June 35¢

THE American MAGAZINE

SUCCESSFUL LIVING FOR THE FAMILY

HOW TO GET ALONG IN THE ARMY
by Curt Simmons
Philadelphia Phillies

★

REHEARSAL FOR PARENTHOOD
(See Page 24)

★

2 Complete Novels:
GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER
—
HELEN McCLOY

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LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC ... *Stops Bad Breath for Hours*

KILLS BAD-BREATH GERMS BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE . . . BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

We are constantly amazed at the capacity of the giant motion picture screen to capture the pageantry and sweeping movement of favorite novels. Seldom has its wizardry been better exemplified than in the case of M-G-M's exquisitely beautiful Technicolor production of Rafael Sabatini's famed story "Scaramouche".

Out of the swashbuckling pages over which millions have pored with delight comes the story of the famous sword that flashed through a hundred duels, that slashed into perfumed and silken-draped boudoirs of the most beautiful women in France, that plunged a man into the most fabulous exploits of a tumultuous era.

And, for a hero—"Scaramouche"! Mountebank, adventurer, poet and lover. All Paris knows and loves him as a clown of impudent wit, wooing his mistress with undaunted braggadocio. All France fears and respects him as a scion of a noble family whose sword has carved the fame of his strange name.

In the title role Stewart Granger has the prize assignment of the year, and he plays it handsomely, with flair and gusto. Red-haired Eleanor Parker is his amorous stage partner in the torchlit harlequinades that disguise Scaramouche's true identity. And Janet Leigh, radiant and revealing in the court gowns of the period, is the demure but gamesome Aline, Lady-in-Waiting to her majesty Marie Antoinette, deftly portrayed by Nina Foch.

Scaramouche has sworn to avenge the loss of his best friend, and this determination pursued in the face of terrifying odds leads him finally to the greatest swordsman in France, played with admirable flourish by Mel Ferrer. You will never forget Stewart Granger as he swings on a curtain rope of a Parisian theatre to an upper box with sword in hand to fight a breath-taking duel across the dizzying coping of the balconies, down a marble stairway and finally to a gasping climax on the floodlit stage itself. It is the thrilling culmination to a picture lush with showmanship and laced with splendor!

Until now M-G-M's "The Three Musketeers" has remained in memory the ultimate in swashbuckling romance of beautiful women and dangerous men but—as the phrase goes in show business—you haven't seen anything until you've seen "Scaramouche"!

★ ★ ★

Rafael Sabatini's "SCARAMOUCHE" starring STEWART GRANGER, ELEANOR PARKER, JANET LEIGH, MEL FERRER with Henry Wilcoxon, Nina Foch, Lewis Stone and Richard Anderson. An M-G-M picture in color by Technicolor. Screen Play by Ronald Millar and George Froeschel. Based on the Novel by Rafael Sabatini. Directed by George Sidney. Produced by Carey Wilson.

THE American MAGAZINE

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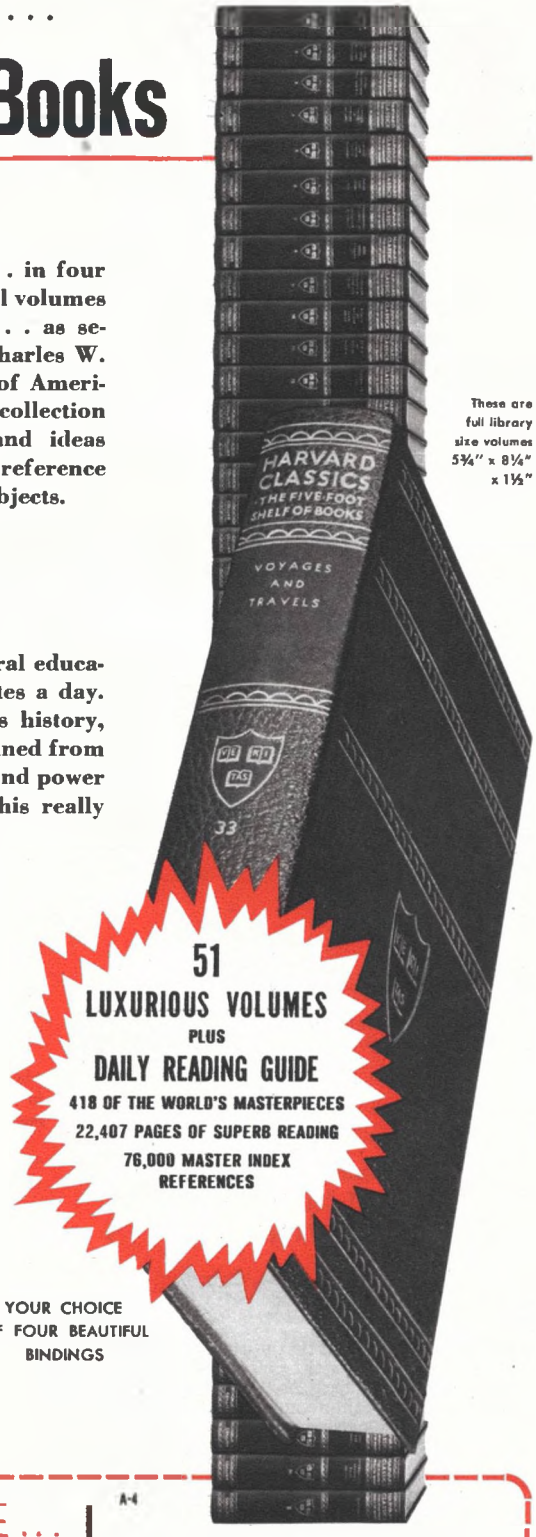

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LETTERS

ACROSS THE EDITORS' DESKS

You can't please everybody all of the time. This is proved once again by a score of sharp-pointed letters inspired by Albert Q. Maisel's article, *Your Hospital Bill: Why it is so high and what you can do about it* (April). Most came from hospital administrators, some from heads of hospital associations, protesting that Reporter Maisel had done them wrong. In between, we have many letters of commendation from patients and convalescents who had just paid hospital bills.

Apparently the high cost of hospital care is an extremely touchy subject. Mr. Maisel reported clearly at the outset of his article that public-spirited hospitals throughout the country are courageously fighting skyrocketing room rates and staggering charges. The heads of some of these institutions told of the difficulties in making ends meet while trying to provide patients with the best possible care at reasonable cost. Robert W. Beckwith, administrator of Community Bailey Hospital, Chamberlain, S. Dak., wrote:

"I am reminded of the story of the little fellow who went to the fair, where the barker exclaimed to the crowd that he would give anyone fifty dollars if they could get out of a grapefruit another drop of juice after his strong man had squeezed it. The little fellow stepped up, squeezed the grapefruit, and produced half a glass of juice.

" 'Fantastic!' shouted the barker. 'Where did you get your strength?'

"To which the little fellow replied: 'I'm a hospital administrator who is accustomed to squeezing the last drop out of my meager budget.' "

M. H. Eichenlaub, Superintendent of the Western Pennsylvania Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., wrote: "The Maisel article, *Your Hospital Bill*, is based upon a most superficial study and presented in a biased and pseudo-clever manner, and can only harm a community service which is trying very sincerely to carry out its responsibilities and to overcome admitted economic difficulties.

"If Mr. Maisel had only pointed out that the 'high cost' of illness is partially compensated by the rapid recoveries many patients experience from formerly incapacitating conditions, recoveries made possible through the application of specialized techniques; or if he had explained that despite 'exorbitant bills' the public was spending only 1.8 per cent of its income on hospital services against 7.9 per cent for alcoholic beverages, 4.3 per cent for tobacco, 10.2 per cent for recreation, 2.2 per cent for beauticians, etc., he might have brought the value of health care—and its cost—into proper focus."

S. Harrison Rollinson, Jr., a trustee of two hospitals in Newark, N. J., said: "As a trustee . . . I am acutely aware of the increase in costs and, together with a large group of other men, give a lot of time which I can ill afford to efforts towards economies. I am also acutely aware of the fact that hospitals throughout the country, in common with all other endeavors of a private or public nature, are at times guilty of inconsistencies and to some extent discrimination. Perhaps these faults are innate in our system of business and charitable undertakings. I cannot, however, believe that any other system is preferable. . . ."

And from George W. Gooche, administrator of the Lancaster Community Hospital, Lancaster, Calif.: "If the author is advocating that hospitals do not make a profit, how does he think they are going to obtain that new equipment, new buildings, modern conveniences, etc., that everyone considers absolutely necessary? I'll guarantee that when Mr. Maisel goes to the hospital as a patient he will want all the latest modern developments and if they charge him extra—wow!"

In East Chicago, Ind., Mrs. A. Olsen, having just brought her husband home

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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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from the hospital after an appendectomy, sat down and spoke her mind: "My husband's hospital bill, with only a two-day stay, was $75.35—mind you, for only two days: Plus a $20 charge for anesthetic! Since we carry no hospitalization insurance, that was hard to take."

In similar vein, Miss L. Caldera, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., added: "It's high time that someone pointed out to the hospitals and the medical profession that they, and they alone, are driving the people to socialized medicine and compulsory health insurance."

A registered nurse presented her side of the picture. From Lakeside, Calif., Rosemary Russell, R. N., gently needled Mr. Maisel for bearing down so hard on hospital bills, while neglecting those of the doctors:

"I think Mr. Maisel was a naughty boy to disclose to the public just how little penicillin shots cost. . . . A measly 25 cents to give, and an average charge of $1.75 at the hospital for each shot? 600 per cent profit to the hospital? Tsk! Hospitals are pikers. Patients get to pay $4 or $5 a shot for penicillin from a doctor in his office. His overhead must be terrific to have to get at least 1,500 per cent profit for each shot. But—I love some of the rascals dearly."

And from N. E. Clarke, M.D., of Detroit, Mich.: "Your article on hospital bills is timely and expresses the feelings of most experienced physicians.

"You did not, however, dig deep enough into this subject. Our voluntary insurance plans are in jeopardy because hospitals are dishonestly padding the accounts of these patients and hospital insurance bills are never checked for the truthfulness of the charges. I have seen insurance bills padded for hundreds of dollars for services the patient never received. This is chiefly why our insurance rates are going beyond the people's ability to pay.

"The time has come for all tax-free or so-called charitable hospitals to have an honest impartial public audit annually."

So there we have it from all sides. These are typical samples of the letters received. Generally, they agree with Mr. Maisel's report that hospital costs are high and that the care of charity patients is one of the factors. But they do disagree, sometimes violently, on who or what is to blame and on what can be done to reduce the costs without sacrificing high standards of service to patients.

We get the feeling that Mr. Maisel's article in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE reporting the results of his coast-to-coast investigation has provided a starting point for constructive study and action.

•

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO:

The Editors, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y

WHY DON'T THEY?

ATTACH to each piece of furniture a paper pattern for slipcovers for that particular article? Or each piece could be tagged with a pattern number to be ordered from some enterprising pattern company.—*Melba Pickens, San Antonio, Texas.*

PUT coloring in poisonous oil of wintergreen, which is used only externally, so that it will never be mistaken for the oil of wintergreen which is commonly taken internally?—*C. H. Reed, Unity, Maine.*

DESIGN home and rural mailboxes so that when the lid is lifted a horn or whistle will blow to inform the housewife that the mail has arrived?—*Mrs. Max Ferrell, Wichita, Kans.*

Whistling mailbox

MAKE pot lids flat, with handles on sides, so that when a pot is in use the lid would serve as a heating plate for food?—*Mrs. John Facci, Cumberland, Md.*

MAKE checkbooks with glue on the edge of the stub, so you could paste your canceled checks back in quickly? —*Mrs. Myron D. Hamilton, Ft. Campbell, Ky.*

INSTALL a fuse box in the dashboard of automobiles similar to a small glove compartment, so anyone can replace a fuse without difficulty?—*Charles Sather, Ontario, Calif.*

Curved wiener rolls

BAKE frankfurter rolls in curved shape? Most wieners curl when cooked and do not fit the straight rolls.—*Blanche Howard, Minimum, Mo.*

MARKET men's work shirts with short sleeves? Most men at work roll up their sleeves anyway.—*Mrs. Charles F. Richard, Freeport, Ill.*

INCLUDE postal zone numbers within telephone directories' street addresses? This is done in Great Britain and the added information is very useful.—*Jane Plant, Baltimore, Md.*

MAKE muffin pans with removable "cups," so small amounts of batter can be baked without discoloring the unused cups of the muffin pan?—*Mrs. Alfred H. Chappell, Belleville, Ill.*

Screens for autos

PRODUCE roller screens for auto windows which could be pulled down to keep out mosquitoes and other insects when parking?—*Lynn Bodden, Gainesville, Fla.*

FURNISH disposable paper bibs in restaurants for small children?—*Mrs. James King, San Diego, Calif.*

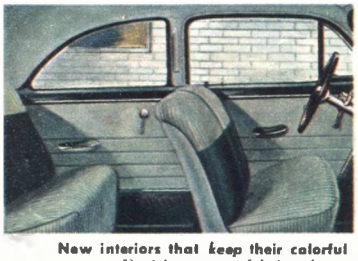
EQUIP food coloring bottles with droppers?—*Mrs. Dean Abrams, Tillamook, Ore.*

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.

SEE PAGE 143 FOR AMERICAN BUY-WAYS

The Beautiful New Styleline De Luxe 2-Door Sedan.

Why your new Chevrolet stays so new—*with so little care and cost . . .*



New interiors that keep their colorful charm. Exciting new fabrics have been chosen for durability.

Centerpoise Power for lasting smoothness. Engine rides gently suspended to "screen out" vibration.

Greater durability in POWERGlide. It's *oil-smooth, oil-cooled.* Optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.

Rivetless brake linings last up to twice as long. Give extra thousands of miles of sure stops.

After the first few days, you quit babying your Chevrolet and *really begin to enjoy it!* You discover how soundly engineered and strongly built it is. The smart Body by Fisher *stays* bright and beautiful. The Knee-Action ride remains smooth. You appreciate the Valve-in-Head engine more and more as time goes on. Begin a lasting friendship by seeing your Chevrolet dealer. Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

(Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material. White sidewall tires at extra cost when available.)

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

CHEVROLET

The Only Fine Cars **PRICED SO LOW!**

John Lund almost forgets about his plumbing when he spies Ann Sheridan

JUST ACROSS THE STREET. If it's comedy you want, here is a film you'll enjoy. The situation: Pretty Ann Sheridan applies for a job at a huge mansion as social secretary, but winds up working for a plumber, John Lund. And that's only the beginning of a set of hilarious complications. A show for the whole family. (*Universal*)

Vanessa Brown tells Dick Conte he can't lose

THE FIGHTER. Richard Conte will surprise you with his realistic boxing prowess in this film, which takes you back to the days when Jack Johnson was heavyweight champ of the world. Co-starring with Conte in this adaptation of Jack London's novel showing rugged El Paso in 1910 are Vanessa Brown and Lee J. Cobb. Conte wins honors both in and out of the ring. (*United Artists*)

A PEEK AT THE

Movies of the Month

Loretta and doctor (Alexander Knox) help Tommy regain his speech

Loretta Young and Kent Smith as devoted husband and wife

PAULA. Eight-year-old Tommy Rettig came to Hollywood in 1950. He plays his most important role in this drama, and shows that he's a young actor you'll be seeing a lot of from now on. When Loretta Young and Kent Smith adopt him, after Loretta has accidentally struck him with her car and left him a mute, Tommy turns in a moving performance. How Loretta wins the boy's love and helps him regain his speech is a heart-warming tale straight from the pages of real life. (*Columbia*)

ALSO RECOMMENDED for family enjoyment

THE WINNING TEAM, with Doris Day, Ronald Reagan, and Frank Lovejoy, is the story of baseball's famous pitcher, Grover Cleveland Alexander. (*Warner Bros.*)

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, and it does, in this gay tale of immigrants newly arrived in the U.S.A. Jose Ferrer and Kim Hunter play the leads. (*Paramount*)

HERE COME THE MARINES depicts the Bowery Boys in the uniform of Uncle Sam's fighting Leathernecks. (*Monogram*)

Left: Peter Lawford and fiery Maureen O'Hara decide their future on the fringes of the vast "desert heart" of remote Australia

KANGAROO. (Top) Starring Maureen O'Hara and Peter Lawford, this unusual picture takes you on a 9,000-mile visit to Australia. You'll see wild aborigine dances, close-ups of strange animals, and a story which could only have been filmed "down under." Made on a cattle ranch, or "station," as the Aussies say, with additional scenes shot in Sydney, *Kangaroo* is the first full-length Technicolor movie ever made on that faraway continent. (*20th Century-Fox*)

SCARAMOUCHE. (Right) When Rafael Sabatini wrote his popular romantic novel, *Scaramouche*, not even his vivid imagination could envision the lavish production which Hollywood has given his story. The title is not only the name of the lead character, played by Stewart Granger, but the magic password to a world of high adventure and romance in the glamorous French court of the 1700's. Supporting roles are played by Eleanor Parker, Janet Leigh, Mel Ferrer, Nina Foch, and Lewis Stone. Watch Granger's whirlwind action with the dueling swords. It's terrific! (*MGM*)

I DREAM OF JEANIE. (Below) Stephen Foster was dreamy and impractical, but the nostalgic beauty of his songs lives forever. And here they are again—*My Old Kentucky Home, Old Dog Tray, O Susanna!, I Dream of Jeanie*—plus many others, captured in all their warmth and loveliness. Bill Shirley plays the role of Foster in this story of the songwriter's life, and Eileen Christy is Jeannie, while Ray Middleton sings Foster's songs. (*Republic*)

Above: It's romance for Stewart Granger and Eleanor Parker as traveling actors in Rafael Sabatini's Scaramouche

Left: Ray Middleton puts the minstrels through their paces in a Stephen Foster number

★ **4 top shows of the month selected for family enjoyment** ★

Groucho ponders a quiz-quip

YOU BET YOUR LIFE, NBC radio and TV program, has quizmaster Groucho Marx dishing out money to contestants like a wacky bank teller. But at heart Groucho is just an old skinflint. When he once asked a caddy what he liked best about his job, the caddy answered, "The big tips." Groucho snapped, "I'll give you a big tip: Don't ever caddy for me if you want a big tip." At home you won't get quiz prizes, but plenty of laughs. On radio, Wednesday nights; TV, Thursdays.

RADIO - TV

CAFÉ ISTANBUL casts Marlene Dietrich as the mysterious, continental Mlle. Madou, proprietress of a café in that ancient Turkish city. Here spies and shady characters from every nation of the globe get together every Thursday evening on ABC radio for a half-hour of plotting and intrigue. Husky-voiced Marlene is always right in the middle of every intrigue, enjoying herself thoroughly, with time out now and then for a song. Lots of mystery plus sophistication. Chris Gard (Ken Lynch) is Marlene's romantic interest.

Marlene Dietrich—glamour and mystery

THE PRIVATE FILES OF MATTHEW BELL brings you mystery and crime detection in the great Sherlock Holmes tradition. Joseph Cotten, as Dr. Bell, a police surgeon, uses the latest scientific and medical knowledge to track down criminals. His object: to make his hometown a happier, better place. Often Dr. Bell's work helps to clear an honest citizen as well as catch a crook. From his offices in police headquarters and the medical center he senses the city's heartbeat. Every Sunday afternoon on Mutual's radio network.

Joseph Cotten analyzes a case

TOAST OF THE TOWN, Ed Sullivan's big Sunday-night variety show, celebrates its fifth anniversary on TV June 15. On the June 1 program, Metropolitan opera stars Robert Merrill and Roberta Peters make their first video appearance since their recent marriage, with Errol Flynn as guest. The deadpan MC usually surrounds himself with a cast of top stars. On CBS-TV.

Ed Sullivan (left), Roberta Peters, Robert Merrill

AMERICAN ENTERTAINMENT

Records of the Month

Cindy Lord

OUR nomination for the high-school girl who has made the grade for promotion to the stellar class—16-year-old **Cindy Lord.** She deserves "A" for her version of the torch song, *Walkin' to the Mailbox*, and *Come Back*, a Continental ballad by the tunesmiths of *Too Young* (MGM).

If yours is a South-of-the-Border mood, RCA Victor's album of *Latin Rhythm Songs* is one to remember. It's a handsome collection, definitely proving **James Melton's** flair for the South American Way.

Fresh from the film sound-track and refreshing as a summer shower are the hit tunes of *Singin' in the Rain*, brightly interpreted by **Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds,** and **Donald O'Connor** (MGM).

You'll get all the feeling of footlights and first nights from Rodgers and Hart's *Babes in Arms*, Columbia's latest revival-on-records. Effervescent **Mary Martin** is at her best in those unforgettable lyrics, *Where or When* and *The Lady Is a Tramp*.

For your more "serious" moments, you'll like **Roger Désormière** and the French National Symphony Orchestra in the ballet suite from *Le Coq d'Or* and *Capriccio Espagnol* (Capitol); **Jascha Heifetz** playing Saint-Saens' *Sonata No. 1 in D Minor; A Boston Pops Program* conducted by **Arthur Fiedler** (both RCA Victor).

Johnnie Ray's first album for Columbia is untitled—but you'll spot it by the picture of Johnnie in vocal action on the cover. The Ray repertoire includes *Don't Blame Me, Walkin' My Baby Back Home, All of Me, Give Me Time, Out in the Cold Again*—ballads and blues in the supercharged style that keeps turntables Ray-volving.

There's another pleasing pair of albums coming your way: *Eddie Fisher Sings* and **Perry Como's** *TV Favorites* (RCA Victor). And some "don't-miss" singles: **Kay Starr's** *I Waited a Little Too Long* and *Me, Too* (Capitol); **Savannah Churchill's** *My Affair* (RCA Victor); **George Shearing's** *Swedish Pastry* (MGM); **Sammy Kaye's** *You* and *O How I Miss You Tonight* (Columbia).

M. R. W.

HELP FOR YOUR

IF THE MERCURY IN ANY OF YOUR THERMOMETERS separates, try reuniting it by tapping thermometer in your palm, bulb down. If this fails, attach a stout string and swing thermometer in a circle around your head. Final measure, which usually works when the others do not, is to place in freezing compartment of the refrigerator; the cold will draw the liquid down into bulb.

HERE'S HOW TO LAUNDER AN EIDERDOWN QUILT: Wash by hand in warm soapsuds, repeat with a fresh lot of suds, rinse well. Then squeeze out extra water and hang in the shade, shaking it often during drying. Finally, beat well on both sides with an old-fashioned carpet beater in order to fluff and distribute the down filling.

TO CLEAN AN ELECTRIC IRON, rub the pressing surface over a piece of waxed paper covered with salt. Or warm iron and rub pressing surface with beeswax or paraffin wrapped in a clean cloth.

BEFORE STARTING A DYE TINTING JOB, scrape your fingernails over a bar of soap. Soap will wash out easily, nails will not be stained underneath. Any good bleaching compound and warm suds will remove the dye from the hands.—*Magna Carter, Gilman Hot Springs, Calif.*

OIL DRIPPINGS on drives and garage floors dissolve instantly when wiped off with paint-thinner—*Mrs. Gordon Zander, Sacramento, Calif.*

TO SAVE YOUR BOOKS, occasionally wipe the bookshelves with a cloth that has been dampened with oil of lavender. This discourages book lice. If you wax the bookshelves, the books will slide in and out much more easily.—*Mrs. Virginia E. Hinchliff, New Haven, Conn.*

IS YOUR ELECTRICAL REFRIGERATOR NOISY? Rubber heels under its legs will absorb vibration, and make the machine considerably more silent in operation.—*Mrs. J. W. Carter, Fairbury, Ill.*

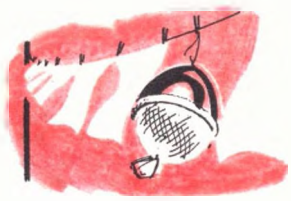
IF THE GUEST TOWELS in your bathroom are always falling to the floor, glue two thin pieces of foam or soft rubber onto the towel rack. Your problem will be solved.—*Jim Rump, Burlington, Iowa.*

TOO MANY OR TOO FEW WALL CABINETS in your kitchen can reduce efficiency. Studies have shown that 6 square feet of storage space on the shelves of wall cabinets is needed for each person in the home, plus 12 additional square feet for entertaining and accumulation.

TO REMOVE YELLOW DISCOLORATIONS from sinks, try lining the basin with paper toweling, then soaking the toweling with undiluted bleach. As towels become saturated, they keep the bleach in constant contact with the porcelain. After half an hour, remove towels and rinse sink out with clear water.

IF THE INDEX TABS on your dictionary or other indexed books curl up with use, dab the tabs with two or more thin coats of white shellac. They'll stay stiff, lie flat, and also be easy to clean.

IN YOUR FAMILY CAR, it's advisable to add the same make of oil until you're ready to drain and change, research laboratory experts advise. Under certain operating conditions, it's possible that different types of oils may not work properly together because of differences in the oils themselves, in refining methods, or in types of additives used to improve the properties.



TRY USING A TOY BALLOON TO "BLOCK" a baby's bonnet. After sudsing, rinsing, and squeezing excess moisture out, ease the bonnet back to shape and insert the balloon inflated to the correct size. The bonnet will then dry to perfect shape.

TO RESTORE A KEEN CUTTING EDGE to a kitchen knife that has lost its original sharpness, use a flat carborundum stone which has a coarse side for taking out rough spots and nicks and a smooth side

HOUSE

to give the edge a final finish. This little trick helps too—moisten the stone with oil or water to cut down friction and heat. Too much friction gives the blade a rough edge, and heat causes it to lose its metal temper.

IF YOU HAVE SOME OLD STRAW HATS, you can make a sewing basket by using the crowns of two of them, one for the bottom and one for the lid. Bind rough edges with material, sew lid on, coat the entire basket with fresh shellac, then line with any extra silk, velvet, or satin you may have around.

IF THE DORMERS ON YOUR HOME are not in pleasing proportion to the rest of your house, color can help. Dormers that stick out too much—or not enough—can be "lost" by painting them the same color as the roof.

IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN: Once a pressing cloth becomes scorched, throw it out. If you continue to use it, the scorch may stain other fabrics. . . . Fresh meat should be *loosely* covered with waxed paper and stored in the coldest part of the refrigerator, but cooked meats should be *closely* covered.

SMALL WOODEN CHESTS without legs frequently mar the surface of polished floors. A good remedy is to fasten empty sewing-thread spools to the bottom of the chest at each corner. Use screws at least ¼ inch longer than the spool, with large heads. Slip regular rubber "crutch-tips" over the spools to complete the sturdy, scratch-proof "legs." — *Molly Coates, Danville, Va.*

RIBBONS IN HOME TYPEWRITERS tend to dry out, rather than wear out. Grease the inside of a typewriter-ribbon tin box with glycerin, remove the ribbon from typewriter, put it in the box, and leave closed tightly for a few days. It will come to life!—*Mrs. A. W. Davis, Portland, Ore.*

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 on a postcard. 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.

MISS ELLA RAINES, CHARMING STAR OF MOTION PICTURES, SELECTS AVON COSMETICS IN HER HOME WITH THE HELP OF MRS. VIRGINIA ANKENER, AVON REPRESENTATIVE.

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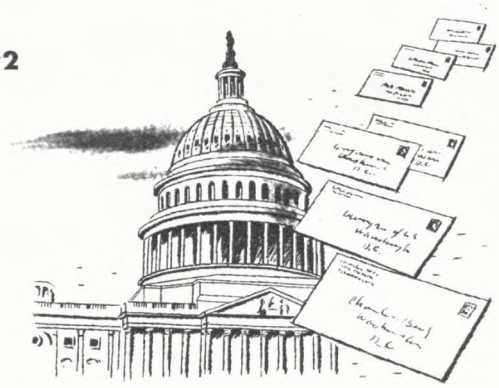


Congress wants to hear from you

Tell the truth—do you *ever* write to your Senators or Represeutative in Washington? Do you think it gets you nowhere? Well, after you read this revealing article you'll have another think. Many a letter from someone like you has turned the course of history

by Jacob K. Javits
U.S. REPRESENTATIVE FROM NEW YORK

MAIL FROM THE FOLKS BACK HOME: Representative Javits and his secretary, Sybil Gordon, go over the day's correspondence

THE next time you are tempted to throw up your hands in horror over a government tax scandal, a "hot" mink coat, or the soaring cost of living, don't do it! Use your hands instead to write a letter to your Congressman.

Although many people still seem surprised at the idea, paper and pencil in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen are, by all odds, the most effective weapons we have in the war for good government. Since not everyone can run for, and get elected to, office, he can—and should—at least tell his Representative what's on his mind. In this crucial year of 1952 there is still time for you to get Congress to do what you want—just by writing letters.

How do I know?

I see daily what letters accomplish, not only in my own office, but in the offices of other legislators around me.

The other day a veteran Representative was asked by a newspaperman what he thought was the most powerful lobby in the country. The Representative replied, "The people back home!"

That statement was no sop to the ego of the voting public. It was based on a hard political fact. Washingtonians have often been told that the reason young Bob LaFollette of Wisconsin was defeated for re-election to the Senate by Joseph R. McCarthy in 1946, was because he was so busy with legislation that he couldn't pay enough attention to the letters from back home. And Representative Robert L. Doughton of North Carolina, who at 88 (he has been in Congress continually since 1910), recently revealed the secret of how (*Continued on page* 100)

Johnny wanted a girl with a smile

just like Susie's . . . but with a heart, too

Sunshine

by Rosalie F. Wilson

ILLUSTRATION BY WESLEY SNYDER

JOHNNY FARRELL glanced from the papers on his desk to the window, which revealed bright fall sunlight dancing on the panes of the building across the street. The building was gray, and little cottony clouds sailed over the tower of it. The sky was blue and clear and gave promise of a perfect week end. The fishing would be good tomorrow and the weather would be fine for sitting in a boat, whether the fish were biting or not.

At the next desk Keith Armitage shot back his cuff and examined his watch. He shook it and held it up to his ear.

"It's Friday," Johnny said. "Fridays are always seventy-four hours long."

A flat-bottomed rowboat, Johnny thought, and a drop line and sandworms for bait. You could catch a lot of fish on a dozen worms if you cut them carefully. He closed his eyes, thinking about it. Next to the bait box he'd have a brown paper bag of pumpernickel sandwiches, and a couple of cans of beer would be trailing over the side in the cool, dark water.

Keith's voice shattered the pleasant picture into jagged fragments. "Did you tell Stenographic they could send us that Dillworth dame to replace Jean?"

"I did not," Johnny said firmly.

"She seems to think you promised her the job."

"I promised her nothing," Johnny said. And then, reluctantly, "I only said I'd consider it."

"What," Keith howled, "did you do that for?"

"Because she cornered me Tuesday night and explained how much she wanted the job, and how it would mean a raise, and all about her ailing mother. She was running through the list of her mother's symptoms for the third time when I told her I'd think about it."

"Have you ever taken a good look at her?" Keith asked coldly. "We're going to have to look at her all day long, five days a week, fifty-two weeks a year less vacations. She wears pince-nez. Even in the hottest weather the tip of her nose is red. She has the most lugubrious look I've ever seen outside a bloodhound."

"I know it," Johnny admitted. "That's why I didn't commit us to anything. I only promised to think about it so I could get home to dinner."

"The Stenographic Pool of the Acme Tobacco Company has been trying to palm her off on unsuspecting junior executives for years," Keith said. "However, out of the goodness of my heart I have saved you from your nobler instincts."

"I wasn't noble," Johnny said. "I was hungry."

"Wait until you see what I wangled for us," Keith gloated. "Just a little over five feet, with wide, blue, thick-lashed eyes and legs like a race horse."

"From your description I'd say it was a Shetland pony."

"Look," Keith said reverently, gesturing toward the elevators.

Two women emerged from the cage and came across the Purchasing Department. The tall, dark one was Miss Hemlock, head of the Stenographic Pool. The smaller one wasn't a woman at all, more of a girl, Johnny thought, a little girl who had trouble remembering not to skip under the watchful eye of the monitor. When they got closer Johnny could see that she wasn't a little girl, really. (*Continued on page* 76)

He winked at Susie's small brother. "It's time you knew," he said, "that men kiss somebody besides their horses"

Susie

Who's boss in your family? It used to be Pop (except when Mom outsmarted him)—but no more! Today's modern "liberated" teen-agers have taken over completely. And nothing their unfortunate parents like to do is permitted by the ultra-conservative youngsters of '52

"My kids won't let me!"

by Stu Erwin

WHEN I was young, my dad was the undisputed boss of our family—except when Mother outsmarted him. The offspring (meaning my sister, my two brothers, and myself) did what we were told. Then things began to happen. Along came a lot of mechanical gadgets that relieved youngsters of the necessity of doing the family chores. Along came the so-called progressive educators. They said that children should be "liberated" and encouraged to express themselves in any way they saw fit.

As a result, life for parents ain't what it used to be. The young folks have been liberated, all right. Now they're telling us old folks of 30-and-up what to do and what not to do—mostly the latter. Home life has become a rat-race, and the kids have taken command. At least, mine have.

My wife, June, and I are the parents of two typical American teen-agers. This means that, in their eyes, everything we do is wrong. For instance, I'm not allowed to laugh out loud, particularly in any public place. Such conduct on the part of a poor, helpless chump of a father is considered undignified. It humiliates the young fry horribly.

Father Erwin isn't supposed to show that he's enjoying himself, even at a show. Nor may he unbutton his vest or loosen his tie on a hot night, tuck his napkin under his chin at the table, wander around the house in his undershirt, play games, tell jokes, sing, dance the Charleston, perform parlor tricks, or do any one of a hundred other things which just come natural to him, but are looked upon as shameful by today's adolescent.

In the days of my youth, our Victorian parents were the conservatives, and we youngsters were the wild and woolly lost generation. Now we've gone into reverse. In the care and training of today's parents, the modern teen-ager is the most conservative, Puritanical, reactionary, strait-laced bluestocking in history.

When the young ones condescend to let us take them to a show (they'd much rather go without us) we are allowed to see one of two things: a musical, which is Stuart's choice—he's 19—or a romantic comedy for 16-year-old Judy. What do June and I like? Never

you mind; it wouldn't make any difference anyway.

If we stay home, June and I know we won't be allowed to use the telephone, or the shower, or the radio, or the television set, because Judy and Stuart Jr. always manage to tie up these facilities at the exact moment we want them. Can we relax and listen to our Caruso records on the phonograph? The kids won't let us. They're playing the latest hot tunes.

IN ADDITION, we poor underprivileged parents are no longer allowed to kiss our young ones, help them with their homework, read aloud to them, supervise their parties, meet their friends, talk to their teachers, show off their baby pictures, regulate their hours, or ask them personal questions. We don't plan the family vacations; they do. If we schedule breakfast for 7:30, they don't show up until 8. When the kids are around, we can't have our own friends in for a party; they're too "old" or too "dull" or too "silly" or too something. I'm beginning to think that fathers and mothers are becoming as obsolete as the high-wheel bicycle. What are we here for anyway, and do we have a future?

Like most parents I know, we had no inkling of the fate that was in store for us. To June and me, it seemed that ours were normal, affectionate, and exceptionally handsome babies. We cuddled and pampered them and got plenty of hugs and kisses in return. Then, suddenly, whammy! I came home from a (*Continued on page* 90)

WHAT, NO MUSHROOM SAUCE? Stu Erwin glares to no avail at his son, Stuart Jr., who blackballs Pop's favorite steak sauce. Mrs. Erwin (standing) and daughter Judy watch Dad lose again

GEORGE KARGER

IN THE NATIONAL GUARD: Curt's Pennsylvania unit was activated soon after he became a star pitcher

WIDE WORLD

How to GET ALONG in the ARMY

The famous "Whiz Kid" pitcher, back with the Philadelphia Phillies after a year and a half of military service, offers first-hand pointers to young draftees. Worried about your future? "You'll live through it," Curt says. "You can even profit by the experience"

by

Curt Simmons

LOOK, fellows. When you get those well-known "Greetings" from Uncle Sam, don't dive out the nearest window. Don't head for the Mexican border, and don't commit hara-kiri. You'll live through it. What's more, you may—if you're smart or lucky—profit by it. At least, I did.

On April 10, when I got out of the Army, I told the newspapermen who came to interview me: "I didn't enjoy the Army. I think most guys dislike military life."

A few people criticized me for that remark, but I still stick by it.

Americans are civilians at heart—most of them, anyway. They do their soldiering when they have to, but they don't like it. Personally, I think that's the way it should be. But no matter what *I* think, the fact is that we still have the draft. And we still have to serve in the Army or in one of the other armed services. Since the only thing to do is make the best of it, I thought I'd pass on a few things I learned as a rookie for the benefit of those who are living in that most persistent of breezes: the Draft!

As you've probably guessed, neither the Army, Navy, nor Air Force is any recruiting poster. You probably won't end up on Waikiki Beach with a Hawaiian cutie and an orchid lei around your neck. And you probably won't be striding the bridge of a battleship giving stiff-lipped commands that win battles.

Instead, you'll be drilling on some forgotten base for months, washing your own underwear, crawling on your belly through an infiltration course, shining your own shoes, taking your carbine apart and putting it together again until you feel you invented it, carrying your own chow tray, and being so generally bored that little old Main Street, which once seemed pretty dull to you, appears in retrospect to be more exciting than New Year's Eve.

But despite all the boredom, all the griping, and all the "minuses" about Army life, there are some definite

"plusses" if you know where to look for them. My biggest "plus" was getting a wife. But since every draftee can't be guaranteed this bonus when he is sworn in, I'll start with the most important bit of advice I can offer any young man ripe for the draft:

Don't try to outsmart yourself.

