world and it had cut a new channel for the river. That was all there was to it. . . .

Sitting there on the back porch with the fish flashing by, I asked Elliott what irons he had in the fire at the moment. He has been an entrepreneur in just about every field from cosmetics to Christmas trees. He told me that his main interests were in Cuba. For one thing, he was in that McKay-Davis Chemical Company which John was associated with—the firm that sold drugs to Cubans. He was also interested in a drive-in theater in Havana. He was hoping to form a company to build four large disposal plants, at a cost of $1,600,000, to convert Havana's garbage into fertilizer.

"What about the reports," I asked, "that you're very close to Juan Batista, the strong man of Cuba?"

Elliott flushed and said the reports weren't true. "I've met Batista only a few times," he said. "It just happened that I was in Havana when Batista pulled his *coup d'état*, and of course I met him, and that seems to have given everybody the idea that I'm in cahoots with him. I hardly know the guy."

"What about this ranch?" I asked. "Does it pay off?"

Elliott brightened up and told me he expected to make the ranch break even during his first year of ownership if he could put over a little plan he had in mind. It was his idea to provide hunting facilities for sportsmen during the deer-shooting season in the fall. He hoped to take in two parties of hunters of 12 men each, provide them with guides, saddle horses, and camping equipment, and collect $250 each from them for a week's shooting. That would bring in $6,000—enough to balance his ranch budget.

When I asked Elliott about his future plans he gave an answer which surprised me. He said he would like to become a writer. He loved writing. He said he edited many of his father's speeches back in the White House days, and only a few days before, sitting at his desk in that room full of frowning mountain lions, had knocked out an article for a national magazine in just six hours.

The sun was sinking over the rim of Shangri-La by that time, and Minnewa called to us to come over to the stone house for cocktails. She and I had Scotch and soda, but Elliott took only a can of beer which he drank out of the can. Chandler and David had soda-pop and talked about whether it was an advantage or disadvantage to be named Roosevelt. David, a sturdy youngster wearing blue jeans, figured it was a disadvantage.

"When other kids find out I'm a Roosevelt they jump me," he said, "but I jump them right back."

AFTER we had finished our drinks Elliott went into the kitchen and cooked steaks. Mrs. Parker, the housekeeper, whose home is in a nearby Colorado town, was on duty in the kitchen, and she had a daughter on hand to help her, but Elliott wouldn't let them touch the steaks. He broiled them masterfully on a huge range which he gave Minnewa as a wedding present, and I've never tasted better meat.

We ate in the dining room on a long table which was built years ago in Mrs. Roosevelt's Val Kill furniture plant at Hyde Park, and the meal was a very informal one. Dishes of vegetables, gravy, hot biscuits, choke cherry jam, and other good things were passed around. Mrs. Parker and her daughter, in the manner of old-fashioned American "hired girls," joined in the table conversation as they served the food. A couple of times, during the meal, long-distance phone calls came through for Elliott, but he blithely refused to answer them and evinced no interest in who the caller might be.

After dinner, Elliott and Minnewa invited me to stay over for a few days. They would provide me with a saddle horse and fishing tackle, they said, and I could use that back porch as much as I

wanted to. It was a tempting offer, but other plans made it necessary for me to leave. As I said good-by to them in extremely clear mountain moonlight, I did so with a realization that the Elliott Roosevelts had been wonderful hosts.

Chandler and one of the men employed on the ranch drove me 40 miles that night to the town of Rifle, Colo., where I could catch a bus which would take me to Grand Junction, Colo., where, in turn, I could catch an eastbound plane. Chandler is a pretty blond girl, and as we rolled along through the mountains, slowing up several times for deer which got on the road, I found she is an intelligent one, too. She was graduated with honors from the Hockaday School in Dallas, Texas, last June and was planning to enter Vassar College.

When I reached Rifle it was late at night and I had to wait some time for my bus. I strolled up and down in front of the main hotel, which, believe it or not, is called the Winchester. A lone cowboy was also waiting for the bus and I got into a conversation with him. I asked him if he knew Elliott Roosevelt. He said he didn't know him personally but he had a couple of friends who had worked on his place.

"They tell me that Elliott's a heluva fine fellow," the cowboy said. "Of course, he's had a lot of wives, but it seems like that's kinda stylish nowadays." . . .

That ended my tour of the Roosevelts. I called on no more members of F.D.R.'s family, but when I returned to New York I talked with a good many people about them. These included old friends, acquaintances, and employees of the family, and several men high up in the councils of the Democratic Party.

I obtained a wide variety of opinions. Some told me they thought that after age or death removes Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt from the scene, the Roosevelts will fade rapidly into limbo. Others were prepared to bet you that Franklin Junior, or possibly even Jimmy, will be running for President in 1960 or 1964. The Roosevelts, they maintained, aren't washed up by any means and will continue to play as prominent a role in the future as they have in the past.

Certainly they have been the most prominent American family of this century. It is doubtful if any family, unless it was the Adamses of Massachusetts or the Lees of Virginia, ever played so large and long a role in shaping national destinies as the Roosevelts of New York. Whether there will always be a Roosevelt, I still don't know. I have merely tried to report a few facts about them as they are today. I leave the conclusions to you.

THE END ★★

Follow the Ski-Bum Trail

(*Continued from page* 39)

a flood-lit pond in the heart of Canada's Laurentians, and later that evening watched expert skiers swing and turn through the darkness, carrying sputtering torches as they zoomed down one of the steepest hills in the area.

We traveled by horse-drawn cutter, snuggling under buffalo robes, to the ski slopes on the crest of Mount Royal, in the center of Montreal, and watched "hot rodders" in roaring jalopies as they skidded around the glassy surface of Profile Lake, at Franconia, N. H. We ate venison chops, thanks to the generosity of one innkeeper, and sampled *glühwein*, the skiers' drink, a wine punch guaranteed to remove the ache from muscles stretched taut on the ski slope. Often we fell asleep to the thump of ski boots going through the intricate pattern of a square dance, or the muffled strains of an accordion playing Swiss ski songs.

Along the way, we found kindred souls —plenty of them. In front of a crackling fire at Stowe, Vt., the most complete skiing center in the East, we met a honeymoon couple from Philadelphia, Pa., who were doing their ski-bumming on an economy budget. In the back of their station wagon they kept two air mattresses and a stack of blankets. Many nights, they told me, they just slept outside and came in at breakfast time to wash and eat. About every other day they spent the night at an inn, enjoyed the luxury of a hot shower, and really treated themselves.

At North Conway, N. H., with its acres of open slopes, we met another couple with two small children who were following roughly the same route as ours —up through New England to the Laurentians, then returning by way of the Adirondacks and Catskills.

"It's a wonderful experience for our kids," the father said to me. "They get to see a lot of their country this way. How better could we make their geography lessons come to life?"

It was in New Hampshire, on a dark and blustery night with the snow coming down like rain, that I learned at firsthand about the adventures that go with ski-bumming. We were driving through the cliffs of Crawford Notch when I took an icy curve a little too fast, and slid into the ditch. It was late at night, a bitter wind was blowing, and the snow was falling so heavily I couldn't keep my windshield clear. Fortunately, we carried blankets in our car for just such an emergency. We settled down to wait out the long night.

Less than half an hour later I saw the glow of headlights through the falling snow. I jumped out to flag down the driver. When he drew up alongside I saw "State of New Hampshire" lettered on the door. Two husky, ruddy-faced men in sheepskin coats jumped out, shoveled the snow expertly from under my wheels, put their shoulders to the back of my car, and got me back on the highway.

Then, to my surprise, one of them said, "How'd you like a cup of coffee?" Both of us were chilled, and the steaming liquid was gratefully received. I expressed my gratitude as volubly as I could.

"No trouble at all," said one man. "That's what we're here for. We're the Night Weather Patrol. We keep our eyes peeled for folks in trouble."

All night long, whenever a storm is brewing or blowing, the cars of the weather patrol drive up and down the main roads, and through the remote and windy notches of the White Mountains —Pinkham, Franconia, and Crawford— watching for stranded drivers and summoning the highway crews by radio whenever the snow piles up too deeply. Last winter, alone, they saved 304 motorists from a chilly night in the New Hampshire snowbanks.

My New Hampshire misadventure was the only one of our whole trip. Since the war, snowplows thunder out by the hundreds when the first flake of snow falls. Few highways are closed, even in the wildest storm. You meet the plows at night, roaring down the macadam, followed closely by trucks spreading sand on slippery places.

I made one startling discovery before we had barely started our trip, and that was the number and variety of winter resorts within a radius of a few hundred miles of New York and Boston. Once we had passed Albany, N. Y., on our northern trip, I took a look at the map. I found that we were within 4 hours' drive of 25 different ski lifts, and perhaps 200 ski tows. (A ski lift is an endless steel cable which carries you up the hill. Sometimes you ride in a chair, attached to the cable, which lifts you high above the trees and then drops you down to the snow again at the top of a massive mountain. Sometimes you lean against a wooden bar, suspended from the cable, and are pushed uphill on your skis. On the ski tow, an endless rope, you grab hold and are literally snatched up the slope, sometimes fast enough to make you gulp for breath.)

We made our first run on skis in Massachusetts, where the Berkshire Hills stand blue and white against a northern sky. A full-fledged snowstorm pelted down as we reached Bousquet's, south of Pittsfield, Mass. Eight tows were running at once, and literally thousands of skiers blackened the slopes. Bousquet's, which sometimes accommodates 10,000 skiers over a week end, is jokingly referred to as "skiing's Woolworth Store," because of its mass appeal. "When we opened our first tow, back in the middle thirties, we might get a dozen skiers out over a week end," said Clarence Bousquet, who runs this mammoth area. "Now look at 'em!" Last winter, more than half a million skiers visited New England. New ski tows open so fast in New England that the New England Council can scarcely keep track of them. In the Berkshires alone, there are 19 tows and one ski lift.

It was on this lift that I took an involuntary tumble, though ordinarily I take my spills while coming downhill faster than I ought to. We had stopped at Jiminy Peak, in the northern Berkshires,

because our arms were sore from ski-tow riding, and we wanted to enjoy the luxury of lift-riding. The lift at Jiminy is equipped with T-bars—small cables suspended from the main cable, with wooden bars at the end of each, shaped like an inverted "T." You are supposed to lean back against this bar until the supporting cable has stretched out to its full length. Each bar holds two persons, and my companion was a young Smith College girl, inexperienced in the ways of ski lifts. Instead of letting the bar push her, she sat on it. Both of us went sprawling, in a welter of skis, while our bar continued on up the hill.

"It almost always happens the first time," remarked Bartlett Hendricks, one of the owners of Jiminy Peak, helping the girl to her feet. The second time was more successful. In five minutes, we were atop a mountain, looking at a breath-taking panorama of blue hills, glittering snow, and New England farmhouses with smoke pouring from their chimneys. My wife and I spent the night in one of these farmhouses. We ate a huge family-style supper topped off with Indian Pudding, a New England dessert specialty, and then stretched our legs in front of the big, pot-bellied wood stove in the living room.

"It's been a wonderful thing for us, this skiing," said our hostess, Mrs. J. B. Adams. "Used to be we were snowbound here in winter—never saw a soul. Now we have skiers boarding with us every week end—wonderful people. It's good for them to relax, and it's good for us to have visitors. Not to mention the fact that it gives us some extra income."

In Vermont, we enjoyed the rare experience of seeing perfection on skis. We had stopped at Pico Peak, east of Rutland, to take a few rides on the first T-bar lift built on the North American continent. Janet and Brad Mead, who lived in Rutland and loved to ski, imported a European ski-lift expert in 1935 and cleared a huge area on the slopes of Mendon Pass. Mead was killed in a tragic motorboating accident some years ago. Mrs. Mead, a stately blonde, continued to operate the ski center. As we chatted with her, a tall girl with brown hair flying in the wind came down the steep "A" slope in a series of skiing turns so perfect they seemed unbelievable.

"That's my daughter Andy," said Janet Mead. "She's back from Olympics."

The girl made one final turn in a swirl of snow and then slid over to the base station of the lift for another ride to the top. It was Andrea Mead Lawrence, the first American woman ever to sweep the skiing events in the Winter Olympics—a feat she performed at Oslo, early last winter. Andy started skiing when she was 4 years old. At the age of 15 she was one of America's greatest women racers. She was a shade under 21 when she became Olympic champion and married David Lawrence, himself an Olympic racer.

In the same State of Vermont, we discovered some ski-enthusiasts who made the sport their hobby—and also made it pay! One of them was just coming down the Shincracker Trail at Bromley Mountain, near Manchester, when we drove up to his Big Bromley ski area. Fred Pabst, of the brewing family, set up his first ski tow at Bromley, on the ridge of the Green Mountains, in 1939. He followed this with 4 fast-moving J-bar lifts, the result of thousands of man-hours devoted to blasting the stubborn rocks of the Green Mountains, grading the steep slopes of Bromley, and then grassing them to ballroom smoothness. You can ski on Bromley's 8 slopes and 9 trails with as little as 2 inches of packed snow.

"We are all set to take care of more skiers at Bromley than any other area," Pabst told me. "Last year, as many as 3,000 skiers an hour were using our facilities."

Another ski fan greeted us at the other, northern, end of the state. Cornelius V. Starr, who owns and operates the huge ski development at Stowe, on Mt. Mansfield and neighboring peaks, became interested in skiing at Sun Valley, before the war. At that time Starr was an insurance broker in China. War conditions brought him to this country, and to Stowe. "And I fell in love with the place at once," he told friends.

Starr expressed his love in a practical way. He bought the Mt. Mansfield Chair Lift, first in this country, which had been bankrolled by Roland Palmedo, a New York broker; Lowell Thomas, the radio commentator; and a group of mutual friends. To this, he added two T-bar lifts, half a dozen tows, and thousands of acres of mountainside. Stowe today is one of the busiest ski centers in the United States.

Charles D. Lord, manager of the chair lift, told me that at Stowe the season frequently starts around Thanksgiving time and runs until early May. Lord considers himself one of the most fortunate men in the East. Having designed most of the ski trails on Mt. Mansfield, including the nationally famous Nose Dive, a racing trail, he is now able to ski for business reasons.

It was on the Nose Dive, by the way, that I saw a hair-raising exhibition of skiing as it is now practiced. I had stopped halfway down the mountainside to rest for a moment when, from above, a skier came into sight going faster than I had ever seen a skier go. As he approached a huge bump in the trail, he dug his ski poles into the snow, flung himself into space, and soared 50 feet before landing again. Behind him came half a dozen other young skiers, each of them performing the same blood-curdling kind of acrobatics. At the time, I figured this was just youthful high-spiritedness, but later, at the bottom of the chair lift, I found out differently.

"Those youngsters are members of a college ski team," Sepp Ruschp, the general manager of the Mt. Mansfield development, told me. "Ski races nowadays are held on rough, bumpy trails. They figure the straightest line down the mountain is the fastest line. When they come to a bump, they jump it. Otherwise, they'd be thrown into the air, and might land off-balance. If there's a rut in the snow, or a patch of ice, they pour on the speed and go across it." The idea seemed sound enough to me, but the next trip I took down the Nose Dive was a cautious one—I kept looking over my shoulder, expecting to be run down by a racer.

At Mad River Glen, not many miles from Stowe, I found another aerial chair lift, the newest in Vermont, and met a young couple who gave up city jobs to run a skiers' lodge in Waitsfield, at the foot of the lift. Henry and Ginny Perkins were Bostonians, wedded to city life, until they decided to pass up a home on Beacon Hill, in Boston, and settle down in the Green Mountains. "We never regretted the choice," Perkins said.

In almost every skiing community on my vagabond trip I came across similar couples—a mining engineer and his wife, a former New York fashion consultant, who had swapped night clubs for square dances; a novelist married to an advertising woman, who didn't seem to miss Park Avenue at all; a young Korean veteran and his new bride who renovated a farmhouse, installed a ski tow nearby, and now do a thriving business.

In New Hampshire, where we spent four days, I discovered the "safest" ski area in the United States at Mt. Sunapee, the broadest ski slopes at North Conway, and the only aerial tramway in the country at Cannon Mountain, Franconia.

It was at Sunapee that I first saw school children on skis by the acre. The kids from five adjoining towns were out on the big practice slope learning the sport. Some wore rubber boots, used improvised rubber ski bindings, took tumbles now and then, but always came up laughing. Others boasted the latest ski equipment, bought for them in some cases out of a fund to which the winter visitors make large contributions. The "kid" program got its start years ago in Hanover, N. H., where an energetic couple, Ford and Peggy Sayre, decided to teach local youngsters the rudiments of skiing. Now every big Eastern resort—and Sun Valley, among others, in the West—has a similar program.

At North Conway, I had my first ride in years on the Skimobile, a unique sort of ski lift. Gaily painted little individual vehicles, much like kiddy cars, are hooked to a cable and pulled on rubber wheels up a wooden trestle. The gadget has become so popular it runs in summer, too, carrying to the top of Cranmore Mountain those who prefer to do their climbing sitting down. Skiing the slopes on Cranmore is like skiing in the Alps. Hannes Schneider, who founded modern skiing in Austria many years back, was responsible for the Cranmore Mountain development. He insisted on wide slopes—so wide, in fact, that I felt like a midget when I skied down to the base station across a vast expanse of powder snow.

North Conway is a hometown boy's dream come true. The late Harvey Dow Gibson, president of the Manufacturers' Trust Company, decided in 1937 to do something spectacular for his hometown. The Cranmore Mountain ski area was the result. Now, within 10 miles, two other huge ski-lift areas have sprung up—Thorn Mountain and Black Mountain, both at Jackson, N. H. In a single winter the whole North Conway–Jackson area,

known as the Eastern Slopes, attracts thousands of gay-hearted skiers. Before 1935, the whole district shut up tight when the first snow fell.