I did. . . .

When I graduated from high school in 1947 at the age of 18, I had one of the luckiest breaks any guy ever had. A host of big-league baseball scouts descended on my folks' living room in Egypt, Pa., and made me all sorts of offers to join up with their teams. You see, I'd played pretty good ball in high school and for the American Legion, and I was considered "hot." Naturally, I took the biggest offer. Ten days after graduation I signed up with the Philadelphia Phillies of the National League, and was given $60,000 cash to sweeten the bargain.

For a season I was farmed out to Wilmington. I was young and healthy, and the draft worried me. The last day of the season I was called up for a glimpse of the "big time." The Phillies put me in to pitch against the Giants. I held the New Yorkers to 5 hits and struck out 9. I was promptly called a "whiz kid," and the next season I started with the Phillies as a regular.

The Phillies had been in the cellar for years, but now they began to climb. Toward the end of the 1950 season they were actually leading the pennant race by two games. A lot of sports writers blamed it on my pitching. They called me such things as an "18-carat, diamond-studded apprentice millionaire," and wrote that I held the "key" to the team's future.

I don't know whether I held (*Continued on page* 119)

Berry shrank back as the tomahawk thudded into the wall, where her finger had lain

the Marriage Gift

Here, once again, are the people you loved in "Gray Goose of Silence"—Aunt Middlin, Liberty Eames, and his reluctant mountain bride

by Stewart Toland

THERE'S a number of things a young maid dreams on. The first is the day she is asked. And the second is the day she sets up her quilt. And the third is the day she is wedded.

Berry Norder had dreamed of these. And the first was already hers, for she had been promised since she was old enough to smile on Liberty Eames, who lived in the Valley, then, though she was of the hill folk. It had always been just

the two of them, until the day Liberty fell over his plow and cut his eyes into blindness; knowing that, he had gone off alone, into a secret little place inside him where he wouldn't let Berry in. She had called and called that it was him she loved, and not his eyes. But he thought it was pity he heard, and he wouldn't be a burden.

Only Aunt Middlin, who was old as people ever have a right to be, and wise with the living of all her years, and who watched over the Seven Hills of Wisdom as though they were her children, took the blind boy into her home and found the key to his heart, and opened wide the door. She taught him to walk with a gray goose to lead the way and be his eyes. She taught him that a blind man can count his sheep, and his blessings. And when he had proved that he, a Valley boy and blind, could defend his right to them against the jealous hillmen, she gave him the goose and her land.

Liberty forgot about wanting to die. He walked all the way down the hill called Silence with the gray goose leading him safe every step of the way, around the boulders and through the washes and skirting all the holes and the trees he couldn't see. They came out of the woods at the river's bend, and they followed the noisy, rushing waters to the settlement of Sunday Corners. And (*Continued on page* 111)

COURSE IN CHILDBIRTH: Prospective parents, Ensign and Mrs. Henry F. Bang (center), of Bayonne, N. J., attend class in Maternity Center, New York, given by nurse Carol Janeway

Now You Can Both

Rehearse for Parenthood

by Vance Packard

DIET: Ensign Bang sees that his wife eats proper foods during early pregnancy

SQUATTING: Instead of bending, Mrs. Bang exercises to reach a low shelf

No longer need excessive fear make childbearing an "ordeal" for the wife, while her husband is pushed aside as a forgotten man. Today, expectant mothers and fathers all over the country are learning that, thanks to a new method of training, the step-by-step process of birth can be shared as a rich, family-welding experience

UNTIL a few months ago I thought I knew all there is to know about becoming a parent. I sweated out three babies while my wife brought them into the world back in the Forties. Each time, I was shunted into a darkened hospital waiting room to pace and wring my hands, and listen for distant screams. Whenever I sought information I was repulsed as a nuisance by frowning nurses. To me, as well as my wife, the whole process of having a baby was a frustrating and painful one.

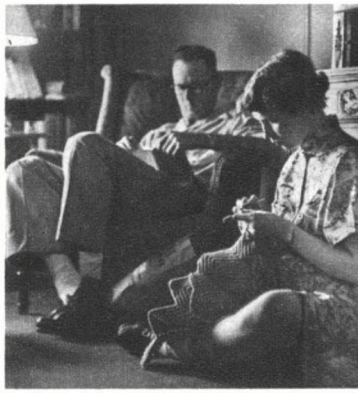
Now I've had an amazing new experience. For months I have been standing by, watching and learning, as a young couple of my acquaintance had their first baby. They made it all seem gay and wonderful, right up to the last minute. And I know the reason. They had put into practice a revolutionary new approach to childbirth. Both of them had rehearsed for parenthood.

They picked up this new notion of rehearsing by attending free classes for prospective parents at the Maternity Center in New York City. The Center is a national educational and research organization dedi-

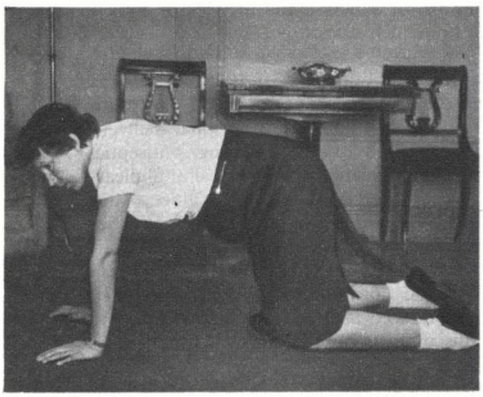
PHOTOS BY LARRY FRIED

PREPAREDNESS: Mrs. Bang learns to test temperature of baby-bath water

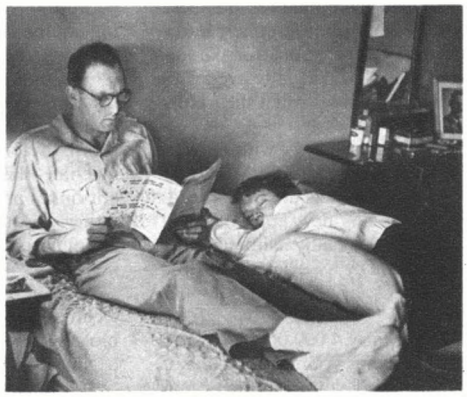
BABY PRACTICE: With life-sized doll, prospective father and mother are taught how to hold, handle, and carry an infant



EXERCISE: Mrs. Bang sits tailor-fashion to strengthen muscle tone



ANTI-BACKACHE: Mrs. Bang practices pelvic rocking. This limbers muscles and relieves any backaches

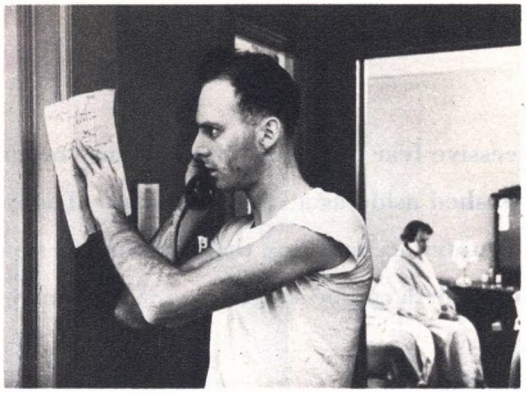


RELAXING: She also learns how to relax for the long haul of labor by slow abdominal breathing

HEARTBEAT: Ensign Bang first hears pulse of his unborn child

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE . . .

LABOR BEGINS: As instructed, he times his wife's early contractions



THIS IS IT: Convinced by his chart that labor has really started, husband reports to the doctor—20 hours before birth

TIME TO GO: They're packed for the hospital; Ensign Bang calls a taxi

RUBS his wife's back as contractions increase

JUST BEFORE BLESSED EVENT: He whispers words of encouragement. Picture was taken before Mrs. Bang went to the delivery room

IT'S A GIRL, says the doctor. Kathy was born at 6:08 A.M., March 20; weight, 6¾ pounds

cated to making childbearing both safe and satisfying. Right now thousands of nurses and doctors who have been trained by the Center are going all over the country preaching and teaching the rewards of rehearsal for this great family experience.

The couple who opened my eyes to the wonders of this new approach to childbirth are Ensign and Mrs. Henry F. Bang, of Bayonne, N. J. You see their pictures on these pages. Generously they permitted our photographer, Larry Fried, and myself to record their preparations for parenthood. We went to classes with them. We virtually lived with them in their home. We were at their sides when their baby arrived.

Skeptically (at first) I discussed the subject with doctors and nurses. I talked to the Bangs' teacher at the Maternity Center. I read the same books and booklets the Bangs read. And I came away convinced that this new approach will minimize and, in some instances, virtually eliminate the fears, pains, and difficulties previously associated with the "ordeal of childbirth."

THIS year, doctors estimate, nearly 4,000,000 American families will have a new baby. Perhaps yours will be one of them. Many of the 8,000,000 proud young mothers and fathers will be able to enjoy the same rewards of rehearsal that the Bangs enjoyed.

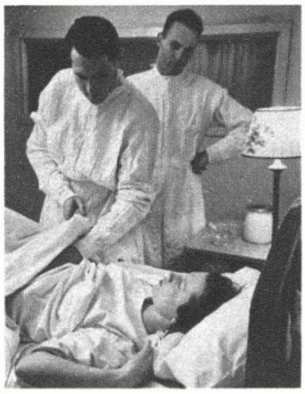
To appreciate these rewards fully, you have to find out, as I did, what childbearing has involved in the past.

If you were born before 1925, the chances are you were born right in your mother's bedroom (as I was). Your father and the family doctor stood nearby to comfort your mother. But comfort was about all they could offer. The death rate for mothers and babies was frightfully high. It was high because of the hazards of infection and the lack of lifesaving equipment in home deliveries.

IF, HOWEVER, you were born between 1925 and 1950 (as my three youngsters were) the chances are you were born under laboratory-like conditions in a hospital delivery room. Before being shifted to this gleaming, antiseptic, machine-filled chamber your mother spent several unpleasant hours in a typically cheerless labor room, alone. Your father, because he was regarded as a potential germ-carrier and nuisance (my fate), was banished to some distant waiting room.

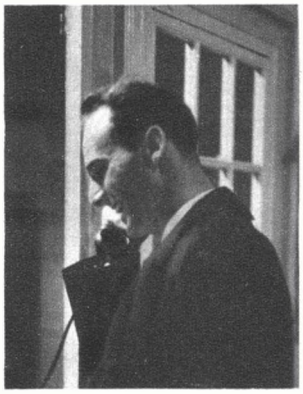
During this era a host of ingenious devices, drugs, and techniques were introduced for reducing the hazards and blotting out the discomforts of childbirth. Mortality rates began dropping.

Gradually the doctors got baby-bringing at the hospitals on a neat assembly-line basis. It was all so well organized that the doctors, if they wished (and they often



AT HOSPITAL: Her physician examines Mrs. Bang, finds her fit

SUPPER ON A TRAY: Given sterile white jacket, Ensign Bang stays with his wife until baby is born



PROUD PAPA: Ensign Bang phones relatives to tell them the news

HIS OWN: First look at his daughter soon after birth, as he visits his wife

The process of childbearing starts with the union of hearts and minds. This is followed by physical union; then the planning together for the baby's coming. Increasing numbers of parents, doctors, nurses, and hospital administrators are recognizing that having a baby is a "family task" requiring the co-operation of all concerned. Mr. Packard's article is a good indication that when parents have the opportunity to choose, they look upon childbearing as a normal event in which they will participate together and cling to each other for emotional security.

HAZEL CORBIN

General Director, Maternity Center Association

wished), could stay home in their beds right up until the moment of birth was imminent.

Just a few years ago, however, the pendulum began swinging away from this ultra-scientific approach to childbirth. We parents didn't seem to be as grateful as the docs felt we should. It began dawning on many of the doctors that, in their passion to be super-scientific, they were doing a disservice to mothers, and to their husbands and their children. They had been de-humanizing what should be the grandest and most wonderful event in every family's life.

MANY mothers secretly resented being thrust into the passive role of a "vessel." The doctors presided over the mother's typically unconscious body. They *took* the baby from her. And they proudly presented the baby to her after she became conscious, as if the baby were *their* triumph, rather than hers. But mothers reasoned, "After all, this is *my* baby!" And husbands resented being pushed into the role of a bothersome outsider.

Furthermore, the medical people began to realize that unwittingly they had been *increasing* some of the hazards and so-called "ordeals" of childbirth.

For one thing, they began having some anxious second thoughts about the heavy use they had been making of drugs during childbirth. At first they were baffled because many perfectly healthy (*Continued on page* 105)

ROOMING IN: Except for first 4 nights after birth, baby Kathy is allowed to spend all her time in mother's hospital room

10 exciting insects you can find in your yard. How many can you identify? See page 82 for their names

1. He spends hours on his knees

2. Builds paper houses

3. They keep "cows"

4. Doesn't need TV

Be a Back-yard Explorer

by Edwin Way Teale

Just outside your door a jungle of fabulous creatures awaits your discovery. It's exciting fun to find the solemn praying mantis or the daring robber fly. And who knows? You and your family may turn up a brand-new insect

WOULD YOU WALK across the street to see a menagerie of fabulous creatures that hear with their legs, taste with their feet, breathe without lungs, smell with horns on their heads, and have skeletons on the outside instead of the inside of their bodies? You don't have to walk even that far. Just step into your own back yard. They all are there.

The common cricket hears with ears on its forelegs. The familiar monarch butterfly detects nectar by means of its tasting-feet. The honeybee breathes through tubes that lead to openings along its sides. The ladybird beetle smells through its antennae. And every insect you meet, from aphis to moth, has its soft inner body encased within the skeleton of a suit-of-armor shell.

For 20 years, my family and I have been finding fun and relaxation in exploring the strange world of the insects close to home. It began one dull winter day in a magazine office in New York. Outside my window, the sky was leaden. The vista of city buildings was gray and dreary. The feature article I was working on seemed gray and dreary, too. Then a package of photographs arrived from a contributor. I paused to look at them. They came from another season and another world. They showed beautiful living butterflies and moths in their natural surroundings. They brought back in a rush all the early (*Continued on page* 80)

10. Champion jumper

9. Breathes without lungs

8. Nature's glamour girl

5. Rivals Grandma's lace

6. Loves spud plants

7. Dive bomber

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. TEALE · L. CHACE · R. VISHNIAC

Pete never dreamt he could put so much power in a shot, or so much prayer

PHILIPPINE PLAY-OFF

by Norbert Fagan

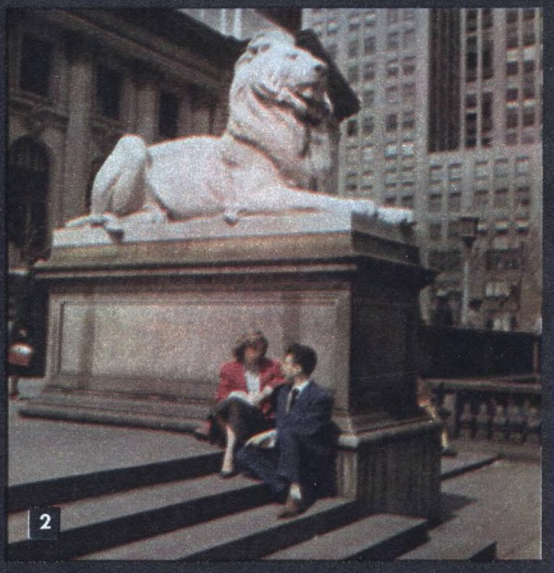
The story of an engineer who found that a golf course could serve as a bridge to happiness— if a man played the game by the rules

IN HIS room over the bar in the old clubhouse, Pete Martin rolled slowly off the bed, carefully estimated the din from below, decided that the entire personnel of the Hammond Construction Co. must be present, and prepared to join them.

He combed his hair, pulled on a white jacket, and then paused where his golf clubs leaned against the table. He could not resist pulling a club out of the bag, testing it in his large hands, enjoying the feel of it. He put it back slowly and went downstairs, a tall young man with his skin blackened and his hair bleached by a year of hitting shots under the Philippine sun.

The bar was jammed with Hammond engineers and the usual sprinkling of tourists. The Filipinos still preferred the dining-room or the veranda. When the Hammond Construction Co. had contracted to rebuild the government buildings destroyed by the war, it had sent a task force of fifty men to Baguio to accomplish it. They were quartered in town, but they were well-paid men and two hundred miles from any place they could really spend their money. They built the bar themselves and added the five-piece orchestra that was now fighting its way through the Johnson Rag. They practically took over the golf course.

Pete Martin had heard more than one Filipino refer to it as the "Second Occupation." That he no longer worked for Hammond made little difference, except that the others lived in a hotel and reported to the job every morning, (*Continued on page* 121)



THIS IS Fifth Avenue

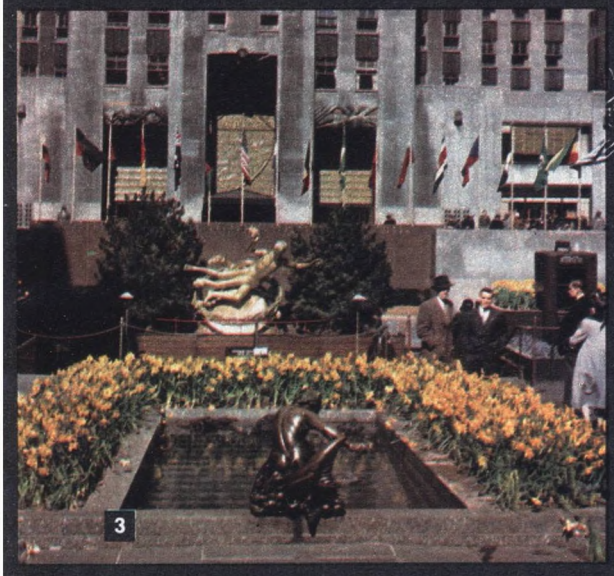
Miles of glittering Manhattan canyon provide an ever-exciting adventure for 1,000,000 visitors a month

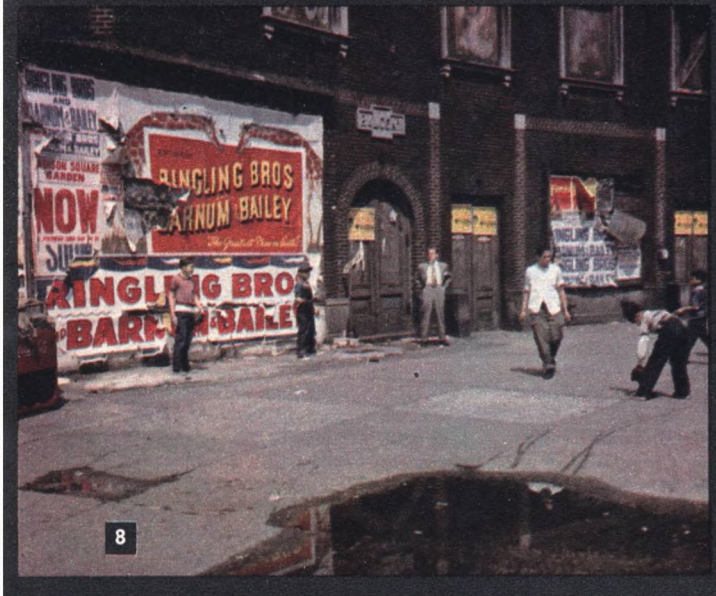
by Roul Tunley

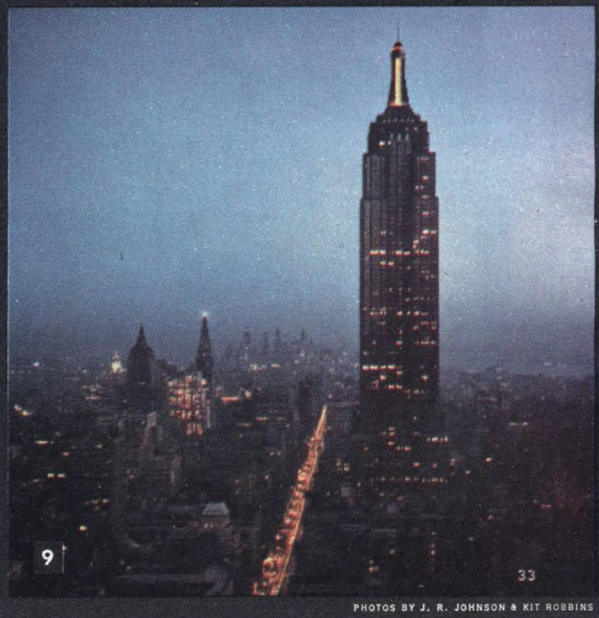
FIFTH AVENUE IS more than a street. It's an idea.

Firmly fixed in the imagination of millions, New York City's celebrated thoroughfare draws one out of every 11 Americans to its not-too-clean, but glamorous, pavement each year. Each month, more than 1,000,000 visitors from Kennebunkport, Maine, to Walla Walla, Wash., find a stroll up its glittering canyon the ultimate travel adventure as well as a necessary part of their education. They are among the American tourists who spend $1,800,000,000 yearly to sightsee New York—more tourist dollars than are spent in any other state.

As a way of life, the Avenue exerts a subtler but more powerful force. To a good part of this country and the rest of the world, it spells taste, luxury, fashion, sophistication, art, elegance, and security. Because of this, commerce is anxious to crowd into its borders. Businessmen gladly pay as much as $22,000 to purchase *a single foot of its frontage*. (Broadway at







5TH AVE.

1. Author begins walk uptown at Washington Arch
2. Trysting point—celebrated lions at the Public Library
3. Promenade in Rockefeller Center, "the city within a city"
4. Swanky shopping district of the upper Fifties
5. Women visitors go bug-eyed at the lovely clothes
6. Hansom cabs at the plaza . . . beginning of Central Park
7. Egyptian room in the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art
8. Above 110th Street the Avenue enters "Little Puerto Rico"
9. Empire State Building, looking down the Avenue at dusk

PHOTOS BY J. R. JOHNSON & KIT ROBBINS

LEGEND

FIFTH AVENUE

New York City

1. *Start—Washington Arch*
2. *Church of the Ascension*
3. *Flatiron Bldg.*
4. *Little Church Around the Corner*
5. *Empire State Bldg.*
6. *N. Y. Public Library*
7. *St. Patrick's Cathedral*
8. *Rockefeller Center*
9. *Crowell-Collier Bldg.*
10. *St. Thomas Church*
11. *Shopping District*
12. *Temple Emanu-El*
13. *Central Park Zoo*
14. *Frick Museum*
15. *Metropolitan Museum of Art*
16. *Millionaires' Homes*
17. *Church of Heavenly Rest*
18. *Museum of City of New York*
19. *The End—142nd Street*

Times Square—the heart of the theater district—brings a mere $17,000.) Manufacturers as far away as Switzerland take offices in its skyscrapers just to be able to add the magic words, "Fifth Avenue," to the label of their product. Fifth Avenue has made a liar out of Shakespeare: A rose by any other name does *not* smell as sweet!

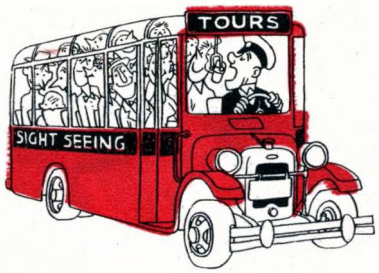
Completely man-made, the Avenue is famous for shops that are always hurrying the seasons. Windows trumpet the arrival of spring as early as January with pre-season styles and forced apple blossoms. By the time spring arrives, it is something of an anticlimax. The trees in Central Park, which borders 2½ miles of upper Fifth Avenue, breathlessly try to catch up with commerce in a clear case of nature imitating art.

Some people think this is the origin of New York's sense of rush. Its citizens always seem to be hurrying to catch up with something that hasn't even arrived yet.

Whatever the reason, Fifth Avenue is determined to be at least a season ahead of the rest of the country. Its merchants, who, for all the limestone dignity of their emporiums, have a touch of Barnum about them, feel their function is to lead, rather than follow, public taste.

"We have to be at least six months ahead of everybody else," Walter Hoving, head of Bonwit Teller, one of the Avenue's most successful specialty shops, told me.

Despite this headlong rush into the future, however, Fifth Avenue has not completely forgotten the past. I know of no major downtown street in the United States that has preserved its horses and carriages (complete with high-hatted cabbies) for anybody to ride in. I also know of no other downtown street where I can take my small niece ice-skating in the winter or pony-riding in the spring.



It has its human side too. Although its dignity is oppressive as a dowager and is so heavily policed that bums and panhandlers are given a quick heave-ho, the little old lady selling lavender in front of Saks-Fifth Avenue (one of the nation's swankiest shops) is never molested. Even ordinary shoppers, who arrive before a store has opened, often find that the management has thoughtfully provided them with a sidewalk chair as well as a free cup of coffee. And more than one big enterprise is capable of the Grand Gesture. When defense bonds were lagging not long ago, a large department store cleared its entire main floor of merchandise and turned over the whole staff to the selling of E bonds. Sold millions, too.

One of the most exciting things about Fifth Avenue is the people one is apt to see in a casual stroll along even a small segment of it. I have never walked more than 10 blocks without spotting at least one celebrity—a famous movie actress, a radio or television star, a big-name athlete, a political leader, or a much-photographed society "belle."

It has more than its share of the bizarre. One day I saw a beautiful blonde blithely driving her convertible up the Avenue with no other companion on the front seat but a leopard. Another day I met a woman pedestrian with a duck on a gilded leash. Once I saw a man outside the Marble Collegiate Church, at 29th Street, wearing a high silk hat to which an antenna was attached. I learned that he had a walkie-talkie inside the hat, and was reporting the scene for a local newspaper. It is, of course, possible to see high-collared *grandes dames* riding bolt upright in shiny 1918 Rolls Royces with the same chauffeur and coachman who used to "staff" their carriages at the turn of the century.

Apart from the famous and the bizarre, however, one of the most eye-opening things to watch is the daily outpouring of office workers during the noon hour. The skyscrapers at that time disgorge the most stunning girls in the world—bar none. Many of them are dressed better (on $60 a week) than European duchesses. They usually spend a minimum amount of their lunch hour eating and the rest window-shopping at stores where the country's most imaginative display artists vie jealously for their attention with spotlit exhibits of colorful merchandise from every corner of the globe.

With the legend of Fifth Avenue growing yearly, it is small wonder that women visitors go bug-eyed at their first glimpse of its splendor, and that their husbands, little given to "oh-ing" and "ah-ing" back home, spend hours photographing a shop front, a church door, or a flower display.

How did Fifth Avenue get this way?

A good deal of the credit must go to a group of merchants who banded together a half-century ago under the name of the Fifth Avenue Association. By becoming a sort of perpetual clean-up squad in striped pants, they have produced one of the most astonishing city-street success stories of all time.

When these men first got together to save the Avenue from extinction, Fifth Avenue, like the Bowery, was drifting toward the tawdry, the cheap, and the garish. Huge billboards stood everywhere, and a big sweatshop industry, employing 50,000 persons, was flourishing up and down the street. At first, the Association tried to dislodge the sweatshops. They had no luck for several years, until a disastrous fire in one of the lofts helped them. Lightning-quick, they managed to push through city legislation banning the sweatshops from Fifth Avenue. Then, in 1916, they got the nation's first zoning law passed, controlling the height of building fronts as well as the location of industry. Encouraged by their success, a year later they got an ordinance prohibiting projecting signs or garish advertising displays.

Today, in that part of the Avenue controlled by the Association, there is not a single gas station, bowling alley, funeral parlor (why death is considered undignified, I'll never know), night club, theater, dance hall, pet shop, or billiard room. Neither is there a hot-dog stand, neon sign, or billboard. There are rules discouraging motion or sound in display windows, a regulation which even the members try to get around at times. At the moment, the Association's chief headache is a group of linen stores—fly-by-night enterprises that pay their rent promptly but insist on putting huge "Selling Out," "Going Out of Business" (death again), and "Everything Drastically Reduced" signs in their windows which shatter the quiet dignity of the Avenue. Most people feel, however, that the Association will eventually find a way to get rid of them or make them conform to Fifth Avenue standards.

All of this strict regulation, of course, applies only to that part of Fifth Avenue which runs between 33rd and 110th Streets. This is the plush part. There is another section—equally interesting—which I knew very little about until I came to write this story. . . .

Although I have lived in (*Continued on page* 93)


"We'll reserve the bridal suite," Ann said, "and pretend it's our honeymoon"
I
BUCKHAM

by Mary Knowles

am with you

For Ann and Tom this was the answer. They did not have to fight alone the blight which threatened their love, their marriage, their very lives

ANN stood in the small hospital consultation room and watched Dr. Holman's face as he talked. She listened intently to what he was saying and she tried to believe it was true, but it was too much.

"No!" She shook her head.

Dr. Holman put a hand on her shoulder. He was a large, fatherly-looking man. He said, "I'm sorry, Ann, to have to tell you this. But you had to know—"

"No, Dr. Holman!" she said again, and then she began very patiently to explain, trying to keep the quaver out of her voice. "Tom isn't going to die. Not now. You see, he's much too young and things are just breaking right for him. He owns his trucks free of debt. Isn't that wonderful? Four five-ton trucks. And he hires four men. He has an office on Ferry Street. Oh, not much of an office, but he's terribly proud of it."

"I know all that, Ann. I know."

"And he's had such a struggle. You'd never know it. Tom isn't one to beef. But— Why, do you know that one time our garage caught fire and two trucks were destroyed? It was the coldest night of the year. Twenty-two below zero, and Tom said—" Her throat closed, remembering Tom standing there watching everything he'd worked so hard for going up in flames and saying, "Can't think of a night we needed a fire more."

She bent her head, because there were tears in her eyes and she mustn't cry. Tom said you weren't beaten ever—unless you admitted it to yourself, and if she began to cry, that would mean she believed what Dr. Holman had just told her.

So she stood there with her head bent, and Dr. Holman began to talk again, telling her about the test and the X ray, and still she would not believe.

And then he said, "I'm very sorry, Ann," and there was a break in the even voice, and she raised her head and saw tears in Dr. Holman's eyes. He believed Tom was going to die. A doctor never cried. He sat at your bedside and took your pulse, he listened to your heart through his stethoscope and looked down your throat and made reassuring sounds. He was a strong hand to cling to in time of trouble. A tower of strength. When there were tears in his eyes you abandoned all hope.

After a long minute she said, "Tom's going to hate the idea, Dr. Holman. At first he'll be mad, and then he'll—" No, Tom wouldn't cry.

"Tom doesn't know the truth, Ann. He must not know! Let him enjoy the little (*Continued on page* 125)

Their House is their Hobby

Twelve years ago the Harrises of Findlay, Ohio, had little money and, like most of us, no experience in home construction. But by boldly working together with hammer and saw, paintbrush and wrench, these amateurs have achieved a comfortable home, financial independence, and community service

by Clarence Woodbury

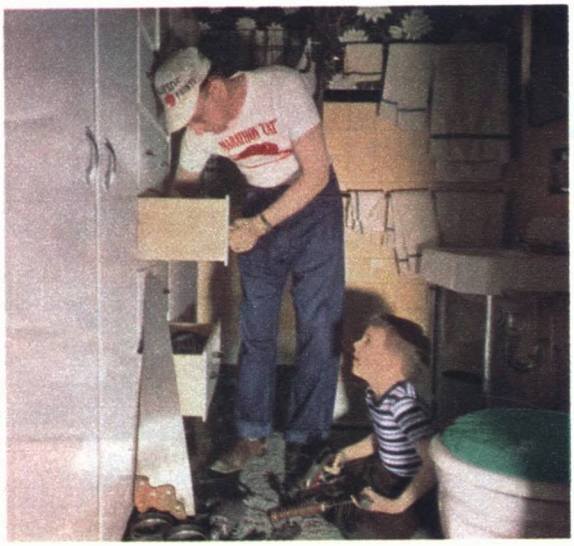
ALL SET TO REMODEL A HOUSE: The Harris family, left to right, Jennie; Cliff; Becky, 15; Rex, 13; twins Steven and Marianne, 6; and the family pet, Boots

I DON'T know about you but, as a handyman, I have my limitations. If anything goes wrong with the plumbing in my house, I have to call the plumber . . . and later pay his bill. If we want to build a new guest-room, we summon the contractor . . . and get another bill. When we purchase some modern marvel of mechanical equipment, like an electric dishwasher or a gas incinerator or a new furnace, we have no choice but to retain the services of one or more experts to make the installation, and to come around regularly on "service calls"—at so much per.

Most of my friends are the same way, only more so. Comparatively few men and women in this modern age, where so much is done for us by others, have any remaining vestige of that grand old American tradition of "building it yourself, with your own two hands."

That's why I am particularly happy to be telling you this story . . . a story which takes place in the Ohio town where that famous ballad was written: "Down by the Old Mill Stream, where I first met you." The original Old Mill Stream, more prosaically called the Blanchard River, flows through the heart of the town and lovers still spoon on its banks. But the hero and heroine of our tale don't spend much time gazing into each others' eyes so blue.

On moonlight nights—and cloudy nights too—you are

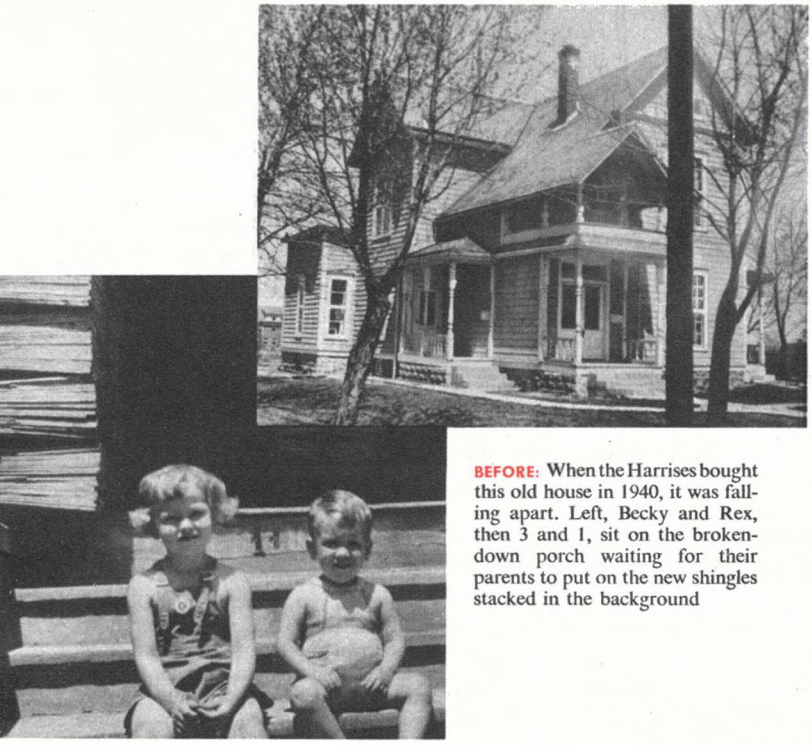


PLUMBING: Cliff installs fixtures in bathroom while son Steven helps by handing him tools and parts

HEATING: In one of the apartment homes they completed for others, Cliff and Jennie set up a gas space heater

MODERNIZATION: Jennie has the latest home-making appliances in the cabinet kitchen she and her family remodeled

DRAWING BY ANNABEL HAGYARD



BEFORE: When the Harrises bought this old house in 1940, it was falling apart. Left, Becky and Rex, then 3 and 1, sit on the broken-down porch waiting for their parents to put on the new shingles stacked in the background

much more likely to find Clifton and Genevieve Harris, of Findlay, Ohio, mixing concrete, laying oak flooring, hanging wallpaper, or performing some other very practical construction job. For the Harrises, whom THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE has selected as its June Family of the Month, have lived up to the spirit of the old song by making their marriage a highly romantic partnership. Working together with hammer and saw, shovel and trowel, paintbrush and monkey wrench, they have literally built themselves financial independence and blazed a trail in the field of family housing which is benefiting many other people as well.

Cliff and Jennie Harris, both 40, are what they themselves describe as an average white-collar couple. Cliff is a tall, bespectacled chap who is employed as an accounting clerk by the Ohio Oil Company, which is Findlay's main industry. Jennie, who stands 5-feet-2 and has never weighed more than 115 pounds, is one of those dainty housewives whose main interests outside of her home are in church work and an occasional bridge party. Until a few years ago, neither she nor Cliff knew any more about building construction than a cat knows about canasta.

BUT, like thousands of other young couples, the Harrises faced a housing problem. They desperately wanted a home of their own, but couldn't afford to buy one on Cliff's very modest salary. They were also confronted with the specter of childlessness. On a gloomy day 5 years after their marriage, their family doctor told them they could never have children.

With courage and imagination, the Harrises attacked both of these obstacles to their happiness. Ignorant though they were about building, they bought a tumbledown monstrosity of a house, taught themselves how to use tools, and set about remodeling it in their spare time, evenings and week-ends. They found it hard, back-breaking, temper-fraying work, but fun most of the time. They made countless mistakes. Sometimes they got so discouraged that they laid down their tools and actually cried for a while. But they always picked up their tools and went back to work again—day after day, month after month, year after year.

As a result of their building efforts, the Harrises now own not only their own home, but a 3-family apartment structure which they rent. They are planning to remodel a third house. Not long ago, they were awarded a prize for the important contribution they have made to the solution of Findlay's housing problem.

AT THE same time, the Harrises have triumphed over the tragedy of childlessness by adopting 4 children, including twins, whom they love just as much as if they were their own flesh and blood. With a determination not to be balked by any handicap, Cliff and Jennie have attained the kind of home and family which they once thought entirely beyond their reach.

That may make them sound a bit grim but they aren't that way at all. Nor are they so absorbed in their building work that they have neglected life's softer side. Before visiting them a short time ago, I pictured Cliff Harris as a horny-handed, inarticulate fellow, and Jennie a muscular lady with grime under her fingernails. I rather suspected I would find them and their children coated with sawdust and living amid a litter of 10-penny nails, nuts and bolts, and 2-by-4 ends.

I have seldom been more mistaken. The Harrises live in a neat 9-room house in the best section of Findlay, a town of 25,000 population 40 miles south of Toledo. On the evening when I first rang their doorbell I was greeted by Marianne, aged 6, who politely led me into an attractively furnished living room. A moment later, Jennie Harris came

AFTER years of toil and sweat, the newly shingled side of the Harrises' house looked like this (left). Here Mother, Rex, Dad, Becky take down storm window as Steven stands by

CONVENIENCES: In their newest home the Harrises have installed a fully electrified laundry (below), where Becky finds it a cinch to do the washing and ironing

out of the kitchen and welcomed me with a bright smile. Wearing a very feminine afternoon frock, she might have come right from a women's club meeting or a tea dance.

Jennie called Cliff, who was hammering down in the cellar. Far from being a diamond in the rough, Cliff was smartly dressed in a sports outfit. He talked and chuckled affably as he introduced me to the rest of the family—Steven, 6, who is Marianne's twin; Rex, 13, a stocky boy with a grin; and Rebecca, a pretty girl of 15, whom everybody calls Becky.

The Harrises are the kind of people who might live next door to you in almost any prosperous white-collar neighborhood. Later that night, as we talked in their cozy living room, and during ensuing days, I learned that the story of the Harrises is a true saga of work and achievement.

Both Cliff and Jennie grew up in homes broken by the death of parents. Cliff, a native of Mattoon, Ill., was only 6 years old when his father died in the great influenza epidemic of 1918. To support him and two other small children, Cliff's mother became a schoolteacher and all through his childhood he delivered newspapers and worked at other odd jobs to help her make ends meet, though he grew up without any real mechanical experience.

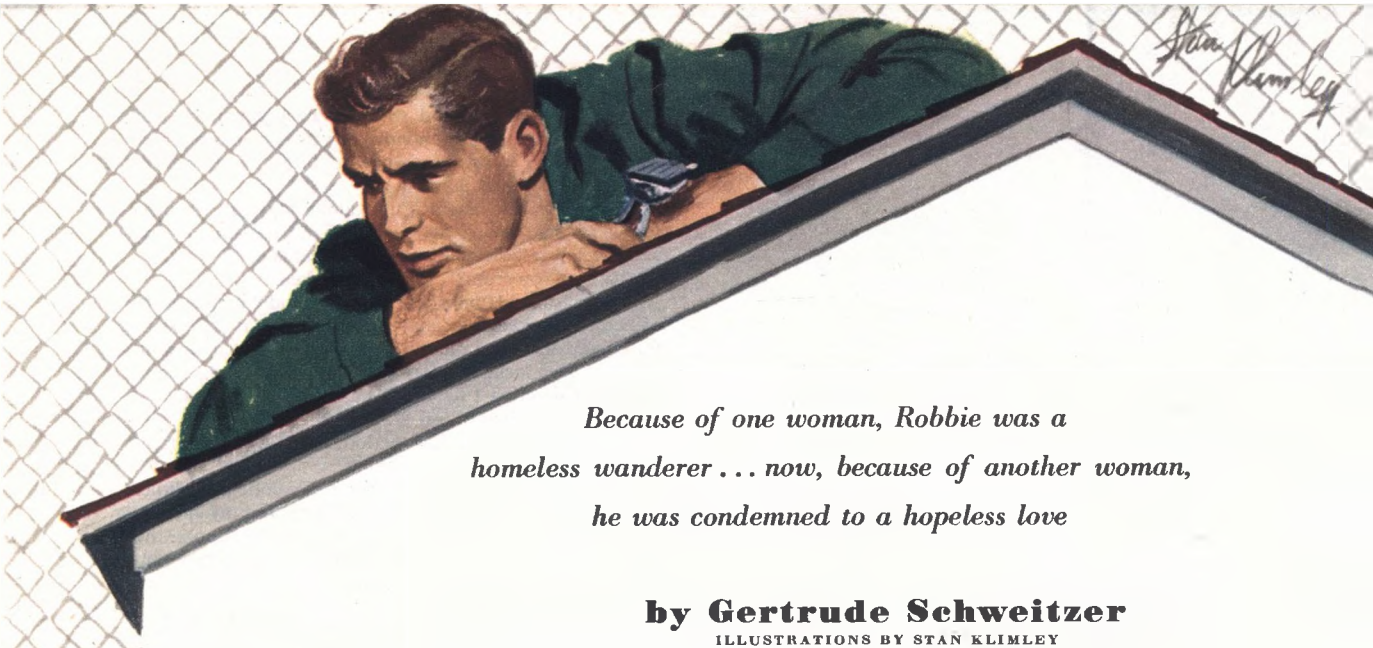
Jennie became an orphan at about the same time that Cliff lost his father. Oldest of three, born on a lonely homestead near Upton, Wyoming, her mother died when Jennie was 5 and her father when she was 7. Her grandparents took her to live with them on an Illinois farm and later, when she was 15, she moved to the home of an uncle and aunt in Charleston, Ill. She learned to sew beautifully and her uncle taught her to drive his tractor one summer, but she never learned to drive a nail straight and didn't see any reason why she should. It was her aim to become a stenographer, not a carpenter. (*Continued on page* 84)

ENTERPRISE: Rex has a paper route which helps augment the family income. He is a Boy Scout and basketball fiend

PHOTOS BY GENE BADGER

LOVE ME NOT

What could you do with a girl like Marcy? A schoolgirl with a woman's power over men.



Because of one woman, Robbie was a homeless wanderer . . . now, because of another woman, he was condemned to a hopeless love

by Gertrude Schweitzer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STAN KLIMLEY

ROBERT LENT stood for a moment watching the rear lights of the train disappear down the tracks into the darkness. Then he hoisted his sea bag to his shoulder and walked to the road that stretched beyond the shack-and-platform station.

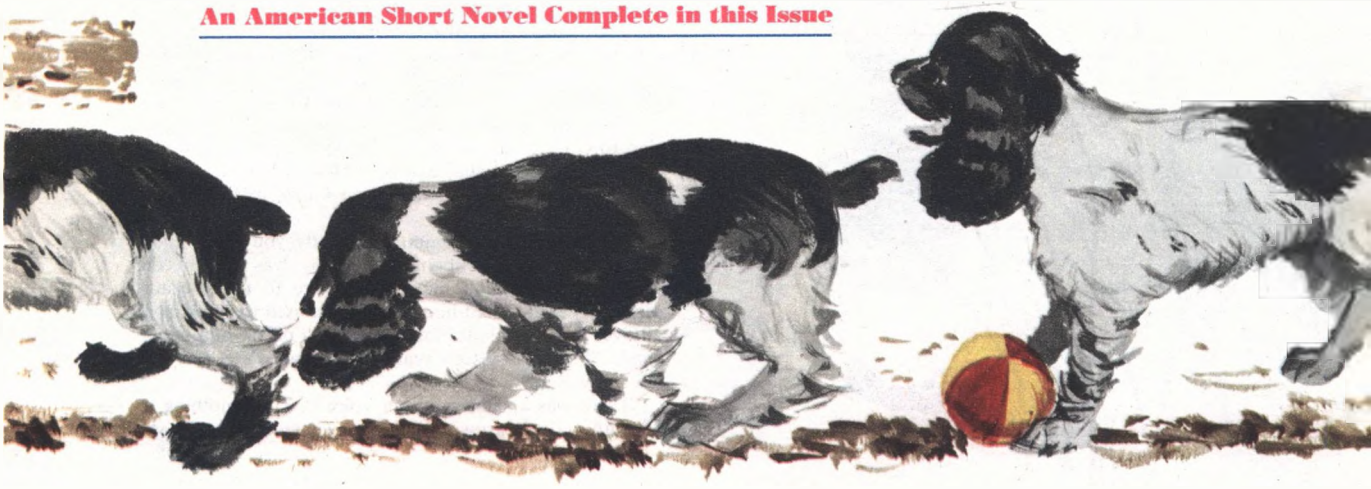
"Warefield," the sign on the shack read. Otherwise, there was no essential difference between this and the other whistle-stops where he had alighted from trains in the past seven months, stayed and worked a while, and then moved on.

The road, too, was like the other country roads he had traveled, dark, lonely, and now, in early spring, rutted and bumpy from weeks of alternate freezing and thawing. He turned up the collar of his pea jacket against the wind that cut across the open fields, and trudged along, and as he went he could see day breaking in a thin, gray line above the horizon.

He was a big man, wide-shouldered and narrow-hipped, with thick, fair hair cropped short under his seaman's cap. He had jutting cheekbones, a strong mouth that just missed hardness, and keen, gray-blue, habitually narrowed eyes. It was an interesting face, but if you had passed him on the road you would probably not have noticed it. You would have placed him as a sailor, home from a voyage, and forgotten him the next moment.

This was exactly as Robert Lent intended it. The sea bag was convenient luggage for a man who moved around a lot and carried all his possessions with him, and the pea jacket kept him warm without bulk, but they also served as

An American Short Novel Complete in this Issue



Her heart belonged to the champion dogs she raised . . . until the right man came along

Marcy stood blinking in the sudden glare of light. Robbie had caught her spying

props. Thus dressed, and with the background he had acquired during the past months, he was far removed from an identity he wanted everyone to forget, and wanted, if possible, to forget, himself.

He had walked about a mile along the road when he saw a farmer feeding his chickens, and he stopped and asked whether he could buy some breakfast.

"Where you from?" the farmer asked.

"Town called Humbert, about two hundred miles south of here. I worked in a factory there, but that's no work for a man this time of year." He smiled, and a warmth that had been lacking before came into his face. "As soon as I smelled spring I figured it was time to light out."

"How come you hit on Warefield?"

Lent shrugged. "I liked the looks of it from the train. Farm country. I like farm country."

The farmer's long, New England face softened a little. "No other kind's worth a tinker's dam, for my money. You can have all your lakes and mountains. Look," he said; "you wait while I feed my chickens, and then you come along and have breakfast. There's plenty." . . .

Two hours later, a good meal under his belt, Robert Lent was walking down the road again, this time with a destination. He had asked for work on the farm, but no hands were needed.

"You could ask up at the Farrar place, though," the farmer had told him. "They sell dogs up there. I heard Matt Farrar, the owner, is ailing and they need a man. It ain't farming, of course, but I don't know of a farm hereabouts that's short-handed."

Lent saw the Farrar place as he came up over the crest of a hill, and liked what he saw. The house was white, low, and rambling, with trellises for roses on either side of the steps to the wide veranda. At some distance from it were the kennels, a row of small houses, each with its wire-enclosed outdoor run. Beyond were green hills, with the sun, high now and warm, slanting across them.

For a moment the man stood still, feeling suddenly at peace for the first time in many months. It was, strangely, as though he had come home. Then he stirred impatiently and went toward the house. He had no home, and wanted none.

There was a sign at the head of the path, and he stopped and read it curiously. It said:

FARRAR HILLS KENNELS
COCKER SPANIELS FOR SALE
Home of Farrahill Playboy

"Looking for a dog?"

He jerked his head around, and saw a girl standing in the shadows on the veranda. She was tall, with a mane of brown hair, and a vivid face in which the dark, intensely alive eyes were the dominant feature. She wore a checked cotton shirt, the sleeves rolled up over her deeply tanned arms, and blue jeans that emphasized her slimness.

The man smiled at her, although it was not his inclination to smile at any woman. "At the moment," he said, "I was wondering what or who Farrahill Playboy is, and why he's advertised that way—you know, like 'Washington Slept Here.'"

She smiled back at him. "Evidently you don't know much about cocker spaniels. Playboy was one of the greatest—a champion himself, and sire to thirty champions. My father bred him, and people used to come from all over just to look at him." She stared off beyond Lent's head. "That was fifteen years ago. Playboy's a very old man now."

There was a sadness in her voice that had nothing to do with a dog's growing old. But whatever she was sad

about was no possible concern of his, he told himself.

"They told me at the farm down the road that you were looking for help," he said.

As he finished speaking, a man came from the direction of the kennels. He was a wiry, strong-looking man of medium height with good, regular features. He wore a green coverall, and carried with him a peculiar odor blended of antiseptic and dog.

"We sure do need help," he said. "I've been handling the kennels alone since Mr. Farrar got sick and our last kennelman left, and it's no job for one man."

A little frown appeared between the girl's eyes. "This man doesn't know anything about dogs—"

"That's not exactly right," Lent said. "I'm not up on spaniel family trees, but I've always had dogs since I was a kid."

The other man nodded. "That's as much as you need for this job," he said. "I'll teach you the rest, as long as you like dogs and are willing to work. The pay isn't high"—he mentioned a figure that seemed adequate to Lent—"but it's all found, and Mrs. Pearson, the housekeeper, is the best cook in Warefield."

"Sounds good to me," Lent said. "I'd like to try it."

"Just a minute." The girl spoke, and he saw that she was stiff with anger, her eyes almost black as she looked at the other man. "You are exceeding your authority, Dennis. Dad is still in charge here, you know. If there's any hiring to be done, he'll do it." She glanced at Lent, sweeping him into the circle of her anger. "We don't hire just anyone who comes in off the road asking for work. Farrar Hills is one of the finest kennels in the country."

THE man she had called Dennis looked for a moment as though he wanted to strike her. Then, abruptly, he smiled. "You're right, Marcy, of course. I was thinking of saving your father the trouble, that's all."

"I can give references," Lent said, carefully addressing himself to the girl instead of the man. "I've been working in a paper-box factory in Humbert." He inclined his head toward her a little. "Will you take me to your father?"

She seemed to hesitate for a moment, but then she turned without a word and led the way, walking far enough ahead so that Dennis could speak without her hearing.

"Don't mind Marcy. She's a hothead," he said, "but she's all right. The trouble is she's living in the past—she and her father both. The kennels were famous when Playboy was in his prime, and they can't forget it. All the old man does is dream of producing another champion like him."

Lent looked at the well-kept lawn, the freshly painted house. "They seem to be doing all right," he said.

Dennis shrugged. "All right, maybe. But it isn't like the old days, when we were selling Playboy puppies for as high as $500."

They entered the house, then, and the girl led the way upstairs to a sunny bedroom where a gray-haired man sat with a blanket over his legs. He had the solid, muscular look of the outdoor man, the kind of skin that should have been ruddy, but he was pale, now, and he looked around listlessly as the trio entered. He seemed worn out rather than ill, a vigorous man exhausted.

"Hello, Dad." The girl kissed his cheek and he smiled at her, affection filling his eyes for a moment and then draining out of them, as though even this emotion tired him. "I've brought a man to see you," she said, "about the job in the kennels."

Lent stepped forward quickly. "Good morning, sir," he said. "I'm Robert Lent, a former factory worker from Humbert. I don't know much about breeding or pedigrees, but I like dogs." He smiled, creating a little island of friendliness between them. "I'd like a chance at the job, Mr. Farrar."

The other man looked at him and nodded. "Yes," he said. "We need somebody." His deep, soft voice was utterly lacking in vitality. He turned to Dennis: "You can take care of this, can't you, boy?"

The girl started to speak, but Dennis said, "Sure, I'll take care of it, Uncle Matt." He patted Farrar's shoulder. "Don't you worry about anything."

The old man closed his eyes before they had left the room.

"What's the matter with him?" Lent asked, as they went downstairs.

IT WAS the girl who answered. "I wish I knew," she said. Her earlier resentment seemed to have vanished in worry. "He isn't really sick, but a few months ago he just seemed to start losing his energy. He used to be so full of it, always laughing, doing a dozen things at once. Now nothing interests him, because he's tired all the time. The slightest effort exhausts him."

"Have you had the doctor?"

She nodded. "The doctor prescribed vitamins, but they don't do any good. I'd like to get him in to the city to see someone else, but he won't go. He insists he's just tired and it would be a waste of money."

"Dr. Richards told you not to worry," Dennis put in. "He said it was nothing, just a temporary letdown, and that he'd get over it." He turned on the stairs and smiled at her, his eyes soft. "He'll be all right, kid. You wait and see."

She put her hand on his arm. "Thanks, Dennis," she said. She seemed to have forgotten that Lent was there. "I'm sorry I'm such a beast to you sometimes. It's just—"

She did not finish, but ran the rest of the way down the stairs and out of the house, her long legs in the faded jeans moving with a swift grace. Lent watched her and thought of a girl he had known, another girl who moved beautifully, who had grace and spirit and, he had once believed, compassion. It was easy to be deceived, he thought, by the foolish senses.

He turned, to see Dennis's eyes (*Continued on page* 61)

Slowpoke

by Robert Paterson

The pilot ignored John's protests. "This is the last plane in here for the season," he said coldly

INSIDE the squat, weathered cabin among the snow-laden jack pines halfway up the hill from the lake, John Croft ran gnarled fingers through his thick gray hair and scowled at the clock as he toasted his aching back before the fireplace.

"Drat that boy Tommy!" he muttered. "And drat those feedmen, and drat my back!"

If there was a boy who could take longer to do any given task than Tommy, the motherless sixteen-year-old nephew who'd been living with him these past two months, John Croft would like to have seen him. Only Tommy could take so long getting wood that the fire would go out before he got back. Only Tommy could take so long watering the horses at the lakeside water hole that the sleigh runners would freeze tight in the slush.

"First thing he knows," John Croft added vehemently, "the plane'll arrive with the oats, and he won't be here to help unload."

He'd expected the oats two weeks ago on the tractor train that served the three small mines he teamstered for. But someone in the feed store had slipped up, so now he had to have them flown in to beat the annual spring breakup. The lakes at the railhead, a hundred miles south, were thawing fast. Word had already gone around that after today there'd be no more flying until they could use pontoons, in about six weeks.

John Croft moved to the window and squinted at the sky. If his oats didn't arrive today there'd be no grain for the team, which had already gone ten days on dry hay and were beginning to show it. Working horses needed grain, and he had a solid month's hauling lined up for them.

And yesterday morning, just to top everything else, he, himself, had slipped and sprained his back.

His scowl deepened as he eyed the clock again. "Drat that—" The faraway drone of an airplane silenced him. He got into his parka and was lifting his cap off the butt of the 30-30 rifle hanging by the door when the tinkling of sleigh-bells was added to the sound of the plane. Outside, looking past the approaching team, he saw the ski-equipped aircraft fishtailing in over the tree line down the lake.

"Hyah, Uncle John!"

Easing himself over the side of the sleigh box, he glanced at the round, wind-burned face of his nephew. "Hello," he answered. "How did you make out today?"

Tommy grinned. "Hauled four loads of wood to the Patsy's boiler room. Not bad, eh?"

John Croft nodded. For six hours' work, four was good. Yesterday eight hours had netted only five loads. Maybe the boy did have some possibilities, after all. "Well, let's get out to the plane."

"Whose plane is that?" Tommy asked as he turned the team.

It was a yellow freighter, unfamiliar to John Croft, too. "I only hope it's the man with the oats."

As they approached, a door in the fuselage opened and a man jumped down onto the slush-covered ice. He was tall and lean, with unfriendly eyes. "John Croft?"

"That's me."

"Got a thousand pounds of oats for you."

John smiled. "Tommy, back the sleigh up to the door. There's no time—"

"Just a minute," the pilot interrupted. "The freight on these oats is C.O.D. No money, no oats."

"You're new in these parts, aren't you?" John said.

The pilot nodded. "I don't normally fly freight up here, but"—he shrugged—"with everybody scrambling to get freight cleared before breakup, why not? I can read a map if it means dough."

JOHN reached into his pocket. "A thousand pounds of oats at five cents makes fifty dollars. Right?"

"I suppose it does," the pilot said, smiling. "But this being the last plane in here for the season, let's make it twenty-five cents a pound—two hundred and fifty dollars."

John Croft could feel his blood getting hot. "*What?*"

"Take it or leave it," the pilot said coldly. "They said in town you've got work lined up and need the oats."

The trouble was, John knew, the man was right. "Well," he said finally, "I'd better go for more money. You and the boy can start unloading."

The pilot shook his head. "Money first. Why don't you send the boy with the team?"

John looked at the pilot's cold eyes. "Okay, Tommy. You know where it is. And don't stop to water the horses."

As the boy left, John flipped his parka hood up. The sun would be down in less than an hour, and the air was growing colder. He watched the horses trot gingerly across the slush-covered ice and start up the hill to the cabin.

"He shouldn't take long, eh?" the pilot said brusquely.

"Not long," John answered.

After ten minutes, with no sign of Tommy, the pilot began getting restless. "What's the matter with him, anyway?" Annoyance sharpened his voice.

"Nothing," John said, just as sharply. "He's a boy, that's all." As he spoke, the team emerged from the pines.

A few minutes later John was counting the money into the hand of the pilot, who carefully recounted the bills.

"It's all there," John said. He watched Tommy and the pilot as they began to unload the oats. He smiled inwardly at Tommy. It was incredible that anyone could take so long to do anything. It took him what seemed like an endless time to get the right grip on every bag he lifted. Then he staggered around as if it weighed a ton. Once he fell with a bag and tripped the pilot. But eventually, just as the sun was beginning to slide down behind the tree line, the job was finished.

WITHOUT a word, the pilot closed the door of the aircraft. "Let's go, Tommy," John said. Tommy clucked to the team, and they moved across the ice.

Behind them the engine of the plane sputtered into life. As the pilot opened the throttle and it began to roar, Tommy glanced back, then stopped the team. "Look!"

John twisted around as far as his lame back would let him. The plane engine roared louder. The wings rocked and the tail swayed, but the aircraft stayed where it was.

Suddenly the engine was throttled back to a gentle snuffling. The door opened. "Hey!" the pilot shouted. "Just a minute. I'm stuck."

John Croft smiled. "So I see. Frozen in."

The pilot banged the door closed, and the engine roared. But the plane did not move. The door opened once more.

"Turn the team around, Tommy," John said quietly. To the pilot he yelled, "Want a tow?"

The pilot got down out of the airplane and eyed John a moment in the gathering dusk. "How much?"

John Croft's smile deepened. "Guess?"

Beside him on the sleigh the boy was reaching down between the bags of oats and the front of the sleigh box. When he straightened he was holding the old 30-30.

Wordlessly, his anger showing only in his eyes, the pilot counted the money into John's hand. When he had finished, John handed back fifty dollars. "For the oats, at five cents a pound."

When they were on their way back to the cabin, after the freed plane had taken off, John Croft put his hand on Tommy's knee. "You knew what I was thinking, when I sent you for the money?"

"Sure," Tommy said. "So I took time out to set the table for supper. I figured we'd be hungry after our work."

"That was thoughtful," John said. "But, you know, I really don't think we needed the gun."

Tommy grinned and shrugged and clucked to the horses, and, watching him, John Croft smiled. Tommy was young, yes, and slow-moving. But one thing: He learned fast.

AN AMERICAN SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE PAGES

BY THE WAY—

How's the Picture Gallery on Your Block?

THIS month I want to talk about what seems to be a conspiracy on the part of the architects and house builders of the nation. These fellows seem to have united in a common purpose—to put a big picture window in every new house that is built.

The architects and builders say that the purpose of these windows is to give a broad, uninterrupted view of the surrounding landscape. Okay—if they open on a lake or a mountain. Unfortunately, according to my observation, in too many cases the surrounding landscape consists of one or two houses just like your own, one of which usually has some wash hanging out on the line. Actually, in today's crowded real-estate developments, picture windows frequently serve only to put an entire family on display for the benefit of the neighbors.

The other night I walked along a suburban street in which each house had its picture window. One of them actually had three. Now I'm no Peeping Tom, but with picture windows I can't help what I see. In the first house I saw plainly from the street the lord and master in his undershirt, watching television while he idly played with a dog. His feet were on what the man in the furniture store calls an "occasional table." The chatelaine of the joint was busily manicuring her nails, or maybe just putting the paint on or taking if off. There was a used coffee cup and the remnants of food lying on another one of those o.t.'s and a newspaper on the floor. Two ash trays seemed filled with debris. Maybe the lady was just unfortunate in having a dirty smoker and a careless man for a husband. If so, it was the picture window that paraded her shame.

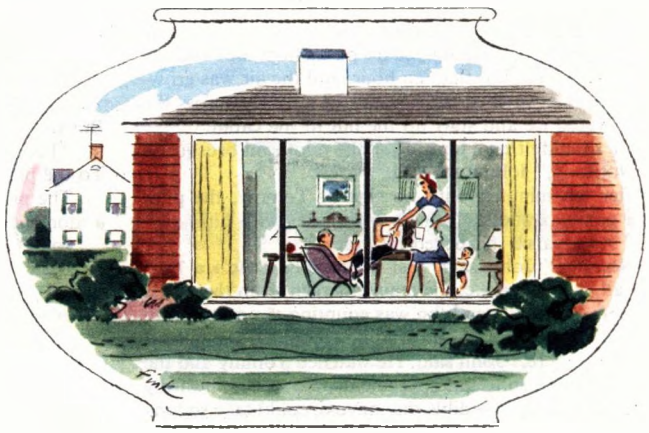
★ ★ ★

A couple of houses further along another picture window caused me to pause and spend several minutes just staring. The reason—evidently a family argument. Family arguments—if they're not my own—always interest me. I couldn't hear a word, but the gestures were plain enough. The battle apparently centered around a teen-age daughter and, so far as I could judge, the mother was attacking and the father was defending, while the young lady was playing one against the other. Now and then most of us are up against such things, but until picture windows came along we didn't have to perform in goldfish bowls.

Then there's Kate. Kate is a particular favorite of mine, aged a rather precocious 6. By the time she grows up she will be able to hang over the back fence with the best of them. Now, however, while she is serving her apprenticeship she acts as our volunteer neighborhood reporter. She can tell you—using picture windows as her spyglasses—what's going on in every house in the neighborhood, and does. Her mother and one neighbor aren't speaking any more. The reason is that Kate wandered into the neighbor's household and remarked, apropos of nothing at all, "You aren't such a bad housekeeper as people say you are. It's just your living room that's always messed up. Your kitchen and bedrooms look real nice."

★ ★ ★

I sounded off the other day to an architect and he told me that picture windows promote the sense of neighborliness. Maybe so, but I'll take privacy. This may prove that I'm not modern, not naturally a mixer, and that I am no more anxious than Jane to share my life with people about me. Jane, 20, is another of my



favorites. A recent remark of hers caused me to reflect on picture windows and their connection with marriage and birth statistics. She said she'd just about as soon receive a young man in a department-store window as in the family p.w.'d living room.

Picture windows may be fine for those whose nearest neighbors are robins, trees, and chipmunks. I just believe they don't belong in most city and suburban homes.

The Editor

America's Interesting People

HER HATS GO TO THE DOGS

Eleanor Flournoy, who makes hats, tries a new creation while her Chihuahua sports a matching gem

FOR OUR FASHION NOTE this month we go to the dogs, so to speak, and bring you an innovation no well turned-out canine can afford to be without. It's one of designer Eleanor Flournoy's hats for dogs to match Madame's. Girls, have you felt something was amiss when you, dressed to the nines in your new chapeau, took Fido out for a stroll with the little precious, bare-headed as the day he was born? Well, thanks to Miss Flournoy, of New York City, Fido can look just as elegant as you. And such a bargain! For a "steal" of anywhere from $10 to $50 Miss Flournoy will make your dog fit to hold up his head in any society.

Miss Flournoy, who until recently had been limiting her hat creations to women, became the Lilly Daché of dogdom by popular demand. One day as a lark, she made a hat for her dog, Chibaba, a Chihuahua, that was identical with one she had made for herself. Customers saw the dog chapeau and asked her to make one for them. Now she is not only doing a thriving business in New York, but word has got around and she fills mail orders from all over the country.

Born in De Funiak Springs, Fla., Miss Flournoy attended Florida State College and for a time was a secretary in the state chemist's office. However, designing fashions had always been her dream, so she went to New York to study. She is a graduate of the Fashion Academy.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK MANNING FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Dr. Bernard Cooper, successful dentist, displays a few samples of his screwy sculpture, which he says anyone can make

PHOTOGRAPH BY WIDE WORLD FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

IT'S THE NUTS

DR. BERNARD COOPER, a Cleveland, Ohio, dentist, has come up with just about the "screwiest" form of art. It's also the "nuttiest." Literally, Dr. Cooper sculpts figures out of such scrap as nuts, bolts, screws, pieces of pipe and brass. Furthermore, he swears he can teach anyone to do the same in 20 minutes. All you need is some junk and a little patience and you have a new hobby.

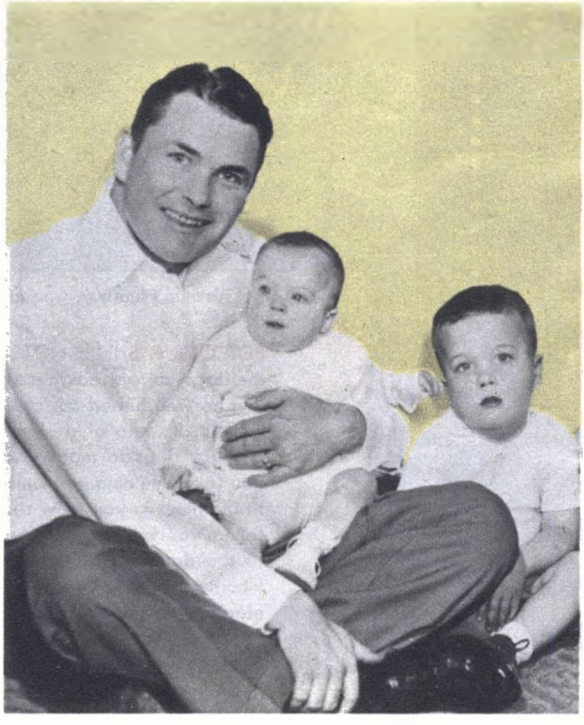
Dr. Cooper's work is regarded so highly that he has won 32 prizes in museums all over the country. His creations have included an elephant made of gas pipe and ball bearings with hose nozzles for legs; a dancer made of door knocker and door knob; a knight in armor made of gears, nuts, and bolts; and a little girl fashioned out of an old electric-light fixture, nuts, and bolts.

For many years, Dr. Cooper's hobby has been dabbling in various types of art, from painting in oils to making copper plaques. It was while doing the latter during the war that he ran short of copper and was looking for a new outlet for his artistic bent. He found a scrap box around the house and went to work. He has had many offers to sell pieces, but prefers to keep his art purely as a hobby. He'd rather tell you how to do it than sell you a piece.

10 MODEL CASSIDYS

THE JOE CASSIDYS OF PITTSFORD, N.Y., have found a simple way to solve the financial problem of raising a large family. They just put everybody to work! "Everybody" includes not only Mom and Pop, but all 8 little Cassidys, ranging from 8-year-old Noel to the twin babies. Every member of the family works as a model. Not that the parents planned it that way, or are pushing babies into commerce. It's just that all of the Cassidys are photogenic and are in demand to pose for photographs, particularly for Eastman Kodak Company, located in nearby Rochester. All of them have appeared in national advertisements. The twins were making money when they were 5 weeks old.

Pop Cassidy, who is 33, works as a model in spare hours. He keeps the family in groceries regularly by traveling, selling men's wear. During World War II, he was a major in the field artillery. He is a native of Norwalk, Conn. Mom Cassidy, originally from Eldred, Pa., was an airline stewardess before she was married. Although they didn't expect the kids to be earning money as infants, they always wanted a large family. The Cassidys handle their model financial affairs as a family unit. Part of each check received is deposited in the bank account of the member who earned it. The remainder is put in a fund used for family fun.

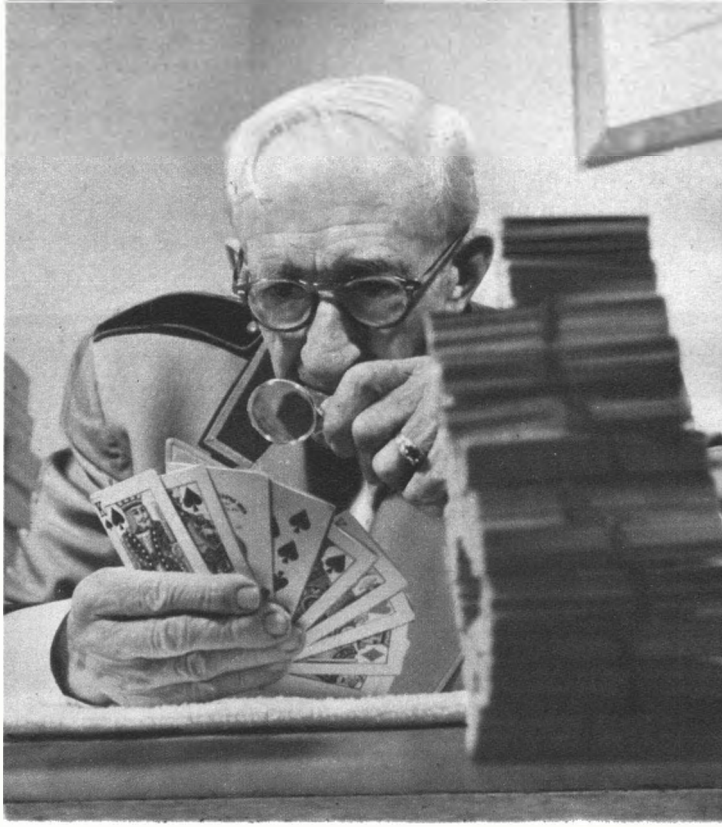


The Cassidys, left to right: Papa Cassidy with twin Jeanie,

CLEAN DECK

AT THE AGE OF 75, when most men are thinking of winding up their careers, Ernest "Dutch" Bandholz, of Las Vegas, Nev., is just launching a new and unique one. Dutch is official card washer for a leading Las Vegas gambling house. It seems that casino "KP" is an art and Dutch has his own formula. Every morning he washes about 25 decks in his own solution. He not only cleans the cards of dirt, but inspects each card under a magnifying glass for any marks of the cheat. Dutch, who'd been a dealer in the club, created the job for himself.

Over the years, he has done just about everything. His earliest experience with "decks" was aboard a ship as cabin boy, sailing from his native Germany to this country. He has been a baker, served with the British Mounted Police in Africa, and is a veteran of the Spanish-American War. For the last several years Dutch has been a dealer in a number of Nevada casinos and knows all the tricks used by card sharps. It is this knowledge which now makes him an expert at spotting marked decks. When at work, Dutch locks himself in a room, separates the cards into suits, and goes over every one of them.



Card Washer Dutch Bandholz, of Las Vegas, Nev., looks for marks of cheaters under a magnifying glass

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID LEES FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

6 months; Joe Jr., 3; Madeleine, 4; Elizabeth, 6; Noel, 8; Mary Jo, 5; John, 1½; and Mom Cassidy with other twin, Jimmy

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM OSBORNE FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

HE GETS PAID FOR RIDING ROLLER COASTERS

ALEXANDER R. McINTYRE, who earns fees by testing Coney Island rides, enjoys hot dog and pop on ferris wheel

THE WHIP: Alex takes the bumps and shakes in stride

STEEPLECHASE: A double load to test the steed for strength

BOATING: Some fun for a guy who's supposed to be working

TAKE-OFF: In a minute he'll be flying high in kiddie plane

IF YOU'RE ONE OF THE MILLIONS of Americans who enjoy the thrills of amusement park rides, get ready to envy Alexander R. McIntyre, an elevator inspector for the Department of Housing and Buildings of Brooklyn, N.Y. Don't let that forbidding title fool you. Alex has more fun than anybody. His real job is testing the rides at Coney Island to make sure they're safe.

Those wonderful roller coasters, ferris wheels, whips, tunnels of love, and carrousels that cost you money to enjoy are his as part of his job routine. In fact, he gets paid for riding them. And he can ride them as often as he likes and have the whole roller coaster or ferris wheel to himself. From March until after Labor Day, Alex spends all his time at Coney Island hopping from one ride to another inspecting them for safety.

At the beginning of every season, Alex makes a complete inspection of every one of the 126 rides at Coney, checking the tracks, the brakes, the safety devices. He makes test trips, sending the cars around empty or with sandbags for 15 trips, stopping and starting. Then he takes several rides himself. For the rest of the time he rides each one of the amusements once a month making a less detailed check. He works 7 days a week, getting his time off in the winter. There has never been a serious accident on the rides at Coney Island. Alex has been riding high, wide, and free for two years, but has been with the city as elevator inspector for 22 years. In winter months, he tests elevators like any other inspector. The only accident he's had in 22 years was not on a "ride," but while testing the counterweights of an elevator from the top of the car. He slipped on a grease spot, and tumbled through the top into the car, breaking his arm.

Alex says it's too bad he didn't have this job when he was younger because, while he still enjoys the rides, he was crazy about them as a kid. Born in Brooklyn, N.Y., he haunted Steeplechase and Luna Parks and other amusement centers at Coney Island, going on all the rides.

CARROUSEL: A free ride on a merry-go-round lion

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK MANNING FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

ROLLER COASTER: He not only rides 'em, but walks the tracks looking for weak links

Mel and Mary Coe make last-minute check before picnic starts. Below: Chuck wagon

Mel turns a rotary spit for the barbecue. The Coe chuck wagon carries equipment capable of feeding as many as 3,500 people

PICNIC CHUCK WAGON

EVERYONE who has gone on a family picnic or has cooked supper in the back yard knows how hard it is to serve the hot foods hot. Mel and Mary Coe, of Oakland, Calif., two up-and-coming young restaurateurs, ran into this familiar problem when they tried to put on a picnic for a club. They made some wonderful food for the occasion, but by the time they got it from their restaurant to the picnic it was cold. Well, the two cooks put their heads together and have come up with a solution. It's a 20th century version of an old Western institution—the chuck wagon.