Just up the highway is Tuckerman's Ravine, a great natural snow bowl on the eastern slopes of 6,288-foot Mt. Washington. It was too early in the year for Ravine skiing, which does not start until mid-March, when the winter storms have ended. But, for a change, we climbed up the John Sherburne Ski Trail (there is no ski lift) to the base of the Ravine. Between snow squalls, we could catch a glimpse of its precipitous steepness. The American Inferno, "most dangerous race in the world," is run through the Ravine, from the top of Mt. Washington to its base, in years when snow conditions are favorable. By "taking it straight" down the face of Tuckerman Headwell, racers have run the whole 4½-mile course, which drops 4,222 vertical feet, in a shade under 6 minutes. That's really traveling!

Just "over the hill" is Franconia, home of the aerial tramway. You take off your skis and carry them into an enclosed car, hung from a cable. Then, rid ng smoothly uphill past huge steel towers you come in 10 minutes to the top of Cannon Mountain. There are half a dozen trails down to the bottom, but my wife and I chose to do a little "ski-touring" over the gently undulating summit.

Late that afternoon, we watched a sports-car race on ice, ate chicken at an outdoor barbecue, took hold of tow-ropes and went skijoring behind an auto on a snowy road, and square-danced ourselves into exhaustion before 10 P.M. Franconia believes in "family" holidays. In late January this year the New England Council will sponsor the "Franconia Frolics," a winter week end including all the things mentioned above, plus dog-sled races and skiing lessons—all for a package price. . . .

When we reached the Laurentians in Quebec, a half-day drive from New England, we didn't have to be *told* we were in a different country—we could hear it and see it. Gaily painted *habitant* houses dotted the hillside, and French was the language of the day. The Laurentians offered us a choice of skiing so ample as to be almost perplexing. We compromised by riding the tows on Hill 70 at St. Sauveur, spent the night at nearby Ste. Marguerite, and then went ski-touring. We traveled through the "back country," where one slope succeeded another.

At noon, using fractured French, we stopped at an isolated farmhouse for pea soup and delicate *croissants*, baked that day by the housewife. For an hour after lunch we lazed in a blazing sun, and then made our leisurely way down to St. Sauveur. That night, at nearby Jasper-in-Quebec, we watched the annual ski carnival. Out of the darkness, high above us, burst a dozen torches, with skiers dimly outlined beneath them. They shot almost straight down the hill, leaving a fiery trail behind them, traveling a mile a minute. It seemed a miracle to me that nobody got hurt, but "they never do," as an affable French Canadian told me.

At Mt. Tremblant, 30 miles to the north, we had a new thrill—skiing both sides of a mountain. Most ski areas are satisfied with a lift up one side of a mountain. Not Joseph B. Ryan, a Philadelphian who is the ski enthusiast behind Mt. Tremblant. You can ride up one side, ski down the other, ride back up, and reverse your route. It makes you a little dizzy. That night, beside a fireplace burning six-foot logs, we listened contentedly to a happy crew of young French Canadians singing song after song in their native tongue. . . .

Back in the States at Lake Placid, we would have gone skiing some more but didn't. There was too much else to do—sleighrides, dog-sled rides, hay-rides on an old-fashioned bobsleigh, and a hockey game inside the $250,000 Olympic Arena, built for the 1932 Winter Olympics. On artificial ice, there is skating all year round in the Arena. "In summer," one native told me, "the figure skaters rent out little patches of ice and practice their maneuvers day after day."

Our wildest moment at Placid was a ride on the Olympic Bobsled Run, an icy gash down nearby Mt. Van Hoevenberg. The bob run is 1½ miles long, with 26 curves on which the sleds ride high, sometimes almost flying over the edge. The surface of the run is glare ice, covered with a thin frosting of snow so that the steel runners of the bobsleds may bite in and hold the course. I took a ride from the one-mile point—and a year later I am still breathing heavily. It seemed to me we finished almost as soon as we started. All I could do, sandwiched in between the steersman and the brakeman, with an icy wind in my face, was to hold tight and pray.

"Don't be ashamed of feeling scared," Stanley Benham, manager of the bobsled run, advised me. "A few years ago a radio announcer decided to ride down, broadcasting as he went. We turned him in down in the clubhouse at the bottom. He announced his start, all right. Then all we heard was the rattle of the runners and some deep breathing. There was silence when he got to the bottom, and then the one word: 'Gosh!'"

Most ski bums would be satisfied to call it a day at Lake Placid, but I had one special mission to perform. Driving homeward beside the Hudson River, just 45 miles from New York City we came to Bear Mountain. With the snow deep underfoot, I clamped tight my ski bindings and trudged up an abandoned highway to the 1,000-foot summit. Off in the distance, sharply outlined against the cloudless sky, I could see the towers of Manhattan. It was my way of proving to myself that you don't have to go to far-off places to enjoy skiing! In the East, the Midwest, and the far West it's right at your own back door.

If I needed any further proof that skiing is a way of life, I found it at Belleayre Mountain, in the Catskills 130 miles north and west of New York City, where the state's only chair lift transports thousands of skiers each winter to the top of a 3,800-foot peak. Here I found an old friend, Art Draper, who gave up a job with *The New York Times* before the war to live an outdoor life.

Art's first job was as a forest ranger in the Adirondacks, at about one-third the pay he had received from the *Times*. Now he manages the Belleayre center for the State of New York, which invested some hundreds of thousands of dollars in a ski area within easy reach of the Metropolitan District. Helping him is his wife, Lilly, who shares his love for outdoor life. . . .

From now on (and I hope you can see why) I'm a ski bum. I've already outlined a new trip for this winter. I still have dozens of places to visit—Snow Ridge, in western New York, with its remarkable snowfall and long season; Laconia, in the New Hampshire hills; a dozen neglected places in the Laurentians. I may even keep my skis on for a week and ski the whole Maple Leaf Trail, which runs for 70 miles down the backbone of the Laurentians—or perhaps take a little longer and make the circuit of the Rocky Mountain resorts. Down in Florida, when a tourist prolongs his stay and hates to go home, they say he's got sand in his shoes. It's a good phrase, but I'll alter it to fit my own circumstances: I've got snow in my ski boots, and I'm on the ski-bum trail for life.

THE END ★★

Going . . .
Going . . .
GONE!

(*Continued from page* 41)

million other good Americans and made them incurable antiques collectors.

You see them at country auctions in Connecticut and Minnesota, browsing in crossroads shops in the far-spaced towns of Texas, at antiques shows in California and Florida and Ohio. There is a hearty eagerness in their faces, an alert glint in their eyes.

They are the folk who live their detective stories, who are on a perpetual treasure hunt.

It was almost 20 years ago that the contagion got me. We were out driving with the Freys, Bill and Nina, riding through the drowsy autumn countryside of upstate New York. Bill said we'd make Cooperstown by one and have lunch at the inn. Then Nina, who had inherited a few pieces of colonial furniture, spotted the sign.

"Oh, look!" she said. "An auction, Bill! Maybe they've got some antiques."

"Or pressed glass," said Irene, my wife, who had some old glassware around the house that she'd picked up I didn't know—or care—where.

We let the women out, and Bill and I dawdled around the car. We could hear the auctioneer's confidential spiel. Bill said, finally, "Might as well join the girls, I guess."

It was pleasant inside, except for the flies. We watched a parcel of garden tools go for forty cents and a rusty, single-barreled shotgun for a dollar. A

glass dish came up, and my wife got it for three dollars. Nina bought an oil lamp for five.

The flies droned an obbligato to the brisk words of the auctioneer. He pulled a wooden armchair out of the pile of odds and ends on the platform. The bidding started at two dollars and, as hands went up around the room, rose slowly to eighteen.

"Going," said the auctioneer, "at eighteen. Going at eighteen. A good, sturdy Windsor, folks. All it needs is a new coat of paint. Who'll give twenty?"

JUST then a fly bit my right ear. I reached up to swat it. And the auctioneer said, "Twenty. I have twenty. Going at twenty. Going at twenty. It's gone. To the gentleman there."

And he pointed a triumphant arm at me!

I'll always remember that flabbergasting moment: the auctioneer's assistant, a lean, determined-faced woman, marching down the aisle toward me with her pad and pencil; the feeling of a hundred pairs of eyes on me.

I wanted to get away from there, and fast. But I am not a man of courageous action. Make a scene before all those strangers? Besides, the auctioneer had already gone on to another item. I paid.

With the chair between Irene and me in the back seat, we drove on.

Bill tried to be consoling. "Maybe you got a bargain," he said. "Those Windsor chairs, if I remember right, go 'way back."

"To colonial times," Nina said, "but they've been made ever since. This is just a secondhand kitchen chair."

"Next time we take him to an auction," my wife said tartly, "we'll spray him with insecticide first."

I took plenty of needling in the weeks that followed. Irene and Nina—and maybe Bill, too—had passed the word around.

One night there was a group in for bridge. Of course, the old chair was at one of the tables and, of course, the story was told again. A young attorney I'd never met before had come with Sally Lane. He was sitting in the chair and, I noticed, he wasn't laughing with the others. He was running his hands along the arms, down the legs, feeling under the seat. And looking grave.

He said to me, "Mind?" and took the chair to a lamp.

Sally Lane laughed. "My friend is an antiques addict," she said.

He studied the underside of the seat, rubbed his thumb over the worn ends of the feet. "Well," he said, "if I'd been at that auction he wouldn't have got this for twenty dollars. Fly or no fly."

The next half-hour was one of the most wonderful in my life—up to then. Charlie Barnes, the young attorney, whom I got to like immensely, scraped away some of the black paint on one of the chair legs with his pocket knife, and came to a layer of brown paint. Under that, a layer of white, then blue, and white again, and finally a faded green. He removed one of the legs and pointed to the socket.

"Made with the old type of auger they used in colonial days. It has a round end instead of pointed like they are today."

He summed up: "This chair was made about 1780, in New England. It's worth —m-m-m—a hundred and fifty, at least. A beauty!"

"But why," Irene asked meekly, "did my husband get it for twenty?"

"Beginner's luck." He shrugged. "Happened that there weren't any dealers there, or smart collectors."

With the help and expert guidance of Charlie Barnes, I removed the layers of old paint in the weeks that followed. At first I guess it was just the exuberance of triumph that carried me on. But as the beautiful gleam of the old wood came through, a deeper enthusiasm took hold of me. Charlie showed me pictures of similar Windsors. He pointed out the skillful workmanship that had stood up to the abuse and wear of 150 years.

Giving it a final waxing one evening, it occurred to me that old John Adams of Boston might have sat in *my* chair.

With my chair standing proudly by the front window, I decided that I must have a colonial table to put beside it. I was sunk.

Sunk? I've had the time of my life ever since. And so has Irene. We've found bargains. We've been stung. We've gone adventuring in far and out-of-the-way places. We've never had a dull moment.

We never worry about where to go on vacations. Our week ends are plotted months ahead.

Pennsylvania's picturesque Dutch country and rural New York and Connecticut—their history-book towns and roads within week-end driving distance of our home in New York City—are our favorite hunting grounds. But vacation trips have taken us—and profitably, too —to antiques shops and country auctions in Tidewater, Virginia, the maple-shaded villages of Ohio, the back roads of New Hampshire and Vermont and Maine, the bayou country around New Orleans, California, the Great Smokies. Each area had its attics and barns and homes old enough to yield relics of America's yesterdays.

ANTIQUES collecting has been a family affair from the start in our house. It usually is. The fever's contagious. That Windsor chair was half Irene's, of course. And it was more than a piece of furniture now; it was a prize and a story.

We attended the big annual antiques show in New York that fall and were overwhelmed by the beautiful old furniture we saw. We were even more overwhelmed by the prices.

We visited some of the luxurious midtown New York antiques shops. Just visited. *The prices!*

"It must be fun," Irene said humbly, "for those who can afford it."

I remembered the fine old pieces I'd seen in Charlie Barnes's apartment. "He hasn't any more money than we have," I said. "How'd he do it?"

So I asked him.

"I used some money, of course," Charlie said. "But mostly it was perseverance and know-how. My know-how's all up there." He pointed to a shelf of books.

"There's nothing an antiques expert likes better than to write a book telling everything he knows. That shows he's an expert. Antiques books are full of photographs and sketches. Study them, then look at the real thing in museums and antiques shows, in shops and at auction exhibitions. You'll learn so fast it will surprise you.

"When you know something about what you're doing, start hunting. Stick to the simpler pieces at first. They're less expensive and, for that very reason, less likely to be faked. And buy 'in the rough' whenever you can, before a refinisher has had a chance to doctor up the piece. Do your own restoring or have it done."

CHARLIE loaned me a book for beginners. I remember, it had a chapter on old American glass. Irene was so interested that next thing she was deep in a thick library book about Early American pressed glass.

We were in the living room one evening, reading. Irene's book suddenly hit the floor and she was running into the kitchen. A cupboard door creaked. A chair scraped across the floor. Then she was standing in front of me, holding a dusty glass fruit compote. "Look what I've found!"

"Found?" I said. "We've had that for years. Came from your grandma. Don't you remember?"

"Of course. But it's in the book. Look! *It's illustrated!* It's old pressed glass. The Westward-Ho design. The book says it's one of the rare ones. Look at the funny little buffalo head in the design. It was made in the 1870's, when the West was being developed."

Feeling practical, I said, "How much is it worth?"

"I don't know." She was thoughtful for a moment. "I'm going to do what Charlie's book says: Take it to a reliable dealer and find out. Remember that little shop we dropped into on Tenth Street last Saturday and the nice lady who runs it? Alice Gwynne. Maybe she'll tell me."

The next night the compote was on the living-room table, a homemade price tag tied to it, on which Irene had written in big numerals, $25.

"I had the best time," she said. "There were three women there who collect glass, too. We visited all afternoon."

Alice Gwynne, who has since retired, was one of those antiques dealers that every collector finds for himself sooner or later, and cherishes. She was as genuinely in love with antiques as were any of her customers. The fact that she made a modest living out of buying and selling them was pleasantly incidental.

Her Greenwich Village shop was a rendezvous for enthusiasts. Whether you bought anything or not, you were always welcome to browse and ask advice.

Her advice hasn't saved us entirely from mistakes, but it has helped mightily. Our first purchase from her was an inexpensive little pine mirror. She typed out a detailed description of it and signed it.

"Here's your bill of sale," she said. "Always see that the dealer gives you one, specifying the approximate age of the piece you're buying, its condition, whether it's all original or restored,

whether it's American or imported. Then, if later you find it has been misrepresented, you have a comeback."

Some of her other axioms are as sound for beginners today as they were when she gave them to us:

"Don't expect to outsmart a dealer. If he doesn't appear to recognize a piece for what you think it is, there's something wrong with it. He's in the business.

"You'll usually find a shop's best things in the window. Don't expect to discover bargains in dark corners.

"There's no fixed value for an antique. It's worth what you can get for it. I valued your glass compote at $25 because I could sell it for that. A shop in the expensive midtown neighborhood, where rents are higher and the clients richer, might get more. A small country shop less.

"Auction prices are not a criterion. That mantel clock I have priced at $50. If it came up at an auction and nobody else was anxious to buy it, you might get it for $20 or less. If someone else wanted it as badly as you, you might have to go to $70."

On the chest in our hallway, where it's the last thing we see as we go out, stands a glass whale-oil lamp to forever remind us of another important rule about auctions: Decide beforehand how high you'll bid, and *stick to it*. The lamp was among several items that mildly interested us as we looked over the contents of an old house before they were auctioned one afternoon on Cape Cod. When the auctioneer, an engaging, silver-tongued fellow, came to the lamp, he said in a stage whisper to his assistant, "Careful with that! Careful!" He gave it a long, admiring look and beamed at the audience. "I'm not going to insult your intelligence by describing this little gem," he said.

A woman bid $5. Another, $10. I offered $15. At $25 the bidding paused.

The auctioneer looked out over the audience. "It's Sandwich glass, you know," he said softly.

I knew it. So, I believe, did the others. But the way he said it somehow gave the little lamp a new importance. A woman said, "Thirty," I said, "Thirty-five," and got it.

Now and then I see lamps like it in antiques shops. The prices range from $12 to $20!

But the lesson hasn't dulled our enthusiasm for antiques auctions. Our favorite is the country variety. They're homefolks affairs. The auctioneer is usually a jovial showman. And the coffee and thick sandwiches and homemade cake with inch-high icing sold on the lawn by the church ladies of the village! Maybe it's the country air, but I've never tasted better.

And the drama. The waiting for the piece you're interested in to come up. Wondering who else in the audience wants it as badly as you do. The hushed tension of the bidding.

They're usually held during week ends in an old building or under a big tent on the outskirts of the village. Signs bearing a big arrow and the word "Auction" on strategic posts and fences point the way. The auctioneer's ads, listing the kind of furnishings to be sold, appear in the newspaper that serves the area. Or you'll find them tacked up in the village general store.

The unexpected prize, the surprising bargain, we've learned, appears oftener at country auctions than at those in the city galleries. The top dealers and well-to-do collectors attend the city auctions. The country ones are seldom worth their time. The furnishings are from small estates in the neighborhood: heirloom pieces, objects that have been accumulated down the years by old families in moderate circumstances. And they're just as they've come out of some old parlor or attic. Waiting to be tenderly restored—a missing knob replaced, a broken drawer front repaired—and rubbed down and polished until they gleam again with all the beauty of their younger days in some long-ago farm or village home.

It's at country auctions that we collectors show our detecting skill. Winter before last, while visiting Irene's family in Texas, we went to an auction on a cotton farm near Bastrop. It was held in an old, weathered house and barn in a tired patch of chinaberry and cottonwood trees; I saw there was nothing among the worn furnishings that I wanted. I noticed Irene digging into a basket filled with odds and ends of everyday glassware. But I couldn't imagine her finding anything of value.

When the auctioneer came to the basket, it appeared my opinion was being confirmed. Nobody bid.

The auctioneer looked out over the crowd. "Come now, folks. Somebody bid something. After all—"

He looked down at the basket. But obviously even he couldn't get enthusiastic. He started to turn away.

A small voice, Irene's, said, "Twenty-five cents."

"Sold, lady!" he shouted. "Sold!"