Ranchers used the wagons to feed the cowhands hot food on the range. The Coes use their trailer version to put on fish fries, breakfasts, or barbecues for as many as 3,500 people. Their catering caravan consists of two kitchens-on-wheels equipped with huge coffee urns, ovens, grills, and refrigerators. They've patented the design. The Coes take along big rotary spits which can barbecue a whole steer. They are equally adept at barbecuing 1,200 pounds of top round, or flipping flapjacks for hundreds of hungry horsemen. The Coes sometimes travel as much as 300 miles to put on a feed.

Food has been more important to the Coes than to most people. Mary and Mel met 10 years ago when both were working in a small restaurant. She was a waitress and he a cook. During the war—after their marriage—Mel spent 3 years in the Army Transport Service as a chief cook. In his spare time he designed the restaurant he was going to build. Mary did her part by saving Mel's money.

After the war, they opened their barbecue restaurant and slowly it became popular. They were content until 3 years ago when the Oakland Advertising Club invited them to serve the annual picnic and everything got cold. Now a whole new world has opened to them. The chuck wagon idea has become so popular they have discontinued the restaurant.

HAWK HAVEN

MRS. CHARLES N. EDGE, a gentle, gray-haired widow and 5-time grandmother, is a friend in need for one of the most hated and misunderstood members of the bird family—the hawk. Furthermore, she has backed her friendship with money and courage. She bought an isolated mountain of 1,403 rocky acres, near Reading, Pa., as a haven for hawks, bald eagles, turkey vultures, and other feathered "untouchables," which were being mowed down by hunters. It's called the Hawk Mountain Sanctuary and every year thousands of visitors come from all over the country to see the birds. All is peace now and everybody thinks Mrs. Edge has done a fine thing, but it was a different story a few years ago.

Mrs. Edge, long a bird lover, learned that thousands of hawks and their friends were being killed by hunters who stood along the top of Hawk Mountain like marksmen at a skeet shoot and picked off the birds as they passed over flying south in the late summer and early fall. Mrs. Edge decided the slaughter must stop. She contended that only a few hawks were destructive and that most of them were great boons to farmers.

She first took an option on the mountain and finally bought it for $3,500. No more hunting allowed. She organized the Emergency Conservation Committee and members raised funds to pay a resident curator at the sanctuary. Hunters threatened Mrs. Edge, her son, and the curator, Maurice Broun. Gradually the animosity waned. Crowds started coming to see the birds and last year during the hawk migration, 18,105 hawks and other birds of prey flew safely over the mountain.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAURICE BROUN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

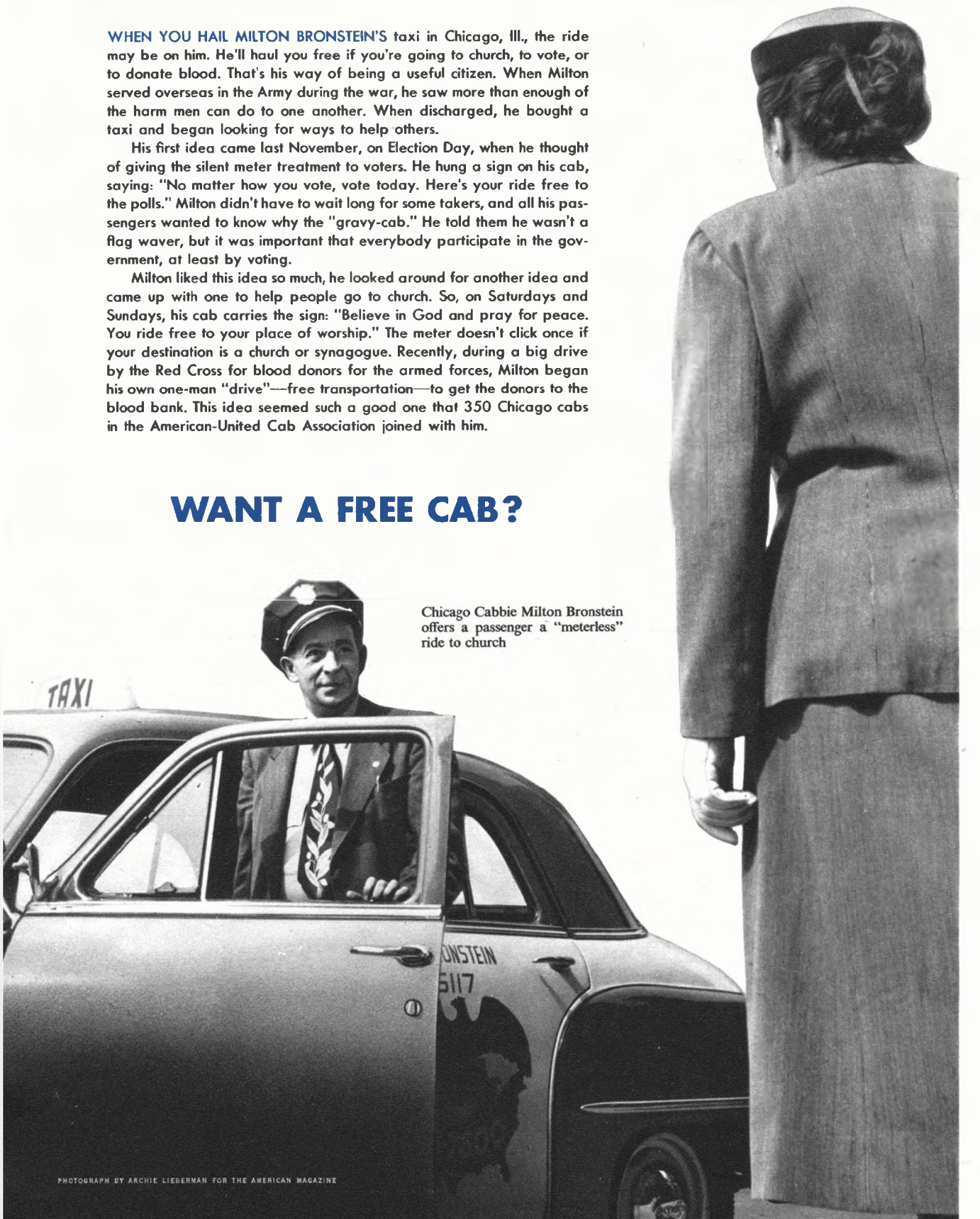
Hawks' best friend is Mrs. Charles N. Edge who bought mountain to protect them. A red-tail hawk is on her arm

WHEN YOU HAIL MILTON BRONSTEIN'S taxi in Chicago, Ill., the ride may be on him. He'll haul you free if you're going to church, to vote, or to donate blood. That's his way of being a useful citizen. When Milton served overseas in the Army during the war, he saw more than enough of the harm men can do to one another. When discharged, he bought a taxi and began looking for ways to help others.

His first idea came last November, on Election Day, when he thought of giving the silent meter treatment to voters. He hung a sign on his cab, saying: "No matter how you vote, vote today. Here's your ride free to the polls." Milton didn't have to wait long for some takers, and all his passengers wanted to know why the "gravy-cab." He told them he wasn't a flag waver, but it was important that everybody participate in the government, at least by voting.

Milton liked this idea so much, he looked around for another idea and came up with one to help people go to church. So, on Saturdays and Sundays, his cab carries the sign: "Believe in God and pray for peace. You ride free to your place of worship." The meter doesn't click once if your destination is a church or synagogue. Recently, during a big drive by the Red Cross for blood donors for the armed forces, Milton began his own one-man "drive"—free transportation—to get the donors to the blood bank. This idea seemed such a good one that 350 Chicago cabs in the American-United Cab Association joined with him.

WANT A FREE CAB?



Chicago Cabbie Milton Bronstein offers a passenger a "meterless" ride to church

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARCHIE LIEBERMAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

SINGER'S SQUIRRELS

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. LELAND ELAM FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Mrs. Florence Hinton and her trained squirrel entertain students at Sonoma, Calif.

OPPORTUNITY sometimes literally "knocks." For instance, Mrs. Florence Hinton, of Grover City, Calif., who presides over a troupe of talented squirrels, found her unique career 16 years ago when a little boy "knocked" on her dressing-room door. Mrs. Hinton was a light-opera singer then and was on concert tour. The boy wanted to hear her performance, but had no money. Mrs. Hinton gave him two tickets and he gave her two baby squirrels.

One day at a concert for children, she brought along the squirrels. The kids were so thrilled that she determined to train her pets, despite warnings from experts that it could not be done. For 3 years, Mrs. Hinton patiently persevered and now has a successful squirrel troupe of 6, the only one of its kind. The squirrels have learned to play dead, turn somersaults, swing on flying trapezes, take baths, and many other tricks.

PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Sally Paine, who makes humorous cartoons for the Marshall Plan, is shown at drawing board with one of her sketches depicting American aid to Europe

POSTER GIRL

SALLY PAINE, from Spokane, Wash., is helping win friends for Uncle Sam overseas, and is also doing all right for herself. Sally creates cartoon posters for Marshall Plan officials to distribute overseas. The cartoons entertainingly explain to millions of Europeans that Americans are helping and are willing to help. This was her own idea and, she says, it was "strictly from hunger."

Sally, 27, had been a successful commercial artist in Spokane, Wash., and New York, but yearned to do fine art. She went to Italy to study the great masters and after 6 months was broke. She painted restaurant murals for her meals. Running out of restaurants, she sat down and tried to think where in Europe her talent might be used. Suddenly, she had her idea. She descended on Paris and Marshall Plan headquarters and announced the Paine Plan. The best answer to the deadly dull Communist propaganda flooding Europe, she argued, was a laugh. Why not some humorous posters? She offered some to show how Europe and the United States help each other and they were accepted.

Sally has studied art in Boston and Los Angeles and once ran a greeting-card business in Spokane.

Mrs. Corinne Friedman (right) has unique hobby of making doll brides of all nations, several of which are shown on the left

WEDDING DOLLS

BRIDES OF ALL NATIONS are included in one of the world's most unusual doll collections, the creation of Mrs. Corinne Friedman of the Bronx, N.Y. As a hobby, she made all the dolls and dressed them authentically in the typical wedding costumes of more than 50 different nations. They are valued at several thousand dollars and have been shown in libraries, hospitals, orphanages, and department stores in many parts of the country.

The collection was started in 1949 when Mrs. Friedman brought her 10-year-old niece to her home in New York from a Displaced Persons camp. The child, born in Hungary, had never had any toys and had to be taught how to play with them. To teach her, and to acquaint her with some of the brighter side of life in old Hungary, Mrs. Friedman decided to make a doll dressed in Hungarian bridal costume.

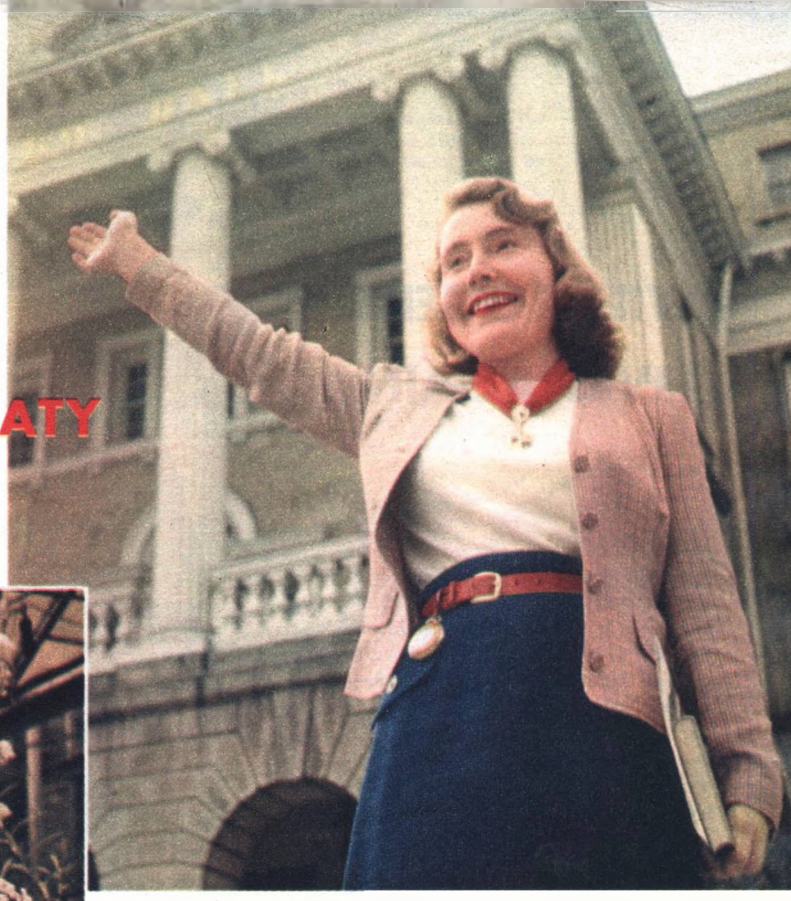
She enjoyed making one so much that she decided to make brides of other countries. Soon friends began urging her to make more and when she had 150 she exhibited them in a library. This display led to a demand for some of these dolls by people who wanted to own them. Mrs. Friedman refused to sell any of the originals, but began making copies and now they are marketed in stores from coast to coast. She has 30 different copies in production, has two assistants helping her, and her hobby is becoming a booming small business.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK STAGER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

COED OF THE MONTH

WISCONSIN KATY



1. Katy Gimmler, junior at the University of Wisconsin, waves to a friend on the campus, with Bascom Hall in the background

2. One of Katy's jobs, helping to get her a degree, is caring for plants in the university herbarium. Here she examines primulas

3. Katy majors in occupational therapy and loves to help others. She is shown reading to a blind student working on doctor's thesis

KATY GIMMLER, a junior at the University of Wisconsin and this month's AMERICAN MAGAZINE Coed of the Month, is helping herself these days in order to help others in the future. Katy completely supports herself at the university, where she is majoring in occupational therapy. She expects to devote her life to rehabilitating people.

To reach that goal, she has won 5 scholarships, works at the university herbarium caring for the plants and at the university hospital as a messenger. Every summer she works as a camp counselor. In her spare time, she reads to a blind girl. But it's not all work with Katy. She sings in two choirs, has served on the Prom Committee, the yearbook, and on the executive council of her dormitory. In line with her ambition to help others, Katy captained the Community Chest Drive at the university and is student chairman of Civilian Defense. She is a member of Delta Gamma Sorority and the Student-Faculty Education Committee. As soon as she graduates next year, Katy wants to work in some hospital or clinic helping handicapped children.

Katy has had to help herself because her father was killed when she was young and left her mother with 3 children. She is the oldest and is 21. Born in Galveston, Texas, she now makes her home in Milwaukee, Wis. Katy's father was a West Pointer and in the Army Air Corps. Her mother is an assistant to a landscape architect, her sister is a freshman at Wisconsin, and her brother is in high school.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARCHIE LIEBERMAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

WILL ROGERS LIVES AGAIN

MANY YEARS have passed since the late Will Rogers has been seen in motion pictures, but now he returns to the movies—via the acting of Will Jr., the first son, so far as Hollywood knows, to portray his own father on the silver screen. You can take it from Junior, it ain't easy. Such a role, as he says, is one of the most exacting any experienced actor could attempt. And, unlike his father, he isn't an actor but a businessman, publisher of *The Beverly Hills Citizen*, a weekly newspaper.

Before he accepted Warner Brothers' offer to play the part, after the studio had tested many actors and found them wanting, Will Jr. had to convince himself and his family that he could give an adequate performance. Although he was in his early twenties when his father was killed in a plane accident and although he remembered him vividly, he at once set about spending 16 hours a day learning to act like him.

While the younger Will has never followed in his father's footsteps, his interests have been an outgrowth of the celebrated humorist's. Will Sr. used to kid politics and his son actually jumped into the kettle by getting himself elected to Congress in 1942. A year later he enlisted in the Army and was wounded in Germany. And while Will Jr. never wrote a newspaper column like his famous father, he did get into the newspaper business on the publishing side. He also inherited his father's restless spirit and love for travel. Will Jr. is 40, was born in New York, and was educated at the University of Arizona and Stanford University.

Will Rogers Jr. doing his toughest job—playing the role of his famous father in the forthcoming film of the humorist's life

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERT SIX FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

LOVE ME NOT

(*Continued from page 45*)

on him. "Quite a girl, isn't she?"

Lent shrugged. "I'm not much of a lady's man."

"Well, good. I knew right away we were going to get along." Dennis laughed. "One lady's man is enough around here. Not that I'm a lady's man really," he added, with a kind of boyish straightforwardness. "Just Marcy's man."

Lent picked up his sea bag from the veranda. "Aren't you related? I heard you call her father 'Uncle Matt.'"

"He's not actually my uncle, just a cousin—fifth or sixth, I think. It's too distant to count. I'm a Farrar, though." He put a friendly hand on Lent's shoulder. "Well, come on. I'll show you where you're going to bunk." . . .

A little later, Lent sat in a comfortable armchair near the window of his room over the garage. It was a small, immaculate room, furnished in glowing old maple. The view over which he looked was of a small apple orchard, the trees just coming into bud, and the house beyond.

Lent puffed slowly at his pipe. He could stay in a place like this. He could find peace here, if he could find it anywhere. But there was no use thinking about it. Inevitably, if you stayed in a place too long, you became involved in personal relationships. People wanted to be your friends, or your enemies, and to know more about you.

Besides, he was not sure it was as peaceful here as it looked. That girl, Marcy, with her quick anger, the fire in her eyes; and Dennis Farrar, the distant cousin, who had warned him, pleasantly, that she was his; and Matt Farrar, sitting in his bedroom, without the energy to look after his failing business. There was nothing he could put a finger on in all this, but he sensed some fever or unrest; he couldn't tell what.

He couldn't tell and he didn't care. He would not be here long enough for any of it to matter to him. Two months, maybe three, and he would move on again, leaving no ties, no regrets, taking nothing with him except another reference and another bit of experience that he could use somewhere else, on another job. Once he had thought it was important to put down roots, but he wanted no roots any more. It hurt too much when you had to pull them up.

Someone knocked on the door and he called, "Come in."

It was the girl, in a clean blouse and with her hair freshly brushed. She had a way of holding her head back, so that her long neck arched a little, and he wondered whether she knew how effective the pose was. He decided that, like any woman, she knew exactly. He got up and went to the door where she stood.

"Hello," she said. "I came to see if you were comfortable, if you needed anything."

"Everything's fine," he said.

She smiled. "I hope you won't hold it against me that I thought we ought to check up on you before we took you on."

"It was a natural precaution," he said.

"I don't think it's always wise to trust first impressions. That's why I telephoned over to Humbert, just to make sure." All at once she seemed a little shy. "I'm glad the first impression was right this time."

She was kind of cute, he thought, younger than he had imagined at first. There was something appealing about her. . . . "Look out, Lent," he told himself.

He leaned against the doorjamb, watching her. "So Humbert gave me a good send-off."

She nodded gravely. "At the factory they said you were honest and industrious, and your landlady said you were honest and sober."

He laughed, and she joined him. He could not remember when he had laughed that way with somebody else at nothing very funny, just easy and relaxed.

"We're friends, then?" she asked him finally, and held out her hand. He took it, feeling it strong and firm in his. "What shall I call you? Not Robert, certainly. Bob?"

He said, "My friends call me Robbie."

"I like that," she told him. "It suits you, somehow. I don't know why, really." She laughed again. "There was a boy at college named Robbie. He was small and dark, nothing like you, but it suited him, too."

Lent said, "You haven't been out of college long."

"No, only a few months. This would have been my last term, and Dad wanted me to finish, but I thought I ought to come home. I thought he needed me here." She shook her head with a quick little motion. "It's funny how you go along, not thinking, expecting that nothing will ever change. Why, I never even bothered learning anything, really, about the dogs. I thought it was enough just to pet them and play with them. And now Dad's the way you saw him, and I ought to be competent to take over for him, but I'm not."

"Surely you can leave it to Dennis."

She frowned a little. "Yes," she said. "Yes, of course." Then she looked up at him. "Heavens! Do people usually weep on your shoulder this way?"

"No one," he said, "has wept on my shoulder for a long time."

They stood staring at each other for a moment, and Robbie could feel his heart begin a thick pounding. What was there about this girl? She was pretty, well made, like a dozen others. He wanted nothing to do with any girl again. Yet as he stood there in the doorway with her he had to clench his fists in his pockets to keep from taking her in his arms. . . .

They were standing that way when Dennis came up the stairs, and they both started and moved farther apart.

Dennis stopped still when he saw them, and a dark flush spread over his face. "Marcy," he said, "what are you doing here in this fellow's room?"

She looked at him coldly. "In his room? I haven't stepped over the threshold," she said. "But even if I had, what business is it of yours?"

He looked as though he would have liked to slap her face, but all he said was, "Let's not go into that now." He glanced briefly at Robbie. "When you're finished here, come to the kennels," he said. Without another word he turned and clattered down the stairs.

Robbie watched him go. Then he said to Marcy, "I'll pack now."

She looked up at him, her eyes widening. "You're not going to leave because of that nonsense?"

He nodded. "I came for a job. That's all I want. I don't want to get mixed up in anything—not in anything at all."

She smiled a little. "How can you live, and not get mixed up in anything at all?"

"I can. I'm going to." He spoke more violently than he intended. "I've had my fill of entanglements," he said, and turned back into his room.

"Wait a minute, Robbie," she said quietly. "This is no entanglement. Dennis is foolish and hotheaded, but it doesn't mean anything. By the time you get down to the kennels he'll be embarrassed and apologetic."

Robbie stood with his back to her. The sun was spilling over the window sill of the little room now, making bright patterns on the braided rug. He could feel its warmth on his arms. He sighed. "All right," he said. "I'll stay awhile. I'll see."

She said, "I'm glad," and then she was gone.

A few minutes later he left to go to the kennels.

He was a fool, he thought on the way. This was no setup for him. What the girl had said was partly true: You could not live and work this close to people and not get mixed up in anything. It was only the first day, the first few hours, and already the impersonal, indifferent atmosphere he wanted was gone.

He would stay long enough to soak in a little sun and eat a few home-cooked meals, and then he would go to another factory town where he could work and live in anonymity again.

Any other kind of life was out of the question for him now. He was no longer a man who had a right to form ties of any kind, and when it came to it, he wanted no ties, especially with a woman. If it had

not been for a woman he would not now be a homeless wanderer.

Dennis was standing on the path to the kennels as he approached, and Robbie could see at once that the girl's prediction was correct. There was a conciliatory grin on Dennis's face, and as soon as Robbie was within earshot, he said, "Don't tell me. I know I behaved like a fool." He stuck out his hand. "Forget it?"

Robbie took his hand. "Sure," he said indifferently.

"We Farrars all have crazy tempers and jealous natures." He said it, Robbie thought, with a certain pride. "But we're just as quick to get over things as we are to fly off the handle."

Robbie said nothing. It made little difference to him what the Farrar dispositions were like. In a few days he would be leaving.

"Come on," Dennis said. "I'll show you the dogs. This is the maternity ward."

He led the way into the nearest kennel, a low wooden structure with large, wire-enclosed compartments inside, their floors covered with cedar shavings. In each compartment was a dog surrounded by puppies. Some of the dogs growled a little as the men approached, and one black-and-white parti-color leaped to her feet and stood trembling, her large, liquid eyes on Robbie, while her squealing puppies wriggled frantically around, looking for their interrupted dinner.

Robbie stood still. "It's all right, girl," he said. "I won't hurt them."

The dog looked at him for another moment, not trembling now, and then lay down again and nosed the puppies in close to her.

"Well, now, see?" Dennis said, clapping Robbie on the shoulder. "You have a way with dogs. I had a hunch you were the man for this job."

"What, exactly, are my duties?" Robbie asked.

"Oh, keep the boxes clean, feed the dogs, groom them." Dennis shrugged. "Pretty much anything that comes to hand. There are only the two of us, and there's plenty to do."

He showed Robbie the nursery, where the litters of weaned puppies played or slept, huddling together in heaps for warmth and comfort in a suddenly motherless world. Then there were the older dogs, the brood bitches and studs.

Robbie had never seen so many dogs all at once, nor had he realized that cockers came in such a variety of colors. He was squatting down in front of one of the runs, talking through the wire to a young buff that looked especially mournful, even for a spaniel, when he felt something nudge his leg and heard Dennis laugh.

He turned around, to see a black cocker standing at his knee, looking up at him with an expression that he could have described only as imperious. Somehow, for a small dog this one gave an impression of massiveness and power. He stood almost motionless, his stubby tail stretched out stiff and straight, not changing his stance even when Robbie spoke to him. He had a beautiful coat, thick and glossy, but his muzzle was almost completely white.

"No use talking to him," Dennis said. "He's stone-deaf. Outside of that and his gray beard, you wouldn't think he was fifteen years old, would you?" He walked around in front of the dog and made him a low bow. "May I present Mr. Lent, Your Highness? Lent, the great Farrahill Playboy!"

There was something odd about Dennis's tone, a mockery that seemed more than just a little nonsense over a dog. It was almost as if Dennis hated the animal. But Robbie dismissed it as absurd.

"Hello, Playboy," he said, and knelt to pat the cocker, who promptly put his paws up on his knee and licked his ear. Robbie grinned. "Heck," he said, "he's just like any other dog."

"Think so?" Dennis turned away. "Other dogs don't give a man all this." He stood with his hands in the pockets of his coverall, looking around at the hills and the orchard and the rambling white house. "Other dogs—" He broke off abruptly as a bell clanged on the quiet air. "Better wash up," he said. "That's dinner." . . .

Robbie had had every intention of leaving within the week, but the week passed and another was half over, and he did not go.

He told himself that he stayed because of the dogs—he found that he loved working with them—and because of Matt Farrar, with whom he sometimes spent the evening, talking about things out of a world Robbie had left behind, a world of books and music and ideas.

But he knew these reasons alone could not have kept him. He knew, and despised himself for a fool, that it was because of Marcy Farrar that he could not go.

"You're a strange man," she said to him once in the kennels, watching while he worked. "I don't know anything about you at all, really, except that you were a factory worker in Humbert and that you never, presumably, killed anyone."

His hand, combing out the feathers on a red dog's legs, froze, and then, after a moment, moved again. "You don't know that," he said lightly. "They only told you I was honest, sober, and industrious. No doubt there are sober, industrious murderers."

She did not laugh. "Seaman, factory worker, kennelman," she said musingly. "Not one of them fits you." She came around in front of him, her eyes intent on his face. "What are you, Robbie?" she asked him softly. "Who are you?"

He dropped the grooming tools and gripped her arms. "I'm your kennelman," he said fiercely. "Robert Lent, kennelman. That's all I am and all I want to be, for as long as I'm at Farrar Hills."

"All right," she said, not moving under his hands. "All right, Robbie. If that's the way you want it."

He released her and picked up the comb and brush.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Don't be. I had no right to pry."

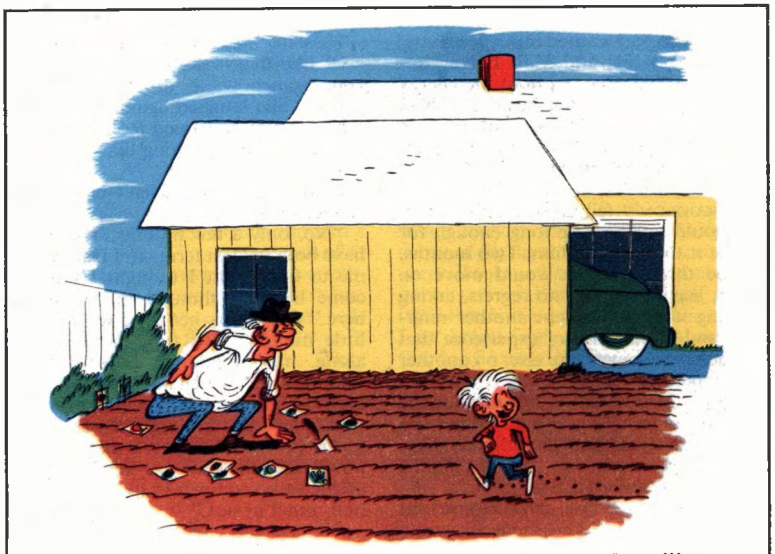
"Why not?" He shrugged. "You're my employer, aren't you?"

"But I wasn't asking as an employer," she said.

When he turned around, she was gone. He saw her walking toward the house with her graceful, quick-moving stride, and felt his pulses hammering.

It was only, he thought, because it was so long since he had been close like this to a girl of her sort. It was only a trick his senses were playing on him. There was no danger that he would ever again become seriously involved; not with his heart, never again with his heart. Even if he had wanted it, and he didn't, he had no right to love.

He knew it was time to leave. The



"I just put the seeds in m'pocket with the hole in it—and . . .!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY CHARLES SHARMAN

questions had started, the inevitable questions. But he stayed on.

For one thing, Dennis was getting some of the dogs ready for a county show in May, and Robbie felt he could not walk out on them before that.

"This might be it," Matt Farrar said to him. "There's that dog, Wildwind, that Dennis thinks has possibilities. Another Playboy, maybe."

They were playing checkers in Matt's bedroom, and the older man leaned back in his tired way and lowered his voice: "We could use a great champion again, Robbie. Marcy doesn't know it, but things are pretty bad with us. It takes a lot of money to run kennels like these, and you can't meet expenses with thirty-five-dollar stud fees and selling fifty- or seventy-five-dollar puppies." He sighed. "If I could only get back on my feet again, really get my teeth into things— I bred one of the greatest dogs of our time. With hard work and a little luck, maybe I could do it again."

WHEN he had finished talking he seemed completely exhausted. "Why don't you see another doctor?" Robbie suggested.

There were no other doctors, Matt told him, within a hundred miles, and he didn't feel up to a trip like that. "I don't feel really sick, anyhow," he said. "Just tired all the time, worn out. I guess maybe I'm only getting old." He smiled at Robbie. "It's nice of you to come and spend time with me like this. You must have other things to do with your leisure, letters to write—"

"No," Robbie said, "I have no letters to write."

The other man looked at him for a moment and then leaned back in his chair. "What do you think of Wildwind?" he asked.

"I don't know. He's a beautiful dog, of course. But I don't know enough about it to be any kind of judge."

"No, it takes time to be a judge. You'll learn, though. Dennis is pretty much of an expert."

Matt seemed to think that Dennis was teaching Robbie what points to look for in a show cocker, grooming him to help handle the dogs for shows. But Dennis kept Robbie busy just bathing, brushing, and feeding the dogs, cleaning out the kennels, hosing and liming the runs.

He trimmed all the show prospects himself and took entire charge of their training and handling. It was just as well, Robbie thought. He was not going to be around long enough to use such specialized instructions.

Still, he wondered idly why Dennis made no attempt to teach him anything, when there was so much work to be done. Then, a few days after his talk with Matt, something happened that made him wonder a great deal more.

He had gone looking for Dennis to ask him about a particularly nervous dog that hated to be combed, and found him standing a dark-red puppy on one of the benches, teaching him to pose. Dennis did not hear Robbie come in at first, and when he did, he whirled around as though he had been shot.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, almost shouting.

Robbie looked at him curiously. "Sorry if I startled you. I'm having trouble with the brown-and-white again."

"Okay, okay," Dennis mumbled. "I'll be along later."

"That looks like a nice puppy," Robbie said. "What litter is he from?"

Dennis moved so that the dog was half hidden by his body. "This puppy? He's just a runt I took a fancy to, and Uncle Matt said I could have him for a pet." He gave a strained laugh. "For fun, I was trying to see if he'd pose, but his legs are all rubber."

Robbie did not pursue this any further. Instead, he said, "Mr. Farrar has great hopes for Wildwind in the show. Do you think he'll really go places?"

"It's hard to tell," Dennis said. "His conformation is pretty near perfect. But I'm not sure he's got the showmanship. I've had him go almost lethargic on me. That was the great thing about Playboy. He knew what he was in the ring for, and he gave it all he had. Wildwind—" He shrugged. "I just don't know."

"Mr. Farrar will be badly disappointed if the dog doesn't come through," Robbie said. "I think he's counting on it more than he likes to admit."

Dennis shook his head. "Don't I know it! This show could really put Farrar Hills on the map again. There's a sizable purse for the best dog, but that's only part of it. The winning cocker has a good chance in the big All-Breed show the following week."

MARCY came along just then, and Robbie said he had to get back to his grooming and left. As he talked gently to the nervous brown-and-white dog he speculated about Dennis. He could be very likable sometimes, very amiable, but there was a strangeness about him. He was, Robbie felt, up to something, yet what it was, Robbie could not begin to imagine.

He told himself once more that it was no concern of his. Dennis's behavior had nothing to do with him, nor did Matt Farrar's exhaustion, nor Marcy. . . .

"Hello," she said behind him, as though his thoughts had summoned her. She stood in the doorway, smiling. "You can't run away this time."

"Run away?"

"The way you did a few minutes ago, when you were talking to Dennis. I came to see you and—*whoosh!*—you were gone."

"Sorry," he said. "I thought it was Dennis you wanted to see."

"No."

She said just the one word, quietly, and looked at him, and he could feel his pulses beginning to hammer. Slowly he got to his feet.

"Dennis doesn't like you to be with me like this," he said, keeping it as light as he could. "He's a jealous man."

She raised her eyebrows a little. "Dennis has no authority over my comings and goings."

"He seems to think he has. He seems to think he's going to marry you. The first day I was here he made that plain."

"No," she said again. "Nothing like that has ever been settled between us."

His eyes searched her face. "Or ever will be?"

She met his look without answering for a moment. Then she said in a low voice, "I don't know, Robbie. I don't know."

He understood what she was trying to tell him: that she had thought of accepting Dennis, but now that Robbie was here, she was no longer sure. He understood, too, that despite what she said, she might already have given the other man her promise, but for the moment, being a little bored, craved the excitement of a fresh romantic interest. Women were like that. He knew.

"That's tough on Dennis," he said.

"What's the matter, Robbie?" she asked him. "What are you afraid of?"

"Afraid?"

She nodded. "You've wanted to kiss me from the first day you came here."

HE TOOK a step toward her and stopped. "That's right," he said. "I see a lot of girls I'd like to kiss. If I kissed them all I'd be a busy man."

He had thought this would make her angry, but she only said quietly, "This is different, Robbie. You know that."

It was he who became angry. "How is it different?" he asked her. "You're a girl I never knew existed until a few weeks ago. I'm a man you know nothing about, a stranger. What can there be between us?"

"I don't know," she said. "I don't care. I only know there is something."

He could feel the blood pounding in his temples. The way she stood there looking at him, so lovely, so desirable, so sure of herself and of what she wanted . . . He had to shake some sense into her, shock her into understanding that he was no good for her.

"Listen," he said roughly. "You said to me once that presumably I'd never killed anyone. Well, you were wrong."

He thought for a moment that she was going to faint. She leaned against a post, staring at him, her face drained of color. That was that, he thought. It was over now, whatever there had been.

"I don't know," she said finally. "Maybe I'm crazy. But I've seen your gentleness with the dogs, your kindness to my father . . . I think the person you killed must have deserved killing."

He had an instant of wild joy in which he nearly took her in his arms, nearly told her everything. She believed in him. Knowing so little about him, she still had faith in him.

But then he came to his senses. She was just a young girl, temporarily bemused by some romantic notion about him. When it was gone her loyalty would go with it. He had seen it happen once before. He did not propose to be betrayed again.

"The person I killed," he said harshly, "was one of the best men who ever lived."

She shook her head. "Then there was something else," she said stubbornly. "Robbie, why don't you tell me the truth?"

Even if she were different, he thought, even if she could be trusted, he could

FUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

OPEN SESAME: A woman in Syracuse, N. Y., complained to a local TV station that every time she tuned it in, her electrically operated garage doors opened.

ON THEIR TOES: The San Jose (Calif.) College's police school announced that from now on a course in ballet would be required in order "to instill discipline, grace, and control" in the movements of policemen.

TIT FOR TAT: In Wayland, N. Y., a patient, emerging from anesthesia after an operation, groggily swung his arm, connected with a right to the jaw, knocked his surgeon unconscious.

POTENT PAINTING: In Douglasville, Ga., an enterprising parishioner, who, while helping out his minister by making a sketch of Satan to illustrate a forthcoming sermon, had the fuse box of his home burned out by a storm which also stopped his water pump, knocked down a fence, and put a hole in his ceiling, gave up, went to work sketching an angel.

BIG BLOW: A lady in Fayetteville, Tenn., reported that a tornado which destroyed her home had blown away all of her books except *Gone With the Wind*.

GIFT FOR POP: A classified ad appeared in a New York newspaper: "Gifted child needs a piano, preferably a small upright. Father, not so gifted, prefers a bargain."

TOO TRUE: Red-faced policemen in a squad car in Asheville, N. C., who rushed to investigate a report of a dangerous hole in the street, had to telephone right back to headquarters that their car had fallen into it.

ALIBI: Streetcar and bus drivers in St. Louis, Mo., explained to their local union why they were tardy so often in reporting for work: The transit service every morning was so bad that it kept making them late.

NO DOUBT: The bulletin of the Community Congregational Church in Manchester, Iowa, announced that a future service would feature "group sining. A large attendance is anticipated."