I looked at Irene. Her face was impassive, but there was a glint in her eyes that I recognized.

"Ready to go?"

She nodded.

In the back seat of the car, she began emptying the basket of its dime-store tumblers, butter dishes, and compotes. Halfway down she gently lifted out two dirt-crusted little round dishes.

"Look! Lacy-glass cup plates!"

She rubbed one of them with her handkerchief, let the winter sunlight sparkle from its intricate pattern.

"Aren't they beautiful! They're worth at least $15 apiece. In fact, that's what I paid for the one on our bookcase."

The dish lay in her palm, a glitter of white light, like delicate lace frozen into glass.

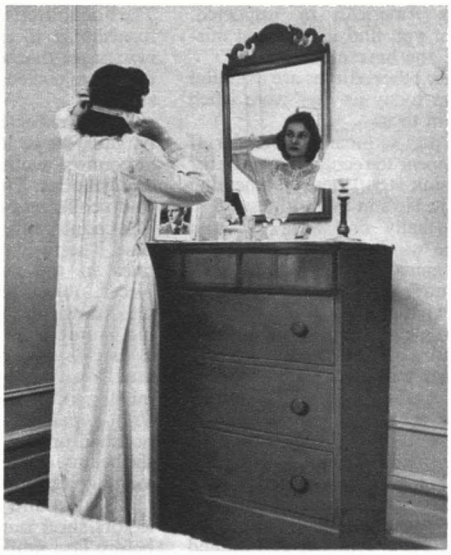
"A long-ago gift," Irene mused, "to somebody's great-grandmother. Stored away, probably, because her daughter, who would be Grandma now, forgot what they were for."

These little plates, so avidly collected today, some of them bringing fantastic prices, sold when they were new for 15 and 25 cents apiece. Their purpose was strictly utilitarian then. Great-Grandpa poured his coffee into the saucer to cool it. He set the cup on the tablecloth, and it left a brown ring. Great-Grandma didn't like it. "It's plain to see," she said, "that he doesn't have to do the wash." So a glass company in Sandwich, Mass., provided these little glass dishes to set the cup on.

Called cup plates, the ones with a simple pressed-glass design can still be found for a few dollars apiece. The fragile lacy-

"Look—let's buy one"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY WALTER GOLDSTEIN



FIRST STEP in restoring an antique is to remove the old finish, as Mr. Falkner and his daughter, Doris, are doing at left. A week later the refinished dresser serves Doris in her bedroom, right

glass ones, like Irene's, are rare and highly prized among collectors. Even more valued are some with the heads of historical personages in the center. Irving Lyon, a New York antiques dealer, has one with a full-face head of Henry Clay that lists for $40, and one with Henry Clay's head *facing right*—even more rare—for $100. George Washington's head, full face, lists for $75; facing right, it's $100.

Grandmother didn't like the way Grandpa put his chicken bones on the tablecloth. Grandpa was a problem. So an enterprising pottery made crescent-shaped dishes to set beside his plate. These bone trays are collectors' items now.

THE objects we antiques collectors prize include everything that was parcel of America's past: furniture, glass, china, silver, painted tinware (called tole), pewter, iron, brass, copper, lighting equipment, fireplace tools, pictures, coverlets, rugs, dolls, and buttons.

Each classification has its subdivisions. Irene doesn't just collect glass. She collects lacy and milk-white. She has a friend who collects three-mold. Another collects blown.

Among men, old firearms are popular. Others go in for wooden decoys, cigar-store Indians, ships' figureheads, or weather vanes.

I'm sticking to furniture. Despite the years we've been collecting, the house isn't stacked to the ceiling with it. We not only buy at auctions; we occasionally sell.

The drop-leaf cherry table we bought years ago in Pennsylvania, in the rough for $35, we've since replaced with a better one we found at an auction in Virginia. One week end we tied the old cherry table to the back of the car and took it along to an auction in Bedford Village, N. Y. In its refinished state it brought $80.

Even with the commission to the auctioneer, we were ahead. Commissions vary from 10 per cent at small country auctions to 25 at the leading city galleries. If your piece won't bring what you think it should, you can throw in a bid yourself and take it back. All you're out is the commission.

A tip about selling: Pick a rainy summer day. Since most antiques auctions are held indoors or under a tent, the crowds are larger on rainy days. There are fewer other things to do. And the more people there are to bid, the better usually the prices.

And remember, buying or selling, in antiques collecting you are strictly on your own. Even among friends. It's part of the game.

One of the first pieces we wanted was a table to go with our Windsor chair. We found one, a round-topped mahogany pedestal table, at an auction in Connecticut. When it was put up for sale, we discovered that it was one of a pair. The other, brightly varnished, looked like a modern reproduction. The price for both didn't go high—around $40. So in our enthusiasm we bought them. On our way home we stopped to visit a collector friend. I showed him the table we prized, lamenting that we'd had to buy the other one, too.

He laid a steel tape across the top of the brightly varnished table.

PRIZED PIECE: The author writes at his cherished 18th-century desk, which he bought cheaply at a Pennsylvania Dutch country auction and restored to its original beauty

"My wife wants something to put a lamp on by her bed," he said. "I'll give you $10 for it."

I was delighted.

When I came to refinishing mine, I discovered it was mostly fake. Only the pedestal was old mahogany.

Later that summer, on another trip to Connecticut, we dropped in on our collector friend. The table I'd sold him was in the living room, refinished and sharing space with some of his best pieces.

"Say," I said, "that looks good. You'd hardly think it was a reproduction."

"It isn't," my more experienced friend said. "The only thing modern about it was the finish."

He laid his steel tape across the round top, first with the grain, then across it.

"Wood," he said, "shrinks across the grain with time. This is a quarter-inch narrower across than along the grain." He slid a caliper around the thick part of the pedestal. "That's not round any more, either."

He added contritely, "You can have it back."

I shook my head. "Just tell me more," I said. "I learn the hard way."

It's bits of knowledge like that which pay off in collecting, and add to the interest: The fact that screws used in furniture were crudely handmade before 1820. That until about 1850 the machine-made ones still had blunt ends. That until the nineteenth century wood drills did not have a threaded point. That old brass candlesticks usually have plungers inside to force out the burned-down candle ends.

All these marks of age can, of course, be faked. And they are. But the collector is an amateur detective of top fiction stature. He has learned most of the faker's little tricks and how to detect them. You can almost hear him say, "You will observe, my dear Watson—" For old wood has a way of looking its age. Even old brass has a feel to the trained hand that is hard to simulate.

Our walnut desk we found at an auction near Kresgeville in the Pennsylvania Dutch country. It is one of our finest pieces, although we paid only $50 for it. I've seen comparable desks in antiques shops, never for less than $400.

Ours was a sad-looking article when we first saw it with old chairs and bureaus and farm implements stacked around it. Rats had eaten away a corner of the bottom drawer front. The side was split. I think if it hadn't appeared so woebegone we might not have looked at it twice. But something about its sturdy lines attracted us. I pried open the lid and took out one of the little drawers, saw it was of an early type construction. I surreptitiously scraped the dark old finish off a corner of the lid with my pocket knife and saw walnut beneath.

Not until we had brought it home and compared it with many pictures of old desks in our antiques books, did we fully realize the bargain we had. Little details of construction dated it as having been made by some colonial American cabinetmaker around 1760.

We had the rat hole and the crack repaired. With a "secret" formula I had wheedled out of an old antiques restorer —alcohol, turpentine, and linseed oil in equal parts—I rubbed the crusted finish down until it glowed as it had nearly 200 years ago.

That desk is more to us than a piece of fine furniture. When I sit in front of it, there sit with me a long line of adopted ancestors. There is the first owner, probably worrying about the Stamp Act and whether George III could be brought to reason; his grandson writing to inquire about land in the Western Reserve, which was years later to become Ohio. Another descendant is sharpening his quill by the light of the then new invention, the whale-oil lamp. Another is reading in his evening paper about President Jackson's latest blast against the French for not paying back that loan.

Children whose hands have tugged at the drawer handles have grown up and had children and grandchildren. And the grandchildren have grown old and died. What heartbreaks hasn't my old desk seen, what happinesses! What stories it could tell!

Values in antiques are based, like groceries, on demand and supply. When Irene and I started to collect, Victorian furniture, made after 1830, had few defenders. Furniture of the earlier days, particularly the simpler pieces made by eighteenth-century country cabinetmakers, was still fairly plentiful at moderate cost. But, with the growing millions of collectors in the country, that supply dwindled. So collectors took a second look at Victorian and, behold! they discovered it had an old-fashioned charm of its own. Today it is in demand.

We're often asked: How old does an object have to be before it is called antique? The United States Government says it must have been made before 1830. The Tariff Act of 1930 specified that objects made 100 years before that date could be brought into the country duty-free as antiques.

But few antiques collectors stick to that definition. Civil War guns, for example, are widely collected. So is Victorian glass and china. So are shaving mugs of the early 1900's. Almost anything that is pleasantly reminiscent of former times.

Another question we're asked: How can I find out whether those old pieces I found in the attic are valuable?

If they're small enough to carry, you can do as Irene did with her glass compote: Take them to a reliable dealer or several dealers. Or you can take them to a museum. Museums won't give prices, but they will tell you whether your pieces have value. For a moderate fee, most auctioneers will appraise items.

If the object is too big to carry, have one of your amateur photographer friends take pictures of it and use these instead.

I warn you, though, something's likely to happen to you if you start investigating. Instead of selling your attic find, you'll become fond of it and want more pieces like it. No more dull week ends. You'll be off roaming the countryside, just like the rest of us.

If you run into us at a country shop or auction, you'll notice there are four of us now instead of two.

While our daughter was growing up one of her favorite remarks was, "When *I* get married, I'm going to have new furniture."

"But—" we said.

"No 'buts,'" said Doris. "I want everything new and shiny."

A year ago she became engaged. Jim was with one of the news services and out of town most of the time. Doris started looking for furniture. Despite her lack of interest in our handmade old pieces, living with them had given her a latent feeling for design and craftsmanship. It came out when she started looking at new pieces.

"The prices of the things I like!" she said sorrowfully. "What's a young couple without much money to do? We'll be in debt for years!"

"There's an auction up at Stamford, Conn., Saturday," I said. "Come along and look."

It was Doris's first auction since she'd tagged along as a kid and played on the green with the other youngsters while their parents sat inside.

Irene found a maple spool bed stacked against the wall. I found a small drop-leaf table in cherry. Of the vintage of 1870, both were a muddy brown color and showed plenty of honest wear. But they were well-made, sturdy pieces.

Doris was dubious about the bed. "I thought maple was light-colored," she said.

"When you buy old furniture in the rough like this," I said, "you've got to see it as it's going to be when it's refinished. Not as it looks now. The bed will come up a soft honey color. The table will be a beautiful reddish brown."

"With cream-colored dishes," Irene said, "and your silver— It'll be beautiful."

"Daddy!" Doris was suddenly interested. "How much can you get them for?"

"You're going to do the bidding. I'll sit beside you."

The bed came up first. A man bid $2.

"Bid three," I whispered.

It went gradually to $16.

"Seventeen," Doris called, suddenly on her own.

Sold.

She got the table for $12.

On the way home I bought a pair of rubber gloves.

"You're going to help," I said. "It's half the fun. These'll keep the paint remover from ruining your hands."

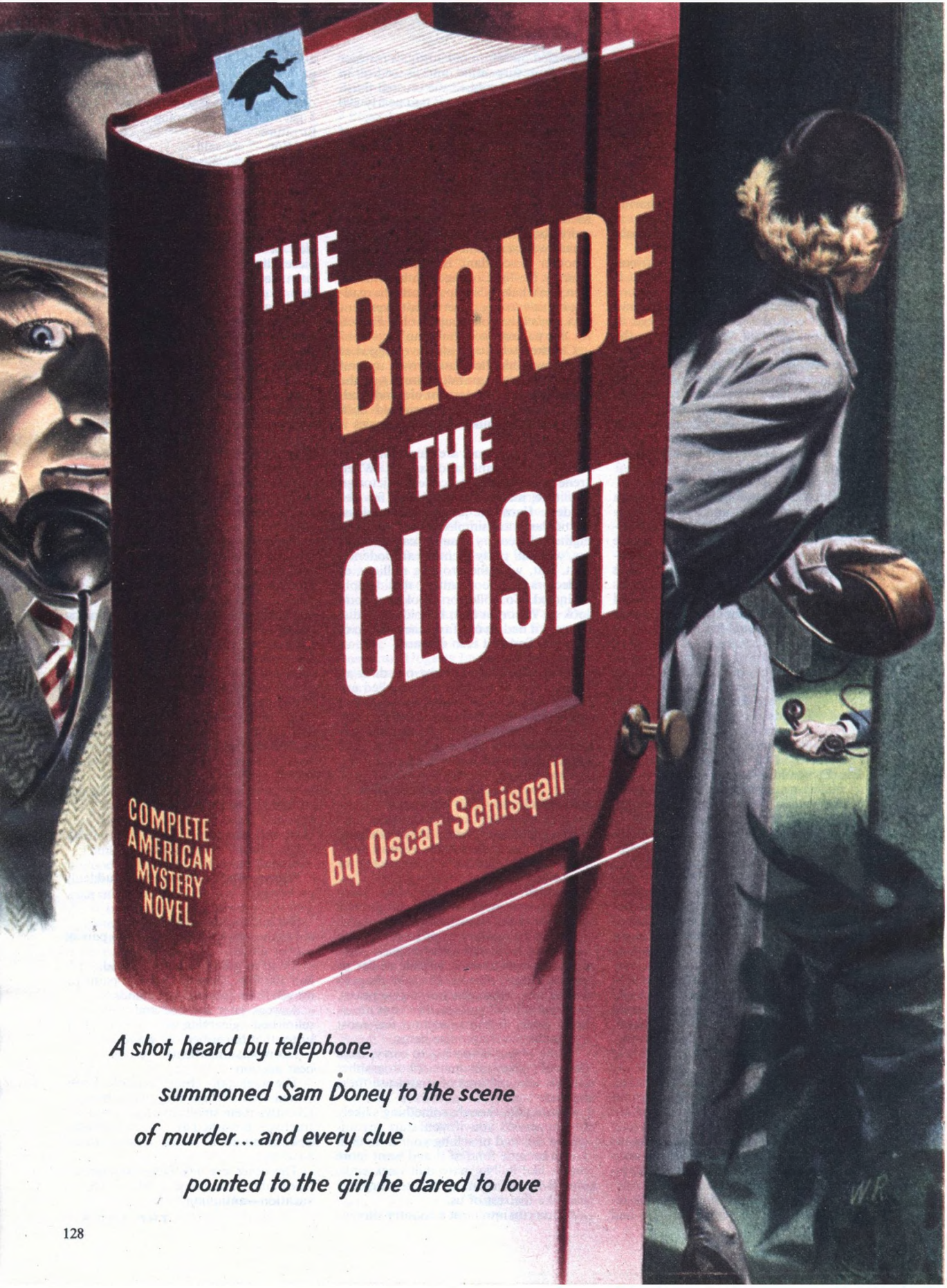
A week later the bed and table were refinished—gleaming with the soft, deep luster that burnished old wood achieves.

Doris was impatiently waiting for the next auction.

The mahogany chest I refinished converted Jim. When they were married recently, their small apartment was attractively furnished at a fraction of what new furniture of equal quality would have cost.

The other evening Doris announced, "Jim and I are going to Maine on our vacation—antiquing."

THE END ★★


THE BLONDE IN THE CLOSET
by Oscar Schisgall
COMPLETE AMERICAN MYSTERY NOVEL
A shot, heard by telephone,
summoned Sam Doney to the scene
of murder... and every clue
pointed to the girl he dared to love

THE lash of rain made Sam Doney, detective first grade, bend his head as he turned into Henty Street. Inside his pockets he kept his hands clenched in hard fists. It wasn't the weather that bothered him tonight; it was the conviction that he was making a fool of himself.

It was no use pretending he was on his way to see Elizabeth Rocklin because she might be able to tell him something new about her husband. He didn't really believe it. In fact, when he'd telephoned her half an hour ago she had assured him there wasn't anything new to tell. Nevertheless, he strode on through the rain. The truth was he was going to see Elizabeth Rocklin because he wanted to look at her again, to listen to her low voice, to feel the excitement of being alone with her.

Crazy; that was the word for it.

Her husband, Ernie Rocklin, had disappeared from New York almost four months ago, and until yesterday it had been Sam Doney's job to find him; to find also his supposed partner, William Valencia, who had vanished with him. Both men had slipped out of New York just before Rocklin's gambling rooms had been raided. Sam had been assigned to locate the two; you couldn't prosecute them unless they were brought back to the city.

But he had failed. The case was no longer his. He had not even a valid excuse now to visit Elizabeth Rocklin. All he had was a compulsion.

He turned into a brownstone house that had been converted into an apartment dwelling. There was a vestibule with a dozen bell buttons under letter boxes. He was about to ring, but he didn't get the chance.

The inner door opened. A heavy, gray-haired man he knew very well came out, buttoning his coat. Former Police Lieutenant Paul McGarr had retired from the force two months ago; retired at the age of sixty, with a lifetime pension, but he still looked as if he could handle a mob of hoodlums.

"Doney! What you doing here?" McGarr said. There was a clang of authority in his voice. "Thought you'd been yanked off this case."

"This is on my own time, Lieutenant," Sam said.

"The D. A. know?"

"Nobody knows."

"Then I don't get it." Lieutenant McGarr seemed to forget he was no longer on the force. "What *are* you assigned to?"

"The lab," Sam said with patience. "They've got me testing gadgets."

MCGARR belonged to an old school of husky, free-swinging, hard-muscled cops who had made their way up from the pavements. He had outspoken contempt for fellows of Sam Doney's type, college graduates who came into the Department because they were interested in the science of police work. To McGarr this was nonsense.

He said, "If you're supposed to be fooling around a desk, what brings you here?"

Sam's eyes narrowed. He said, "Let's put it the other way, Lieutenant. How come *you've* been seeing Mrs. Rocklin?"

A flush rose in McGarr's ponderous face. He said, "I'd like to find Rocklin myself! I'd make him clean up some of them rumors!"

Sam didn't have to ask. He'd heard the rumors. When Ernie Rocklin's gambling rooms had been raided, people had whispered that such a setup couldn't have existed for more than a year without police protection. Somebody must have been iced, and well iced. And since the horse rooms had been in Lieutenant McGarr's precinct, suspicious eyes had turned to the Lieutenant. It hadn't helped his case to apply for retirement at that particular time, though he'd been planning to retire for years. Still, so far there was nothing against him beyond suspicion. How could bribery be proved without Rocklin or Valencia on hand to testify they had paid McGarr?

"I'm sick of what they're saying," the Lieutenant said. "They won't shut up till I prove they're wrong! And Mrs. Rocklin knows where her husband is. I can't believe a guy would leave his wife—his bride, practically—and not even phone her once in four months."

Sam said, "We questioned her a hundred times."

"She's a smart cookie, knows how to act innocent. But she could put her finger on Rocklin tomorrow, if that lawyer of hers would let her talk." McGarr turned up his collar and yanked low the brim of his hat. As he pushed out of the front door he said, "Believe what that dame tells you, and you'll never find Rocklin!"

SAM watched the man walk off through the rain. It occurred to him that District Attorney Hammer had used virtually the same words in discussing Elizabeth Rocklin. They were all convinced she was keeping things back.

Sam's lips tightened. He rang the bell and climbed the single flight of stairs.

Elizabeth Rocklin waited for him in her door, slim, straight, wearing a full, dark skirt and a blue cashmere pullover. The light behind shone through her blond hair. She was beautiful. That was always Sam's first thought when he saw her: beautiful. But tonight her face was strained. Lieutenant McGarr must have given her a bad time. Her gray eyes were bright with anger.

"You're not going to start the questions all over again?" she said. "I've taken about all I can."

Sam said, "I'm off the case." He tried to sound friendly. "Thought we might talk like a couple of human beings for a change."

She seemed puzzled as she let him in; perhaps she thought this could be a trick, a new approach, and she had to be on guard. As he passed her in the doorway Sam caught the scent of her perfume; jasmine, he imagined. Whatever it was, he liked it. And then, in quick dis-

SAM DONEY	*Detective in disgrace*
ELIZABETH ROCKLIN	*Gambler's bride*
ERNIE ROCKLIN	*Her disappearing husband*
WILLIAM VALENCIA	*Big-time racketeer*
EVE CLEERY	*His girl-friend*
HIPPO LAX	*His right-hand man*
PAUL McGARR	*Retired police lieutenant*
AUGUST KAISER	*Terrified witness*
HOWARD VANCE	*Elizabeth's lawyer*
MURRAY T. HAMMER	*District Attorney*
INSPECTOR MICHAEL HOGARTY	*Of Homicide*

appointment, he saw that Elizabeth Rocklin wasn't alone.

Her lawyer was in the living room, lighting a cigarette. Howard Vance was thin, black-haired. He couldn't have been any older than Sam, thirty at most, but his face was deep-lined and always seemed to need a shave; this added years to his appearance. His movements were abrupt, as if he was constantly under nervous strain. Now he looked at Sam with annoyance.

"When you going to quit tormenting Mrs. Rocklin?" he asked in his deep voice. "What does it take to convince you she doesn't know where her husband went? You and McGarr. And the D. A., too."

Before Sam could answer, Elizabeth Rocklin added, "Why did they take you off the case?"

Sam smiled in a hard way. No use explaining that District Attorney Murray T. Hammer, stung by editorials which derided his inactivity in the Rocklin–Valencia matter, had blamed it on the incompetence of his special investigator, Sam Doney. And to prove he wanted action he had demanded that Doney be replaced by another detective. To Sam it meant a black mark on his record. Something, some time, had to be done about it. But not here. He said, "Breaks of the game."

Howard Vance asked, "So you're no longer interested in finding Ernie Rocklin?"

"More interested than ever," Sam said.

"Why?"

"Matter of pride, let's say."

Vance snapped, "Expect Mrs. Rocklin to be bothered by your pride?"

Sam glanced at the girl. She had gone to the window and was looking out into the rain, her fingers twisting the cord of the shade. She was preoccupied and uneasy, and he knew suddenly that he shouldn't have come tonight. Her mood was wrong. Moreover, Vance's presence made it worse. Sam felt like an intruder. Nevertheless, he sat down and asked some of the old questions over again, only to get the same old answers.

Elizabeth Rocklin was a fashion designer, a career she had followed even before her marriage to Ernie; and Sam knew where she worked. He'd get her to go to lunch with him some day, where he could talk to her without Vance. So he got up and started for the door.

"There's just nothing more I can tell you," Elizabeth said. "I don't know where my husband went."

Sam didn't press the point. He said good night and left. . . .

In his shirt sleeves, Friday evening, Sam sat at a bridge table in his apartment and tried to focus his mind on some of the gadgets he had brought home from the police laboratory. His chief had asked for an evaluation over the week end, and that meant a bit of homework. He was studying the insides of a souped-up hearing aid when he was interrupted by a telephone call from August Kaiser.

Kaiser had operated the bowling alleys on the floor below Rocklin's gambling rooms. And Kaiser sounded nervous. "Could—could I come up to see you, Mr. Doney?" he asked.

"What for?"

"Can't talk about it over the phone. I could be there in a few minutes."

"All right," Sam said without enthusiasm. "Come along."

Kaiser arrived within fifteen minutes. The short, fat man was tense. He held his hat in fidgeting hands, and his bald head gleamed under the ceiling light. As soon as Sam had shut the door he asked, "Is it true? About Valencia being back in town?"

Sam was jolted. "Where did you get that?"

"A bookie. Tony Reece. He picked it up."

Sam said, "I haven't heard."

Kaiser placed a stiff hand on his wrist. "You—you remember what you promised when I testified? You said I'd have protection!"

"Sure, Kaiser, sure. But—"

"Well, if Valencia's back I want it now! I need it."

Sam said, "Take it easy. Nothing you testified really hurt the man. Ten to one he's already forgotten—"

"I can't take chances! I—I got a wife and two kids, Mr. Doney. It's for them I want protection, not for me!"

It seemed to Sam that August Kaiser was exaggerating his danger. He had been a corroborating witness, nothing more. He had simply nodded to what the police had previously discovered: that Rocklin had operated gambling rooms and a wire setup on the floor above the bowling alleys; and that Valencia himself had occasionally visited the place. But it hadn't been enough to implicate Valencia as a part owner of the layout. And that was one of the things District Attorney Hammer had demanded of his staff: proof that Valencia was what the D. A. so firmly believed him to be—one of a group involved not only in gambling but in the sale of narcotics.

Sam ran a hand through his disheveled brown hair. "Look, Kaiser," he said. "No use talking to me about protection. Go see the D. A."

"You were my contact. It was you who promised—"

"I know. All right, I'll call the D. A. See what we can do." He opened the door.

He was relieved to see August Kaiser go. His own nerves were tight. He felt that the return of Valencia demanded action. And yet, what was there to do?

Sam paced the two-room apartment; a big, swift-moving man, his face lean and somewhat drawn. Officially, of course, he no longer had any obligation to do anything at all about William Valencia. In fact, whatever he did might now be construed as the meddling of an outsider. Still, if Valencia was in town he had to see the man. He had to make an effort for the sake of his pride, his self-respect.

He took up the telephone, dialed a number he had so often and so uselessly tried in the past four months. He knew the number of Valencia's apartment by heart now: Plaza 2—1121. He waited, heard the buzz repeated a dozen times.

Sam uttered a laugh. What kind of fool would build hopes on the fears of a man like Kaiser? It had been a scare rumor, that was all. Nevertheless, to be thorough, Sam dialed another number—Eve Cleery's.

The slim, redheaded former hat-check girl had been Valencia's heart interest before he vanished from New York. He had established her in an apartment directly across the street from his own bachelor quarters. Almost every evening, in those days, he had displayed her at dinner at one of the three or four good Italian restaurants he patronized.

Eve Cleery's number didn't answer, either. As he put down the telephone, Sam glanced at his wrist watch. It was five minutes past seven. There was just one other chance: Conceivably, if Valencia was back and resuming his old habits he was at this minute having dinner with Eve at one of those restaurants.

Sam put on his tweed topcoat, took his hat from the closet shelf, and started on a man hunt.

The first two restaurants yielded nothing. But when he walked into Zigetti's at seven-thirty he stopped just inside the door and caught his breath.

Kaiser had been right. William Valencia sat with redhaired Eve Cleery at one of the side tables.

Eve looked, Sam thought, as if she were trying to fight

back an explosion of fury. Valencia had turned toward her, so that his own expression wasn't visible from the door.

Sam walked into the dining room. He stopped at the small table and said, "Hello, Val."

The man glanced up. Whatever he had been saying to Eve Cleery died on his tongue. He began, "Why, Doney—" and slowly rose.

"Just heard you were back in town," Sam said.

"News gets around, doesn't it?" Valencia suddenly smiled, composed now. "You know Miss Cleery, of course."

CONSIDERING the fact that Sam had grilled her a dozen times in the past few months, the question was rhetorical. He nodded to the girl. She avoided his eyes, annoyed and embarrassed. He looked back at Valencia.

Slight, well tanned, dapper, the gambler had silvering temples and a carefully trimmed mustache. What exasperated District Attorney Hammer was the fact that Valencia's name popped up in investigation after investigation. He seemed to be known by everybody in the rackets. Yet there had been no way to pin him to any specific activity. Whenever his source of income was questioned, he attributed it to lucky bets on fights, races, games. Beyond that he told nothing.

Sam said, "Like to have a talk with you, Val."

"About what?" Valencia said. "I hear you're no longer with the D. A."

"Who told you?"

"Hammer himself. Saw him this afternoon."

That stung. It meant that without Rocklin in town to testify there wasn't enough evidence against Valencia even to hold him. "All the same," Sam said, "I want to discuss a few things. Let's say after dinner. I'll come up to your apartment."

The gambler shook his head. "Sorry, Doney. Tied up." He sat down again with an air of finality. The pretense of politeness was gone. He picked up a fork and busied himself with his spaghetti and chicken.

"Tied up how late?" Sam asked.

"What's the difference? We have no business together. Forget it, Doney. Good night."

Sam's left hand, deep in his coat pocket, curled into a fist. He would have liked to seize Valencia, drag him out from behind the table. You tried four long months to find a man, to question him. You failed, and your reputation collapsed with the failure. And then you saw a chance to retrieve something from the collapse. . . . But if Valencia flatly refused to speak to him, what was there to do? Sam had no subpoena powers, no powers at all. The only hope was to make this man *want* to talk.

SAM asked, "Hammer tell you the latest on Rocklin?"

Valencia raised his head too quickly. "What about Rocklin?"

Sam gave the man a speculative stare—and time to worry. Finally he said, "Well, if the D. A. didn't speak of it, let it go." He turned away.

"Look," Valencia said in irritation. "I'm busy tonight."

"That's okay," Sam said. "I don't go to bed very early. Phone any time you're free." He nodded to the girl. "'By,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER RICHARDS

Eve stared at the body of the man who had left her. "He didn't deserve that," she whispered

The Month's American Mystery Novel
begins on page 128

Eve." And he walked out of Zigetti's.

In the street his lips set in a tight line. He had nothing new to say about Ernie Rocklin; he had tossed out the words in a last-ditch effort to rouse Valencia's curiosity. But, recalling the glint in the man's eyes, Sam felt the bait had been seized. Sooner or later Valencia would want to question him. And that would give them a chance to talk.

He stopped for a quick dinner, and was back in his apartment by quarter past eight.

Sam had been home scarcely fifteen minutes when the doorbell rang. His nerves tightened. Could it be Valencia, already? He opened the door, to face the enormous, 260-pound bulk of Hippo Lax.

"Hi, Doney," Hippo said with his nasal twang. He walked into the living room with a bland expression, looked around for the biggest chair, and sank into it. The bridge table was beside him, too close for his bulging shoulders. He pushed it a few inches away. Then he crossed his ankles, clasped his hands in his lap, and fixed unblinking eyes on Sam.

"Shoot," he said. "The boss says you got something to tell us about Ernie."

"Not 'us,' Hippo. Just Val himself."

"Don't be like that. What's the difference?"

"The difference is you're not Val."

It was no secret that Hippo Lax worked for Valencia, though just what this former heavyweight wrestler did few people could explain. District Attorney Hammer called him a bodyguard for the gambler. Others had called him a hatchetman, a leg-man, a scout. Valencia himself had once cheerfully admitted that he never placed a bet on a fighter or a horse until Hippo had looked over the contestant.

Whatever the big man's position might be in the Valencia–Rocklin hierarchy, Sam had always felt it was of minor importance. A conversation now with Hippo would mean nothing at all. The big man had been in New York constantly during the past few months. He had been questioned scores of times. Always he had maintained that he had no idea where Valencia or Rocklin had gone; always he had insisted that he knew nothing whatever that might link Valencia with any traffic in narcotics. Sam had long ago concluded that if Hippo was a liar he was the world's best actor.

"Where's Val now?" Sam asked.

"Home."

"I'll go see him."

"Save yourself the trouble," Hippo said. "When Val says he won't talk, he won't talk. He says for me to come over and see what's on your mind. So here I am. Spill it."

Sam turned in exasperation to the mantel over the fireplace. He ripped open a fresh pack of cigarettes. A go-between was not what he'd bargained for. He frowned as he lit a cigarette. And Hippo waited patiently.

After a while the big man glanced at the bridge table beside him, picked up a couple of the detection gadgets. "What are these?" he asked. "Wiring the place for sound?"

In one hand he held the souped-up hearing aid, so sensitive that at a distance of ten feet it could pick up the whispers of a man shut into a telephone booth. In the other he had a lump of phosphorescent chalk the size of a golf ball. Hung by a cord to the rear axle of a car, it would leave a luminous tracery on a dark road. A detective in a trailing car could lag miles behind, his fog-lights easily picking up the glowing, telltale marks.

Sam said in a tired voice, "Put 'em down, Hippo. There's no point your sitting around. I've got to talk to Val himself."

The huge man shook his head as he tossed the gadgets aside. He saw the telephone, reached for it. "I'll tell him," he said. "But he won't like it."

He dialed, and in a moment Sam heard the sharp, answering voice in the receiver. Hippo said, "I'm over here at the dick's. He's stubborn. Says he'll only talk to you."

Sam caught the angry clatter of the other voice. After a moment Hippo sighed. "Hold it," he said. "Tell him yourself." He handed Sam the telephone in a resigned manner. "I told you he wouldn't like it."

Sam took the instrument. "Yes?"

He thought he heard the beginning of a reply, but he wasn't sure. What he did hear—sharply, unmistakably—was a crack. And then silence.

For a moment Sam was stunned. When the first shock passed he called, "*Val!*"

There was no response.

He looked at Hippo, his face tense. He said, "I heard a shot."

Hippo straightened. "*A what?*" He snatched the telephone out of Sam's hand. "Val!" he said. "*Val!*"

But the telephone was silent.

Sam's eyes were burning. "That does it," he said. "I'm going over."

This time Hippo didn't argue. He hoisted his 260 pounds out of the chair and followed in a hurry.

Down in the street, while they waved for a taxi, Sam asked, "Who was with him when you left?"

"Nobody!"

"What about Eve Cleery?"

"He said he ditched her after dinner."

They got into a cab, and as they sped toward Sutton Place, Sam saw that the big man beside him was fidgety.

He asked Hippo, "Was Val expecting anybody?"

"He didn't say."

"But if he left Eve so early—"

"That don't mean a thing. They split."

Sam's eyes widened. "When?"

"He gave her the ax tonight. You know Val. No dame ever lasted more than six months."

Recalling Eve Cleery's expression in the restaurant, Sam could readily believe there had been a clash. When they stepped out of the cab in front of Valencia's narrow apartment house, he sent a quick look up to the third-floor windows of Eve's flat across the street. They were lighted.

He went on into the house with Hippo, and they found the self-service elevator waiting. When they got out at the seventh floor the door of Valencia's apartment, 7B, was open several inches. Hippo shoved it in, started across the threshold. Then he halted. He muttered a startled oath.

Sam felt his own muscles contract.

Looking across a small foyer, he saw Valencia on the floor in a far corner of the living-room. He lay on his back between a desk and a marble-fronted fireplace. Even from here Sam could see the contortion of pain in the lean face. The arms were spread wide, like those of a man crucified, and the right hand still clutched the telephone on the floor. Its base, pulled off the desk, lay near his head on the hearthstone.

Sam Doney slowly released his breath, walked across the green carpet. He was aware of Hippo at his side, breathing like a hound. When he reached Valencia he saw the bullet hole. It pierced the jacket and the shirt directly over the heart. The cloth looked scorched, and there was a stain of red on the shirt. Even before Sam bent down and touched the gambler he recognized death.

He said in a low voice, "The police, Hippo. Call 'em."

The heavy man turned uncertain eyes to the telephone in Valencia's grasp.

"Not this one," Sam said. "Next door."

He wasn't trying to be officious. It was simply that he knew he could not go, himself. If Hippo Lax was aware of anything in this apartment that ought to disappear before the Homicide men arrived, he could not be left here alone.

"There—there's another phone in the bedroom," Hippo said. "Val had a private, unlisted number."

"No. Can't touch anything. Use a neighbor's."

Hippo did not argue the point. As he backed toward the foyer he kept harried eyes on the body. Becoming involved with the law must be the last thing the big man wanted.

When he was alone Sam looked around quickly, searching for the gun that had killed Valencia. It wasn't on the floor; it wasn't under the desk; it wasn't on any chair. He went to the bedroom door and glanced in; there was no sign of a gun. With no weapon, there could be no question of suicide.