NOT THAT: Charged with insulting women, and eating popcorn in a movie house, a man in Detroit, Mich., indignantly replied: "Never eaten popcorn in my life."

UN-YANKABLE: In Binghamton, N. Y., a dentist who went to court to get back a bankrupt woman's false dentures so he could sell them, found he couldn't recover them. The judge ruled they were "a part of bankrupt's physical person" and the dentist couldn't have them.

WRONG SITE: In Long Beach, N. Y., the City Council thought it over, decided to junk the 12 parking meters in front of City Hall because too many officials kept getting tickets for parking.

WRONG SIGHT: In Detroit, Mich., a motorist who explained to the judge that there was no proof he had been speeding, because "I have three rear-view mirrors and didn't see a cop," was fined $25, and advised by the judge: "What you need is more foresight and less hindsight."

LICENSE TROUBLE: After discovering that the traffic violator whose license he had ordered revoked didn't have one, a provoked judge in Minot, N. Dak., ordered the offender to rush right out and get a license so the court's ruling could be carried out.

NO RUSH: A doctor in Waco, Texas, got a phone call from a man who announced calmly: "Doctor, my wife just dislocated her jaw. If you're out this way next week, or the week after, you might drop in and see her."

DISENGAGED: A jilted suitor in New York won his suit to get back four pairs of black lace panties worth $25 apiece which he had given to his ex-fiancée instead of an engagement ring.

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE: In Tampa, Fla., where the Chamber of Commerce likes to brag that there's an average of 352 days' sunshine every year, it rained all day on Chamber of Commerce Day.

ARTHUR LANSING

not let her become involved with him. He had nothing to give her but an ugly past.

"I'd better go," he said, and turned away from her. "I should have gone the day I came."

"No, Robbie. Don't go," she pleaded. "I won't question you any more. I won't speak of it again." She hesitated, and then asked him in a voice that strove to be matter-of-fact, "They aren't likely to look for you here, are they? You'll be safe?"

He could not help smiling. "No one is looking for me, Marcy. I'm not a fugitive." Not a fugitive, he thought. Not from the law. But in every other sense that was exactly what he was. A fugitive from the hopeful, confident man he had once been, from the tragic, bungling failure he had become.

He heard Marcy let out her breath in a little sigh. "Then it's all right. There's no reason for you not to stay." As he started to speak, she went on hastily, "If you won't stay for me, then do it for Dad. You know how much the show means to him. Dennis can't manage everything alone, and it's hard to get a man to suit him." She looked up at him and said simply, "Robbie, I don't know what we'd do without you."

He felt the resistance seeping out of him. But still he protested, "You were the one who wouldn't trust your intuition, who had to check up on me before you'd let me work here. Now, knowing what you do—"

"It's different now," she broke in. "I know you now."

"All right," he said. "I'll stay till the show's over. Now go away—please."

She went at once, and he stood for a long time where she had left him, not moving. If only he had never come to this place, never seen her. Everything has seemed so simple before, so clear. . . .

MARCY walked on, unseeing, after she left Robbie. When Dennis spoke, close beside her, she gave a gasp of fright.

"What's the matter?" he said, taking her arm. His words were solicitous, but his tone was not. "You look sick."

"I'm all right," she said. "You startled me, that's all."

He was angry again. She could not think about what, and at the moment it seemed unimportant. He was so often angry, this handsome, volatile distant cousin with whom she had fought bitterly as a child, whom she had worshipped in adolescence, who in recent years, since his parents had died and he had come to work for her father, had kept her seesawing from anger to adoration. She had always had his picture on her dresser at college; no other boy had appeared so attractive or exciting. Yet often when she was home for the holidays they had seemed only to make each other miserable.

"What was the argument about with Lent?" he asked her now. "Why were you begging him to stay?"

She stared at him, wondering how much he had heard. "What were you doing, Dennis—spying on me?"

"I came because Lent asked me to help him with a nervous dog, that's all,

and I heard you beg him to stay." He shook her a little. "What's between you two, Marcy?"

She looked at him scornfully. "Stop bullying me, Dennis. You're hurting my arm."

"I'm sorry." He let go of her at once, and she saw the flame of his temper go out under her look. "I don't mean to act this way, Marcy—you know I don't. It's something that gets into me and drives me crazy. If you'd marry me—if I didn't have this uncertainty about you—everything would be different."

She did not answer him. Marriage was something you had to be sure about. You had to know it wasn't going to mean a lifetime of fighting and jealousy. It couldn't be perfect—you didn't expect that—but you had to be sure the good would outweigh the bad. She had told him this over and over, but this time she did not answer him at all. This time, she would have had a different answer.

"Lent's all right, I guess," Dennis said after a minute. "He works hard."

Marcy felt warm with relief. Dennis had heard nothing. The knowledge melted all her resentment toward him. He was too emotional, but he could be very sweet, very gentle and considerate, and he had always worked like three men for Farrar Hills.

"I hope Robbie will stay on," she said, smiling at him. "He said he wanted to leave, and I asked him to wait until after the show. He finally agreed."

Dennis nodded, his dark, brooding eyes on her face.

"Marcy, I have to know," he said. "Are you in love with him?"

She did not stall. She did not become indignant, or laugh and tell him he was talking nonsense. Afterwards, she thought it might have been better if she had. But it was not her way. She told him the truth. "I don't know, Dennis," she said.

She turned away before he could speak and walked quickly back to the house.

From her window she could see Robbie's room over the garage. Often she had awakened at night and seen his light still on, and afterwards he had told her that he had been reading. In the few weeks he had been here, she thought he must have read half the books in her father's library.

Who was he? she had thought on those nights, unable to get back to sleep. Who was this man who knew books and music yet was willing to work as a kennelman for so little pay? Who was this big, stern-faced man with the slow smile that could make her heart turn over?

Now as she again stood looking out at his window, she knew something about him that she had not known before: He had killed a man. But why? How? Where? No one was looking for him; he was not a fugitive. Had he been found innocent, although he admitted to her that he was guilty? Had he—?

She jerked around, away from the window, and put her hands up to her eyes. There was no use tormenting herself with questions to which she had no answers. He had killed a man, and perhaps the very thought of it should have made her turn from him in revulsion. Perhaps she was a fool not to let him go at once, out of her life, out of her blood, before it was too late.

She knew nothing about him, and yet, as she had told him, she knew him. She was sure she knew him. When he worked with the dogs, his big hands were patient and gentle, and the dogs were quiet under his careful fingers. And he was considerate of her father, deferential to him, not with the deference of an underling but of a younger man who respected an older one.

She could not believe that a man could be like this and still be evil. Yet how could she be sure? He was clever enough, she thought, to create any impression he wished.

She was roused by her father's voice calling to her from outside her door. He came in with the slow, dragging step that had become habitual now, and sat and watched her while she brushed her hair.

"I walked down toward the kennels a while ago," he said. "I couldn't quite make it, but I think I'm getting better. I think in a day or two I'll be able to get there and back without feeling ready to drop."

"That's wonderful," she said. Their eyes met in the mirror and a look of pure affection passed between them. "The new vitamins Dr. Richards prescribed must be helping you."

He nodded. "I'm sure of it. I told Dennis to get me another bottle while he was in the village. He went down for some trimming shears—a new kind he read about in a magazine." He smiled. "That boy reminds me of myself at his age. There's nothing to do with dogs he doesn't read about, nothing new he doesn't try. He'll go far in the field, if—" He frowned and stopped.

"If he learns to curb his temper," she finished for him, "and settles down." She sat on the edge of the bed, facing her father. "Do you think he ever will?"

Matt Farrar smiled and patted her hand. "Of course he will. The Farrars are all sort of wild and quick-tempered when they're young. Dennis is a good boy."

She looked up at him, and then down at her fingers, interlaced in her lap. "You'd like me to marry Dennis, wouldn't you, Dad?"

"I'd like what would make you happy," he said gently.

She did not speak for a moment. She knew that since Dennis had been here her father had thought of him almost as a son. She knew he depended on Dennis and loved him and hoped that she loved him, too.

Now she asked him, still staring at her hands, "What do you think of Robert Lent, Dad?"

"I like him," he answered at once, and then added, "what I know of him."

"I think he's in trouble," she said.

"Maybe. If he doesn't choose to tell us, though, it's not our business." His eyes searched her face. "Or is it, Marcy?" he asked her softly.

She sat up straight and lifted her chin. "I'm—I think I'm in love with him."

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Matt Farrar looked at her. He nodded. "Thanks for telling me. I don't know how to help you," he said in a tired voice. "I know there's no use saying that this man is a closed book to us all, and you may get badly hurt. You must have told that to yourself." He sighed. "He's a man women would love. I can see that. Only be careful, Marcy. Be sure he's really what you want." He pulled himself slowly to his feet. "I'd better go lie down. I think I walked too far."

She went to the door with him. "I'm sorry, Dad," she said. "I didn't mean to upset you."

"You needn't be sorry." He patted her hand. "Maybe he's the right man for you. If he isn't, you'll find it out. You're young, Marcy, but your head's on straight. I don't think anyone can turn it—not for long."

He went into his own room, and she heard the springs creak as he lay down on the bed. For a little while he had seemed almost like his old self, strong and vital, someone to lean on. But she should not have told him about Robbie.

"Try to keep him from worrying," the doctor had said to her. "I can find nothing wrong with him, organically, but he's like a tired out old man, just the same. The mind can do that, you know."

He had never been a worrier. No matter what happened, he had always thought everything would work out somehow. But she knew from Dennis that the past few years had been bad ones for Farrar Hills.

In the days when Playboy was the dog of the hour, people from all over the country had come to Farrar Hills and had sent bitches to be serviced by Playboy and had written for dogs, confident that a satisfactory animal would be shipped to them. But Farrar Hills had not produced a really great dog since, and the trade was going to other kennels now. Matt Farrar said little to Marcy, but she knew it was eating him up. If Wildwind did not come through in the May show, she thought the last of his spirit would break.

She shivered, and ran out of her room and down the stairs, feeling all at once that she needed air. As she reached the front walk she saw Dennis pull up in the jeep.

"Hi!" he called. "I've just been down in the village and heard all the gossip. Hop in and I'll give you a run-through."

He was so unpredictable, she thought, as she climbed in next to him. He could fly off the handle over nothing at all, yet here he was beaming, friendly, his handsome face full of good humor, when only a little while before she had told him that perhaps she was in love with another man.

As he drove slowly toward the kennels he regaled her with neighborhood news, imitating the talk of the farmers, making a funny story out of a commonplace incident. It was a long time since

he had been like this, the gay, attractive boy about whom she had dreamed when she was away at college. It struck her that he was trying to win her back, and the thought touched her.

"Perhaps you haven't really lost me, Dennis," she thought. "Perhaps this is just a detour, a wrong turning, and in the end I'll find my way back to you."

He stopped the jeep and helped her out. "Lent!" he called. "I'm back!" There was no answer, and he frowned and called again, "Lent!"

This time they could hear Robbie's voice coming faintly from the direction of the maternity ward. Dennis began to run. "Russet! Her puppies aren't due till Thursday, but maybe—"

Marcy followed him, running, too. "Isn't she the one you said might have trouble?"

"Yes! She was carrying too big a litter for her size."

He rushed into the kennel with Marcy behind him. They could not afford to lose a good brood bitch, she thought. Russet was one of Playboy's descendants, their best hope, her father had told her recently, for fine puppies. Wildwind was from her last litter, a year ago.

In the dim light inside Marcy could make out Robbie bending over the little red dog, lying in her whelping box. As Marcy stepped nearer, Robbie turned a little, and she saw under his hand a just-born red puppy. Robbie released it, and Marcy held her breath until it began to move and squeal in a thin, high-pitched voice. He handed the puppy to the mother, who licked it vigorously, nosed it about, and then pushed it in close to her for its first meal. Only then did Marcy notice that there were two other puppies nursing.

No one had said a word, but now Robbie straightened and smiled at them. "She seemed glad to get some help."

Dennis moved to the box, looked at the puppies, and passed his hand carefully over the mother. He glanced up at Robbie. "Looks like you've done a pretty expert job," he said evenly. "I thought you didn't know anything about dogs."

"I never said that." Robbie wiped his hands slowly on a towel. "On the contrary, I told you I'd always had dogs. It's pedigrees and shows I know nothing about."

"All right," Dennis said curtly. "I'll take over from here."

Robbie smiled. "I'd like to see the old girl through, myself, if you don't mind."

"But I do mind. This is a valuable dog. I can't take any chances with her."

"Suit yourself." Robbie shrugged. "Do you want me to look after that little puppy of yours while you're busy here?"

Dennis's head shot up. "Keep away from that puppy," he said.

Antagonism had sprung into the room like something palpable between the two men.

"What puppy?" Marcy asked.

Dennis smiled at her. "Oh, a little runt your father gave me. He's from a breeding I tried that didn't work out very well, but he's a cute little fellow and I've taken a fancy to him."

Robbie left the kennel and Dennis bent over Russet, who was about to have another puppy. "I have to tell you this. I don't really trust Lent, Marcy," Dennis said in a low voice. "There's something strange about him. I won't let him near any of the good dogs." He added, "I wish you'd be careful of him yourself."

She said nothing until the puppy was safely born and nursing along with its brothers and sisters. Then Dennis stood up, and she asked him, "What do you mean by something strange about Robbie? I haven't noticed anything."

Dennis looked into her eyes. "Who is he, Marcy? Just a man who came off the road looking for work? A former factory worker and seaman?" He shook his head. "I believed that at first, and it was all right. After all, if a kennelman is a decent fellow who likes dogs and does his work, that's enough. But Lent—I don't know what he is or what he wants, only there's something behind the front he's put up." He smiled a little. "I have to say this, Marcy. You see that, don't you? After what you told me, I have to warn you."

She understood that Dennis was trying to be her friend. And yet she felt as he spoke that he was her enemy, Robbie's enemy, and therefore hers.

"Go on," she said.

His voice grew tense with the effort of making her believe him. "Lent is here for something more than just a job," he said. "He's tried from the first to worm his way into your father's confidence and into yours. He pretends to know hardly anything about dogs, but you saw the way he handled that newborn puppy."

"He says he's always had dogs."

Dennis smiled. "And litters, too, I suppose. Only a man with plenty of experience could be as deft and sure as that. But where did he have them? In his room in Humbert? On board ship?"

She felt frightened and cornered. "I don't know. Maybe it was a long time ago. It isn't something you forget, I'm sure." Her own words convinced her, and she lifted her chin and said steadily, "And he hasn't tried to win my confidence, Dennis. On the contrary, he rejects every effort I make at friendship."

"I see," Dennis said. He turned away, speaking in such a bleak voice that her hostility dissolved: "The results are the same, though, aren't they? He has your confidence, whether he's tried for it or not, your confidence and maybe something more. It might be he hasn't planned it that way, or it might be that he understands better than I, who have known you so long, how to get under your skin."

She said gently, "I'm sorry."

As she left the kennel and walked slowly back toward the house, Playboy trotted up to her. She bent down to pet him, and saw Robbie coming toward her from the house, smoking his pipe. He stopped and looked down at the old dog. "What made him so great, I wonder?" he said. "What did he have that your father hasn't been able to reproduce in any other dog?"

For a moment, because of what Dennis had said, the thought crossed her mind that Robbie was trying to get information for some ends of his own. But then he smiled, slowly, half at the dog and half at her, and none of Dennis's words made sense anymore.

"Dad always said that Playboy loved shows and knew what was expected of him," she told him. "He'd pose just right for the judges, all by himself, and when he trotted around the ring Dad says he was the merriest, proudest cocker he ever saw. And then, of course,

"Planning to do a little shopping during your lunch hour, Miss Suffill?"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY MORT WALKER

he was such a great stud dog. Thirty champions. Even Red Brucie, the greatest stud cocker of all time, I guess, produced only eight more, and he was never a champion himself, like Playboy."

She stopped, aware that she had been running on almost breathlessly, wanting to pit this impersonal dog talk against the effect of his smile and his eyes.

"I wonder if Wildwind is in the same class," was all he said.

"He's good," she said. "I can tell that myself. But even the experts don't really know until they see a dog in competition."

"Your father is banking on Wildwind."

"Yes," she said. "And if Wildwind doesn't come through I don't know how much longer Farrar Hills can go on."

Robbie knocked the ashes out of his pipe. After a moment he said slowly, "Marcy, this doctor you have for your father—do you think he's doing him any good?"

"What do you mean?"

Robbie shrugged. "It's none of my business, of course, and probably I don't know what I'm talking about. But he doesn't seem to get any better, does he?"

"I thought he was better today. He said he was. The doctor told me there's nothing organically wrong with him. It's just that he's worried about Farrar Hills. It isn't only his livelihood; it's his whole life," she said. "And he's getting too old to—"

"Nonsense," Robbie cut in, almost angrily. "Your father's middle-aged, a naturally vigorous, robust man. I don't believe worry has done this to him. I think you should get him to another doctor." He stopped and knelt down to stroke Playboy's head, and she could not see his face. "It's none of my business, of course," he said again.

She looked down at his broad back, the tee shirt straining across his shoulders, at his thick hair, bleached lighter by the sun in the weeks he had been here, and Dennis's warning and her own vague doubts seemed absurd. There could be nothing wrong behind his interest in the dogs, in Farrar Hills, his concern for her father. He had wanted to leave; he intended leaving after the show . . .

The thought pierced through her as sharply as a weapon. The show was only two weeks away, and after that he expected to go, and she knew no way to keep him.

"I told Dad again that I wanted to take him to a doctor in the city, but he won't go until after the show, anyhow," she said. "It would be expensive, and I guess he thinks the show might fix things so he could afford it." She added softly, "Don't say it isn't your business, Robbie. I haven't objected, have I?"

He got up and stood there facing her. His eyes returned to her face, narrowed in that way that made her blood leap. She thought of what her father had said, that Robbie was a man women would love. Was it over a woman? she thought. Had he killed a man over a woman? The idea shook her, not with horror, but with jealousy, because he might have loved someone else that much.

"No, you haven't objected," he said, after what seemed a long time. "I hope you won't be sorry."

She looked up at him with a kind of defiance. "Why should I be sorry?"

"Because I'm no good for you. Because maybe nothing I do or say is any good for you, or for anyone else." Then, almost in a moan, "Don't look at me like that. How much can a man stand?"

With one step he closed the space between them, and pulled her into his arms. For a moment his mouth came down hard on hers. Then he released her and turned his back to her, and she stood swaying, overwhelmed with emotion.

"I had no right to do that," he said in an expressionless voice. "It won't happen again."

Before she could answer him he was gone, striding away from her down the path. She stood watching him go, wanting to call after him, wanting to tell him that he had every right, that she belonged in his arms, but saying nothing. Because how did she know? . . .

The days went too quickly. Yet Marcy knew that even if she could have held them back she would not have done it. Things were worse at Farrar Hills than she had realized. The bills were piling up, and there was only a trickle of mail orders for puppies, an occasional customer coming by.

The sooner the day of the show arrived, the sooner all this might change. If Wildwind made a splash, Farrar Hills Kennels would be famous again. People would remember Playboy, and some would predict that Wildwind, his direct descendant, was going to be another great champion. Russet's new litter would sell quickly for high prices, because the puppies were the same breeding as Wildwind. There would be new interest in the kennels all around.

It had to happen, Marcy thought. It had to. Everything depended on it.

Matt Farrar seemed worse a few days before the show. He stayed in his room all day, not even coming down for meals, and his face looked almost waxy in its pallor. Marcy was sure it was the tension of the approaching show, the desperate importance of it to the future of Farrar Hills, but she called Dr. Richards that morning just the same.

The harassed old doctor could not get there until evening. By then, Marcy thought her father seemed really ill.

"I think he may have a fever," she told Robbie and Dennis at dinner. "He keeps asking for water." She sighed. "I wish the doctor would come."

"Don't worry, Marcy. He'll be all right," Dennis said soothingly. He reached across the table to squeeze her hand. "I'm sure he's just worked up about the show. Wanting water all the time would be part of it. Doesn't your throat get dry when you're excited or nervous?"

She nodded, and felt the tears standing in her eyes, and did not know whether they were tears of gratitude for Dennis's reassurance or of weariness from all the emotional storms through which her life was passing. Her father, Robbie, Dennis, the show—

"I still think your father is ill," Robbie said. She looked up, to see him staring down at his plate, pushing aimlessly at his food with a fork. "I don't think your doctor knows what's wrong with him. He's probably too busy to be as thorough as he'd like to be."

Dennis raised his eyebrows at Marcy. "What qualifies you," he asked Robbie, "to question the doctor?"

Robbie looked up and met Dennis's eyes. "I've seen a lot of illness," he said quietly. "When you live with a bunch of men on a ship for a long time, all kinds of things crop up. You get to know the difference between a man who's just worn out or nervous and one who's really sick."

Dr. Richards, when he came, seemed worried for the first time, himself. "Your father looks like he's not eating enough," he told Marcy, after he had examined Matt Farrar and come down into the living room, where she waited with Robbie and Dennis. "It may be he's got some kind of an obscure infection; I don't know. We'll watch him, and if he doesn't get better in a few days we'll try to get him over to the hospital in Wilton."

"Do you think we ought to wait?" Marcy asked him.

The old doctor's eyes were tired behind his thick glasses. "We've got no choice, Marcy," he said. "There wouldn't be a bed for him in the hospital now, anyhow." His mouth worked angrily for a moment. "One hospital in three hundred miles, one doctor for nearly a whole county . . ."

Robbie got up from his chair and leaned against the mantel, looking down at Dr. Richards. "Mr. Farrar is thirsty all the time," he said. "That's a symptom of diabetes, isn't it?"

The doctor peered at him over his glasses. "How do you come to know that?"

Robbie shrugged. "I used to be on a boat and help around sick bay a lot," he said. "I picked up a good bit of information."

The doctor nodded. "Matter of fact, I tested Matt for diabetes a few weeks ago," he said, "and he tested normal."

The next day, Matt seemed much better again. When Marcy told him what the doctor had said, he shrugged it off and said he felt all right.

After the show, he assured her, if he was not much better he would go for a checkup.

"But I have a feeling," he said, and winked at her, "that the show may be all the medicine I need."

She had seen him keyed up over a lot of shows, but never like this. "I don't think you should count on it so much," she said. "After all, there are new puppies coming up—Russet's new litter, for instance. Dennis says it looks very good. And there are other shows, too."

"There's the All-Breed show," he said. "We're entered in it, of course. But if Wildwind doesn't make the grade in the Specialty, it isn't likely he'll go anywhere in the All-Breed. And as for Russet's puppies, it will be six months

before we can even guess how good they'll be." He leaned back and closed his eyes in his tired way. "We can't wait six months."

She felt so helpless. She could not even be of any assistance in getting the dogs ready for the show, for Dennis would let no one else touch the entries.

"Maybe I'm too fussy," he said, "but I've seen a high-strung dog go sour because he was hurt by a comb, or frightened by some noise, just before a show. This is so important we can't take any chances."

"I don't think you're too fussy," she told him. They were sitting on the porch after dinner. Her father had gone to bed early, and Robbie had gone straight to his room over the garage, as he did every evening now. "Dad and I will never be able to repay your devotion to Farrar Hills."

"Repay," he said bitterly. "That's a new word between you and me, isn't it, Marcy?"

"I didn't mean it that way," she murmured, and put her hand on his.

He pulled back from her as though he had been burned. "What other way is there?" he said. "I love Farrar Hills—after all, I'm a Farrar, too. I used to think that someday you and I would carry this place on together." He looked at her with his intense eyes and then looked away. "Now you talk about repaying me, as if I were nothing but a hired hand."

"Dennis, you're being foolish. I only meant I was grateful for everything you've done. I don't know what we'd have done without you."

He smiled a little. "You'd have made out. You have Lent," he said. "There isn't anything he can't do or doesn't know about, from delivering puppies to the symptoms of diabetes. I just wish I knew what he is after. You, of course, but what else? What is he here for?"

"Oh, Dennis, he isn't after anything, not me or anything else," she said, anger edging into her voice in spite of herself. "He's leaving as soon as the show is over. I've told you that."

"Maybe," Dennis said. He looked at her again. "And if he does, are you going with him?"

Robbie wouldn't want her, she thought. Since the day he had kissed her he had avoided her.

She said quietly, "Of course I'm not going with him, Dennis!"

"No? Well, mark my words," Dennis said, "he won't go empty-handed." He got up and stretched. "I'm going to bed the dogs down and then turn in, myself." His voice softened: "Watch out for yourself, won't you, Marcy?" . . .

She sat for a long time after he had gone, and she thought that she was not the first girl to be foolishly dazzled by a charming, attractive man. She resented Dennis's doubts and warnings, yet she had more reason than Dennis to doubt and be afraid, for he did not know what she knew.

She went up to her room finally, and stood looking out her window at the square of light in the garage. Every evening, even on Robbie's day off, that light burned. He had never gone anywhere since the day he had come, never left the grounds, never, so far as Marcy knew, sent or received a letter. If he was, as Dennis thought, "after something," he certainly concealed his purpose well.

"But if he gets interested in girls, what happens to the $7,246.35 he owes me for his education?"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY MAX PORTER

She was about to turn away from the window, when she saw the light go out. A moment later Robbie appeared outside, and she saw him turn toward the path to the kennels. Without really planning what she was about to do, she slipped quietly out of her room and followed him.

It was absurd, she thought as she went along, keeping him barely in sight. Undoubtedly he had forgotten some job he had to do for the dogs, or perhaps had merely left his pipe somewhere. Still she went on.

Robbie did not stop at the kennels. He went beyond them to a small, unused shed where wood had once been stored. Marcy waited until he was inside, and then crept to a window and looked in. It was dark, but he had a flashlight which he was playing around the floor.

She pressed her face closer to the window, and the old frame creaked as she gripped it. Instantly Robbie whirled around, pointing the flashlight at the window—as though it were a gun, she thought.

She stood blinking in the glare, unable to move. Then he turned from the window and opened the door.

"Come in," he said in a mocking voice. He waited a moment, and when she did not move he said, "What's the matter? Are you afraid?"

Even in the darkness she was aware of his eyes, steady on her face. "Of course I'm not afraid," she said, and knew as she spoke that it was so. She put her hands in the pockets of her jeans and walked past him into the shed. "You'd never hurt me."

"No." His voice was softer now, no longer mocking. "Then why were you—?"

"Spying on you?" she broke in. She turned around and faced him. "I'm not sure. Curiosity, maybe. . . . No, not altogether." She considered a moment, and then said in a low voice, "I think I *was* afraid. Not in the way you mean, but afraid you were going to do something that would prove I was all wrong about you. I had to see. I had to make sure. Just to satisfy myself."

She could not see his face in the darkness but he sounded almost amused. "And now?"

"Now I know you're not doing anything wrong. When I'm with you, I always know."

He stood without speaking for what seemed a long time; then at last he snapped on his flashlight again and pointed the beam at a stall in one corner. There were cedar shavings on the floor and a small empty enamel pan.

"Would you say a dog had been kept here lately?" he asked her.

"It looks that way. The shavings seem quite fresh. What does it mean?"

"I don't know exactly," he said, snapping off the beam. "I saw Dennis come in and out of here a few times, and I took a notion to investigate. But the door was always locked and I couldn't see anything through the window. Now it's been a few days since Dennis has been near here, and I was curious and thought I'd try again. As

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you see, the door was open this time."

"I still don't see—"

"I don't, either. All I know is that the puppy Dennis told you about—the one he said your father gave him—is missing."

"Missing?" she echoed blankly.

"It hasn't been in with the other dogs for a long time. I think Dennis kept it locked up here because he had some idea I might harm it. Dennis has several strange ideas about me, you know."

"Yes," she said. "I know."

"But you don't listen to him?"

"I listen," she said, "but my heart can't hear him."

He said, "Marcy," painfully, as though the name were torn out of his throat. She thought his arms reached for her, but in the dark she could not be sure. Then he turned away. "You must stop talking like this," he said harshly. "You must stop being such a fool. What do I have to tell you to make you understand how wrong I am for you?"

She stood stubbornly staring at his dim shape in the darkness. "That you don't love me," she said, "or never could, even if you'd let yourself."

"Love!" he said with sudden violence, turning toward her again. "We're strangers. You don't know anything about me. Love! How women like to talk about it."

She stiffened. "All right," she said coldly. "All right. I won't throw myself at you any more."

She turned and went out the door.

Robbie stood motionless after she had gone. He had not wanted to do it this way. It would have been better if she had been the one to reject him.

But what could you do with a girl like this? She was a schoolgirl, he told himself, wrapped up in some romantic dream into which somehow she must have managed to weave even what he had told her about killing a man. A schoolgirl who had never been taught to fear strangers, who looked straight into your eyes and told you what she felt for you and dared you to deny that there was something between you. A schoolgirl . . .

No, he thought, he could not fool himself like that. He had held her in his arms, felt her response to his kiss, and he knew she was a woman. She was a woman, and though he had never meant to let any woman get in his blood again, he knew as he stood there that he did love her.

Well, he would soon be gone, he told himself. And in time perhaps he would forget Marcy and Farrar Hills, and belong to himself again. He had no right to belong to anyone else. . . .

Matt Farrar insisted on going to the show. He suggested that Robbie drive him in the jeep, and that Marcy and Dennis go in the station wagon with the dogs.

They all protested, Dennis the loudest and longest, but Matt was determined. "Let's get going," he said. "I'm still the boss here, you know."

Dennis's face reddened. "Is that meant for me, Uncle Matt?"

"It's meant for everybody," Matt said. "As long as I can hold my head up to watch, I'll not miss seeing my dogs in a show. I'm only sorry I can't handle them." He looked at Dennis's glowering face and smiled. "Not that I don't know you'll do a first-rate job. But I've always handled my own dogs before this."

In the jeep, he said to Robbie, "That boy's too intense, too sensitive. He's going to be badly hurt someday. Doesn't he think I understand and appreciate his devotion? He's worked like a demon, taken the place of the men I can't afford anymore." He glanced at Robbie. "You've done more than your share, too; I know that."

Robbie kept his eyes ahead, driving as smoothly as possible over the rutted roads. "I haven't done much," he said. "I haven't worked with the show dogs at all. Dennis wouldn't trust anyone but himself for that."

Matt Farrar did not speak for a moment. Then he said quietly, "He might have trusted someone else, Robbie."

"Meaning?"

"Dennis has been suspicious of you for some little while," Matt said. "He's been trying to investigate you."

Robbie could feel the muscles of his stomach tightening. "Is that right?" he said, making his voice casual and amused. "Has he had any luck?"

"Not much. Nobody has anything bad to say about you, but nobody really seems to know much about you, except where you worked before you came to them, and even that trail ends in a blind alley. Dennis got back as far as six months ago, when you had a job with a road gang in Pennsylvania, but there they were hard up for men and they never asked you where you'd worked before." Robbie felt Matt's eyes on his face. "You've certainly moved around a lot, haven't you?"

"I like change," Robbie said. "I get restless."

"Nonsense," Matt said impatiently. "You're a man who enjoys listening to music of an evening, or settling down with a good book. You're not the footloose type at all." He added, more gently, "If you're in some kind of trouble, Robbie, maybe I can help you."

This was Matt Farrar's way of questioning him, Robbie thought.

"I don't need any help, Mr. Farrar," he said. "As soon as the show is over I'll be on my way again, and Dennis can stop worrying."

They rode on for a time in silence, until Matt asked Robbie to stop at a nearby house and get him a drink of water. When he had had it and they were on the way again, Robbie said, "You promised to have a checkup at the hospital as soon as the show is over. Are you going to do it?"

"I said if I didn't feel any better I would. But I'll be all right. I'm pretty much all right now, just a little tired."

Robbie gripped the wheel, unconsciously pressing down on the accelerator. "You're not just a little tired, Mr. Farrar. You're sick. As soon as Dr. Richards can get you into the hospital, you'd better go."

"I don't understand," Matt said quietly. "Why are you trying to frighten me, son?"

"I'm not trying to frighten you," Robbie said. "I'm simply telling you that you're sick."

"How do you know?"

Robbie slowed the car. "Anyone would know," he said. "Your fatigue, the way you look, your constant thirst. You must know it too, Mr. Farrar, but you're one of those men who thinks it's a sign of weakness to take care of yourself."

"Okay, Robbie," Matt said. "Maybe you're right."

There was no way of telling whether he was really convinced or just wanted to talk no more about it.

A moment later he was discussing the show.

"If Wildwind goes to the top today," he said, "we'll send him to the All-Breed in Stanton next week. That's a three-point show, and if he gets anywhere there, he'll be well on the way to his championship." His voice was strong and hopeful again. "Playboy was a champion at eighteen months, you know."

So much hope was not a good thing, Robbie thought. When a man put his whole life into something, if it failed him he had nothing left. It was better not to care too much. Robbie knew.

Marcy and Dennis were already on the show field when Matt and Robbie got there. Marcy was standing near the red benches on which the entries were leashed, while Dennis talked to someone on the other side of the field.

"Is Wildwind all right?" Matt Farrar asked Marcy.

"He's wonderful, Dad. Look at him."

The little black dog stood on his bench, looked expectantly around him and sniffed the air eagerly.

"Yes." Matt patted Wildwind's neat head. "He's in beautiful condition." He played with the dog for a minute, and then headed toward the rows of chairs that encircled the field. "I'll save two seats for you," he said.

Robbie looked at Wildwind. The dog had quieted down a little now and was sitting still, but his eyes and his nose were busy. He seemed to be studying his competition, the cocker spaniels of all colors and kinds that stood or sat or slept in boredom on the benches that lined the field.

"I hope he wins," Robbie said.

Marcy's profile was turned to him, a bright spot of color high on her cheek. "Go sit with Dad," she said. "Please."

He could not tell whether she wanted to be rid of him or whether she did not want her father to be alone. Since the night in the shed she had avoided him and had spent much time with Dennis. It was, he thought, just as well that way.

"All right," he said. "Good luck."

He took a seat next to Matt Farrar

and looked around. The entire center of the field was roped off into a ring, at one end of which stood a table covered with trophies and ribbons.

"The puppy classes are first," Matt Farrar told him. "This is where Playboy had his first win. He went Best Puppy in this very show when he was nine months old, and a dozen people wanted to buy him on the spot. I sold his litter sister for a big price the next day, just on the strength of his win." He waited while the loud-speaker called for black puppies, six to nine months old. "Watch this," he said then, "and see if you can pick out the good ones before the judge decides. It's good practice."

For what? Robbie wondered. He would probably never go near another dog show in his life. But he watched carefully just the same, and was inordinately pleased when the black puppy he liked came in second in the class.

"Here come the Ascobs," Matt said.

"Ascobs? What's that?"

"Any solid color other than black. . . . Say, now, there's an outstanding red pup. Look at the coat on him. You don't often see a heavy coat like that on a red puppy."

Robbie looked, and then burst out, "Why, that's Dennis's puppy—the one that was missing!"

Matt stared at him. "What are you talking about?"

NEITHER of them had heard Marcy approach and slip into the seat on the other side of her father. She spoke almost without inflection, answering her father:

"He thinks it's the puppy you gave Dennis, the runt Dennis took such a fancy to. It hasn't been in the kennels for a week or so."

Matt laughed. "This couldn't be that puppy, son. This is a beauty. Not that unlikely looking runts don't sometimes fool the experts and turn out the best in the litter. But that isn't Dennis up there in the ring. It's Clint Moore, a professional handler."

"I'm sure it's the puppy," Robbie said. "Especially if a coat like that is rare. It isn't likely, is it, that two red puppies of the same age and size from the same county would have such heavy coats? Maybe Dennis sold it."

"Without telling me, and giving me first crack at it? Without even mentioning that the puppy had turned out so well?" Matt shook his head. "You're mistaken, Robbie."

"It's simple enough to find out," Marcy said. "Why don't we just ask Dennis?"

They all turned around to look for Dennis. He was standing behind the spectators, a little apart from the Farrar Hill benches, his face flushed and his eyes riveted on the ring. When the red puppy won in its class, he smiled and turned back to the benches, and paid no further attention to the ring until the puppy came up against the other winners for Best Puppy in the show. Then he again gave all his attention to the ring.

It was only after the red won his Best that Matt spoke.

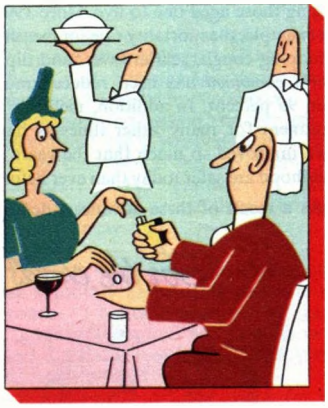
"Who was announced as the owner?" he asked Marcy.

IT'S THE LAW!

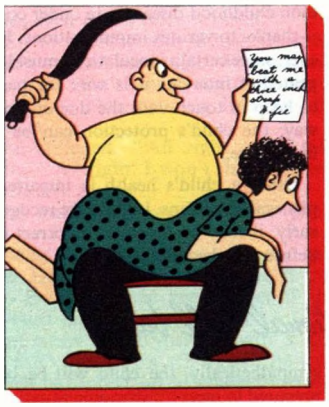
by Dick Hyman

ILLUSTRATED BY O. SOGLOW

Donkeys are not allowed to sleep in bathtubs in Brooklyn, N.Y.



In Illinois it is against the law to give away a cigarette



Los Angeles, Calif., prohibits wife beating with a leather strap wider than 2 inches, except with her written permission

It is illegal for a beauty operator to put cold cream and powder on a customer's feet in Louisiana

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"I didn't catch the name," she said. "It wasn't Dennis."

He turned to Robbie. "Get Clint Moore over here," he said.