He was about to step back when the ring of the private telephone at the bedside jarred the silence. In the hushed apartment it sounded as out of place as a shout in church. Sam hesitated while the ring came again. Then he took a handkerchief from his pocket, put it over the instrument, lifted it to his ear. He said, "Yes?"

"I have a person-to-person call," the operator said, "for Mr. William Valencia from Mr. Albert Somerville in Montreal."

Sam licked tight lips. The name Som-

erville meant nothing, but a call coming from outside the country could mean a great deal.

"Put him on," he said. He heard a click, an operator's sharp, "Empress Hotel!" and another click.

A moment later a raspy voice asked, "Val?"

Sam kept his own tones guarded. "Well?"

"What the devil's the matter down there? Where's my dough?"

Sam's grip tightened on the telephone.

"I need it!" the man said. "Who's holding out?"

Sam tried to keep his voice steady. "Louder," he said. "Can't hear."

"Quit stalling! I can't come for the money myself. But my wife can! And if you don't get it for her, so help me—"

SAM missed the rest because at that moment he saw something unbelievable. He was facing the bedroom mirror. It gave him a view of the living room behind him and a corner of the foyer. There was a clothes closet in the foyer. He saw its door open.

A girl stepped out of it, ran toward the apartment door.

Sam had only that brief glimpse of her back in the mirror. He had an impression of a gray cloth coat with a flaring skirt, the back of a blond head under a small hat.

He dropped the telephone and ran.

When he was halfway across the living room he heard the elevator door clang shut. He didn't stop. He raced the elevator down the seven flights of stairs at a pace that threatened his neck.

On the ground floor he saw that the elevator door was open, so he lunged on to the street. There was no sign of the girl. He ran to one corner, then to the other; that was useless, too.

Sam Doney was breathless and a trifle dazed when he returned to the elevator. He also felt a little sick, because his momentary glimpse of the girl's back, her blond hair, had made him think of Elizabeth Rocklin.

He walked into the apartment, to find Hippo Lax there with a white-haired man from next door. Valencia's neighbor stared at the body in horror.

"Where *you* been?" Hippo cried.

Sam didn't stop to explain. He went into the bedroom, picked up the telephone. He said, "Hello? Hello!" But the wire was dead. Sam flashed the operator. "I had a long-distance call on here," he said. "I've been cut off!"

"Sorry, sir. The party disconnected."

"Can you get them back? It was from Montreal."

"If you'll hang up, sir, I'll ring you again."

Sam put the telephone aside. He used the handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from his face, and found Hippo's eyes watching him from the door, small, searching, uneasy.

"What's all this?" Hippo whispered.

Sam told him, and the big man looked stunned. They went together to the foyer closet. Three of Valencia's coats hung there. All the girl had left behind was a faint scent of jasmine perfume.

"A—a blonde?" Hippo repeated.

"Any ideas?"

"No!" Abruptly the heavy man swung suspicious eyes to Sam. It wasn't only the girl that worried him. "What about that phone call?"

"You know anybody in Montreal?"

"No."

"This is a dangerous time to keep things back, Hippo. Who's Albert Somerville?"

"I don't know, I tell you! Never heard of the guy!"

The private telephone rang again. When Sam went back to it Hippo was beside him. The man bent his head close to Sam's.

"On the call from Montreal," the operator said. "I'm sorry we can't get the party back, sir."

"Thanks," Sam said. His eyes met Hippo's. "You know something? I've got a hunch you know who made that call."

"Sure. I know everything." The twangy voice became bitterly sarcastic. "Quit being such a jerk! All *I* know is Val was killed with his own gun."

"How do you know that?"

"He kept a .22 in that desk drawer. It's gone. I looked while you were out." . . .

The Headquarters men arrived in a swarm. Gray-haired, craggy Deputy Chief Inspector Michael Hogarty of Homicide hadn't entrusted this one to anybody else. He came himself, leading a noisy retinue of technicians, including photographers and fingerprint men. The medical examiner pushed his way in, five minutes later, and then District Attorney Murray T. Hammer came, stocky, excited, his heavy black brows seeming somehow artificial over the pale gray eyes.

The D. A. was in time to hear Sam and Hippo tell what they knew. Sam's presence seemed to outrage the D. A. What he heard clarified nothing about Valencia's death except that he had probably been shot by a woman in a gray coat who, for some inscrutable reason, had chosen to conceal herself in the foyer closet.

Hogarty asked Sam, "Didn't you see her face?"

"No."

"Didn't recognize her from the back?"

"No-o."

"What time would you say you heard the shot on the phone?"

"About twenty of nine."

"It took you at least ten minutes to get here from your place—right?"

"About that."

HOGARTY turned to District Attorney Hammer: "Make sense to you, Murray? That the woman should stay here ten whole minutes after the shooting? Instead of getting out as fast as she could?"

"Unless she was looking for something," Hammer said.

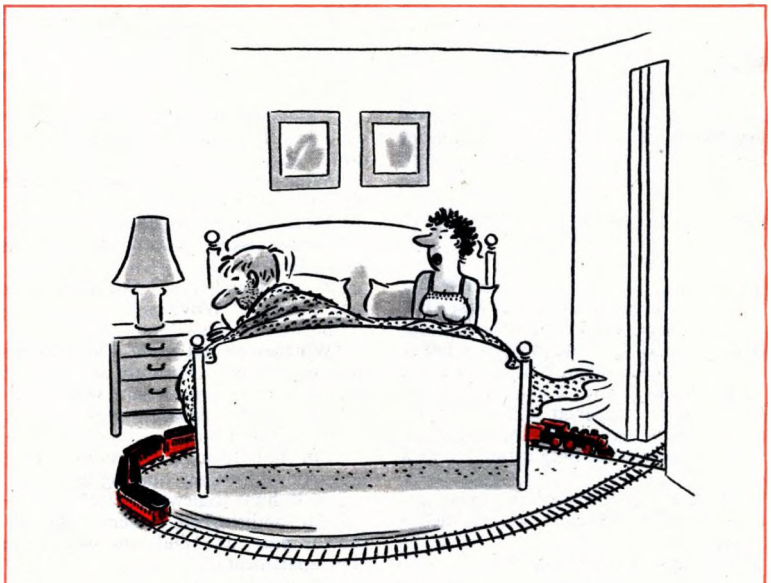
"The place doesn't look like it's been searched. Everything neat, in order. Doesn't seem touched."

He looked back at the body near the fireplace, as if hoping it would tell him things. Photographers were taking pictures, their flashbulbs popping. A few minutes ago the medical examiner had reported what had already been obvious. Valencia had been killed instantly by a shot fired within inches of his heart.

Hogarty shook his head and raised thoughtful eyes to the towering Hippo Lax. "When you phoned him," he asked, "did he sound nervous? Jittery? Anything like that?"

"Not so I could notice." Hippo's voice shook. His massive face was still moist, and he fidgeted from foot to foot. "He—he just sounded crabby. But that wasn't anything unusual."

"Not as if he was afraid?"



"Ten feet of track would have been plenty"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY WALT WETTERBERG

"No!"

Hogarty glanced at the District Attorney. "Valencia apparently had no reason to be afraid of whoever was with him. If he'd even suspected he was going to be shot, he'd have yelled. He'd have done *something*."

Hippo confirmed that: "One second he was talking to us, and the next—bang!"

"About this woman in the closet—" Hogarty again addressed Sam. "Didn't you get even a glimpse of her face?"

"Only the back of her head."

"Sure she was blond? Couldn't have been a redhead?"

Sam hesitated. How positive could you be of a fleeting look through a mirror? If he had been certain about anything, he should have mentioned Elizabeth Rocklin. But he wasn't sure; he told himself that again and again. *He wasn't sure.*

"I wouldn't swear to the color, no," he said. "*Might* have been red, I suppose."

Hogarty nodded, but with no great satisfaction. He had already sent two men to bring redheaded Eve Cleery from across the street.

Meanwhile, Sam had the uncomfortable feeling that the District Attorney had been studying him sharply during the past few minutes.

"I don't get it," Hammer said suddenly. "Why should you and Hippo have been together tonight? And here? What's cooking between you two?"

"I wanted to talk to Val," Sam told him. "Val sent Hippo around to find out why."

"I'd like to know why myself!"

"Because I don't like to be listed as a flop. Not in your book or my own. I don't like to give up trying."

Hammer said, "I spoke to Valencia myself today! Nothing to pin on him without Rocklin's testimony, and it wasn't your job any more."

"Call it extracurricular. I couldn't have slept tonight if I hadn't taken a crack at it. Matter of conscience."

"That was foolish," Hammer said. "Suppose Hippo hadn't come to you. Suppose you'd walked over here yourself and found the body. You have no legal business here. You'd have been in a jam, as primary a suspect as that girl in the closet."

"So I'm lucky," Sam said dryly. "I've got Hippo to alibi for me."

It occurred to him as he spoke that Hippo was lucky in the same sense. The thought must have struck Hogarty, too, because he said, "You two guys better hang on to each other. Nobody else can swear you were both a mile away when the shooting happened." And then he asked Hippo, "About that blonde in the closet. Val been running around with a blonde?"

The big man frowned in concentration. "Can't say. He's only been back a couple days."

"Where was Val before that?"

"Well—"

"Come across, Hippo. We'll find out anyhow."

Hippo Lax looked uncomfortable. "Well, according to what he told me yesterday, he's been in spots like Havana, Mexico City, San Juan. The gambling joints."

"How about Montreal?"

"Didn't say a word about it."

"Too bad we didn't keep the tap on this wire after Valencia disappeared. . . . This Albert Somerville said his wife might come here for money—right, Doney?"

Sam nodded.

The Inspector assumed an almost paternal manner: "Hippo, think. Put that brain in gear. Who might have money coming from Valencia?"

"He never told me."

"There must be things you know without his telling you. Things you picked up yourself. You got eyes, ears."

"That don't happen to be one of them," Hippo answered. "I'm no—"

He checked himself because two detectives brought Eve Cleery into the apartment.

The red-haired girl came in hatless, with a camel's-hair coat slung around her shoulders. Her face was white, her eyes stunned. Nobody uttered a sound while she stared at Valencia's body. Her gaze remained on the body in a kind of stupor.

His voice gentle now, Hogarty had to speak several times before Eve Cleery heard him.

"He didn't deserve that," she whispered. "He—didn't deserve it."

"I'm sorry," Hogarty said. "I know how you and Val were."

"No," she said in a strained voice. "We were nothing. Nothing at all. Washed up."

When Hogarty drew her away she stumbled and sank to the couch. For the first time Sam Doney felt a twinge of pity for the girl.

"I was—nuts about the guy," she whispered, and suddenly her eyes filled with tears. "I'm not denying it. But there was nothing left in Val for me."

"Is that what he told you tonight?"

"Yes."

"When did you know he was back in town?"

"Yesterday. I saw the lights here in his windows. I—always watched the windows."

"What about tonight? Did you leave him right after dinner?"

"He left me. At my door."

Hogarty asked, "Got a doorman at your place?"

"A doorman? Yes." She raised her face, puzzled. "Why?"

"So we can check."

"Whether he left me?" Eve Cleery's manner changed. Abruptly she became the woman to whom Sam was accustomed: harsh, defiant, eyes glaring. "Think *I* killed him?"

"I'm not forming opinions now," Hogarty said. "Only hunting facts."

"Well, hunt somewhere else!"

With undisturbed patience the Inspector pressed: "Did you stay up in your apartment?"

"Of course!"

"Have any company, phone calls—anything like that?"

"Listen; I was alone and nobody bothered me till your two men came over! Lay off, will you? I didn't have anything against Val! Sometimes I lost my temper and called him this and that—sure. But when things were good between us he was a swell guy."

Hogarty tried a different approach: "Val left you quite early?"

"A little after eight."

"Why so early?"

"He said he had to get home. Expecting somebody."

"Who?"

"I don't know. Some cop."

"*A cop?*"

"He mentioned something about a cop at dinner, yes."

Hogarty's sharp eyes went to Sam. "Could he have meant you, Doney?"

"No." Sam was emphatic about this. "He told me to stay away."

The Inspector turned to Hippo: "What cop?" When the huge man shrugged, Hogarty became irascible: "For a guy who was close to Valencia, you certainly don't know much! You realize you're all wrapped up in a murder? You're not working for Val any more! Speak up!"

Hippo's big, sagging face became sullen. "I tell you I don't know."

District Attorney Hammer snapped his fingers. "Wait! Maybe this is a long shot, but Lieutenant McGarr's been swearing for months he'd make Valencia or Rocklin clean up a mess of rumors against him the minute one of 'em came back."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Nobody liked to see suspicion directed at a policeman, even a retired policeman. Yet there it was; former Lieutenant McGarr could not be ignored.

Presently Hogarty went to the private telephone in the bedroom, and Sam speculated on McGarr.

Suppose the Lieutenant *had* accepted bribes to let Rocklin's gambling rooms operate. Suppose he had been afraid of what Valencia might reveal. Could such fear have impelled him to silence Valencia with a shot?

Hogarty came back, his eyes forbidding. "McGarr isn't home," he said. "Hasn't been home since this afternoon." He said to Eve in a harsher tone, "You know, there was a woman here, too!"

Eve's face became whiter than ever. "How—how do you know that?"

"Doney saw her. A tall woman—say about your size—in a gray cloth coat. Got any idea who she might be?"

"No!" Eve whispered. "Val didn't talk about any—other woman."

It was quarter of ten when they let Sam Doney leave. Hogarty and the District Attorney remained in the apartment, to continue questioning Hippo on Valencia's activities during the past few months. There was nothing more they could get from Sam, however; and since he had no official status among them tonight, Hogarty dismissed him with a simple "That's all for now."

Sam left Sutton Place and walked slowly along First Avenue. Three things kept pounding at his mind: the girl in the closet, the long-distance call from Mont-

real, and the cop Valencia had expected.

He entered a bar and grill and went to the telephone booth in the rear. When he dialed Elizabeth Rocklin he waited a full minute. She didn't answer.

So what? Sam thought. The fact that she wasn't home now didn't prove she had been in Valencia's apartment tonight. But he stood in the booth, frowning.

Ever since he had answered the long-distance call he had been wondering, far back in his mind, if "Albert Somerville" could by any wild chance have been Ernie Rocklin. Why not? In demanding money from Valencia, the man had talked as if he'd had a right to make such demands. Like a partner. More than that, he had mentioned his wife. No reason Rocklin shouldn't be in Montreal, at the Empress Hotel, as logically as anywhere else. Canada was foreign territory. It made him comparatively safe.

Sam's fingers pattered nervously on the shelf under the telephone. He had a harebrained impulse. The idea might very well bring roars of anger from both Hogarty and District Attorney Hammer. Still . . .

Suppose it *had* been Rocklin. If Rocklin followed the New York newspapers, which was very likely, he'd learn by tomorrow that Valencia was dead. Depending on how much Hammer and Hogarty told reporters, he might even learn what they knew about a telephone call from Montreal. What, then, would Ernie Rocklin normally do? Wait to be found there? No. By noon tomorrow he would be on his way out of Montreal, bound for a new hiding place under a new name. And whatever value the long-distance call might have now would be dissipated.

Sam's eyes held a determined glint as he called the airline: "How soon can I get a plane for Montreal?"

"Tonight, sir? Just a second." He was kept waiting, and then the voice reported: "10:40, sir. From La Guardia. Last flight out."

Sam looked at his wrist watch. It was exactly 9:55. Allowing a half-hour to reach La Guardia airport, he had only a few minutes to rush home and pack a grip. Fortunately, he'd cashed a check today. "All right, I'll take it! Hold me a seat."

WHEN Sam reached home the telephone was ringing. He picked it up and said, "Yes?"

"Mr. Doney?" The man's voice was agitated. "This is Kaiser—August Kaiser!"

"Yes, Kaiser? What now?"

"I want to know if it's true! My wife just phoned me at my alleys. Said she heard on the radio that Valencia's dead!"

"It's true."

"Who did it?"

"I don't know. Watch the papers. . . . Anything else, Kaiser?"

"No-o. Except I, well, I won't need that protection now."

Sam hung up in annoyance. No matter what happened, everybody translated it into terms relating to himself. He threw some clothes into a grip and was out of the apartment in five minutes.

Sitting back in the cab that took him to La Guardia, Sam Doney did some serious thinking. A wild-goose chase? Maybe. Yet he knew, in his heart, that he had to do this.

For Sam there was a great deal involved in this matter of finding Rocklin and Valencia. Pride, yes; but, in a sense, his career, too. If there was even one chance in a thousand to vindicate himself, he couldn't afford to miss the chance. Moreover, he'd have bet ten years of his life that the solution of the Valencia murder was somehow bound up with the disappearance of Ernie Rocklin.

He knew he ought to telephone his plans to Hammer or Hogarty. But what if they told him he couldn't leave the city? What if they insisted he remain here as a material witness? Far wiser, Sam decided, to defer telephoning until they could no longer interfere with this trip.

At 10:40 he sat in a giant plane, bound for Canada.

AS SOON as they were air-borne the stewardess came along the aisle, offering the inevitable box of chewing gum. In one of the front seats he saw a girl rise to toss her hat onto the overhead rack; a tall girl, and blond. She wore a dark-blue dress. And as she sat down again Sam had a glimpse of her profile.

He almost jumped out of his seat. It was Elizabeth Rocklin.

When Sam had steadied himself he got up. He walked casually along the aisle as if to get a magazine from one of the front racks. And if, for all his excitement, he felt a little sick with the shock, it was because in the many times he had questioned her he had come to feel that Elizabeth Rocklin had been touched only by the fringe of the Rocklin–Valencia mess. He wondered now if he had been a fool, letting himself fall for a pair of wide, frank eyes in a good-looking young face. She had always told him she had no idea of where her husband had gone, that she hadn't had a single letter from him. And yet here she was, bound, obviously, for Montreal.

Worse than that, now that he saw again the way the blond hair curled up from the back of her head, he was positive Elizabeth Rocklin had been the woman in Valencia's foyer closet.