When Robbie returned with the handler Matt was sitting up very straight, his face stern. "Hello, Clint," he said. "That's a nice puppy you just handled. Whose is it?"

The lanky, hatchet-faced handler rubbed his fingers over his chin. "Fellow named Bill Waters," he said. "Bill Waters."

"I'd like to talk to him. I'm interested in buying the puppy."

Moore looked uncomfortable. "He's not here. He lives over in—in Elmont. I'll tell him, though, and have him give you a ring."

"All right, Clint. Thanks."

As the handler ambled away Matt put two fingers in his mouth and gave a shrill whistle, and a few minutes later Dennis came to where they were sitting.

"I wish you wouldn't do that, Uncle Matt," he said tightly. "I don't like coming to your whistle like a puppy."

Matt ignored that. "I'd like to buy back that little red cocker," he said. "How much will you take for him?"

Dennis flushed darkly. "What little—?" he began, but Matt cut him off.

"Don't stall, Dennis. I've just been talking to Clint Moore. You saw me."

"All right," Dennis said in a tight voice. "All right, it's my puppy." He looked at Robbie, his eyes full of fury, and then back again at Matt. "When I saw how he was developing, I took him over to Clint. I was afraid to keep him home. Lent was too interested in him. I didn't know what might happen."

"You could have told me," Matt said.

"No. You think Lent's okay—you and Marcy both. You won't believe anything bad about him." His voice shook with anger. "You can trust him around your dogs if you want to. I wasn't going to trust him around mine." He stared defiantly at Matt. "And the puppy," he said, "isn't for sale."

Before anyone could answer him, he turned and strode back to the benches.

"Black dogs, Novice Class," blared the loud-speaker.

NINE handlers entered the ring with their dogs on leash. Among them was Dennis with Wildwind, who seemed somewhat subdued now, trotting quietly at Dennis's heels, standing indifferently while the judge looked in his mouth and ran his hands over his legs and body.

Marcy sat forward in her seat, her hands clasped between her knees, her eyes bright. "Wildwind's behaving beautifully," she said to her father.

"Almost too beautifully," Matt said.

But a few minutes later the judge went over to the table, wrote something on a pad, and then returned to the center of the ring and pointed to Dennis.

"First place," said the announcer's voice over the loud-speaker, "Farrahill Wildwind."

Marcy hugged her father, and he smiled at her with pure affection.

"He still has a long way to go," Matt said. "He needs more than a class win to count for anything."

The show went on. At noon there was a break for lunch, and Robbie brought from the jeep the picnic basket Mrs. Pearson had packed for them and bought soft drinks at the stand. Dennis came and took a sandwich and went back to the benches, mumbling something about not wanting to leave the dogs. Matt ate a little, and then lay down in the jeep to rest.

"This is too much for him," Robbie said to Marcy. "He shouldn't have come."

"No, I suppose not." Marcy finished her lunch and got up and stretched. "I'm going back to our seats," she said. "Come on, Dad," she called.

Matt sat between them again as the show continued, but Robbie was as aware of Marcy as though she had been beside him, her shoulder against his. It was with difficulty that he concentrated on the field, where the handlers once more trotted their dogs around the ring or held them carefully posed, heads up and

tails stiff, while the judges examined them.

"There's a beautiful mover," someone in the audience would say, or "That's what I call a typy cocker," or "His ear carriage is too high." The loud-speaker blared. A handler, probably also the owner, hugged a winning dog. Somewhere a man shouted or a woman squealed with delight. Camera bulbs flashed, dogs barked, an attendant broke up an incipient fight between two high-strung parti-color males.

Farrahill Wildwind won the Novice Class. It took the judge a long time to decide between him and a perky buff who jogged merrily around the ring, giving it all she had, and who was an obvious favorite with the crowd.

"The black one is a Farrar Hills dog," a man behind Robbie said. "He's a magnificent specimen, isn't he? A lot like Playboy used to be."

His companion answered, "He looks like Playboy, but he isn't half the dog. Playboy had more spirit when he was ten years old than this one has now."

Robbie looked at Matt to see if he had heard. The other man was sitting stiffly in his seat, on his face the waxy pallor, the exhausted look that had disappeared for a little while.

"Are you all right, sir?" Robbie asked him.

"The dog has no showmanship," Matt said slowly. "He has everything else—that's why he got this far—but he won't win. Look at him." He turned to Marcy with a tired smile. "He's almost listless, isn't he? And what good is a listless cocker?"

Marcy put her hand over his without speaking. There were tears in her eyes.

"Maybe he'll perk up," Robbie said, hearing his voice loud and foolish in his own ears. "Maybe he's just tired."

Matt got to his feet. "I can't watch it," he said. "I'll lie down in the jeep until it's over. No," he protested, as Marcy started to go with him, "you stay here and let me know if"—he smiled a little again—"well, if a miracle occurs."

WHEN he had gone, Marcy said to Robbie, not looking at him, "Give me a cigarette, please."

"Is there any hope?" Robbie asked.

"I don't know. Some dogs are just no good in the ring." She stood up, tossing away the cigarette, on which she had taken only a few puffs. "I'm going over and talk to Dennis."

She was gone only a few minutes. When she came back she looked angry. "He says this is how Wildwind is, sometimes full of spirit and other times the way he is now, and that he told Dad he was an unpredictable dog." She pushed the hair back from her forehead with an impatient gesture. "He says if I think I can do better, I should handle Wildwind. He'd rather not take him into the Winners Class anyway, because his own puppy will be in it, and he says we might think he was holding Wildwind back so his dog could win. I don't know what's the matter with him," she said. "All at once it's as though he were—well, pitting himself against us."

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Robbie did not think it was all at once, but he said nothing. "Do you think you can handle Wildwind?" he asked.

She gave a soft little snort. "Who couldn't? He just comes along, like a dog in a dream."

The announcer called for the class winners, and Marcy went to get Wildwind for the final judging, the awarding of the coveted Best in Show. A dog in a dream, Robbie thought, as he watched her leading the cocker toward the ring. He got up and strode over to her.

"Let me see that dog a minute," he said. He knelt down and carefully examined Wildwind, and then got up. "He's had a sedative, Marcy. Just enough, apparently, to slow him down."

It would take experimenting, he thought, to find exactly the right amount to make a dog a little lethargic without arousing suspicion. You would have to work on it alone in the kennel, keep other people away . . .

"A sedative," Marcy echoed, her eyes wide. "Robbie, are you sure?"

Before he could answer, Dennis came running over to them. "Why aren't you in the ring?" he asked excitedly. "Don't

you hear them calling for you? You'll be disqualified if you don't get in there!"

Marcy looked at him. "Robbie says someone has given Wildwind a sedative," she said. "I'm not taking a doped-up dog into the ring to be beaten."

Dennis's face turned dark red. He looked at the dog and then at Marcy. Finally he whirled around to Robbie. "So that's it!" he said. "That's what you've been doing, sneaking around the kennels at night with a flashlight." He turned to Marcy: "I warned you not to trust him. Why do you think I took the puppy out of his reach? He knows too much about dogs for a man who claims never to have worked in kennels before. He came here for some special purpose—maybe to make some good dogs like Wildwind look bad and then buy them up cheap or—"

"I don't know why you're so angry," Robbie broke in, his voice soft. "If it's true, you ought to thank me. Your puppy will have a clear field now." He added thoughtfully, "Of course, I suppose it would be more of a triumph if Wildwind went into the ring and you could beat him publicly, wouldn't it?"

Robbie turned and headed for the jeep, without waiting for Dennis's retort. He did not want to hear it. Marcy had known Dennis most of her life; he would not find it too difficult to persuade her to take his word instead of that of a man she knew nothing about. He did not want to stay and watch her accepting lies against him.

As he pushed through the crowd, he heard the voice over the loud-speaker announcing that Dennis's puppy had won Best in Show. Someone remarked that it was quite a feat for a puppy. Several people asked where it was from, who the owner was.

Matt Farrar was lying on the back seat of the jeep. He scarcely moved when Robbie got in. He just opened his eyes and murmured, "Well, it's all over, isn't it?"

Robbie knelt beside him for a moment and then ran out, almost bumping into Marcy, who was coming along ahead of Dennis and the dogs. "Your father's very ill," he said. "We've got to get a doctor."

Her face turned white. She gave him Dr. Richards' number and rushed into the jeep to her father. When Robbie returned, a while later, she was sitting on the floor beside him, holding his hand.

Matt turned his head and smiled faintly. "I guess you were right, son," he said. "I guess I'm pretty sick."

Robbie stood looking down at them. "I can't reach Dr. Richards," he said.

"What are we going to do?" Marcy's voice shook. "There's no one else."

"This is what we're going to do," Robbie said quietly. "You stay back there with your father and I'll drive, and we'll get him to bed as soon as we can." He handed her a slip of white paper on which something was written. "Tell Dennis to stop at the drugstore with this and wait till the prescription is ready. I've already called the pharmacist, so it won't take long." He got in behind the wheel. "Hurry, now."

Marcy looked down at the paper Robbie had handed her and then stared up at him. "Doctor," she whispered. "Doctor Robert Lent."

He only said again, "Hurry," and she searched his face for a moment and then went without a word. She was back almost at once. Robbie nosed the car out to the road before he spoke again.

"You may decide to wait for Dr. Richards, after all," he said. "A few hours might not make a great difference, and you might feel safer waiting."

"If you're a doctor," Matt Farrar said weakly, "why should we wait?"

"I've tried not to be a doctor, but it seems I can't." He narrowed his eyes, looking steadily through the windshield. "You may not want to trust me, though," he said.

"Why shouldn't we, Robbie?" It was Marcy who asked it this time, her voice quiet. He took a deep breath. The wall he had built so carefully brick by brick, between himself and the past, was crumbling and he did not know if he could ever build it up again.

"The name means nothing to you?" he asked. "Dr. Robert Lent? The town of Sellsbury, Massachusetts?"

"Sellsbury," Marcy said after a moment. "I seem to remember something in the paper—"

"Yes," Matt Farrar interrupted. "It was about a year ago, wasn't it? Some mix-up about an injection—a mistake a doctor made in which somebody died. Another doctor, wasn't it?"

Robbie's fingers tightened around the wheel. He could see Dr. Shephard's face, the flash of astonishment and pain in the gentle eyes, and then the blankness. Months of swinging a pickax and working in the din of a factory, riding on trains and walking on roads, putting weariness and noises and miles between himself and the memory, had almost wiped it out. Now it was back as strong as ever.

"Not everybody believed it was a mistake," Robbie said. "There was no proof that it wasn't, and I was cleared at the inquest and by the Medical Board. But many still thought I deliberately killed Dr. Shepard so I could take over his laboratory and his practice for myself."

His self-accusation had been enough, heaven knew. He had told himself over and over in anguished grief that he should have checked and double-checked, that he should have left nothing to chance. What sort of doctor was he, to take a syringe blindly from a nurse's hand and unquestioningly inject its contents into the arm of a man who had entrusted his life to him?

But there had been worse accusations. Dr. Shepard's young second wife, whose amorous advances Robbie had persistently ignored, had started them. Here was an ambitious young doctor, the story went, just out of the Navy, facing years as a mere assistant to the town's beloved doctor—unless something happened to Dr. Shepard and he could take over everything for himself. An accident? Wasn't that a little hard to believe?

An angry, piqued woman had started it, but there had been plenty to fall in with her, to carry the rumors on. And there was another woman who could have stopped them all, and who had failed him.

Marcy's voice pulled him back to the present. "Do you want to tell us about it?" she asked.

"I have to," he said harshly. "I have to give you a chance to decide."

He told them the facts as dispassionately as he could. He had been experimenting with curare to break up spastic conditions and to relax the muscles so that less anesthesia could be used in surgery. Dr. Shepard had offered himself as a guinea pig. This was not un-

"But, I tell you, he was trying to choke Geraldine!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY HAL ANDERSON

usual. They were always trying things out on each other, and there was no danger in the experiment if it was properly handled. Robbie was making electromyographic recordings of Shepard's muscle reactions, and he was prepared to give him an injection of prostigmin, the antidote for curare, the minute there was trouble.

"Only, there was a mix-up," he said. "Curare and prostigmin are both clear solutions. I gave him a second injection of curare by mistake, and it was fatal."

Fran, he thought. Beautiful, husky-voiced Fran, seductive even in her stiff, starched nurse's uniform. Fran, whom he had thought he loved, who had said she loved him, standing by silently while the townspeople accused him of murder.

"It wouldn't be any use," she'd said. "They wouldn't believe me. They know we were going to be married, and they'd only think we were in it together, that we'd planned to kill him so we could both profit by his rich practice. My life would be ruined without doing you any good."

And so she had said that she was not in the office when it happened. This was strictly true, because at the instant when Robbie had given the injection, she had gone to answer the telephone. But she had not told that it was she who had handed him the wrong syringe, before she left the office, she who had confused the curare with the prostigmin. His Fran, his love, had let him take whatever came alone, had let him leave town almost immediately after he was officially cleared, and made no attempt to stop him.

"How did the mix-up happen?" Matt Farrar wanted to know.

"That doesn't matter," Robbie said. "It was an accident. You can believe that or not, as you wish. But it should not have happened. A scientist, experimenting with human life, cannot allow accidents or mistakes."

"I see," Matt said.

Marcy said nothing at all. They had pulled into the driveway of Farrar Hills by then, and she helped Robbie get her father up to bed. He lay back on the pillows, asking for water, breathing heavily.

"What is it?" Marcy asked. "What's the matter with him, Robbie?"

"I'm not altogether sure, without a detailed examination, but I think it's a form of diabetes. It's easy to be fooled by it, because the blood sugar isn't elevated as it is in true diabetes. Anyhow, we can soon know," he said, as the crunch of tires sounded on the gravel driveway. "Here's Dennis with the things I ordered from the drugstore. If my guess is correct, an injection of pituitary extract will put your father on his feet in a few hours."

Dennis came bursting into the room, his eyes blazing with excitement.

"Listen, Uncle Matt," he said. "Don't let Lent touch you. Do you know who he is?" He looked over his shoulder at Marcy. "The druggist told me. He's the fellow from Massachusetts who killed his associate so he could take over his practice."

"Did you bring the prescription?" Marcy asked him.

"I brought it, all right. I thought when we can get hold of Dr. Richards we'd let him look at it and see what Lent's up to."

"Let me have it, Dennis," Marcy said.

"You wouldn't let him use it? How do you know he isn't going to pull the same thing on your father? Get him out of the way so he can take over here?"

"Give me the package," Marcy said.

He almost threw it at her. "You're crazy," he said.

Marcy handed the package to Robbie. He held it without opening it, looking down at her, his heart leaping. "Dennis may be right, you know. You have only my word that what happened in Sellsbury was an accident. And even if it was, I was to blame."

Her eyes met his for a moment. Then she turned to her father: "Dad?"

Matt Farrar nodded. "Go ahead, son," he said. . . .

An hour later Matt was sitting up in bed, his voice strong and color in his cheeks. Marcy sat beside him and Robbie stood at the foot of the bed. Dennis was at the window, his back to the room.

"You're a good doctor, Robbie," Matt said.

A doctor, Robbie thought, a good doctor. He had thought that one moment in an office with the wrong syringe in his hand could wipe it all out, and everything he was.

But it was not so. For the first time in almost a year a man was returning to health under his knowledge, his skill, and it was as though the life flowed back into his own body.

"Thank you for trusting me," he said.

"You trusted yourself; that's the main thing," Matt said. "You've been thinking you weren't fit to be a doctor any more, because you had an accident. As if a doctor or a scientist weren't human. But when it came down to it, you had to be the man you are."

Robbie looked at Marcy. He said, "But you've had every reason not to believe in me."

"No." She shook her head gravely. "I know you. I told you that."

She would have stood by him, he thought. If it had been she, instead of Fran, she would have taken with him whatever came, and it would not have crushed him.

"I'm going," Dennis said from the window. They had forgotten he was there. "I've got to see to the dogs."

"I don't think you'd better." Marcy got up and stood facing him quietly. "We're going to enter Wildwind in the All-Breed Show next week, and we want to be sure nobody gives him a sedative this time. I think you'd better stay away from the dogs."

"I?" he shouted. "You don't think I—" But then he stopped, seeing their faces, knowing it was no use. "All right," he said. "All right. I've been nothing but a kennelman here for years. I'm a Farrar, too, but the only way I'd ever have been recognized, or had any rights, would have been if Marcy had married me. All right," he said again. "I have a puppy now that can beat any dog you've got, and either things will have to be different around here from now on, or I'll take the puppy away and start my own kennels with him, and before long nobody will ever have heard of Farrar Hills any more. Nobody will—"

"That's enough," Matt Farrar said. "Take your things and leave." He sat up straighter in the bed, and for the first time Robbie could see the Farrar anger in his eyes. "And your puppy won't beat Wildwind, you can take it from me. I'm going to be handling him myself from now on."

Dennis ran out, and Matt said to Marcy and Robbie, "You two had better follow him and see he does no mischief. That's one time I was surely mistaken in a man."

Marcy and Robbie went out. In a few minutes they saw Dennis go down the path to the road, carrying a suitcase. "Poor Dennis," Marcy said. "He has everything all wrong."

Robbie looked down at her. "I had everything all wrong, myself." Then he said, "No, that's not true. Not entirely. When I first got here I had a feeling that I was coming home. Only, I wouldn't let myself believe it. I wouldn't let myself think that everything I wanted was here: the hills and the apple orchard, work to do, because certainly another doctor is needed, and—"

He stopped, his eyes on hers.

"And?" she asked him softly.

There was no need to answer her. For the second time since he had known her, he took her in his arms, and now he knew he did not have to let her go.

THE END ★★

Sunshine Susie

(*Continued from page* 16)

There were a number of subtle indications that she was rapidly approaching voting age.

Miss Hemlock paused between Johnny's and Keith's desks. "Mr. Farrell and Mr. Armitage," she said, nodding. And then, "Miss Susan Smith."

Close up, this way, Johnny could see that Keith's description was a pale, anemic thing with great and glaring omissions. Keith had not mentioned, for example, that her hair was the color of copper with the sun shining on it. Or that her teeth were small and white and even, and that a dimple showed briefly at the corner of her mouth when she smiled. Or how merry her smile was.

Miss Hemlock departed.

Keith announced that he was delighted to know Miss Smith, that he certainly hoped she would be happy in Purchasing, that her desk was this one, just in front of theirs, and perhaps he'd better lower the blind so that the sun wouldn't be in her eyes.

Johnny knew he was staring, and tried to pull his eyes away and failed.

Keith said if she didn't like the typewriter he'd see what he could do about having it replaced, and that he certainly hoped she would be happy in Purchasing. He sharpened a handful of pencils for her.

She smiled at Johnny, and Johnny was suddenly glad he had the desk for support. Something peculiar had happened to his knees. He wanted to make her welcome, but there wasn't a great deal Keith had left unsaid, and anyway his heart was hammering in an alarming manner somewhere inside his voice box.

Still, he couldn't just keep staring at her. "I certainly hope you'll be happy in Purchasing," he said.

Miss Dillworth passed just then, with her notebook tucked under her skinny arm, on her way to Traffic, and her long horse face was more dolorous-looking than usual. She glanced from Miss Smith to Johnny Farrell, and her pince-nez quivered. Her glance held no anger nor accusation, only a dispirited acceptance of this fresh sorrow piled upon all her other sorrows.

Johnny felt a twinge of anger. He *hadn't* promised her anything, although she was succeeding in making him feel guilty about the thing. He had always been pleasant to her because he had felt sorry for her, and occasionally he asked after her mother because she seemed so pleased when he did. Now, suddenly, for no reason, all of Emma Dillworth's troubles lay in his lap.

He was conscious of a surge of relief when she passed out of sight.

Susan Smith was sitting in the chair alongside Keith's desk, her notebook on her knee, her pencil flying. Her nose was a delightful thing in profile, and once she laughed aloud at something Keith said. Her laugh was a happy, free sound. Clearly Miss Susan Smith had no ailing mother, and her sorrows were small.

Edgar Troubridge came out of the private office and beamed affably at them from behind his cigar. Troubridge was a senior Purchasing Agent, which entitled him to a private private-secretary and an office with a door. Both Armitage and Johnny Farrell were Assistant Purchasing Agents, with desks out in the open and a shared stenographer.

"Skeleton staff tomorrow," Troubridge said happily. "There'll be some requisitions in tomorrow morning from the Alabama plant. Special delivery. Specifications and requests for prices will have to go out fast. Rush job."

"Oh, no, you don't," Johnny thought. "Not tomorrow. Tomorrow's for fishing." He'd been out only once all season, and fall was rapidly drawing to a close. "I'd be glad to take it," Johnny said, grinning at Keith. "Only, I took the last two Saturday-morning stints."

Troubridge looked at Keith.

"Say," Keith said, "he's right."

Johnny's grin widened.

"Trouble is," Keith said hurriedly, "I made a golf appointment tomorrow with Perkins of Newark Cutting Knives. I think I can talk him into diverting his whole output our way."

"The whole output?" Troubridge asked speculatively.

"I can't promise anything," Keith said, "but there's a good chance."

"You have any particular plans for tomorrow?" Troubridge asked Johnny.

It was just a job. It was only money. Johnny opened his mouth, preparing to tell Troubridge precisely where he could relegate both the job and the money.

"That's fine, then," Troubridge said, and went back into his office. . . .

SATURDAY was crisp and clear, and the air had a tang like lovingly chilled wine.

Johnny thought of what it would be like on the water and groaned. He let himself into the deserted office. The mail boy had already been around and there was quite a stack of mail. He went through it quickly in order to find the Alabama requisitions. If they weren't too involved, perhaps he could still get out to Long Island in time for a couple of hours of fishing.

The Alabama requisitions were missing.

He put his elbows on the desk and his head in his hands. He was going to have to wait for that special delivery, and he didn't know how long.

The elevator door slid back, and Johnny turned in surprise.

Susan Smith came across the floor.

"Hey," Johnny said. "It's Saturday. You don't have to work on Saturday."

"Mr. Troubridge said skeleton staff."

"That," Johnny explained, "only means me."

"Always?" Susie asked, her eyes wide.

"Too often," Johnny said, his chin jutting. "Up till now, that is. From this day on, things are going to be different around here."

Susie grinned at him. "How will you manage that?"

"Listen," Johnny said. "'Mr. Troubridge, I'd like to come tomorrow morning but the point is, Smathers of Flywheels has some special cogs he's made up for us and he needs me to go over the drawings with him.' . . . Sound convincing?"

"Not bad," Susie said.

She laughed gently at him, and little beetles chased each other up and down Johnny's spine. "Come on," she said. "Dictate the pesky things and I'll type them up and we can both get out of here."

He explained about the special delivery.

It wasn't nearly as bad as he had expected, hanging around the empty office. There were compensations. He could look at Susie and listen to her voice, which was light and sounded happy, and made him feel happy, too.

Susan Smith confided she had been in the Stenographic Pool only two months and she was delighted they had transferred her to Purchasing. Johnny was delighted, too.

He learned that Susie's parents were dead and that she shared an apartment on Thirty-sixth Street with her brother, which, Johnny considered, would be pretty handy for a girl like Susie. She'd need some protective male to beat off

all the importunate suitors who stormed the Smith portals. Susie was the kind of girl whom perfectly strange men would turn on the street to follow. Johnny had forcibly to restrain himself from following her around the office.

After a while he found himself telling Susie about Forest Glen, Ohio.

"I knew you weren't a native New Yorker," Susie crowed.

"And I thought I'd brushed all the straw out of my hair."

"It's a New York haircut, all right. But you know what they say about taking the boy out of the farm."

Johnny knew. He didn't really mind. The thing he minded was that everyone took Keith Armitage for a native New Yorker, despite the fact that Keith had been born and raised in Cedar Stream. He wondered how impressed Susie had been with Keith's six feet three, his vast self-possession, and the shoulders that remained incredible even after he had taken his jacket off. He wondered, too, if Susie minded the invisible straw in his hair.

THE special delivery came about eleven, and they attended to it.

Johnny asked Susie Smith if she would have lunch with him, and Susie said she'd be delighted. Everything seemed to delight Susie. Maybe it wouldn't be as bad as he had anticipated, at that. After lunch they could spend the afternoon together. He suggested it happily.

Susie said she was terribly sorry but she was going to be busy. He knew then it was going to be every bit as bad as he had expected.

"What about tomorrow?" he asked.

She was going to be busy tomorrow, too. He wasn't really surprised.

Oh, well, Johnny thought, he'd go fishing tomorrow. A girl like Susie was bound to be busy a lot.

During the next few weeks it rained on and off and the air began to indicate the approach of winter. Johnny picked up a cold somewhere, and in his state of lowered vitality it seemed as though Emma Dillworth was always approaching with sorrowful forgiveness in her eyes. . . . Forgiveness for what? Johnny thought irritably, one gloomy Thursday morning.

Susie was sitting alongside Keith's desk making little wiggly marks in her notebook and laughing at Keith's quips. Johnny wondered painfully whether Keith had had anything to do with Susie's continued busyness evenings.

Miss Dillworth came back from Traffic, and her eyes found Johnny's, and held them, and then she continued on to the elevators.

Johnny growled in his throat and snatched up the phone and dialed MacGregor in Sales. Johnny said, "Farrell. Purchasing. . . . Yeah, swell, thanks. Say, I hear there's an opening in your department for a secretary."

He listened for a minute and then said earnestly, "But that's just it. This one won't upset the salesmen at all. Besides, she can spell like a whiz."

The voice crackled in his ear.

"Dillworth," Johnny said. "Emma Dillworth."

The voice crackled again.

"Thanks, Mac. You won't regret it." Sales was three floors below Purchasing and Emma Dillworth would, from now on, be confined to Sales. He replaced the phone, with a light heart.

Susie raised her eyebrows inquiringly at Keith. "She a relative of his?"

"Johnny's a dog fancier." Keith grinned. "Specializes in underdogs."

If you never inquired after anyone's mother, you could be like Keith, who never seemed to get involved in anyone's troubles. Well, anyway, he'd got Dillworth off his neck, Johnny thought.

Wilson of Traffic came around with the hat. Bettson was being transferred, and they were taking up a collection for a little gift. Susie dropped a quarter into the kitty and Johnny a half-dollar. Wilson looked at Keith.

"Lend me a buck, Johnny. All I've got is a five."

Keith rarely had anything smaller than a five when the hat was being passed.

"What do you do?" Johnny growled. "Throw away the singles?"

"Come on," Keith said. "You'll get it back."

Maybe, Johnny thought sourly. If and when, there would be a substantial amount coming with it.

Susie was watching him wide-eyed.

Johnny handed it over. "Get it back before payday," he said.

That Thursday morning there was the usual altercation between Mrs. Devon of Filing and Keith Armitage about the window. Mrs. Devon was in charge of Purchasing's files. She would bounce past the half-dozen intervening desks and fling the window wide, breathing great gulps of air into her great, outsize lungs. Mrs. Devon was a large, red-faced woman who was always too warm. After awhile Keith would get up, come around Johnny's desk, and shut the window. Mrs. Devon would glare at him, and Keith would grin infuriatingly at her.

It was raining when Johnny went out to lunch. He stepped in a puddle crossing the street and he came back to the office, dripping.

Keith got up to leave, and he was scarcely at the elevators before Mrs. Devon bounced triumphantly to the window and flung it wide. A gust of rain and wind came in. Mrs. Devon breathed deeply and went back to her files.

"Is there a draft on you?" Johnny asked Susie.

"Not up here, there isn't," Susie said tartly. "But I'll bet *you're* getting goosebumps."

THERE was a definite draft. The feud wasn't his. It was a private thing between Keith and Devon, but Johnny happened to sit next to the window. Irritably, Johnny thought, "I've had enough." He started to get up to close the window when the phone rang. He got tied up on the phone and it wasn't until he sneezed for the third time that he remembered about the window. He closed it.

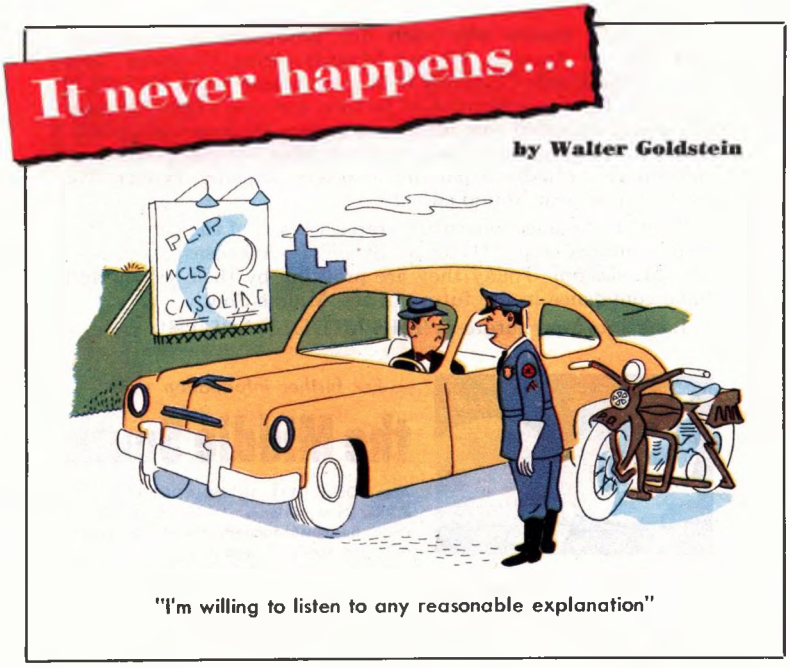
It was several hours before he realized that the office was growing stuffy, even downright hot. He mopped at his forehead and wondered why everything seemed to be hazy.

Susie turned from her desk to say something, stared at him, came back to his chair, and put her hand on his forehead. Her hand was cool and smooth and infinitely gentle. Johnny felt faint.

"You're burning up," Susie said, and there was nothing gentle about her voice. "Go on home and get to bed."

"Got to get this stuff out," Johnny said thickly, indicating a pile of papers.

Susie bit her lip. "Sitting in a draft so that fat old hag could win the skirmish,"



"I'm willing to listen to any reasonable explanation"

Susie said furiously. "Where were you hiding when they were handing out brains, anyway?" The blue eyes grew darker and larger the angrier she got, until it seemed to Johnny Farrell that she was wearing a pair of sapphires. Funny he had never noticed before that Susie Smith wore sapphires.

"Get out of here," Susie said, her voice tight. "Get out of here before I strike you."

"Maybe I will."

JOHNNY surrendered meekly, and didn't remember any more until he opened his eyes and found that he was in bed and it was quite dark and he was very thirsty. He was dragging himself painfully across the sands of the desert, and he hadn't tasted water for days, and then he saw a mirage. Water glinted bright and blue in twin pools, and he couldn't make up his mind which pool to drink from. Then he saw Susie standing between them, her arm upraised, her face set. "Get out of here," Susie said, "before I strike you."

He tried to reason with Susie. "You don't understand," Johnny said. "I'm not a mushhead. It's just that I'm polite and pleasant and people move in on me. I ask about somebody's mother, and she suddenly becomes my responsibility. I keep out of a personal fight, and get caught in a draft—"

"Mushhead," Susie said derisively.

Her obstinacy began to make him unaccountably angry. "A fat lot you know," Johnny said coldly. "Three years at college and a brother to beat off the panting suitors. A laugh like an angel and a face that makes people feel good just to look at. Those people have troubles."

"Troubles, troubles," Susie sang happily. "All God's chillun got troubles."

"What do you know about Miss Dillworth and Mrs. Devon?" Johnny said, enraged. "Have you got an ailing mother and high blood pressure? All you have is sapphires. It isn't tough to have sapphires."

And then a funny thing happened. The pools weren't in the sand anymore. They were in the sky, and the water was falling gently, comfortingly on his face.

He was aware of the passage of time in a strange way. He was terribly hot, and the sun beat down on the sand, baking him, and there wasn't a tree anywhere. Then, when he decided he couldn't stand the searing heat another minute, he knew that night had fallen, because the desert was cold and every inch of his skin prickled with the icy air. He reached for a blanket, and Susie snatched it away.

"No blankets for mushheads," Susie snapped.

"Just you wait," Johnny said petulantly. "They're coming now, all my friends, and they'll make you give me my blanket."

"Friends," Susie jeered. "Fine friends. Where are they now?"

"You'll see," Johnny said.

He opened his eyes to look for them and winced at the light. Mrs. Griggs, his landlady, was bending over his bed, smoothing the cover. She glanced at him and smiled. "You feeling better, Mr. Farrell?"

"Fine," Johnny said. "What time is it anyway?"

"You mean what day is it," Mrs. Griggs said. "It's Tuesday the fifteenth and it's a sick young man you've been."

"Tuesday the fifteenth," Johnny said aghast. "What'd I have, amnesia?"

"Just a little flu," Mrs. Griggs said comfortably. "It's a miracle the things they do with drugs these days. You had a temperature of a hundred and five."

"I've got to get up," Johnny said anxiously. "I've got to get back to work," and promptly fell asleep again.

When he awoke the next time he was feeling considerably better, and Mrs. Griggs's soup looked fine to him. He finished the whole bowl. There was a bunch of flowers in a vase on the dresser, and Johnny inched down to the foot of the bed and reached across for the card. It was a medium-sized bouquet and a large card, and there was a long list of office names affixed to the back of the card.

After a while Mrs. Griggs stuck her head in the door. "You feeling up to company, Mr. Farrell?"

He nodded eagerly, and felt slightly let down when Keith came through the door. Keith looked disgustingly fit.

"What ho," Keith said jovially. "Enjoying your vacation?"

"It's been gay," Johnny said.

Keith chatted about the office for a while and then glanced at his watch. Plainly, he was uncomfortable in a sickroom. "Got to be going," he said, winking. "Hot date."

If he was talking about Susie, Johnny reflected, he'd rise up and smite him, feeble though he was. "How is Susie?" Johnny asked, watching him narrowly.

"Great," Keith said. "She's my girl."

It might just be a catch phrase, but, on the other hand, it might not. Keith had had two weeks all to himself. He could operate effectively on a lot less time, Johnny knew. Johnny could feel the fever coming back.

Keith paused at the door. "Hey," he said. "I nearly forgot. I owe you a little something. Might as well get current." He presented Johnny with a ten-dollar bill and vanished.

Johnny lay staring at the ceiling. Keith Armitage wasn't really a bad guy when you came right down to it.

DURING the next few days Mrs. Devon, the mail boy, and a girl from the Filing Department came to see Johnny. Emma Dillworth came, too, and brought her mother. Johnny couldn't remember whether Miss Dillworth had referred to her as "poor fragile Mamma," or "poor delicate Mamma." In any event, Mamma Dillworth went well over two hundred pounds. She presented Johnny with a box of chocolates, which she proceeded methodically to demolish, piece by piece, while she described the illnesses of her friends who had had exactly what Johnny had. Most of them, now, were beyond this Vale of Tears, but she earnestly hoped Johnny would recover. When the whole top layer of chocolates was gone, Mamma sighed gustily, rose,

and prepared to depart, while Emma fluttered anxiously around her.

Everybody, it seemed to Johnny, came to see him except Susie. He tried not to mind. Susie Smith was a pretty busy girl. Still, he thought, she might have *made* a little time. How busy, he wondered irritably, could a girl be? . . .

When he got back to work on Monday, the world seemed like a pretty good place. But Susie was late, and he felt a strange anxiety, an unfamiliar eagerness, waiting for her to come in.

After a while a Miss Hill came up from the Pool. "Miss Smith won't be in today. I'm taking her place."

"That's too bad," Keith said happily. Miss Hill was very easy on the eyes.

"What's the matter with Susie?" Johnny asked.

"Just a cold," Miss Hill said brightly. "She'll be back tomorrow."

Mrs. Devon pranced over and threw the window up. Small flakes of snow sifted down onto the window sill. She smiled at Johnny, sniffed at Keith, and went back to her desk.

Edgar Troubridge came to the door of his office and motioned for Johnny. Johnny went into the office and closed the door behind him. Troubridge put his cigar in the ash tray, pumped Johnny's hand, and asked him how he felt.

"Much better," Johnny said. "Thanks for the flowers." Troubridge had sent a personal bouquet.

Troubridge picked up and waved the cigar. "Nothing. We were worried about you, boy. Missed you."

Johnny grinned, wondering who had taken the Saturday-morning stints.

"Tried to get over to see you," Troubridge said. "Wasn't for lack of trying. Susie get the rest of them over?"

"Sure," Johnny said. And then, blankly, "Susie?"

"What a girl," Troubridge said and sighed. "Bawled them out good, starting with Devon. Made her feel she'd given you the germs with her own hands. Told Armitage he was the next thing to a chiseler and if he had a grain of decency he'd pay you what he owed. Told Dillworth where to get off, too."

"I don't quite follow you," Johnny said. "Susie hasn't been near me herself."

"Not near you!" Troubridge roared. "Who do you think took you home when you fell on your face that day? Who couldn't get out of here fast enough at night to spell Mrs. Griggs? Who—?"

He sounded like an owl, Johnny thought. It hadn't been all delirium, then. He had talked to Susie. He wondered miserably what he had said.

"Hey!" Johnny yelled, remembering. "She's out with a cold today. She probably caught it from me."

HE WALKED out of the private office, back to his own desk, and stood irresolute a minute. Absently he noticed the inch of snow on the sill, crossed to the window, and shut and locked it.

"Mr. Farrell," Mrs. Devon said reproachfully, "it's terribly warm in here."

"Try taking your sweater off," Johnny snapped.

He went over to Keith. "It wasn't ten dollars. It was fourteen-fifty."

"It was?"