Just behind her seat he stopped. Her head was tilted back, the eyes closed, a sharp cleft between them. She didn't look as if she was trying to sleep. Her body seemed too tense for that. It was Sam's impression that she was trying to catch her breath, to steady her nerves.

His glance went back to her face, to the short, straight nose, the firm lips, the cheeks that were too pale. Sometimes she seemed so disconcertingly young. It was hard to realize she was a fugitive, sought as the primary suspect in a murder case.

The seat beside Elizabeth Rocklin was empty. When Sam sat down in it she must have thought it was the stewardess, because she looked up without fear. Then her stare widened in horror. She sat up with a start.

"Steady," Sam said.

He looked around. The couple in the seats immediately behind were trying to

Sam saw the gun rise, as he started toward them, saw Elizabeth grab for it . . .

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sleep, their overhead lights extinguished. The seats directly in front of them were empty.

"What—what are you doing here?" she whispered. "How did you know—?"

"I didn't know. Take it easy. No point making a scene."

"I thought you—you were no longer on this case!"

"A cop is never off a murder case. Let's clear up a few things quick—such as what you were doing at Valencia's apartment tonight."

He knew such bluntness was cruel. On the other hand, where would evasions get them? The direct way was best. Let it sting. The sooner they got to the truth, the better.

To ELIZABETH this encounter must have seemed as shattering as arrest for murder. The terror of it lay in her wide gray eyes. Sam wondered if she was going to blurt denials about having been at Valencia's. To forestall them he said, "I was answering the phone in Val's bedroom when I saw you dash out of the closet. Do we have to argue about it?"

"Oh—" Her voice caught. And then, in a rush, "Are the police looking for me?"

"For an unidentified blonde in a gray coat."

At that her amazement almost overwhelmed the fear. "Didn't you *tell* them?"

"No."

Her fingers clamped onto his arm. He could feel their trembling.

"Wasn't sure about you," Sam said. "Didn't want to drag you into such a spot unless I *was* sure. Now I am."

She drew her hand away, stared out of the window.

He went on, "Now, look. I'm trying to get things straight. That call came from Ernie in Montreal. And now, right after Valencia's death, I find you rushing to Ernie."

He watched her closely. What impressed him was that she didn't deny Ernie was in Montreal. When she did speak, it wasn't about Ernie at all:

"I didn't kill Valencia!"

"Hiding in a closet—running away like a—"

"I couldn't help it! He—he was dead when I got there! The door was open and I walked in, and there he was—on the floor."

He watched a trembling hand leap to her throat.

"I—I was in the room only a minute," she said. "Then I heard the elevator stop outside. I've never been so scared in my life. I had the crazy idea it could be the murderer—coming back."

"So?"

"There was a gun on the floor. I picked it up, turned to the door. But I was afraid to face him. Then I saw the closet. . . . Maybe you don't know what panic does to you. You just can't think straight. It wasn't till I was inside the closet that I realized how it would look if I was found. I couldn't just step out and surrender myself, with the gun. Can't you see how it was?"

Sam's expression revealed nothing of how he felt. He continued to watch her, not speaking.

She said, "I heard you send the other man out to telephone the police. When you went into the bedroom to answer that call, I knew that had to be my chance! So I ran."

"Mighty fast," Sam said. "You were gone by the time I reached the street."

"I had a cab waiting."

"What did you do with the gun?"

She bit her lip. "It—it was in my pocket. I didn't know what to do with it. I threw it away. In a sewer."

The plane's motors droned, and Sam peered past the girl's blond head into darkness. Her story was full of gaps, and she had left unsaid more than she had told. Yet in the desperate urgency of her words there had been a quality of conviction. Up to a point.

"Let's have the rest of it," he said. "That's all that happened!"

"Why did you go to Val's? And why are you here? You've told me again and again you didn't know where Ernie is."

Elizabeth looked down, brows drawn. He suspected she was trying to decide how much to tell. When at last her eyes rose there was determination in them.

"I *didn't* know where Ernie was. That's the truth—you've got to believe it!"

"Didn't know till when?"

"This morning. When he telephoned, from Montreal."

"First time in four months?"

"Yes! He called because he needed money. He said he had a lot of it in New York—money Valencia owed him."

"Meaning they were partners?"

"I don't know. All I can tell you is what Ernie said."

"Go on."

"He said he couldn't come to New York. He told me to get the money from Val and bring it to Montreal. So I called Valencia. He asked me to be at his apartment at 8:30 tonight. He—he'd have Ernie's money ready."

"How much?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars."

Sam started. His eyes narrowed again. "Where is it now?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't you look for it?"

"How could I? There wasn't time. I've told you what happened."

"But if you didn't get it, why this trip?"

She said tightly, "I want to see Ernie."

In a way it was a jolt, a reminder that the girl's loyalty lay with her husband, and nowhere else. And because such devotion kept Sam outside a family fence, it hurt.

The motors droned in his ears. Life would be a lot easier, he told himself, if he learned to regard Elizabeth impersonally, with the eyes of a cop; if he focused on the fact that he had found, not a girl who stirred him, but the principal suspect in the murder of William Valencia.

His mind went back to Valencia's apartment, crowded with police. Nobody had seen $15,000. It hadn't been in Valencia's pockets or anywhere else. If he'd actually had the cash, who had taken it? Where was it now? Surely Hogarty and District Attorney Hammer had to be informed about this. The presence of that much money in the apartment could provide a wholly new motive for the shooting.

Sam asked, with a touch of grimness, "Who else knew about that fifteen thousand?"

"I can't say."

"Did you tell anybody?"

She avoided his eyes. "Only Howard Vance."

At that Sam's voice became sharper: "Why Vance?"

"He's my lawyer. I wanted him to know."

"I can't see why it required legal advice."

She said, with more spirit, "After the way you police have been searching for Valencia? *Any* contact with him called for legal advice. . . . Howard said it was all right to go. He even made our plane reservations."

"Our? You mean Vance, too, was supposed to be on this plane?"

She nodded. "He said he'd meet me at the airport."

"What's become of him?"

"I haven't any idea. Maybe I'll hear from him in Montreal."

This bothered Sam. "Why should you need a lawyer to see your husband?" he asked. "I don't understand."

"To—arrange for a divorce."

It CAUGHT him unprepared. Suddenly his heart hammered again. Not that he blamed her for wanting a divorce. She had been abandoned by a man who in four months hadn't even troubled to communicate with her.

"Well!" he said in a quick, low voice. "And when did you decide on a divorce?"

"Months ago."

"You never mentioned—"

"Why should I? It had nothing to do with—what you wanted to know." Her voice threatened to break. "Do we have to go into that? It's a completely—private matter. I don't want to talk about it. Please!"

He thought about it through a brief silence. Then he said, "You once told me you'd known Ernie only five weeks when you married him. Now that you want a divorce, I'm wondering how you came to marry him at all."

"Ernie has—charm," she said.

"A lot of guys have charm. *That* kind of charm."

"He was different. To me, anyway."

"Uh-huh. He's different, all right. . . . As I remember it, you met him at some restaurant."

"Yes. I—I went to dinner with one of the teachers at the school of design, just before I finished the course. The teacher knew Ernie, who was at the next table, and he introduced us. . . . Ernie called me at the school the next day."

Sam had heard the rest of the story before: How Ernie rushed her during the next five weeks. He must have been a gay and generous companion. Theaters.

Concerts. Crazy, midnight trips on ferryboats to Staten Island and back, just to gaze at the skyline of New York against the stars. No doubt Ernie Rocklin could be fascinating when he chose to be. He was good-looking and, in the case of Elizabeth, he had managed to make himself irresistible; that much was clear. A kid like her, still new to New York, being overwhelmed by a man who cared as little about time and money as most gamblers did. Yes, Sam could see how it might have happened.

He brought his mind back to the present. "Where does Ernie live in Montreal?"

"I don't know."

"Now, wait a minute. If he asked you to bring him money—"

"He told me to go to the Empress Hotel in Montreal and wait. He's to contact me there. That's all I know."

IT STRUCK Sam that Elizabeth Rocklin was strained to the breaking point. The abnormal pallor, the occasional wild flashes in her eyes, the stiff, unnatural gestures of her hands—all these told him she was close to hysteria.

She needed time to adjust herself to many new dangers, including his presence on the plane. For that matter, he, himself, needed time to work out the perplexities in his mind.

Just what was he going to do about Elizabeth Rocklin? Show his badge to the first Montreal policeman he saw at the airport? Ask that she be held?

He felt the girl's shoulder brush against his own. He glanced at the tense profile, the smooth blond hair. And he knew he wasn't going to do that to her. He could not regard her as his prisoner. Somehow, she seemed more a personal responsibility. Besides, if she was telling the truth, the best way to find Ernie Rocklin now was to allow Elizabeth to go to the Empress Hotel, then seize Ernie when he came to see her.

Not that locating Rocklin was as important as finding the murderer of William Valencia. And if he believed for an instant that this girl *had* shot Valencia . . .

But he didn't. He couldn't. Maybe it was stupid and blind and stubborn on his part, but he simply couldn't imagine her standing beside Valencia, firing a bullet into his heart at close range. That required a cold ruthlessness which he could not see in Elizabeth.

Of course, sooner or later he'd have to notify Hogarty that he'd found her. That was inescapable. And maybe Hogarty would telephone the Montreal police, sending them to the Empress Hotel. That was something Sam couldn't control.

Hogarty's first interest, he realized, must be the arrest of Valencia's killer. There was no question at all about Elizabeth's being the most likely suspect in the Inspector's mind, unless the matter of the $15,000 changed the trend of his thinking.

Sam reflected that with $15,000 to be considered, a new light was cast on several people.

Eve Cleery, for instance. Until now she had been simply a woman Valencia had thrown over, the victim of wounded pride, resentment, perhaps jealousy. Now there was a new element. Valencia had saddled her with a $250-a-month apartment on Sutton Place and a standard of luxury she would never be able to maintain on the earnings of a hat-check girl. Would she have been willing to give up all that if she suddenly discovered she could, with a single swift act, assuage her pride and pick up $15,000?

Another angle occurred to him: Sam had no logical reason to consider the lawyer, Howard Vance, capable of murder. He didn't particularly like the man, but vague dislike had no significance. True, it now appeared that Vance had known there would be $15,000 in Valencia's apartment at 8:30. But that in itself was hardly enough to direct serious doubts toward him. . . . The truth was, Sam realized, he was making desperate efforts to substitute someone else, anybody, for Elizabeth as the ranking suspect. And he was finding it very hard.

He even wondered once more about Paul McGarr. Could the former police lieutenant have gone to Valencia's apartment tonight? Had the two men got into a quarrel which Hippo Lax's telephone call had interrupted?

Elizabeth broke into his speculations. "Please don't think I'm not grateful for your—not telling about me," she whispered. "What do we do now?"

"We go to the Empress Hotel." . . .

It was twenty minutes of one when they landed at Montreal's airport. They got into a taxi and drove in silence to the hotel. Sam saw that Elizabeth was still wearing the gray tweed coat, belted, with a flaring skirt. When he looked forward his lean face was taut. Would Ernie be waiting for her at the hotel? Bring his long search to a climax?

When they followed a bellhop into the Empress, Sam lagged behind to send a swift glance around the lobby. Though it was late, quite a number of people were there. He studied the men. None of them was Ernie Rocklin.

At the desk he asked the clerk, "Is Mr. Ernest Rocklin registered? Or Mr. Albert Somerville?"

The man glanced over the roster of guests and shook his head. "No, sir. Neither one."

Sam had a let-down feeling. Ever since he'd caught the words, "Empress Hotel," during the long-distance call, he had allowed himself to hope Rocklin would be here. He had, of course, conceded that a man could telephone from a hotel without being a registered guest, but now that he faced the fact, he couldn't shake off disappointment.

He heard Elizabeth say they'd need two single rooms. As the clerk thrust the registry toward her, Sam's mind leaped to another question.

He asked, "Wasn't a reservation made for Mrs. Rocklin?"

"No, sir."

"Can you check?"

WHILE the clerk went to consult his records Sam glanced at Elizabeth with a sharp twinge of doubt. Had he been accepting on faith too much of what she had told him?

She said, "As long as they've got the accommodations, why worry about a reservation?"

"You said Ernie told you to wait here for him. Strange he'd do that without making certain you'd have a room where you could be reached."

There was suddenly something harried in her eyes. "I can't help what Ernie did or didn't do."

The clerk came back. "Sorry, sir. No reservation. But it's all right. If you'll be good enough to register—"

Sam got the room next to Elizabeth's. He was about to step away from the desk when he said to her, "How about that message from Howard Vance?"

"Oh!" Her face flushed. "Yes, of course." She asked the clerk about it. There was no telegram from her lawyer.

In the elevator, as they went to the

'Do you heal quickly?"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY JOSEPH TRECENO

fifth floor with a bellhop, Sam's uneasiness increased. They walked along a corridor to a bend, followed the bellhop to the right. The boy opened Elizabeth's door first.

She said abruptly, "I'm worried about Howard. I'm going to phone."

Sam nodded. "I would if I were you."

The bellhop took his grip into the adjoining room, but he waited while Elizabeth made the long-distance call. She must have got her lawyer out of sleep. At any rate, Sam heard her explain in hurried tones that she was at the Empress, that she'd met Sam Doney on the plane, that she was concerned about Vance's failure to meet her at La Guardia.

Then she listened, eyes intent. After a moment she lowered the telephone. "Some accident on the Queensboro Bridge," she said to Sam. "His cab got tied up. He missed the plane by ten minutes. It was the last flight to Montreal for the night."

"Didn't think it worth wiring you, huh?"

She had no reply to that. She said good-by to Vance and hung up, then turned away from the phone. She drew off her hat, tossed it to the bed. It was a gesture of utter weariness. Sam realized that after a night like this she must be spent, not only physically but emotionally.

"Good night," he said. "And one last thing: though I haven't called New York I'm still a cop. You're my responsibility. If I were to let you get out of my hands—"

"Don't worry," she answered. "You'll find me here in the morning."

When he went to his room Sam didn't even bother to throw off his hat and coat. He paced the floor a few times, thinking. Then he went downstairs to the desk.

"Got a house detective?" he asked the clerk.

"Why, yes, sir. What—?"

"Like to see him."

Presently he was talking to a heavy-set man with a fringe of graying hair around a bald spot. His name was Augery. Sam explained that the New York police were searching for one Ernie Rocklin, now probably using the alias, "Albert Somerville." There was a chance, he said, that Rocklin would telephone or visit Mrs. Elizabeth Rocklin in Room 523.

"Can the hotel operator watch for the call?" he asked. "Let me know when it comes?" He took out his badge, showed it to the house detective.

Augrey nodded. "We'll watch for him," he said. "Rocklin or Somerville."

Sam started toward the elevators, but paused, stung by a sense of omission. He ought to let Hogarty and Hammer know where he was and what was happening. As a material witness in the Valencia case, he couldn't let it appear as if he'd run out of New York. But if he telephoned, the chances were Hogarty would call the Montreal police immediately and have Elizabeth seized. That would end any hope of her leading Sam to a meeting with Ernie. . . . There was another way to ease his conscience and at the same time guarantee that no arrest would be made before mid-morning.

He went back to the desk and wrote out a telegram to Inspector Hogarty. He sent it as a night letter. That meant it wouldn't be delivered in New York before 8 A.M. . . .

With that off his mind, Sam rode up to the fifth floor. He walked quickly along the carpeted corridor as far as the bend. And there he stopped as if somebody had jammed a gun into him. He held his breath.

Elizabeth, in hat and coat, had stepped out of her door. She was shutting it softly, her eyes on Sam's door.

He drew back, heart pounding. She hadn't seen him. He looked around a little wildly, saw the stairs. He could think of only one place she'd be going. Ernie's. No doubt she would wait for the elevator. So he ran down the five flights, and went out into the street.

Four taxicabs were parked in front of the Empress. Sam ran past the first of them and went to the second. He jumped into it, slumped deep down in the seat, out of sight. When the surprised driver stared at him, he flashed his badge.

"Talk to the driver of the car ahead," he urged in a low, quick voice. "A woman in gray will be out in a second. She'll probably get into that first cab. Find out what address she gives. We're going to follow."

He had hardly finished when Elizabeth came out of the hotel. Watching her, he felt sick. She had lied to him. She knew where to find Ernie Rocklin. Where else would she be going? He saw her glance uneasily up and down the street. Then she hurried into the front cab. By this time the two drivers were in conversation.

When the leading taxi drove off, Sam's chauffeur came back, with an address on North Palmerton.

"Good! Let 'em get a few blocks' start."

They waited three or four minutes before they drove away. Then Sam took off his hat and pushed stiff fingers through his hair. His disappointment in the girl was like a pain. She had led him to the Empress Hotel simply to take him into a blind alley, keep him away from Ernie. He saw that now. And how completely he'd been willing to believe in her! Now, how could he believe anything at all? Even in her innocence in the matter of Valencia's murder?

The cab sped on through streets that were no darker or emptier than Sam's spirits.

At the corner of the 1200 block on North Palmerton Street, the taxi stopped. Sam got out and said, "Wait."

The driver nodded, switched off his motor and his lights.

North Palmerton was a street of private homes set behind squares of lawn. The address proved to be a white clapboard house with a wide front porch. At this hour of night the lights in its lower windows were the only lights on in the entire block.

Sam stopped in the shadow of a tree.

This wasn't New York. He couldn't walk into the house as a detective backed by the law. Despite his badge, here in Montreal he had no official status. He ran an uncertain hand over his mouth.

And suddenly the lights in the windows went out.

After a pause he decided to go up on the porch, try to look inside. But as he took a step the door opened. The only light came from a street lamp, but it was enough to reveal not only Elizabeth but a well-built man who must be Ernie Rocklin.

They shut the door, came down the steps, the girl protesting in desperate whispers.

Rocklin interrupted: "Tell me the rest on the way."

"But, Ernie—"

"Got to get started." He sounded savage. "Doney can have the cops on me by morning."