Keith fished out four crumpled singles and two quarters and handed them over.

Johnny pocketed the money and said, "I'm going out. Take my calls."

Miss Dillworth hurried down the aisle toward him, her nose pinched, her glasses trembling. "Mr. Farrell, I can't stand that MacGregor man another minute."

"That's tough, Miss Dillworth," Johnny said. "You now have my permission to pick your own spot in Acme."

He shrugged into his topcoat and headed for the elevators. . . .

Johnny Farrell had fourteen dollars and fifty cents' worth of chrysanthemums in his arms when he rang the buzzer of Susie's apartment. He heard the door open, and then a piping voice said in awe, "Holy cow, it's a bush with legs!"

"Miss Smith's apartment?" Johnny asked from behind the flowers.

The door opened wider, and Johnny came into the room. It was a nice room, even though it wasn't large. The furniture was waxed and the colors were cheerful. It was a room that looked as though it had gone a long way without getting into debt.

And then he saw the boy. He was about nine or ten, Johnny judged, and he wore a gay cowboy shirt and two enormous guns in tooled leather holsters. His grin was an exact replica of Susie's. It made you feel good, just looking at it. It wasn't until afterwards that Johnny noticed the limp and the outline of a leg brace under the denim pants, and understood suddenly why Susie was generally busy nights.

Johnny held out his hand. "I'm Johnny Farrell."

The little boy shook hands, grinning at him. "That's what I figured, pardner."

"All God's chillun got troubles," Susie had said, and Susie was right. Only the ones with real troubles seemed to handle them by themselves. They didn't whine about them or look for sympathy or special consideration because of them. Judging from the grin on the little boy who was Susie's brother, Susie had coped magnificently with her share. Susie Smith was quite a girl.

She appeared in the doorway of the bedroom in a green flannel housecoat. Her copper curls were caught up in a green ribbon. The tip of her nose was red, but the curve of her smile was redder. Johnny felt happier than he ever had in his whole life.

"Oh, my," Susie said. "The Penicillin Kid."

"Old mushhead himself," Johnny admitted.

"Nice to see you around."

"Nice to *be* around," Johnny said, advancing on Susie with a gleam in his eye. He held her close and kissed her thoroughly, and it was every bit as satisfactory as he had known it would be.

She was breathless when it was over, and her eyes were bright. "Please, Johnny," she said, laughing up at him. "Whatever will Billy think?"

He winked at the boy over Susie's shoulder. "It's high time Billy found out that men kiss somebody besides their horses."

THE END ★★

Be a Back-yard Explorer

(*Continued from page* 29)

interest and excitement I had felt as a boy when I watched katydids and butterflies on a dune-country farm in Indiana.

That night I told of the pictures when I got home. My wife had collected butterflies when she was a girl. We remembered how much fun it had been. When spring came, that year, I started taking insect pictures of my own. Now I have nearly 20,000 negatives. At first I did my photographing in the back yard. Later, I rented an ancient Long Island orchard where I planted out things that would attract various kinds of insects. There, for 15 years, I have studied and filmed the activity in a living land of Lilliput.

At home we began raising insects, keeping insects for pets, gathering cocoons in winter and watching the moths emerge in spring. My friends thought I had gone crazy. They were sure of it when they found praying mantises tethered by threads to our window-curtains, moths emerging from cocoons in my bedroom, and katydids feeding on leaves in the wire cage of our corn popper. They shook their heads when they heard news that the iceman had found butterflies in my refrigerator. I had put them there to cool off for a minute so they would be less lively when I photographed them. But all the while we were having a grand time.

I remembered an old man I once interviewed who spent his time whittling out little ducks. "People think I'm crazy," he told me. "But they have no idea how much fun I'm having!"

After two decades, we still have fun watching insects. And during more than half that time, I have earned my living by writing mainly about the sort of things you can see all about you on any summer day in any suburban or country yard. Books of mine on such near-at-home natural history have been translated into half a dozen foreign languages. I get letters from readers as far away as South Africa and India and Saudi Arabia and New Zealand. I have even been made a member of the famed Explorers Club as a result of exploring at home.

There are people who shudder when they think of an insect, say "Ugh!" when they see one, and have hysterics if one alights on them. They miss a lot of fun. I once knew a big-city boy who was afraid to sit down beside a path because an ant might crawl on him. Anyone who gets acquainted with the insects and begins to appreciate their amazing abilities

will find his fears fading away. And you don't have to be a professional to enjoy watching the insects. You don't have to write books about them. You don't have to have a long white beard like John Burroughs. It is a hobby that is open to all ages and most conditions of life.

A leading New York banker, as a spare-time insect-watcher, has become an authority on certain moths. A 10-year-old boy has learned a good deal about the habits of tiger beetles. And, in a Mid-western city, a housewife living in an apartment has made new discoveries about night-flying moths. You don't need either elaborate equipment or a large back yard to have fun exploring among the insects.

If you stepped into our back yard on Long Island, you would find it little different from tens of thousands of other suburban yards. It is less than 25 miles from New York's Times Square. It is only about 75 by 75 feet in extent. As you look around, you see a maple and a cedar tree, a few rosebushes, some annuals, a small rock garden, and a plot of grass. That is what your first glance shows.

But look closer. Stoop and see what is taking place under leaves and in the grass. The closer look reveals the most interesting part of any back yard. It is like the little door that Alice entered when she followed the White Rabbit. It leads into a Wonderland. It turns your flower beds and grassplots into forests and jungles inhabited by creatures as strange as any found in Tasmania or Timbuctoo.

Like an armored, streamlined car, a beetle looms up over the horizon-line of a leaf. As you watch it, you see one of the strongest animals in the world. An elephant is a weakling beside it. Some beetles can support 850 times their weight. If an African elephant could do as well it could shamble along carrying a whole freight train on its back.

From the tip of a rose shoot, a frosty-gray robber fly, designed like a pursuit plane, darts aloft, snatches a gnat from the air and returns to its perch. It has seen its tiny victim through bulging compound eyes, that contain as many lenses as the eyes of several hundred human beings. An ant runs this way and that on the ground among the iris plants. It is following a scent-trail of formic acid laid down by others of its kind, using a sense of smell keener than that possessed by any bloodhound.

Nearby, a curious swelling on a leaf forms the edible home of a baby gallfly. In depositing her eggs within the tissues of the leaf, its mother injected chemicals that caused the swelling, or gall. Snug within a dining room equipped with edible walls, the minute grub dwells in safety, protected from enemies from without and provided with ample food within.

As soon as you begin to look closer, and to understand what you are seeing, new vistas of interest open up around you. I remember the morning I first came upon a dew-spangled iris leaf from which rose a score of small oval eggs perched like lollipops at the tops of threadlike

stalks. The eggs, each one carefully balanced at the top of its stem, had been laid in the night by a gauzy-winged, golden-eyed lacewing fly. All over the country such eggs are laid wherever plant lice are found. From them hatch aphis lions, immature lacewings that resemble minute lizards and that spend their days consuming immense numbers of plant lice. So ravenous are these 6-legged lions that the first to hatch would devour all its brothers and sisters if the eggs were not equipped with stalks that lift them out of reach.

Although it is many years ago, and I have seen the same thing at least a thousand times since, I recall vividly my first encounter with the milkmaid ants. Clustered along a rose shoot in the warm spring sunshine were a hundred or more plant lice, rotund little creatures placidly sucking sap through hollow, needle-sharp beaks. So thick were they that they stood shoulder to shoulder like a flock of feeding sheep. Among the aphides half a dozen black carpenter ants were moving, pausing, stretching out their antennae, gently stroking the backs of the smaller insects. From time to time, they bent down their heads to salvage sweet drops of honeydew given off by the aphides.

What was I seeing? At the time I did not know. Later I discovered I had been watching the world's first milkmaids at work. So fond are ants of honeydew that it has been described as their "national dish." By massaging the backs of the aphides, the ants "milk" the smaller insects, inducing them to give off droplets of the sweet fluid. Moreover, they guard the plant lice from their insect enemies. In some cases, they even take aphides into their nests in autumn, keep them safe from harm during the winter, and place them "out to pasture" again when spring arrives. Among insects found in Baltic amber, ants and aphides have been discovered imprisoned together. Thus ants have been tending and milking their insect cattle for at least 20,000,000 years.

Yet this activity, ages old, is one you can see on almost any summer day in almost any back-yard garden plot.

WHAT else can you see? You never know, and the surprises add to the fun. It may be a colorful butterfly emerging from its chrysalis or a grasshopper changing its skeleton or a wasp gouging out bits of wood to chew into pulp paper for making its nest. One morning I discovered a tiny inchworm on a chrysanthemum. It was engaged in cutting off bits of flower petals and sticking them onto its back. Finally it was all covered with petal fragments until it looked exactly like part of the flower on which it rested. This feat of camouflage, however, was only part of its bag of tricks. A breeze sprang up that morning and I watched the little caterpillar heighten its deception by swaying as the flower swayed, moving all the petal parts that adorned its back until they seemed real petals blown by the wind.

Scattered among the plants of our back yard every spring, we come upon shining spots of snow-white foam. Each—about the size of a pea—is the foam-castle of a baby froghopper. Sucking sap from plant stems, the little, eighth-of-an-inch-long insects produce the froth from excess fluid, blowing up each bubble by means of a remarkable bellows formed of overlapping plates beneath their bodies. No other creature in all the animal kingdom possesses such a mechanism. Hidden within its covering of foam, the froghopper is invisible to its enemies and is protected from drying out in the heat of the sun. I see it each year building houses of froth and living within its bubble-walls until it reaches maturity, develops wings, and flies away.

One entomologist estimates that the world may contain as many as 10,000,000 different kinds of insects. Already, scientists have described and named nearly 750,000. Comparatively few of them are injurious. Fully 95 per cent are harmless to man. Many are beneficial. And all are interesting. They are interesting for the strangeness of their ways, interesting for their surprising abilities and instincts, interesting for the beauty and oddity of their forms. Some insects, like the monarch butterfly, are familiar from coast to coast. Others, like the yucca moth, are so specialized they occur on a single species of plant. One day-flying moth in California is known to inhabit only one

Know Your BUGS?

Names of insects pictured on pages 28 and 29. If you get more than half right you're a real bug about bugs.

1. **Praying mantis**
2. **Papermaking wasp**
3. **Ants**
4. **May beetle**
5. **Lacewing fly**
6. **Colorado potato bug**
7. **Dragonfly**
8. **Luna moth**
9. **Honeybee**
10. **Grasshopper**

kind of aster in one canyon on the Mexican border.

When you enter the ancient world of the insects, you leave behind screaming headlines and the tensions and complexities of a man-made civilization. The equipment you need for such an expedition is both simple and inexpensive. A guide, such as Frank E. Lutz's *Fieldbook of Insects*, will help you identify the creatures you meet. A pocket magnifying glass, giving enlargements of a dozen diameters, will let you enter the realm of the insect Lilliputians—those fantastically formed brownie bugs, the tree and leaf hoppers; those oddity midgets, the lantern flies; those delicately wrought creatures, the lace bugs, looking as frail and as beautiful as snowflakes.

THESE two things—an insect guide and a magnifying glass—are all you need for back-yard exploring. And the magnifying glass can come later. If you are interested in making a collection of the 6-legged creatures you meet, you will require such things as a net and insect boxes. These you can make or purchase from one of the numerous biological supply houses that offer collectors' material for sale. To attract the most beautiful of the daytime insects, the butterflies, you may wish to do as I have done and plant Buddleia, or butterfly, bushes in your yard or set out orange milkweed. And if photography is a hobby of yours, there is a whole new world to record on film in the strangeness and beauty of insect life.

For best results in insect photography, use a tripod with a tilt-top. Stop your camera down as far as possible to get maximum sharpness and depth of focus. Use supersensitive film. It lets you give short exposures with small diaphragm openings. Because the sharpness of the image is not infrequently ruined by slight movements of the subjects, take plenty of pictures. In some cases, I have had to make as many as a dozen exposures to get one unusual shot of an active insect. Panchromatic film, sensitive to all colors, including red, will help you in photographing many insects.

So much for black-and-white pictures. It is when you begin taking color shots that you find yourself recording the full beauty of these small creatures. On such film, you catch the rainbow tints of the butterflies, the brilliant metallic hues of the beetles, the delicate pastel shades of the great night moths.

Photographing insects is a hobby that will provide enjoyment for years. There are subjects for your lens all around you when you step into the yard. However, in back-yard exploring, the most fun of all is found not in photographing insects or collecting insects but in observing their ways, their curious habits, the surprising instinctive abilities they possess.

Not a few of the things you see will puzzle you. They puzzle scientists. They puzzle everyone. Nobody knows exactly what is occurring. You see two ants meet. They touch antennae. They twiddle their feelers. They tap each other. They move on. What have they been doing? Communicating by touch? Some insect-students believe so. One European scientist even went so far, some years ago, as to compile an Ant Dictionary in which he listed his idea of what the different kinds of antennae-taps mean.

Again, you see winged ants, males and females, pouring from the ground on a mating and dispersal flight. Notice the weather. I have never known ants to swarm in this way except when there has been at least 24 hours of clear and settled weather afterward. But how do these insect weather prophets know what lies ahead? Once, near my back door, hundreds of winged ants appeared on a dark and threatening afternoon. It looked as though, at last, their instincts had gone astray. But, 15 minutes later, all the insects were hurrying back into the ground again. They had almost made a mistake—but not quite.

Ants, crickets, and aphides are usually old settlers, residents, in a yard. Many other insects are transients, drifting through, pausing to feed or hunt among the leaves and flowers. Wasplike parasites search for caterpillars—in some cases depositing eggs that have the ability of multiplying themselves so that as many as 2,400 individuals result from the placing of a single egg. Honeybees, with eyes that can see ultraviolet light that is blackness to us, range among the blossoms.

Dragonflies—creatures that began life underwater, breathing through gills like a fish—hawk over the yard, scooping flying insects out of the air in nets formed of their 6 bunched and spiny legs. And, in the spring, a yard may be visited by one of those gorgeous creatures of the night, the great American silk moths, the Cecropia, the Luna, the Polyphemus. Our largest and most beautiful moths, they emerge from their cocoons, live and mate and die without once tasting food. All their eating is done in the caterpillar stage.

The real globe-trotter among these transients is the familiar monarch butterfly. Each autumn, straggling flocks of these black-and-orange insects begin a long, drifting migration to the south. Some travel on 4-inch wings all the way from Hudson Bay to Florida. The monarch that stops in your yard on an autumn day is as truly a migrant as is the robin or the hummingbird. Millions of butterflies thus move southward all over the United States—yet not one among them has ever made the trip before. Instinct, the most mysterious compass of all, guides them on their journey.

TO OUR eyes, a thousand ants or honeybees or yellow jackets look exactly alike. Rarely can we be positive we are seeing the same insect twice. By marking them, however, with little dots of quick-drying enamel, we can identify individuals and thus increase the fun of insect-watching. We can keep track of them, follow their travels, note their adventures in the grass-root jungles of the back yard.

In one instance, when I marked a praying mantis in this way, I discovered that it was using a single bush day after day for its hunting ground, stalking its prey across the leaves or waiting, with forelegs folded in an attitude of prayer, for a victim's approach.

During the latter days of summer and

the early days of fall, a number of insects "engage rooms for the night" within flowers that close during the hours of darkness. I once came upon a large robber fly that had pushed its way into the heart of a rose after sundown. The petals closed loosely around it and thus it spent the night, snug and protected, until the rose opened in the warmth of the sunshine the following day. The beam of my hand flashlight, from time to time, picks out flowers that are sheltering insects in this way during the chill of early-autumn nights.

A flashlight, incidentally, is a passport to special adventures in back-yard exploring. Its beam, running through the tangles of grass, spotlighting leaves and twigs, sweeping across spiderwebs, traveling among the ridges and valleys of tree bark, picking out katydids and other singers of the dark, reveals a little-seen world of activity. In the circle of its light, sowbugs creep like midget armadillos and daddy longlegs go bobbing past with twin eyes that peer to either side at the top of little turrets rising from the middle of their backs.

Its beam illuminates field crickets climbing like black monkeys among the branches of a plant, carpenter ants standing guard over their aphis cattle in the dark, and pale, tan-colored moths that hover in the air with eyes that shine like rubies in the light. And, among the bushes, it spotlights a beautiful and ghostly creature, the most ethereal of all the insect singers—the snowy tree cricket. Its mellow, rhythmical song fills the late-summer nights. As you listen to its pulsing rhythm, take out your watch. Count the number of calls in one minute. Divide that number by 4 and add 40. Then look at the thermometer. The number you have obtained and the temperature at the moment will almost always be the same. So responsive is this insect musician to the rise and fall of the mercury that it has been nicknamed the Temperature Cricket.

IN EXPLORING at home, by night or day, there is always the chance that you will find more than fun and relaxation, that you will find something new, make a discovery. For years, a riddle connected with the life of a certain spider was how it snared its prey. It appeared well fed but no one had ever seen it make a web. Then, in his back yard, a boy solved the problem. He saw the spider hastily construct a small web after dark and then take it down again before dawn.

On Staten Island, within sight of Manhattan's skyscrapers, the late William T. Davis became world-famous as an authority on American cicadas. Many of his researches were carried on in his own yard. He lived all his life within 200 feet of the spot where he was born. And that most celebrated of all stay-at-home explorers, J. Henri Fabre of France, "The Homer of the Insects," spent half a century setting down the things he saw within the small area surrounded by his garden walls. As a boy, Fabre dreamed of journeying to the Andes and the Amazon. Poverty confined him to a Provençal village. He was never able to see faraway places. But he was able to find a lifetime of excitement and interest and new discovery no farther away than his own dooryard.

In 1948, three friends of mine, amateur insect-watchers, discovered a brand-new butterfly in the pine barrens of southern New Jersey. For generations this area—only 50 miles south of New York and 20 miles east of Philadelphia—has been combed by big-city butterfly hunters. Yet all the while this beautiful little creature, named Hessel's Hairstreak, had been living among white cedar trees in the scattered bogs. There are so many insects that new species and new habits of many kinds still await discovery by amateur insect-watchers.

THE END ★★

Their House Is Their Hobby

(*Continued from page* 41)

After finishing high school, both Cliff and Jennie entered a business college in Mattoon. Cliff paid for his education by continuing to deliver papers, and Jennie, who bussed to the school from her uncle's home in Charleston, only 11 miles away, earned her tuition by doing part-time work in a lawyer's office. During lunch hour one day, Jennie gave Cliff a slice of delicious cake which her aunt had made. He suddenly developed a voracious appetite for cake and every day after that begged Jennie to give him another slice. They started going together, became engaged, and on Cliff's 21st birthday in April, 1933, got married against the solemn advice of their kinfolk who thought they were too young and too poor for such foolishness.

As a matter of fact, their financial prospects were not glittering. They had to borrow $50 to get married on and, while Cliff had obtained a clerical job with the Lincoln Oil Company in nearby Robinson, Ill., it paid only $60 a month. They figured they could get by on that income, however, moved to Robinson, and set up housekeeping in a furnished apartment for which they paid $20 a month. Right from the start, they knew exactly what they wanted out of marriage. Both Cliff and Jennie were passionately resolved to have two things —a big family and a home of their own.

At first, both goals appeared utterly unattainable. Two years after their marriage, the Lincoln Oil Company was merged with the Ohio Oil Company, and they moved to Findlay, where Cliff went to work for the latter concern at $85 a month. But even on that increased income they couldn't save much toward a home because they found apartment rental and other living costs higher in Findlay than in Robinson. And the babies they yearned for just didn't arrive. When their doctor told them they could never have children, it was a heavy blow for both of them, but they didn't let it crush them or interfere with their determination to have a large family. They promptly notified the County Probate and Juvenile Court that they would like to adopt a child and, after long months of waiting, during which they were subjected to endless investigations, they were invited to view a 21-month-old girl in a children's institution in a nearby town.

Cliff and Jennie burned up the roads racing to the institution, and when they saw the little girl fell in love with her at once. "We'll take her," they both exclaimed in one breath. Without delaying even long enough to go out and buy clothes for the child, they wrapped her in a blanket and dashed back to Findlay with her.

Little Becky was a bit undemonstrative at first. Due to her institutional background, she showed little interest in anything and seldom laughed or cried like other children. But under the love which the Harrises lavished on her, she soon blossomed into a normal, happy child.

For a probationary period of 6 months, the Harrises were not sure whether they would be permitted to keep Becky. Court officers and social workers popped in on them frequently to see how they were treating the child in their care. But they passed all these checkups and the adoption officials were so impressed by their desirability as parents that they gave them prompt attention when they applied to the court for a second child.

Jennie went out to empty the garbage one morning when she encountered one of the officers who had studied their case. "Good morning, Mrs. Harris," he said. "Would you like to have a little brother for that daughter of yours?"

Jennie was so flabbergasted that she could only get out one word at first. "Definitely," she said, "but definitely."

A FEW days later she was informed by telephone that the little brother was available, and became so excited that she let a live rooster which she had just bought for Sunday dinner escape from her hands. The rooster has never been seen since, but Rex, who was then 10 months old, came to live with the Harrises and soon proved to be just as great a joy and satisfaction to them as Becky.

With two small children to raise, Cliff and Jennie needed a home of their own more than ever. Every night they sat up late drawing plans of the kind of dream house they would like to have. But it was not until 1940 that they accumulated enough cash to take any definite steps.

Cliff was earning $1,600 a year by that time and, with their savings plus a $900 legacy they had received from his grandfather, they had about $1,400 in the bank. That wasn't enough to buy much of a house, but they figured they might buy a lot and start building a home on it one room at a time.

Then, one momentous day, Cliff discussed their building dreams with a friend. "Instead of starting from scratch,"

the friend advised, "why not buy an old house and fix it up? I've got an aunt who has a house she'd sell for $2,500—maybe less."

Excitedly, Cliff and Jennie packed the kids into their car and drove out that same evening to look at the house. It was a large, 11-room structure on an acre of land in a good residential section, but was badly run down. Built on a grandiose scale by a rich oil man back in 1886, it had been neglected for years and it looked to be on the point of collapsing. Foundation stones were so loose that the tenants, who rented the place for $10 a month, had heaped piles of cornstalks all around the house to keep out the cold. The wooden clapboard siding, unpainted for at least a generation, flapped loosely in the wind. Broken windowpanes had been replaced with cardboard. Slates were missing from the roof.

INSIDE, the house was even worse. The entry hall had been used as a storage place for hams and bacon and had become a grease-soaked paradise for rats. Roof leaks had caused plaster to fall in nearly every room. Rotten floor boards creaked underfoot. Musty blankets replaced doors which had been torn off and used for firewood. Cracked water pipes had been patched with friction tape. The rusty coal furnace didn't work. There was a fireplace in every room, but none was safe to light because of the crumbling chimneys.

The tenants who occupied the place lived around one coal stove in the dining room.

After surveying the premises, Cliff and Jennie looked at each other and shook their heads.

"Impossible," said Jennie.

"The only thing this old barn is good for," Cliff declared, "is to set a match to."

But later that night, as they talked it over at home, they revised their opinions. After all, the beams and framework of the house, built of native oak, were solid. The roof could be mended without great expense. The house was modern in the sense that it contained water, gas, and electricity even if the plumbing and wiring were in terrible shape. It was located on a fine piece of land which probably would increase in value in time. It was spacious and would lend itself to being remodeled into apartments.

In the end, after much scheming and bargaining, the Harrises bought the old wreck for $1,500 cash and drew up plans to remodel it into a 3-family apartment house. They would live in one apartment, they decided, and rent the other two.

Their friends told them they were crazy. The house was promptly dubbed "Harris's Folly," and Cliff's co-workers at the office kidded him about it. If anyone happened to mention a white elephant, some wiseacre would pipe up, "Just take it to Harris. He'll buy it."

More than once in those first days the Harrises had serious misgivings. When they had building contractors look at the house, none would even make an estimate of the cost of remodeling. The only smart thing to do, the contractors said, was to tear the house down and build a new one.

This was how the Harrises discovered that they would have to do the remodeling with their own hands. But they had no money left for building materials. In quest of a $3,000 loan, Cliff went to banks and loan companies. But in vain. None of them felt that the Harris ven-

"Daddy, if one of the lions got out and ate you, what bus do I take home?"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY LEO GAREL

ture was sound enough to justify the financial risk.

Finally, Cliff consulted one of his employers, Charles H. Smith, who at that time was assistant treasurer of the Ohio Oil Company. Mr. Smith, impressed by Cliff's earnestness and enterprise, informed a local banker that he personally would recommend a loan to him for the supplies he needed. The banker worked out a deal with the Harrises. Under a mortgage arrangement, the bank paid for building supplies as they were delivered.

On a bright day in May, the four Harrises moved into the house and established temporary living quarters in the two least decrepit rooms. On a two-burner gas plate which the gas company connected for them, they were able to prepare simple meals and heat water for baths. They carried the hot water upstairs to an antique porcelain tub in the bathroom (quaint but still functioning after a fashion) where they mixed it with cold water. No heat was available, but in May heating wasn't much of a problem, and wouldn't be until fall.

Right after they moved in, trucks started rolling up with building materials they had ordered—sand, cement, lumber, and wallboard, kegs of nails, plumbing fixtures for three bathrooms, and other building supplies. They had no idea how to use most of these items, but decided they could find out from the manufacturers and dealers from whom they had bought the materials, and from friends who knew. They would learn as they went along. They also decided to make their venture a completely co-operative enterprise.

"This is one time," Jennie said to Cliff, "when we start out even. You know a lot more about accounting than I do, and I know more than you do about sewing and baking cakes. But neither of us knows a darned thing about building, so we'll be on equal terms—and I intend to do just as much work as you do."

They started out bright and early one Saturday morning by clearing away the mountains of cornstalks from the rock foundation so that they could plug up the holes and cracks between the stones. This was the most essential first step, they thought, because of the many rats which entered the house through the walls.

Following instructions they got from one of Cliff's office friends, they mixed cement, sand, and water together in a wheelbarrow and stirred it with a hoe. When the stuff was of a nice, thick consistency, they used trowels to plaster it into the holes and cracks of the foundation. They got their hands dirty but enjoyed themselves immensely. The children, playing around Cliff and Jennie as they worked, had just as much fun as they did.

But the Harrises had hardly started the foundation work when a storm came up one night which made them realize they should have given their first attention to the roof. Rain poured in at half a dozen places faster than they could place buckets and tubs to catch it, rickety doors flew open, loose clapboards banged against the walls of the house, slates and chimney bricks came tumbling down, and, at the peak of the storm, they heard creepy noises in the attic which suggested ghosts.

They learned later that the mysterious noises had been made by a family of squirrels which had built a home under the rafters.

As a result of the storm, Cliff and Jennie postponed their foundation patching until they had mended the roof. Their remodeling plans called for tearing down two small porches. With the good slates which they salvaged from the roofs of these porches they replaced the lost and broken slates on the main roof. A retail dealer in roofing materials showed them how to lay the slates and use melted tar to mend other roof leaks. They both loved the pungent odor of the hot tar and, after it had cooled to lukewarmness, the kids had a fascinating time making little balls out of leftover remnants of the gummy stuff.

With the roof repaired, Cliff and Jennie resumed work on the foundation and, once they had plugged up all the holes, had no trouble getting rid of the rats. Using traps and poison, they soon exterminated the pests still in the house. The squirrels in the attic also sought other living quarters because, by mending the roof, the Harrises denied them entrance to their home under the rafters.

Cliff and Jennie next turned to tightening the clapboard siding. Working precariously on ladders, they used a whole keg of nails doing this, and Jennie drove just as many of them as Cliff. The first time she tried to drive a nail, she whacked her left thumb so hard that tears came to her eyes, but she didn't let that discourage her. She practiced driving nails into a soft board until she got the knack of it, then went to work on the siding. She missed the heads of so many nails that she left what carpenters call "dollar marks" all over the house, but she gradually learned to swing a hammer with professional skill. And the dollar marks didn't matter because, after the siding was secured, they gave the whole house a new outer skin of gray wooden shingles.

As the summer progressed, Cliff and Jennie had the time of their lives. Every day they followed a similar routine. Cliff's office hours were from 7:30 A.M. until 3:30 P.M., so the whole family got up at 6 o'clock. After a substantial breakfast, usually consisting of fruit juice, cereal, bacon, eggs, and coffee, Cliff would leave for the office. Jennie would quickly wash the breakfast dishes, make the beds, and get into her building togs. All that summer she never once wore a dress—only coveralls and a bright scarf wrapped around her hair.

By 8 o'clock she was usually hard at work outdoors. She kept Becky and Rex out in the yard where she could watch them. At first, Rex showed tendencies to run away, but Jennie trained Becky to be responsible for him and the kids had a delightful time playing in a pile of building sand and a temporary playhouse which she made for them by simply laying a large sheet of plywood over two sawhorses.

At 11:30, Jennie gave the children their lunch and put them to bed for their afternoon naps. Then, after eating a snack, herself, she went back to her building work. When the children woke up they resumed their play outside, and when Cliff came home at about 4 o'clock the whole family had an early supper. Usually it was a nourishing but quickly prepared meal comprised of fried round steak—which was inexpensive in those days—potatoes, a green vegetable, canned fruit, and store cake. If the weather was nice, they almost invariably ate supper outdoors in picnic style.

After the meal, Cliff and Jennie played with the children for a while. They always took time to read them bedtime stories. Then they went back to their construction work. Thanks to daylight-saving time, they were able to get in several hours of toil every evening before dark. When dusk came they hauled bridge lamps outside, rigged up a long wire to an inside connection, and continued working until 11 or 11:30. Sometimes, in emergencies, they worked long past midnight. . . .

One evening a big batch of ready-mixed concrete which they had had delivered for building a new set of porch steps started hardening faster than they could use it. By midnight, they realized they could not finish the steps by themselves before the concrete was ruined and, in desperation, called up a mason whom they knew. He obligingly got out of bed and helped them and, by 2:30 A.M., the three of them managed to complete the job. And the mason wouldn't accept a cent for his services. He was only too glad, he said, to donate a little of his time to young folks who were so eager to build a nest for themselves.

Cliff and Jennie were so tired that night that they just fell into bed. But next morning when they looked at the handsome porch steps they had built, they felt such a warm glow of satisfaction that they forgot all about their fatigue.

EDITOR'S MEMO

Each month THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE brings you the complete story of an outstanding American family. By "outstanding" we do *not* mean a family of wealth, or social position, or political importance, but rather a well-integrated group of parents and children who have made a significant contribution to family and community life.

If you know of such a family write and tell us about it in not more than 500 words. If we decide that it rates in achievement as an American Family of the Month, we will pay $50 for your contribution. Address Family of the Month, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. No letters can be acknowledged or returned.

That was just about the only time they had to call in professional help. When autumn came, they had completed the most essential outside work and made their home weatherproof. They then turned to the inside work which had to be done before they could patch plaster, replace flooring, paint, and paper.

They didn't find the job of replacing the old wiring as difficult as they expected. There were no local restrictions prohibiting amateurs from doing this work. With pliers and screwdrivers, the Harrises boldly embarked upon the adventure of stringing 2,000 feet of electrical cable and installing new outlets and connections in every room. By now they felt no more trepidation about electricity than they had felt about mixing concrete or driving nails.

A neighbor, Joe Mitchell, who was experienced in electrical work, gave them advice from time to time. They also followed instructions in a 25-cent manual on home wiring. Using the "bell system," by which they employed dry cell batteries and a doorbell to test their connections before they turned on the house current, they completed the job without one short circuit.

THE plumbing was more difficult. At first, they didn't even know the meaning of such terms as "L" and "Y," but again they were able to get expert advice. Derald Teatsworth, the wholesale dealer from whom they had purchased their plumbing supplies, patiently gave them instructions and practical tips on how to install the fittings. The task was simplified by the fact that they used copper water pipes throughout the house instead of galvanized iron pipes. By using a blow torch and employing what is known as the "sweating" system, they were able to make copper pipe connections much more quickly than they could have made threaded connections with iron pipe.

Finally, at 1 A.M. one Monday morning after they had worked all week end, Cliff and Jennie completed the water system of the apartment they were to occupy. They wiped their brows and viewed their work with pride. Then Cliff went down in the basement and turned on the main valve. A moment later, water was spurting furiously from five of the joints they had been so proud of!

That was one of the nights when they were so tired and disheartened that they bawled. But the next morning, after Cliff had gone to the office, Jennie got out the plumbing tools and set to work again. When Cliff came home that evening, she had a wonderful surprise for him. She had stopped all the leaks and the water system was working perfectly.

Since the old coal furnace in the basement was useless, the Harrises ripped it out and installed three modern gas heaters, known as "space heaters," in the three apartments they were constructing. They did this work under the supervision of the Findlay Gas Company, and checked their pipe connections as they went along with an air-pressure testing device which they rented. They were getting to be better plumbers all the time and did such a fine job that the gas-company inspector who tested the installation beamed on them and ordered the gas turned on immediately.

After the plumbing, the other interior work seemed easy to Cliff and Jennie. With the aid of a secondhand power saw which they bought, they thoroughly enjoyed building new partitions out of 2-by-4's and rock-board, and laying new oak flooring where it was needed. In places where the old flooring was sound, they merely resurfaced it with a rented electric sander, and the mellow old wood came out magnificently.

Laying linoleum in the kitchens and bathrooms turned out to be even more enjoyable work. They bought a tile-type linoleum which came in 9-inch squares and, by following the manufacturer's instructions, had no trouble putting it down. They would start with one square in the middle of a room and cement the others around it in checkerboard fashion. When they reached the edges of the room it was easy to trim the last squares to fit the remaining spaces, and the bright new linoleum had a way of completely transforming a room. Just seeing it being laid was so interesting that Becky and Rex looked on goggle-eyed as their parents worked.

The kids were just as fascinated when the Harrises tiled the bathroom walls. They used an inexpensive plastic tile which they applied right over the old plaster walls with a wonderful plastic cement. With their gay linoleum floors and plastic tile walls, the bathrooms took on an ultra-modern appearance.

Painting and paper hanging came next. Their local paint dealer advised them about mixing and applying paints and varnishes, and two of their neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Lester MacGregor, came over one evening and gave them a lesson in paper hanging. One lesson was all they needed. They were a bit slow at it at first but rapidly picked up speed and were soon papering at a great rate. Often they sang or listened to a radio program as they worked, but once in a while, when they were overtired, they had their little tiffs like most couples.

ON ONE occasion which they still smile about, Jennie was standing on a step-ladder papering a ceiling, and Cliff kept telling her she was putting the paper on crooked.

"If you're so smart," Jennie snapped, "why don't you do it yourself?"

"You're still getting it on crooked," Cliff repeated a bit later.

That was too much for little Jennie. She jumped down from the stepladder with a long strip of the gooey paper in her hands and, in a flash, completely papered her tall husband—winding it around him in a spiral from his neck to his feet. The expression on his face was something to see. But in a second they were both howling with laughter and doing their best to smooth out the paper which Jennie had all but ruined.

It was at 9 o'clock on Christmas Eve

that the Harrises put the finishing touches on the 4-room apartment they were to occupy. For the first time in more than six months they felt they could relax a little. They look back to that Christmas as one of the happiest they have ever had. At last they were getting somewhere. They had the beginnings of a fine family, and they had their own roof over them.

But actually they were just getting started on their adventures. After Christmas they went to work on the two other apartments—each containing three rooms—which they intended to rent. In a few months they had them ready for tenants, and put a small advertisement in the local newspaper.

The housing shortage had become so acute in Findlay by that time, due to a great growth of war industry in the Toledo area, that they received more than 40 replies to their ad, and had no trouble renting the two apartments for $35 a month each.

With $70 a month coming in, they were soon able to start whittling down the debt which they owed the bank for building supplies.

Once the apartments were bringing in cash, the Harrises didn't feel they had to work so feverishly. But for the next four years they spent most of their evenings and week ends making further improvements.

They completely painted the house on the outside, cleaned up the yard, which had been littered with tons of ashes and old tin cans; built a 3-car garage; and laid out a playground.

For an expenditure of only $30 on iron pipes, cement, lumber, and rope, they erected sturdy swings, a trapeze, a slide, and a seesaw which would have cost them at least $150 if they had bought the equipment ready-made. They did this by planting the iron pipes which were to hold the apparatus in postholes filled with concrete, and welding them together at the top, using rented torches and masks.

The playground proved a great success. Small fry from all over the neighborhood were soon congregating in their yard, and Becky and Rex had no dearth of playmates.

In 1946, something happened which gave a new turn to the Harrises' building endeavors. For three years, Cliff and Jennie had been seeking to adopt another child, but there were hundreds of applications ahead of theirs in the Probate Court. They had just about given up hope when Judge Paul R. Capell, who had given them Becky and Rex, informed them that he knew of a baby soon to be born which they might have if they didn't care whether it was a boy or a girl. The Harrises said they didn't. They just wanted another baby, regardless of sex.

A few weeks later, Judge Capell telephoned Cliff at his office. "It's about that baby," he said.

"Yes," Cliff replied breathlessly, "what is it—a boy or a girl?"

"Both," the Judge said with a chuckle. "It turned out to be twins."