"He doesn't know where you are! Ernie, you've got to *listen!*"

"While we drive. I'll drop you near the hotel." They were walking around the house toward the garage.

"Ernie, you promised—"

"Promised! What d'you expect me to do—shove my head in a noose? Admit bigamy?"

The word hit Sam like a blow. Even though he didn't understand its full implication, it was ugly and staggering. As they disappeared around the house he knew he couldn't hesitate any longer. In a moment they'd be in Rocklin's car. He started toward them, running.

Hearing him, they whirled around. Elizabeth gasped something. Rocklin's hand plunged into his pocket. When it came out, holding a gun that glinted, Sam was still twenty feet away.

He saw the gun rise. He was too far off to do anything about it. But Elizabeth's hand whipped out, as if by instinct, to slap the weapon down. She clung to it. Rocklin blurted, "Let go, you fool!" But she wouldn't let go. He tried to wrench it away from her.

By that time Sam had reached him. Rocklin released the gun to fling a fist at Sam's head. It was a jarring blow to the temple. And Sam struck back with all the strength he could throw into a punch. His fist smashed deep into Rocklin's stomach. The man gasped, bent over, and for a moment his face was an open target. Sam lashed out at the jaw, three quick, hard blows. At the third Rocklin sagged to his knees, then toppled over and lay still.

Breathing heavily, rubbing knuckles that hurt, Sam looked at the girl. She still held the gun by the barrel. She stared at her husband as if in a spell. Sam took the weapon from her hand, and she seemed not even to notice it.

He watched her kneel beside Rocklin. And then the sound of running steps made Sam turn. It was the taxi driver. He stopped abruptly, gaped at the man on the ground, at the woman beside him.

Sam said, "Find a policeman, will you?"

The driver ran back to his cab. Sam saw that Elizabeth was looking up at him

now, scared, uncertain, her face white. He drew a steadying breath. In a crisis, he realized, when she'd had to act quickly, she had been on *his* side. He would never forget the way she'd seized the gun. He said, "If it hadn't been for you—"

"I couldn't let him do it to you!" she whispered. "He lost his head—" And then she asked, "What—what are you going to do with him?"

"The police will hold him while I phone New York." He rubbed his knuckles again. "What was that bigamy crack?"

She didn't reply, because Ernie Rocklin opened his eyes. They were glazed, heavy-lidded. He sat up, dazedly rubbing a hand on his jaw. When he saw Elizabeth, and then Sam, his vision cleared. He got to his feet, swaying. The weapon in Sam's hand brought a flash of fury to his eyes. He glared at Elizabeth.

"You double-crossing little—"

That was as far as he got. Sam stepped close to the man, his own eyes blazing. "Shut up!"

The man looked up at the tense, hard face. He hesitated. His hand rose unsteadily to push back dangling hair. He subsided into glowering silence.

By the time the police car arrived, with two officers, Rocklin was calmer. He listened quietly while Sam spoke to the policemen, until he heard Sam say he was wanted for gambling and selling narcotics.

"Where do you get that narcotics stuff?" he demanded. "I never handled dope!"

"We found plenty," Sam said. "On the floor above your wire room."

"It wasn't me! It was the guy that run the bowling alleys below! You can't pin a thing like that on me!"

Sam felt every nerve in his body snap taut. He said, "August Kaiser?"

"Yes, Kaiser!"

"You never said a word—"

"Be yourself! Expect me to draw attention to the building by squawking?"

"Did Valencia know this?"

"Sure, he knew!"

Sam had a wild thought. Had Kaiser's demand for protection been merely an excuse to learn, from official sources, if Valencia was actually back in New York? Kaiser had once been forced to testify against Rocklin and Valencia. Had he become afraid of reprisals? Would he have gone so far as to murder Valencia to prevent him from revealing the sale of narcotics?

Sam's eyes narrowed on Rocklin's face. "You know Val was murdered tonight, don't you?"

"*She* told me, yes." Rocklin nodded at Elizabeth with a mixture of anger and contempt.

"What you say drags Kaiser into it—"

"Why should I care who I drag into it now? You're not pinning any dope racket on *me!*" Rocklin's lips twisted. "Kaiser!" he said in derision. "So now it's Kaiser! Anybody—just so long as you don't have to get a cop mixed up in it!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"You'll hear what I mean when the time comes—and believe me, you'll hear plenty! I'm going to rip some things wide open if you ever put me on the stand! That louse McGarr—three hundred a month we paid him! And he was scared yellow Val might give him away. He even warned Val he was coming to see him last night. But would you guys get a cop involved? No, you pick on punks like Kaiser."

"How do you know McGarr warned Val?"

"Hippo told me!"

"Hippo?"

"First time I phoned Val's he wasn't home from dinner. Hippo answered. Told me McGarr had been phoning. If you cops had any sense—"

Sam said in a tense voice, "Let's get this straight. Val was your partner—right?"

"So what? He's dead now."

"And you think McGarr killed him?"

"Copper," Rocklin jeered, "do your own thinking!" . . .

The Police Department in New York acted swiftly after Sam's call, and the Montreal police responded just as quickly. Why Rocklin waived extradition, Sam couldn't be sure. His guess was that, with a murder investigation in full swing, Ernie felt that his wisest course was to come back and face lesser charges. An insistence on extradition proceedings might have delayed but not stopped his return. At any rate, at ten o'clock on Saturday morning—only thirteen hours after the murder of William Valencia—Sam was on a plane, flying back to New York, with Elizabeth seated beside him, technically under arrest, and across the aisle a Canadian detective sat with Ernie Rocklin.

Sam glanced at the gambler time after time. He could understand why a girl like Elizabeth might marry him. In his dark way he was handsome, and in his better moments he probably had a great deal of reckless charm.

He turned back to Elizabeth. She was staring out of the window at billowing white clouds edged with sunshine. She seemed close to tears.

"Elizabeth," Sam said.

She turned her head to face him.

"I know how things look," she said before he could question her. "And I know how you must feel about the things I've done. But I *didn't* have anything to do with the death of Valencia. You've got to believe that."

He said quietly, "I do believe it."

He saw the tears then, tears of gratitude. She lowered her head.

Sam moistened his lips. "A few things we've got to get straightened out before we reach New York," he said. He didn't add that both District Attorney Hammer and Hogarty were convinced, as he'd gathered over the telephone, that she had either shot Valencia herself or knew who had. Hiding in a closet, admittedly in possession of the murder weapon, running away from New York. How could anyone blame them for doubting her innocence?

It struck Sam as ironical that he alone—he who had identified and caught her—should be the one, in spite of all evidence, to cling to belief in her. Actually, the only thing which had helped her case at all was the news Sam had been able to convey about August Kaiser and former Lieutenant McGarr.

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As he thought things over, Sam felt more than ever convinced that the solution of the Valencia murder lay in unraveling all the threads that bound Valencia to Rocklin and Elizabeth. A few of them he had managed to unravel last night, at the Canadian police station, when he had patiently questioned Ernie.

Yes, Ernie had said, he had been in Canada for the past four months. And he admitted he had used the name Somerville. Work? No, he hadn't attempted to work. He had lived on the money he had taken with him when he'd left New York. But that had recently begun to run out.

During these months, he conceded, he had frequently been in touch, by telephone and letter, with Valencia, who'd traveled in Mexico, the West Indies, and Venezuela. Apparently Valencia's funds had dwindled, too, for he went back to New York for the purpose of taking out of safe-deposit boxes some of the cash he and Ernie had used as reserves for their gambling enterprise.

Valencia had been supposed to wire money to "Albert Somerville." But he hadn't done it. The delay began to worry Rocklin more and more. Once, when he'd reached Valencia on the telephone, Val had hedged and stammered something about having to "persuade somebody" to let him send the funds.

That part of the story had astonished Sam. "Why?" he'd asked. "Wasn't Valencia able to make his own decisions? Whom did he have to talk to?"

Rocklin had said, "How would I know? As long as our dealings went along okay I didn't care. Maybe he had somebody financing him—so what? All I wanted was my end of it."

Sam pondered over that now, in the plane. *Was* there somebody to whom Valencia had been forced to turn for permission to send Rocklin money? If so, who? This, and several other matters, Sam was convinced, had to be cleared up if Valencia's murderer was to be found. Most of those riddles revolved around Elizabeth.

He said to her, "Elizabeth, what was that business about bigamy?"

She looked at her hands. She said, "No use hiding it now. I'd been married to Ernie only a couple of days when—this woman came to see us. She'd read about the wedding. She told me she was his first wife."

"The one," Sam said with a nod, "who got the Mexican divorce."

Elizabeth quickly raised her eyes. "You know about her?"

"Sure. I've gone through every record I could find on Ernie. A dossier two inches thick." A new suspicion struck him. "Didn't he tell you he'd been married before?"

She spoke to the window: "No. There were two things he didn't tell me before we were married. That was one. The other—well, I didn't know he ran a gambling house. Not till his first wife told me. He—he was supposed to be in real estate."

Sam's contempt for the man grew deeper with every word the girl uttered. He could imagine how the revelation of Rocklin's real background must have shocked her. But she swept all that out of his mind with a simple question:

"Did you know his divorce was no good?"

Sam scowled. "Who told you that?"

"The woman. His wife. She—she was drunk the night she came. Threatened to expose Ernie. She got the divorce, all right, in less than a week. But she found out New York doesn't recognize a Mexican divorce unless the one who gets it establishes a real legal residence in Mexico—which she hadn't done; and unless Mexico has actual jurisdiction over both parties at the time of the divorce. Well, Mexico never had legal jurisdiction over Ernie. So, in New York, he was a—a bigamist. He got the woman out somehow. He was gone with her for hours. Paid her to be silent, I imagine. I never heard from her again. But that same night I—left Ernie."

Sam sent a brief glance at the man across the aisle. His own face hardened. When he looked back at Elizabeth he asked, "Why didn't you get an annulment?"

"That's what I wanted. But quietly, without publicity. I needed Ernie's help for that. But he wouldn't consent. I—I had to think of my family. What fighting for an annulment could do to *them*. They went through enough when they read about Ernie and the raid."

Sam could understand that. He knew that her father was head of a department at a Western university. He knew, too, that her father was one of two leading candidates for the presidency of a college in Idaho.

Yes, he could understand her desire to have things done quietly, without embarrassing newspaper stories. In that moment, as he studied her, Elizabeth seemed very young and seriously in need of help.

She wasn't holding anything back now. In fact, she was letting everything pour out of her heart.

"I didn't know this woman or where to find her," she went on. "Forcing an annulment would have meant dragging Ernie to court—"

"But in spite of all he did you were willing to take $15,000 to him?"

She flushed. "When he telephoned yesterday, we made a—deal. If I brought him the money, he'd help me get an annulment quietly. He said he didn't intend to return to the States, anyhow. He'd tell me where to find his first wife if I needed her testimony."

"Why didn't you tell me all this, Elizabeth? Instead of running off in the middle of the night?"

She said bitterly, "I didn't know what he would do—or refuse to do—if you were with me. I wanted a chance to see him alone, so I could get myself out of this mess!"

"Did your lawyer know about all this?"

"Yes. I retained Howard a week ago. He'd been trying to locate the woman."

Sam drew a long breath. "Well," he said, "you don't have to worry any more about that. The woman's name and address are in my dossier. You can have them when you're ready to get your annulment."

The girl looked up at him as if he'd worked a miracle. Seeing that look, Sam swallowed hard. He felt closer to her than he had ever felt before. And yet, in less than an hour, he'd have to turn her over, as a primary murder suspect, to Hogarty and Hammer. . . .

At four o'clock that afternoon Sam Doney sat in a corner of District Attorney Hammer's office, listening to an inquiry. The stocky, black-browed District Attorney was seated behind his desk, scowling in concentration, and gray-haired Inspector Hogarty asked the questions.

They had finished two hours of grilling Elizabeth and Ernie Rocklin. Both of them were in an outer office now, in the custody of detectives.

The group in Hammer's office were seated in a semicircle, facing the District Attorney's desk, all of them visibly nervous. There was red-haired Eve Cleery, her fingers twisting a handkerchief in her lap. There was short, bald, fidgeting August Kaiser. There was scowling, gray-haired Lieutenant Paul McGarr. Finally, a great mass of bulging flesh, overflowing his chair, there was the former wrestler, Hippo Lax.

"We're going to get this straight," Hogarty said grimly. "First you, McGarr. You still claim you didn't see Valencia last night?"

Former Lieutenant Paul McGarr shifted his powerful body in the manner of one tired of repeating the same thing. "Inspector, I don't claim anything. I've told you exactly what happened. I *wanted* to see Valencia—yes. I even went to his place at about quarter past nine. The police cars were downstairs. I talked to one of the boys, and he told me what had happened, and then I went away. I didn't want to get mixed up in the thing."

Hogarty glowered at him. "And that's your whole story?"

"That's my whole story."

"You still claim you never got money from Rocklin or Valencia?"

"Never."

"Rocklin says it was three hundred a month."

"Rocklin's a liar. I never got a cent."

"This is something I'm going to have to follow through on, McGarr."

"I realize that, Inspector."

"Maybe I can clear it up right now." Hogarty's gaze became piercing. "Rocklin says that on at least two occasions he and Valencia sent the money to you by Hippo Lax." He turned to the huge figure in the armchair. "How about that, Hippo?"

Watching intently, Sam realized that Hippo was in a dangerous position. Would he admit to complicity in the bribing of a police officer?

Hippo, however, seemed unperturbed. "Look, Inspector," he said. "Once or twice Ernie handed me an envelope and says to take it to the Lieutenant. So I did. Okay. But if you ask me what was in the envelope, I don't know. Never opened it. Figured it was none of my business."

The man had side-stepped neatly, but what he said was hardly credible. Sam saw that McGarr's face was gray.

Hogarty pressed: "Lieutenant, what *was* in those envelopes?"

"Tips," McGarr answered through taut lips. "Tips on horses. I'll admit he sent me those once in a while. I've got tips like that from a lot of people."

"But no money, huh?"

"Never a cent."

Hogarty and Hammer exchanged a glance. The District Attorney looked at his pencil. McGarr didn't know it yet, but he was a dead duck. Rocklin had already sworn he could show by his records that he had repeatedly "iced" the Lieutenant. Moreover, it was the Lieutenant who had warned him of the impending raid, allowing him time to get away, he had declared. He had held nothing back, for the obvious reason that he believed McGarr had killed Valencia.

Now the Inspector turned to August Kaiser. So far, Sam knew, no open accusation of narcotic peddling had been made against the owner of the bowling alleys. The reason for silence was important. Two men had been assigned to watch the alleys, to note any known addicts who visited the place. Until they gathered their evidence, nothing would be said about narcotics.

"Kaiser—" Hogarty began.

The nervous little man didn't wait for questions. He blurted out, "Inspector, it's like I told you! I never came anywhere near Valencia's place last night! You ask anybody around the alleys. There was a tournament going on. Maybe a hundred men bowling. I was right there all the time. Just ask them. A hundred guys'll swear I never once left the alleys—not once after half-past seven. You don't have to take my word. Just ask *them!*"

Hogarty studied him in silence. Then he shook his head and looked at Eve Cleery: "And you, too. You don't know anything at all, huh?"

Eve retorted, "For the thousandth time, Inspector, I never left my apartment after I said good-by to Val! Not till your men came for me!"

So there it was, Sam thought. Nobody admitting anything. Yet *somebody* had put a bullet into William Valencia's heart while he spoke on the telephone, somebody he trusted so completely that the shot had been fired from within a few inches of him. If it wasn't somebody he trusted, it was at least somebody he'd had no reason to fear.

But who?

Elizabeth, Eve Cleery, McGarr, Kaiser—not one of them was yielding an inch from a claim of utter innocence.

The office door was opened by a policeman, and Howard Vance looked in, scowling. Vance had the dissipated ap-

pearance of a man who could use a good deal of sleep.

"Yes?" Hammer said. "What is it?"

"Mr. District Attorney." Vance spoke as if he were addressing a jury. "I'd like to know what you propose to do about my client. Is she under arrest? Or isn't she? Are you planning to hold her? If so—"

Hammer waved a weary hand of dismissal. "You won't have to bother about a writ," he said. "We're sending her home in the custody of a policewoman—for tonight, anyhow. Rocklin your client, too?"

"No-o, not Rocklin."

"Because we're locking him up."

Vance said, "I'm interested only in Mrs. Rocklin. . . . Thank you, Mr. District Attorney. That's all I wanted to know." He turned away, and the policeman shut the door.

Sam rose on impulse, followed the lawyer into the outer room. "One thing, Vance," he said. "About missing last night's plane—"

"I've already explained to Mrs. Rocklin," Vance interrupted. "Traffic snarl on the bridge."

"Where were you coming from?"

"Home, of course."

"Were you home all evening?"

"That's right. Going over a brief. Why this inquisition?"

Sam said, "Checking on everybody who knew about the $15,000."

Howard Vance flushed and his body stiffened. "It happens my law clerk worked with me from seven till quarter of ten. If you need his testimony, let me know."

He walked away, and Sam thoughtfully watched him go. . . .

Since there was insufficient evidence in the Valencia case to warrant holding either Eve Cleery, or Kaiser, or Lieutenant McGarr, they were permitted to leave by six o'clock. Sam himself went out with lumbering Hippo Lax.

"Want to talk to you, Hippo," Sam said. "I'm taking a cab. Drop you on the way."

Hippo didn't seem pleased by this, but he grunted an assent. As they settled in a taxi, he sent searching glances at Sam. Hippo lived in a down-at-the-heels hotel on East 32nd Street, and Sam gave the driver the address.

When they drove off he put his hat in his lap, pushed fingers through his hair. "Hippo," he said, "how long did you work for Val?"

"Couple of years. Why?"

"Ernie thinks Val wasn't his own boss."

The big man's eyes widened. They had a peculiarly opaque quality in their surprise. "What's he mean by that crack?"

"He thinks Val had to wait for orders."

"That's a new one on me."

"You ought to know, Hippo. Think."

"I never knew Val to take orders from anybody in his life."

"Then why should Ernie say that?"

"How do I know what's in Ernie's head?"

Sam persisted, "He says Val couldn't agree to give him his share of their money till he'd talked to somebody else first."

"If you ask me," Hippo said with a sneer, "Val was giving him the old runaround. Maybe he didn't *want* to pay off. Maybe he was looking for an excuse—somebody to blame."

That was a possibility, Sam had to admit. He considered it. Then he took out a pack of cigarettes and lit one.

"Another thing, Hippo," he said, as smoke streamed from his nostrils. "You didn't tell me Ernie had called earlier last night, while Val was out to dinner."

Hippo didn't answer.

Sam said, "How come?"

"Look," Hippo snapped after a silence; "I didn't want to get Ernie or myself messed up in this thing any more than I had to! So he called. So what? It didn't prove anything."

"You knew Lieutenant McGarr had been phoning Val. Trying to see him. You didn't mention that, either."

"You know what happens when a guy like me tries to pin something on a cop? Or even a former cop? The whole Department crashes down on him! No, thanks. I don't want any part of it. I don't talk against cops unless I can *prove* something against 'em! And against McGarr I can't prove a thing."

"What about that $15,000?"

"First I heard about it was this afternoon."

"Didn't see it around the apartment when you were waiting for Val to come home?"

"Don't be funny. I don't even believe there was any $15,000. If there was, Val had it on him. I didn't see any sign of it."

More than that Sam couldn't draw out of the huge man. He dropped him at his small hotel and drove on alone. He stopped for a brief meal at a restaurant, then went home, and as he climbed the flight of stairs to his apartment he realized for the first time how exhausted he was. He hadn't rested since the death of Valencia. His feet dragged, and his spirits dragged even more. Elizabeth was under arrest, technically; and so far there was nobody under graver suspicion than she, herself.

Sam unlocked his door and stepped inside. Earlier in the day he had stopped by just long enough to leave his grip. Now he was about to switch on the foyer light—and checked the movement.

Two small, glowing spots in the darkness of the living room held his stare. One was the size of a golf ball. It startled him, until he remembered he had left the collection of detection gadgets on the bridge table. What he was looking at was the lump of phosphorescent chalk. It had a pale, yellowish glow.

But what was the other spot of light?

Sam walked into the dark room, bent over the thing curiously. This was a smear, broken like a series of luminous dashes, in the form of a curve some three inches long.

And he saw, in surprise, that it shone from the dial of his telephone. . . .

Some ten minutes later District Attorney Hammer's telephone rang. He answered, to hear Sam Doney's voice, talking in low, choppy tones:

"Can you get over to my apartment right away? Something here that'll rock you on your heels. Inspector Hogarty still with you?"

"Yes. Just leaving."

"Bring him."

"What's happened, Sam?"

"This is one you've got to see with your own eyes. Make it fast, will you?"

The two officials were at Sam's place within minutes. They found him pacing the living room nervously, shoving fingers through disheveled hair. His lean face was pale and taut.

He picked up the phosphorescent ball. "You know what this stuff is, don't you? Luminous chalk to hang under a car."

Hogarty nodded. Hammer bent forward, thick black brows drawn together in perplexity.

When Sam put the ball back on the table, he picked up another gadget, the souped-up hearing aid, and rubbed his hand over it. "Watch," he said. He crossed the room to switch off the light. In the darkness Hammer and Hogarty saw not only the shine of the ball itself. They saw a duller glow on the hearing aid.

"Just wanted to show you how that chalk comes off on your hand," Sam said. "Now look behind you. At the telephone."

They turned. The dial still showed a curved, glowing smear.

"Take a close look, will you?" Sam urged. "See where the mark starts? In the finger-hole over the number 8, over the letters TUV."

Hogarty said, after a pause, "So what?"

Sam Doney turned on the light. He was

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trying hard to keep excitement under control.

"The last one to use the dial," he said, "was Hippo Lax. That was last night, when he called Valencia from here. I phoned you just now from a drugstore. . . . Hippo had been handling the chalk before he dialed. It came off on his fingers. And here's the point: Valencia's number is Plaza 2—1121. If Hippo had called that number he wouldn't have touched any letter higher than the P—which is in the 7 finger-hole. Right? But the chalk smear starts on the 8, on the letters TUV. So Hippo called a number that contains either an 8, a T, a U, or a V—not one of which is in Valencia's."

Hogarty and Murray Hammer stared at the telephone. They looked at each other. It was very quiet in the room.

"Now, wait a minute," Hammer said uneasily. "Let's get this straight. You believe Hippo just *said* he was calling Valencia? And actually called somebody else—somebody who fired a shot?"

"That's it," Sam said.

"It—it's fantastic. We're just guessing."

"It's the kind of guess on which you can build a whole case," Sam said. "If we're guessing right, we've underestimated Hippo Lax. To pull a thing like that right under my eyes. To set *me* up as his alibi. . . . But look; why shouldn't it have worked? I *believed* Hippo was talking to Val. Aural illusion. When I heard the shot I'd have sworn before any jury that it came from Val's apartment. Why not?"

Hogarty rose and bent over the telephone again, then straightened. "I hate to give a crook credit," he said, "but, man, that's clever. The question is, if it actually happened, whom did Hippo call? Who'd be likely to do a thing like that for him? Shoot off a gun the other side of a phone conversation?"

Hammer said bluntly, "Can't imagine anybody agreeing to do such a thing unless Hippo had a way of forcing it. A man might do it for money. Or he might do it because he was afraid *not* to cooperate. Beyond that, I have no idea." He sent a searching glance at Sam. "Have you?"

"No-o."

THEY were silent again, and the Inspector paced the room. "I've got a one-track mind," he said in a low voice. "Keeps running to the same people, around and around. Take August Kaiser. If Rocklin says Kaiser was selling dope at the alleys, chances are Valencia knew it, too. And Hippo must have known it, working with the crowd as closely as he did. I tell you right now—and I say it out of bitter experience—if you threaten a dope peddler with exposure, he'll do almost anything you ask to keep you quiet."

As he listened to this, Hammer's eyes suddenly began to gleam. "Hold it!" he said. "Maybe you've got it! Kaiser's telephone number over at the alleys is *Talmadge* something-or-other! Hippo would have had to dial from the T, in the 8 finger-hole! And that's where the smear starts!" . . .

Hippo Lax had been out for supper, and he'd stayed in a bar and grill to watch a fight on television. So it was almost midnight when he returned to the run-down hotel on East 32nd Street.

The night clerk beckoned to him, looking anxious.

"Say, there are cops in your room!"

Hippo started. "Cops?"

"I couldn't help it! They had a search warrant. Been up there almost an hour."

Hippo's heavy face became slack and a bit pale. He glanced at the elevator, and his huge figure began to back away, instinctively, toward the hotel's street entrance. But two men who had been reading newspapers near the door now rose and came to him, and one gave Hippo a glimpse of a badge.

"Upstairs, Lax," he said. "They want you."

"What for?"

"Let's go see, huh?"

THERE was dampness on Hippo's forehead as they went up in the elevator. He took out a handkerchief, daubed it over his face and around his neck. "I don't get this," he said. Neither detective attempted to enlighten him.

In his room Hippo found five men. Apparently they had been waiting for him to arrive. Sam Doney and the District Attorney sat far back on the studio couch; Hammer was lighting a cigar. Inspector Hogarty had taken the room's only comfortable chair. Two detectives were near the window.

A giant among them, Hippo looked around, a puzzled ridge deepening on his moist forehead. "What gives?"

Hogarty drew a long breath. He rose as though his bones ached. "Hippo," he said, "we're arresting you for the murder of William Valencia."

The big man's only reaction was bewilderment. "What is this—a gag? I was nowhere near Val when it happened. You know I was with Doney."

"Doney's got different ideas about it," Hogarty said. Before Hippo could interrupt, he went on, "What's more, Doney thinks we never gave you enough credit for the brains you've been hiding. In fact, he thinks you weren't Val's legman at all, but his boss."

Hippo stared from face to face in stupefaction. "You guys crazy?"

Inspector Hogarty went on. "Doney had another notion, too," he said. "About the open door in Val's apartment. He pointed out, and we all agreed, that if you had shot Val—"

"But I didn't! I couldn't! How—?"

"If you'd shot him," Hogarty went on without a change of tone, "and you wanted to fix it so you could come back to the apartment with Doney like an innocent bystander and find the body—why, you'd have left the door unlocked. How else would you get in?"

Hippo was sweating freely now. He said, "That's a lie!" and his voice was harsh. "I don't get any of this! Why should I want to kill Val? He and I—"

"For $15,000, Hippo."

That stopped the big man. He blinked. He said, "Huh?"

"The way it looks to all of us here, you didn't want to send Ernie Rocklin his money, or any part of it. And Val did. I can see where you'd have fought him over an issue like that. There was plenty of cash involved."

For the first time Hippo's eyes were scared. He said in a whisper, "I don't know anything about that $15,000!"

"Cut that out," Hogarty advised, suddenly sharp. "The banks were closed over the week end. You couldn't put the money in a box. That's why we searched here. For a guy who can work out other things, Hippo, you didn't show much imagination in this. Stuffing bills into a telephone box, around the bell, is old as the hills." The Inspector picked up a package from the table and unwrapped it, to reveal two packs of bills. "Blood on one, Hippo. The lab should have an easy time with that. Seeing if it matches Val's."

Hippo Lax didn't speak. He kept staring at the bills as if they were guns the Inspector was aiming at his heart. His face was yellow. The sweat dribbled down his jowls.

"One other thing," Hogarty said. "You've been selling dope to Kaiser."

Hippo didn't even seem to hear that. His eyes were still fixed on the bills.

"My boys picked up Kaiser half an hour ago," the Inspector said. "We've got him on a narcotics charge now—we've got two known addicts to whom he sold. But he screamed plenty when we hung murder complicity on him, too. Swore he didn't know it was murder. All he knew was he got this call from you Friday night—probably right after you'd killed Valencia—telling him to shoot off a gun in his office as soon as you called and put Doney on the wire. He was scared when the guy he buys from gets into trouble—especially murder trouble. A murder trial can bring out a lot of incriminating—"

Hippo Lax did a crazy thing. There were two detectives at the door, and he threw a lamp at them.

When they dodged, Hippo leaped for the door. He managed to yank it open, too, and his huge figure was half outside when both Hogarty and Sam caught him from behind. Sam had dived for the man's legs, and the great mass of Hippo Lax crashed to the floor. He lay there, breathing hard, not moving. . . .

IT WAS almost two o'clock in the morning when Sam telephoned Elizabeth Rocklin. When he finished telling her what had happened, she didn't answer.

"Hello!" Sam said. "You still on?"

"Y-yes."

"I wanted you to know right away."

Again there was silence.

Sam said, "It's time we talked like normal people about normal things. How about meeting me for lunch tomorrow?"

He could hear her draw a long breath. She answered in a whisper, "Anywhere you say, Sam."

THE END ★★

Peeping Cupid

AN AMERICAN STORIETTE

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB DOUGLASS

As Ben blindfolded the cupid, Jess laughed with him

IF SHE closed her eyes—and she had to, to hold back the tears—Jess could still see Ben blindfolding those cupids. There'd been four of them atop the four-poster bed, and Ben had stood their knowing little grins just so long; then he had reared up, chuckling.

"Hey, you wise guys! You're cramping my style!" He'd tied four handkerchiefs around the small carved heads, and Jess had laughed with him. They'd been so close and warm —seven years ago on their wedding night.

"We'll be back, you four!" Ben told the cupids next morning. "Every anniversary—with blindfolds."

That's the way they were going to be, gay and young forever. Only, they'd never gone back, always something prevented it. And the gaiety seemed year by year to slip away.

Now, tomorrow was another anniversary, and they needed the four-poster bed more than ever. This year—the tears spilled over—they were snapping at each other.

She hadn't wanted Donny to go to camp any more than Ben had; Donny was only five. But he'd begged so hard to go with his friend that for his sake she'd urged Ben. And then they made the discovery: The camp was less than a mile from their honeymoon hotel. They remembered it well. Ben liked it. So, reluctantly, he'd agreed.

BUT the minute Donny had gone a nagging nervousness set in. So much could happen to a little boy away from home. She worried aloud all summer, and Ben fidgeted. They each accused the other of being silly. Tempers frayed, and voices rose in anger. . . .

The phone rang, and she jumped. The camp was calling, and instantly all other worries paled before the shattering news. She must not be alarmed, said the man who ran the camp, but Donny showed certain suspicious symptoms. Suspicious! That could mean . . . oh, please, not polio!

Round and round the ugly thought circled while she called Ben, while she waited for him to rush home, while their car streaked northward through the night. Ben was silent, grim. Remembering, perhaps, that she had urged him to let Donny go. Well, she couldn't blame him. The guilt was hers.

Then, waiting for a light, Ben suddenly pulled her close. "It'll be all right, Baby," he said gruffly. "You'll see. . . . And, whatever happens, we'll face up and see it through."

She clutched that to her, thinking, "I can stand it now, because we're in this thing together."

Then at the camp came overwhelming news. A specialist had diagnosed tonsillitis, nothing worse. They could see Donny now. Her knees buckled from sheer relief, and Ben caught her to him.

They stayed with Donny until late afternoon; then, blind-weary, they drove to the hotel for rest. Their honeymoon hotel. It was full this year; only the bridal suite was vacant.

They were asleep an instant after they hit the sheets of the four-poster bed. . . .

Jess awoke at dawn, utterly relaxed, profoundly at peace. There was release from the grueling strain of fear, yet the feeling was something apart from Donny's being safe. Something to do with Ben: a closeness, a warmth, a sweetness she had never known before. Something that seemed to spring from this, their first real crisis in seven years.

Seven years—yesterday! Their anniversary was gone, without gaiety, without laughter. Even without remembering!

Abruptly Jess thought, "What does it matter?" There was so much they could never forget, since the day she had put her hand in Ben's and they had started down the years together. They had had gaiety and laughter; but it was like the shining gold content of her wedding ring—too soft to stand alone, wanting a tough alloy to make it last. Like copper . . . like trouble, and tears.

FUNNY, only yesterday she'd thought that all they needed to be close and warm once more was to lie again in the four-poster bed with the cupids grinning down. Well, here they were. But the love and the lightness inside her at this moment no cupid would know anything about.

There they were, four fey little cupids, and Ben would laugh aloud when he awoke. Only, if he tried to blindfold them again she wasn't going to let him. Not this time. For all of their sculptured lives, those cupids had looked upon brides and grooms. Now, for once, let them look upon a marriage!

by Lily K. Scott

Inauguration of New Confidence

MORE important than the formal inauguration this month of Dwight D. Eisenhower as President of the United States is the confident new thinking that his victory seems to have started or inaugurated.

Throughout the nation in almost every home, there is today a new feeling of hope and confidence.

Not the politicians, but the people elected the man they wanted as President, and the fact that they could do it seems to have reaffirmed their faith in themselves and in America. The loyal supporters of the defeated but valiant Adlai Stevenson have followed his truly American example and accepted the leadership of the popular general.

The increasing political tensions of recent years produced increasing public uncertainty about the future. As a result, many families delayed taking long-desired vacations; others postponed the purchase of a new car, a new refrigerator, or some other home improvement. The same sort of thinking caused more than a few businessmen to delay improving or expanding their business operations.

There is evidence that increasing taxes, government controls, and skyrocketing labor costs retarded the growth of many business firms, and unfortunately also discouraged many capable young men from going into business for themselves.

Today, as the new administration takes over the responsibility of government, the average citizen seems to have a larger confidence in the future. The inauguration of new confidence is good for America. It will give people the courage to do the things they've been planning for a year or more. If business firms show equal faith in themselves, their products, and their government, we can look forward to a wonderfully competitive battle for the favor of the public. And, in such a battle, the public always wins. We can look forward to new ideas, new products, new ways to make life easier and more comfortable for all of us.

John W. McFarrin

PUBLISHER

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1 Erle Stanley Gardner
THE CASE OF THE GRINNING GORILLA
Latest Perry Mason Mystery

WHEN a girl disappears, Mason's not sure it's murder. But when he discovers a *corpse* he knows *this* IS murder! He may not LIVE to solve it, for he finds himself facing a monstrous gorilla — *a knife in his hairy hand!*

2 Erle Stanley Gardner
THE CASE OF THE MOTH-EATEN MINK

MASON gets an urgent phone call. He rushes to the hotel and finds the girl the police are looking for. She's wanted for MURDER! "There's a man up in room 851," she sobs. "He's after me!" Just then the police burst in. "Don't move!" they order. "A man's been killed in room 851—*you're both wanted for MURDER!*"

3 Clarence B. Kelland
THE KEY MAN

PETE MORTAIN listened as the Inspector said: "There's one clue that will lead me to the *killer* — a Stradivarius violin. Someone stole it from my office!" Pete walked into his room and saw a battered case. When he looked inside, his blood froze. There was the *Stradivarius!*

4 Agatha Christie
BLOOD WILL TELL

HERCULE POIROT has to solve a crime for which a man has *already* been sentenced to hang. *And he has just three weeks to do it in!* There isn't a shred of evidence—until he uncovers a faded old newspaper clipping about three missing women. Now he's sure who the murderer is. He goes to her house to get a confession—*but finds HER MURDERED!*

5 Mignon Eberhart
DEAD MEN'S PLANS

YOU'RE on a spot. The police suspect you of taking a shot at your step-brother, Reg. But you stay near Reg's bed at the hospital, where he is recovering from the bullet wound. You leave the room for a few minutes. When you return, Reg *has a pillow pressed against his face —MURDERED!*

6 Peter Cheyney
THE URGENT HANGMAN

"I'LL give you eight hours to find the murderer," the inspector told Slim Callaghan, "or I'll arrest *YOU!*" Slim was a "dead duck"—unless he found out which ONE of the rich man's relatives would inherit his fortune. But first, he'd have to find the old man's will. And *before* he could do that, he'd have to find the old man's . . . KILLER!

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