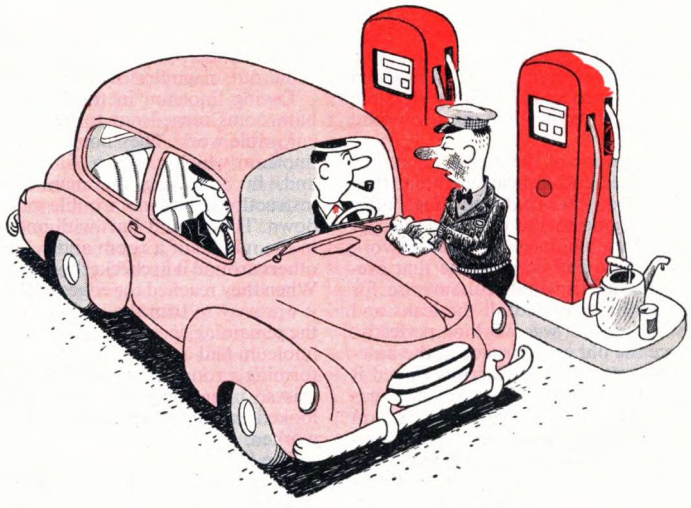
"I'll take them both," Cliff said.

"Hadn't you better ask your wife?" the Judge said.

"I don't have to," Cliff told him. "I know what she'll say."

THE next evening, when Steven and Marianne were only two days old, Cliff and Jennie bore them home in triumph. The twins looked incredibly nice lying side by side in their small baskets. More than thirty of the Harrises' friends and neighbors dropped in that evening just to peep at them.

With four children instead of two, Cliff and Jennie suddenly found their 4-room apartment hopelessly inadequate. Consequently, they combined it with one of the 3-room apartments they had been letting to tenants, but they did not find that arrangement satisfactory or practical.



"Your friend wanta see too?"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY BILL HARRISON

As a result, they went shopping for another home. In 1950, after their original house had more than paid for itself and they had obtained additional cash by selling a building lot off of one end of their plot, they bought another old place a few blocks away—the one in which they are now living.

This second house, for which they paid $7,000, was not in nearly as bad shape as the first one. But there was still plenty of work to be done to make it really livable. Once again, Cliff and Jennie set to work with their tools. But this time they did not have to work entirely alone. Becky and Rex were old enough to help them a bit. Even the twins tried to make themselves useful by carrying tools and running small errands. Without working too hard and taking time out every now and then for the movies, ice-cream parties, and wienie roasts in the back yard, they made rapid progress. The Harrises are not yet through with this remodeling job, but they have already created a lovely home.

In addition to an attractive living room and dining room, I found that it has four bedrooms, two beautiful modern bathrooms, a utility room, and a kitchen which is an interior decorator's dream. It is equipped, moreover, with almost every conceivable modern convenience, including a big electric stove, an electric refrigerator with a freezing compartment, electric broiler, food mixer, toaster, and iron. In addition, the Harrises have an electric washer, drier, ironer, and sewing machine in their utility room. They have bought these appliances one at a time out of Cliff's salary, and plan to purchase a home-freezer and television set before long. Without their mechanical servants, they point out, they wouldn't have been able to devote nearly so much time to the work of remodeling.

Cliff and Jennie estimate that their original house, from which they now get a total of $120 a month rent, is worth at least $15,000, and that they could obtain $11,000 for their present home. That makes their total real-estate holdings worth $26,000. And they are only $6,000 in debt! In other words, thanks to their efforts as amateur builders, plumbers, and paper hangers, they are currently worth not less than $20,000, and they expect this amount to increase steadily as time goes on, because they are using the rent money they receive to pay off their indebtedness. They have come a long way and are going farther.

Over the years, Cliff has received several pay raises. He now earns approximately three times as large a salary as he did when he and Jennie started their remodeling ventures on $1,600 a year in 1940. But, owing to inflation and the increasing size of their family, his earnings have just about kept pace with their living costs. If they had had to pay rent over the last ten years, they told me, they would never have been able to save any money at all unless they had denied themselves modern comforts and appliances, and been content to exist rather than live.

They have never done that, and don't

today. To save money, Jennie buys food and other household necessities in large, economy-sized quantities. She cans more than 500 jars of fruits and vegetables every summer, always sets a good table, keeps the children well dressed by sewing many of their garments herself, and sees to it that the whole family has plenty of recreation and an adequate social life.

Both Cliff and Jennie, I discovered, are fine bridge players and they frequently give or attend card parties. They are also active members of the First Presbyterian Church of Findlay. While I was with them, Jennie was working hard as a member of a women's committee which was raising funds for a new church structure.

The children, all lively youngsters, are also active in local affairs. Becky is prominent in high-school dramatics and, during the football season, is a school cheer leader. Upon my insistence, she put on her cheer-leading costume one day and gave several of her school yells. They were terrific, and it was hard for me to believe she had ever been an undemonstrative child.

Rex is always grinning and is just about as happy a youngster as you would meet anywhere. He is a Boy Scout and basketball fiend. Out in the back yard, he demonstrated some very sharp dribbling and lay-up shots for me.

The twins are just as well-adjusted as the other children, but have different temperaments. Marianne is a very feminine little coquette who, at the moment, loves to flirt with all males regardless of age. Steven, who has a sly sense of humor, is mechanically-minded and plays by the hour with gadgets. The family look to him to carry on their carpentry tradition.

During the winter, the six Harrises have fun several evenings a week popping corn in their electric corn popper. During summer vacations the whole family usually goes on a motor trip in their old sedan. One year they drove all the way to Yellowstone National Park. Another summer they made a trip to New York City. But more often they visit Cliff's relatives in Illinois, where they have wonderful times.

Since the Harrises don't think it is good for children to receive unearned allowances, Becky and Rex both work for their spending money. Becky gets jobs baby-sitting and Rex has a paper route. But Cliff keeps a careful record of any of their own money which the kids spend for clothing or other essential items. He intends to return every penny of it to them when they go to college.

With the income which they already receive from what nobody any longer calls "Harris's Folly," plus additional income which they hope to make in future years from still another old house which they plan to remodel and rent, Cliff and Jennie are determined to put all of their youngsters through college. After the children are educated, they figure that their income from real estate

will make it possible for them to retire by the age of 60. They are happy about the security they have won with their own hands. The future looks bright to them.

Yet this surprising couple down by the Old Mill Stream are just as gratified by the fact that their achievements have helped other people. Not long ago, one of the most prominent men in town, Otto D. Donnell, former president of the Ohio Oil Company, presented the Harrises with a handsome cash prize for having made the greatest one-family contribution to the solution of Findlay's housing problem.

"We're terribly pleased," Cliff and Jennie told me, "to think that we've helped at least a few other folks to get roofs over their heads."

And most of the time, they insisted, it really wasn't hard work at all. Almost any couple, they think, could do the same thing that they did if they'd just get over feeling that there's anything especially complex about building and plumbing and painting and papering. Anyone can learn to do it who wants to—and because they learned and did everything together, building a home and a family was pure fun for the Harrises.

THE END★★

"My Kids Won't Let Me!"

(*Continued from page* 19)

trip when Stuart was 10, grabbed him at the front door, and said, "Give your old man a kiss."

He backed off as if I had chicken pox. "Men don't kiss men," he announced. And that was the end of that. After all, I couldn't start shaking hands with my own son. I just had to keep my distance. And I wasn't the only one to get the iceberg treatment. It turned out that men of 10 weren't being kissed by their mothers, either. Even Judy, a few years later, became impatient with any display of affection, especially in public.

"I'm completely bewildered," June wailed. "Don't our children love us any more?" So my wife and I trained ourselves to behave like distant acquaintances of our young ones.

THE blow first lands when the babies you've been dressing and bathing and spoon-feeding and coddling suddenly acquire minds of their own. I'd always heard that old folks were the ones who got set in their ways. But let a 5th-grader come home with an opinion—you'd better throw in the sponge. Like Stuart, who decided when he was 11, out of his vast knowledge of internal-combustion engineering, that the Hasenpfeffer straight 8 was the slickest car on the road.

"Well, what's it got that our new Bumblebee 6 hasn't got?" I challenged.

"Aw, that's just a dumb old car," he declared crushingly. "Everybody knows that." He complained so bitterly about going for rides with us in our inferior machine that the next year I turned it in for a Hasenpfeffer. The only trouble was that by this time Stuart had discovered that the Humpty Dumpty Super-Special was really the last word in automobiles.

Anyhow, it soon made no difference to me what make of car we owned. A few years rolled by, Stuart had his driver's license, and good-by to the family bus. June and I would drive home and see the kids and a bunch of their friends waiting in the front yard. Coming to pay us a friendly visit, maybe? Guess again. They would swarm to the driveway on the run, jump in the car almost before our feet touched the ground, and leave us standing in a hail of flying gravel. Since nobody walks anywhere in California, that meant we were home for the evening.

I used to give speeches in our living room about safety on the road, with my wife sharing the lecture platform. I made a rule against loading more than 10 passengers into a 6-passenger car. The answer was always the same: "Quit worrying, Dad. What can possibly happen?"

Today's father should consider himself lucky if his children even let him decide where the family lives. I'm a native Californian and will never stop loving that sunshine. My children graciously allowed me to enjoy it during their early years, while I was earning our bread acting in Hollywood movies. Then Stuart decided he had to go to an Eastern college (the University of California was only good enough for dear old Dad), and Judy simultaneously discovered that she couldn't become a lady without being finished at a New York school. But they both vowed that they loved their dear parents too much to live so far away from them. The solution? The Erwins now reside in a Manhattan apartment, and several times each year poor old Mom and Dad trek 3,000 miles back to Hollywood to turn out television films. My boss won't let me work in the East; my kids won't let me live in the West.

Even when they were tiny pipsqueaks, Stuart and Judy were choosy about the kind of house the Erwins inhabited. Shortly after Stuart was born, we bought a rambling Spanish-style place in Beverly Hills with a floor plan that was strong on charm but short on logic. We lived there until Stuart was 13 and Judy 10. Then one day June and I fell in love with a house a few miles away in Brentwood, which had a view and space and all the things we wanted. We bought it without thinking of asking the younger generation. The children were polite at first about the nice new castle their dad had gone in hock for. We didn't hear a word of complaint. On the other hand, there was no wild enthusiasm, either. "It'll do, I guess," Stuart said.

We didn't know how Judy felt about the new place until several months later. "You know our old house we used to live in?" she asked me wistfully one day. "That was just about the nicest house in the whole world, wasn't it, Daddy?"

I could not remember that the little dumpling had ever said anything kind about the old place while we were actually living in it. But now that we were in Brentwood, both of the kids loved Beverly Hills better than any community in creation. Mother now spent most of her waking hours driving them back to their old school and Sunday school, and to birthday parties, dancing classes, and ball games with their old gang of friends.

All that was nothing compared to the havoc created by the move East. Living in New York has caused a revolution in Father Erwin's manner of living. Take the matter of what my children allow me to wear. Back in California I used to be considered, by local standards, a conservative dresser. Walking down the street with sartorial sensations like Jimmie Gleason and Pat O'Brien, I would be practically invisible. Such was the case, anyhow, until Stuart began picking out my shirts for me. "Dad, you got nothing to wear that doesn't look like a worn-out towel," he would say. "How about getting yourself some snappy new shirts?"

This would always happen, oddly enough, when he was going through my drawers trying to find something to put on. We would go shopping, and then stylish Stu Erwin would blossom like a sunset—at least until Stuart Jr. had transferred the new duds to *his* dresser drawer.

Anyhow, I got used to a good deal more color in my clothes as soon as Stuart grew big enough to wear them. Then last he entered Brown University and the picture changed. The first time he came home to our Manhattan apartment, the male heir took one look at me and said, "Dad, anybody'd think you just rolled off a cattle train from California. Those red socks! And those awful checked slacks! That tie looks like an atomic bomb just exploded."

"Hey, this tie is hand-painted silk," I bleated. "What's the matter with it?"

"What's the matter with it?" he repeated, his voice dripping with condescension. "Why, no gentleman wears anything but regimental stripes or plain knitted neckwear."

SO NOW I am trying to recapture a suitably restrained style of dressing. As I've suggested before, fatherhood can be confusing. Just the other day I was talking to a friend, a Dartmouth grad who sent his son up to Hanover as a freshman last year. As a farewell gift, he hauled out the raccoon coat he'd worn himself with the class of '27 and carefully preserved in mothballs ever since. "Here she is, Son, good as new and twice as warm," said the proud father. "Wear it with my blessing."

The son turned pale. "Pop," he said, "if I have to wear that to college, I would be better off dead."

Recently my own boy decked himself out in his first suit of evening clothes. He had already borrowed my white scarf, cuff links, and studs, so I decided to be

big about the whole thing. I got out my old silk opera hat and offered it to the young sprout, expecting to be thanked for my generosity. Instead he said, "Dad, did you ever really wear that—out, I mean? Or just in comedies?"

Being a mother has its moments of frustration as well. When it comes to clothes, for example, Judy manipulates her mother as easily as Stuart handles me, if in a somewhat more subtle manner. As a tot she used to assume that her parents were as ancient as the Sierra Nevadas. June put on an evening gown one night, and Judy said, "Mommy, you're too *old* to wear a party dress. They're for girls."

Now that both mother and daughter wear size 10, however, things have changed. They went shopping together last week to buy a coat for June, and Judy vetoed everything her mother selected. "Pick out something younger, Mother," was the refrain. "You're not an old lady, you know." Finally they settled on a little powder-blue number, and the other night June decided to wear it for the first time. She didn't, though. Turns out that the coat just matches a dress of Judy's, and was already requisitioned for the evening.

This method of dressing your children from your own wardrobe makes it impossible to keep track of how much it costs to clothe them. Which leads me to wonder what ever became of that old-fashioned institution, the weekly allowance. When I was a whippersnapper, I spent the dollar Dad gave me, and that's all there was until next Saturday. The system is different nowadays. The allowance is no longer established by the parents; it is promoted by the children. It has become a financial operation as complicated as floating a stock issue, and almost as expensive.

Stuart lives in a college dormitory, so all the bills come home to the old man. Ditto with the accounts from the local haberdasher for any odds and ends of clothing he can't find in my closet. Then he receives a monthly amount deemed sufficient, by mutual agreement, to cover out-of-pocket expenses. Only that expression, "out-of-pocket," turns out to be very elastic, especially since it means, in practice, out of *my* pocket.

The modern technique is the fast touch, 30 seconds before the young man steps out the door on a vitally important date. "I could use a ten-spot, Dad," is the way it goes. "Want to be a sport?" Naturally, every father wants to be considered a sport by his son, even if it costs $10.

By the end of a vacation, it always happens that the lad has just enough money left to get him back to school—provided Mom or Dad can dig up the cash for train fare. This detail is never mentioned, of course, until you're seeing him off at the station three minutes before train time, and he's surrounded by his friends.

As for Judy, I started her on a quarter-a-week allowance at the age of 9, so she would learn the value of money. I impressed upon her the fact that saving was a virtue and a necessity. A year later I remembered to ask her how much of her allowance she had managed to save. "I've saved all of it, Daddy," she said, "just like you told me."

"Then how, dear child," asked Daddy, "have you paid for your lollipops and ice-cream cones?"

"I just asked Mommy for the money," lisped the little one.

Now that she is a big girl, Judy gets her allowance on Friday and ordinarily spends it all by Sunday. Since she goes nowhere except to school for the next five days, this system works nicely. What will happen when she is forced to live within her income for an entire week I don't know. I have a hunch it will cost me money to find out.

Just the same, maybe I am not so dumb as you have decided by this time. After 20 years of family life, I accept the fact that Father can't win. I am the grown-up problem child, the stepchild of fate, who is tolerated because he pays the bills. Whatever I want to do, I know my brood will not allow it—for my own good, of course. Very well. If I'm so unusual, then I ought to get paid for letting people laugh at me. Why pretend to be somebody else when I'm acting? Why not produce a show based on the actual Erwin home life?

That, dear friends, is what I did. The show is called *Trouble With Father*. Maybe you've seen it. Maybe you also wondered how come my dear ones let me get away with it. Well, this time I outsmarted 'em. I got the wife on my side by suggesting that if someone was going to play the part of Mrs. Stu Erwin of television, who could do it better than Mrs. Stu Erwin? After all, she used to get star billing in Hollywood as June Collyer, until she decided, for some unaccountable reason, to marry me and raise a family. Now the family was almost grown and pretty well able to take care of itself. Mom decided to have a career again.

We didn't give our little chicks a chance to forbid it. In fact, we didn't tell them about the project. We filmed the show, and the night it went on the air we gathered the family around the television receiver. "There's something coming up here that may interest you," I announced with my most disarming smile.

The show started, and Stuart jumped three inches off his stool. "Who's that?" he yelped. "Mom! Pop! Oh, *no!*" After that he put his head in his hands and groaned during the rest of the performance.

Judy saved her opinion until it was over. "How'd you like it, Sweetie?" I asked.

"That," she said, in icy, measured tone, "is the silliest thing you and Mother ever did in your lives."

So I'd gone and disgraced the family again. Only this time June had to share some of the blame. Judy and Stuart made it clear that from her, at least, they hadn't expected such treatment. From

their delinquent father it was only natural.

In recent months their attitude has changed, however, and I'm beginning to think they may even forgive me. Both of the youngsters now watch the show. They let us know when the parental performance is below par, or when a particular story doesn't meet with their approval. I envy most fathers who at least escape the critical eyes of their young when they're working.

Not long ago, for example, we acted out a skit about how our two children—they're both girls on television—decide to give a party. Can Mom help with the refreshments? No, thanks, the girls know how to do it better. So Dad offers to entertain the guests with his magic act and card tricks. Please—not that corny routine!

Comes time for the party, and Mother and Father are sent to a hamburger stand and a movie.

JUDY saw the show and thought the story was farfetched. "Nobody could believe such a thing would really happen," she said. So I reminded her that not only had it really happened, but it had happened to us. The last time she had entertained a group of her closest girl friends, Judy had firmly invited us to leave the house and not to return before midnight, even if we had to sit through the double feature twice.

I'm not sure the children have ever approved of the way I earn my living. As a youngster, Stuart did not regard acting as respectable, and having a father who was a mere comedian was close to disgrace.

"Dad, if you have to be in movies," he told me at the age of 12, "why can't you be like Gary Cooper?"

To sum up the lessons learned from nearly 20 years of parenthood, I offer the following helpful hints for getting along with children. Maybe some day I will write a book. Until then, here is the Erwin formula for avoiding the pitfalls of fatherhood:

1. *Don't try to tell them anything.* Explaining how to do homework is taboo. Whatever you say, the answer will be: "Daddy, they don't do it that way any more." This applies to algebra, geometry, history, Latin, and the French language. Whatever the subject, they've changed all the rules since your day.

Same thing applies to sports. For example, I can't open my mouth while watching basketball with Stuart. I used to play standing guard in the old days, and never crossed the center line. Now the guy playing my position scores all the points.

2. *Don't try to call your home your own.* Forget that modern conveniences, such as the telephone and bathroom, were made for adults as well as children. I thought it was smart to buy a 2-bathroom house in California. But whenever I came back from the studio and wanted a bath, a gang of youngsters had just returned from the beach. One bath was occupied by the boys, the other by the girls. By the time I got into one of them there was a half inch of sand on the floor and not a dry towel in the house.

3. *Don't expect to use the telephone.* Two of my acquaintances have installed a separate line for their children's use, so they can occasionally make a call of their own. This I refuse to do. I go around the corner to a booth.

4. *Don't ever expect to eat your favorite foods.* I have always loved mushroom sauce on steak. My son can't stand mushroom sauce or people who eat it. Result: no mushroom sauce on our table. I also love turtle soup, but I have to go to a restaurant to get it. My daughter once had a pet turtle.

"Hi, Mr. Peters. Just talking to your daughter"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY LARRY HARRIS

5. *Don't ever remind your children that they ever were infants.* The reason I'm seldom allowed to meet Judy's friends is because once, while entertaining a caller of hers, I brought out the baby book and displayed some appealing and intimate snapshots.

6. *Don't ever let them think you worry about them.* If you tell them to be careful, or get home early, or drive slowly, or watch out for undertows, you're only wasting your time. Here's a suggestion: One night my wife and I went out to dinner and told the children we'd be home by 11. But we didn't make it until 12:30.

Judy and Stuart were both waiting up for us. "Gee whiz," they said, "you two shouldn't stay out so late. We were afraid something had happened to you." Now we remind them of that experience whenever they leave the house.

I don't guarantee that following the foregoing advice will make any father's life a dream, but it may postpone a few gray hairs. You and I know that whatever I've said, I think my kids are pretty wonderful, and I wouldn't change them. I only wish they didn't think they had to change me. I just want to go on being a proud, peculiar parent.

Of course I know they won't let me. They never let me get away with anything. In fact, I'm wondering what will happen when they find out I've written this story. I'm sure I don't know, and I'm not going to wait around to find out. By the time you read this, I will be far from home—fishing.

THE END★★

This Is Fifth Avenue

(*Continued from page* 35)

Manhattan all my life, I found that I had no idea where Fifth Avenue ended. This was a source of embarrassment until I asked 6 other natives the same question. Three had no idea. One said: "It ends at 125th Street, I think." Two said: "110th Street."

Most visitors never get above 110th Street, which is the northern boundary of Central Park. Here even the Fifth Avenue bus turns its snooty nose left. If you want to go the rest of the way, you must do it either on foot or in a taxi. Into this no man's land the bus company sends a solitary vehicle in the dead of night once every 24 hours, just to hold the franchise.

In order to see Fifth Avenue as a whole, I decided one morning to walk the entire length. I started at the downtown end, in Washington Square. Two hours and 15 minutes later (actual walking time), I had covered the whole thing: 135 blocks, or 13,500 steps.

For those disinclined to walk, I'd suggest the Fifth Avenue bus. It costs 12 cents and will take you up to 110th Street—75 per cent of the way. Or one of the many regular sight-seeing tours, whose white-capped guides cry their wares on a dozen corners.

I started at the lower, or southern, end—7th Street. Here in a sleepy little park (Washington Square), which once housed the public gallows, Fifth Avenue starts proudly with the Washington Arch. It is a rather puny arch compared to others, but it contains a far-from-puny statement by George Washington: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair." It might well serve as a motto for the Avenue, although the first President had other ideas in mind at the time. (Fifth Avenue was then a trout stream.)

As I started my walk, I noticed a new apartment house. I went inside to ask about rentals. (My "time out" routine made the walk a day-long affair.) Minimum was $125 for a one-room apartment. This area is the fringe—the bright-colored fringe—of Greenwich Village, where the successful artists live. This is the area, too, where Henry James was born and where Mark Twain lived. There are fine old houses for a few short blocks and great Protestant churches, like the First Presbyterian and the Church of the Ascension, which were offering Mozart's *Requiem* and Bach's *B Minor Mass* as part of their Sunday's services.

In the early nineteenth century this is where the great families of the city lived. Here, too, is that unique and charming little half street known as "Washington Mews," where the tiny, perfect little carriage houses look like a movie set for an eighteenth-century costume picture.

FIFTH AVENUE for the first few blocks is now residential. By 13th Street, it has already become commercial.

Along the next few blocks as I went northward, uptown, were a wide assortment of commercial enterprises, including flag stores where I could have bought "a high-grade U. S. flag with all wool double warp bunting." I could have bought, too, a "Peter Pan Foundation," a "Merry-Go-Round Brassiere," or a corned-beef-hash dinner for 60 cents. By 23rd Street, I had reached the Flatiron Building, once the most famous skyscraper of its day but now left behind in the march of business northward. At 29th Street, the celebrated Little Church Around the Corner is just off the Avenue. Here young couples from all over America come to be married.

It is not until the visitor gets to the World's Tallest Building, the Empire State (height: 1,472 feet), at 33rd Street, that Fifth Avenue begins to acquire the high gloss for which it is famous. Here begins the "domain" of the Fifth Avenue Association. This, too, is the beginning of the area that pays an astonishing 27 per cent of all the city's real-estate taxes.

Between the Empire State and 59th Street is the great shopping center—Altman, McCreery, Lord & Taylor, Arnold Constable, Saks-Fifth Avenue, and a host of smaller, equally well-

known shops, including de luxe 5-and-10's that stock luxury items you will find in no other "dime-store" in the world.

Some of the big stores have been copied after the famous buildings of the Old World, like the former Tiffany structure at 37th Street. This is a reproduction of the Palazzo Grimani in Venice. So great was the exclusiveness of Tiffany's when they were in this building that they didn't even bother to put their name on the door. They took it for granted that everybody who *should* know, *would* know who they were. On their new building, uptown at 57th Street, they have at last come around to putting up their name.

THIS is the area in which the great stores vie with one another for the most dazzling displays. Sometimes this calls for a good deal of ingenuity in getting around the edict of the Fifth Avenue Association forbidding motion and sound. Lord & Taylor's Christmas windows have nothing in them but great gold bells tolling out Yuletide carols. Around New Year's, a solid stream of champagne bubbles used to float out of Bergdorf Goodman's windows for a week. In general, there is a certain relaxing of display rules around the holiday season.

But at other times the Association uses a whole bag of tricks to coerce those it feels are violators of the "spirit" of the Avenue. Once, when a department store was crossing up the no-motion rule by putting a bowl of goldfish in the window, the Association called up the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The Society seized the goldfish, calling it "cruelty to animals." The store didn't understand why, but it now contents itself with merely squirting perfume at passers-by.

Parades used to be the bane of Fifth Avenue merchants, who complained that they attracted great crowds, but halted all shopping. Now, due to pressure from the Association, there are only two official ones each year: St. Patrick's Day and Columbus Day. Occasionally, of course, there is a special one, like the one for General MacArthur. This happens perhaps once in a decade.

The outstanding exception, of course, is the annual Easter Parade, an event which merchants love because it always takes place on Sunday. This event is a direct outgrowth of a 19th-century custom of carrying the Easter flowers from St. Thomas Church at 53rd Street to the patients in St. Luke's Hospital, then one block north. The procession attracted such attention that it was repeated each year with even greater pageantry, with the spectators dressing up more and more to watch. St. Luke's has moved to another neighborhood

"That grass is here again"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY STAN HUNT

and the flowers are no longer carried, but about 1,500,000 people crowd the Fifth Avenue area in the Fifties every Easter morning to watch the display of spring finery.

Recently, with the advent of television, a new note has crept into the Parade. Because of the cameras set up along the route, publicity seekers, advertising everything from cosmetics to clothes, have strutted before the lens in an attempt to draw attention to their products. Worshippers emerging from St. Patrick's were startled this year to see a girl directly across the street in black tights, advertising a hair lotion. In another part of the Avenue, a bedraggled eagle was carried through the crowd to plug a motion picture. The protest from church groups, newspapers, and others has been so great that it is probable some sort of restraint will be imposed on the television of next year's Easter Parade.

ALTHOUGH the Public Library at 42nd Street is not the actual mid-point for Fifth Avenue, it certainly represents one of its focal points. This huge, low, white marble structure has one of the largest collections of books in the world (3,500,000 volumes) and attracts more than 3,000,000 visitors annually. With its 70 branches throughout the city, it is the largest public-library system in the world.

Although it is "public" in the sense that it is open to all, it is actually supported entirely by private funds. It has 85 miles of bookshelves, and its information desks are geared to answer almost any question under the sun.

Because of the peace, quiet, and warmth of the library's corridors, reading rooms, and art galleries, they have long served as a haven for the bored, the lonely, and the unemployed, as well as those seeking knowledge. The two great lions that flank the outside of the building have become perhaps the No. 1 trysting place for lovers and others wishing to have an unmistakable meeting spot on the Avenue. These two stone beasts, impulsively christened "Lord Lennox" and "Lady Astor" with more sentimentality for the library's founders than with sexual accuracy (both lions are males), proudly wear electric Christmas wreaths all during the holidays.

Diagonally opposite on 42nd Street, above a cigar store, is the Gypsy Tea Room, where you can get your tea leaves read free merely by buying tea and cake (50 cents).

Despite all the appeal of 42nd Street, however, the greatest tourist attraction at the moment is, by all odds, Rockefeller Center, between 48th and 51st Streets. The plaza that leads to it is kept bright with flowers for most of the year, and the honey locust trees that line its Fifth Avenue borders are fed from beneath the level of the pavements. Here visitors are apt to see jonquils and tulips blooming as they would on any country hill. Behind the delicate blossoms, steel and stone skyscrapers shoot up as high as 70 stories.

There are 2½ miles of subterranean concourses in Rockfeller Center, and 35,000 people—a fair-sized city—work in its buildings. Its architecture is clean, American, and awe-inspiring. This group of buildings also houses two theaters, including the Radio City Music Hall, where the demand for tickets for such annual spectacles as the Christmas show is so great that all reserved seats for the 3-week engagement are sold out a year in advance.

In this neighborhood (50th Street) is St. Patrick's Cathedral—the center of the wealthiest Catholic archdiocese in the world. Diagonally opposite at 51st Street, is the gleaming, white Crowell-Collier Building, which houses THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE's editorial offices. A few blocks north is the august Italian *palazzo* that Stanford White designed for the University Club, often called "the Morgue" because the dignified old gentlemen in its wide windows never seem to move. In this area, too, are beautiful St. Thomas Church, one of the "society" churches, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, the St. Regis and the Gotham Hotels, and a host of shops so elegant that only one supreme item is allowed in the window at a time.

Here also, in the vast buildings of Radio City, are the United States Passport Bureau, and the consulates of many nations. On this part of the Avenue you meet many people in foreign costume . . . French sailors with red pompons on their berets, Brazilian officers in peaked army caps, Chinese girls in flowing, embroidered robes.

Just a step off the Avenue you'll find fashion emporiums with world-famous names—Hattie Carnegie, John Frederics, Lilly Daché. In this section are some of the world-famous restaurants, too. Stroll west of Fifth Avenue, on 52nd Street, and you'll come to the celebrated "21" restaurant, known for its clientele of celebrities. Equally famous, and just east on 53rd Street, is Sherman Billingsley's Stork Club.

There is so much to see here that one is apt to "do" this part slowly. Although I know this section best, I am always intrigued by new window displays or little details that I have never seen before. In this way Fifth Avenue always seems new, full of surprises.

AT 56th Street, I passed the deserted gallery which once housed Duveen Brothers, the great art dealers. This narrow building, a reproduction of the wing of the Ministry of the Marine in Paris, used to be called the most beautiful building on Fifth Avenue and cost a cool million. It is a fine example of the copycat school of architecture. It now awaits a tenant. The day I passed it, I saw a solitary but beautiful woman staring into its empty windows. I was startled to recognize Greta Garbo. When she saw me staring at her, she darted away like a frightened fawn.

At 58th Street, the Avenue spreads out into a lovely plaza and fountain. Here are the Plaza, Savoy-Plaza, and Sherry-Netherland Hotels. Here, too, the shopping district ends and the residential section starts again. Central Park begins here and follows the west side of the Avenue all the way up to

110th Street. At this point are the old cabbies with their hansom cabs and open carriages, ready to drive you through the winding roads, under the bridges, and past the lakes of Central Park.

At 64th Street, I stopped off to see the pumas and llamas in the Central Park Zoo, and took my lunch on the open air terrace of a fine cafeteria (cost: 75 cents).

A block farther is the Temple Emanu-El, the largest and richest Jewish synagogue in the world. Along this section are the great marble mansions, some of which have been replaced by apartment houses but many of which still stand. They were mostly built at the turn of the century by millionaires trying to outdo one another in splendor. Nobody ever seems to enter or leave these houses, which are mostly relics of bygone days.

At 67th Street is an apartment house where each partner of the House of Morgan has a floor. Three blocks later, I passed the Henry Frick mansion. This house, which cost the late steel tycoon $10,000,000 and has 110 rooms, is often referred to as the handsomest house on the Avenue and is now open to the public as a private museum. It is only several stories high, like the homes of Doris Duke (78th Street) and the Carnegies (at 90th Street). On Fifth Avenue, only the very rich can afford to live in houses of several stories.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art is at 82nd Street. It contains one of the 4 or 5 finest collections in the world, ranking with the Louvre (Paris), the Uffizi (Florence), the National Gallery (London), and the Kaiser Friedrich (Berlin). These are not the only museums on the Avenue, however. Besides the Frick and the Metropolitan, there is the Museum of the City of New York, the Museum of Non-Objective Painting, the Jewish Museum, and the fine collection at the big Public Library at 42nd Street.

The Carnegie house, now an educational building, is the only mansion that has a really "homey" look about it. Maybe this is because of the block-long garden.

It wasn't until I got to 92nd Street, however, that I actually had a chance to get inside one of the dwellings of the great. While chatting with a doorman at the big apartment house, the superintendent heard me and offered to show me the former triplex apartment of Mrs. Joseph E. Davies, wife of the onetime Ambassador to Russia.

This is the land on which Mrs. Davies lived as a child. When the house was torn down and an apartment substituted, she stipulated that she must have the top three floors and that they must be an exact replica of the interior of her former home. Rent in the new apartment house was payable 15 years in advance, and since Mrs. Davies' tab was $75,000 a year, she had to fork over $1,125,000 cash. As the owner of America's biggest private yacht, the *Sea Cloud*, it is assumed she had no difficulty.

As we shot up to the 12th floor, the superintendent explained that since Mrs. Davies now chooses to live in Washington, her quarters were being turned into 6 apartments. The vast triplex, even stripped of its furnishings, and with sand and mortar lying around the marble halls, was still magnificent. The superintendent, Mr. George, told me proudly how the Prince of Wales (in

"We decided on a pre-fabricated house this year"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY AL MUELLER

1926) had slept in the apartment, how 400 guests were often entertained at once, how the entire household required 32 servants to function.

The drawing room and library windows looked out over the vast reservoir in Central Park, which gave the feeling of a private lake. The kitchen, as large as a railway station (2 stories high) contained its own silver vault, liquor vault, ice plant, and incinerator. The latter, said Mr. George, was "big enough to incinerate a horse" and I had no reason to doubt him. On the way down, he spoke equally proudly of the other tenants. He never mentioned them by name, only by product.

"This is roller bearings," he said. "This is yeast. On this floor we have soap, and on this one hot cereal." He walked me several blocks up the Avenue to 94th Street, where Mrs. Harrison Williams, "America's best-dressed woman," has the last mansion on the Avenue. There are a few more fine apartment houses, some great hospitals (Mt. Sinai and the Flower and Fifth Avenue) and then at 110th Street (the end of the Park), the Avenue ends in ignominy.

THIS is the place where even the bus turns away. I doggedly continued north, however, prepared for anything. As I walked several blocks, I ran into "Little Puerto Rico," said to be one of the centers of the dope trade. Men in long overcoats, dark hats, and sideburns stood around with their hands in their pockets, their gold teeth shining in the sun. The Hispano Theater announced Rosita Quintan in *Una Cancion à la Virgen*, and restaurants offered "Fish Fries—40 cents." Bail bonds were freely advertised, and in one section I was approached four times by prostitutes, although it was broad daylight. Most of the signs were in Spanish.

At 120th Street, Fifth Avenue is interrupted for four blocks by a small park, Mount Morris. It is mostly a cluster of rocks, from the top of which I had a fine view of Fifth Avenue all the way down to the Empire State Building and of the planes from La Guardia Field steadily mounting overhead. Climbing down on the other side of the park, I found the Puerto Ricans had disappeared, and the population became blacker. This was Harlem. Once an elegant part of the city, a few old brownstones still stood in crumbling grandeur.

In this area, the buildings are small and the signs big. The atmosphere is gaudy and garish, but there is nothing sinister about it. It is almost gay. I found the air of poverty strangely at variance with the slick convertibles which lined the curbs and the TV antennae which grew from the rooftops like weeds. Side by side with the endless night clubs and bars stood an equal number of churches. Not the Episcopalian and Presbyterian ones of lower Fifth Avenue, but places such as the New Ebenezer Baptist Church and the Independent Missionary Church ("Come hear the spirit of God through Mother C. Kennedy"). At 137th Street, a huge new housing development (Abraham Lincoln Houses) added an ordered and "big city" note to a section primarily "small town."

After the housing development ends, so does the residential section. The last few blocks of Fifth Avenue are given over to factories (brooms, mops, brushes, laundries). The whole thing, which started proudly with an arch, ends joltingly in a coal dump at 142nd Street. Beyond the coal dump is the Harlem River. There is, however, a short pebble beach with a few tin cans and some rotting pier piles.

I climbed wistfully down to the beach, picked up a few pebbles and flung them into the river which had served George Washington so well in the American Revolution. A few muddy splashes rose from the surface. All around were coal dumps, sooty barges, and abandoned piers. The whole thing seemed a sad end for a proud street that has been called "The Backbone of Manhattan."

Then I remembered! The city has big plans for this part of Fifth Avenue. Of course, everything was rotting and abandoned because it had been condemned. In a few years, the city plans to tear down everything here and build a streamlined express highway which will carry traffic swiftly and safely to the north, to the west, and to New England. It will be landscaped and manicured and beautified and—like the great shopping district of Fifth Avenue—at least a full season ahead of everything else.

But I couldn't wait for that. . . .

I hailed a cab and ordered the driver to take me back downtown to Rockefeller Center (fare: $1.40). Once at the RCA Building, I shot up 65 floors to the Rainbow Grill, where I sank down in a big plush chair and ordered a drink.

This part of Radio City is encased in sheets of glass which enable the sitter to take in a whole side of New York at a single glance. Quiet, aloof, and cloud-high, the Grill makes a visitor feel like an eagle—over, but not part of, the city.

I HAD had so many interruptions in my walk that by this time the sun had sunk behind the Hudson River and the lights were beginning to come on all over Central Park. Although 800 acres in size and at least a half mile north of Rockefeller Center, Central Park, from where I was sitting, seemed to lie directly beneath my feet like a bright postage stamp. The traffic lights running up Fifth Avenue turned first red, then green in what seemed the flicker of an eyelash. By getting up and walking a few steps to the other side of the building, I was able to look south to Washington Square, from which I had started only that morning. In a matter of seconds, I could embrace what had taken a whole day.

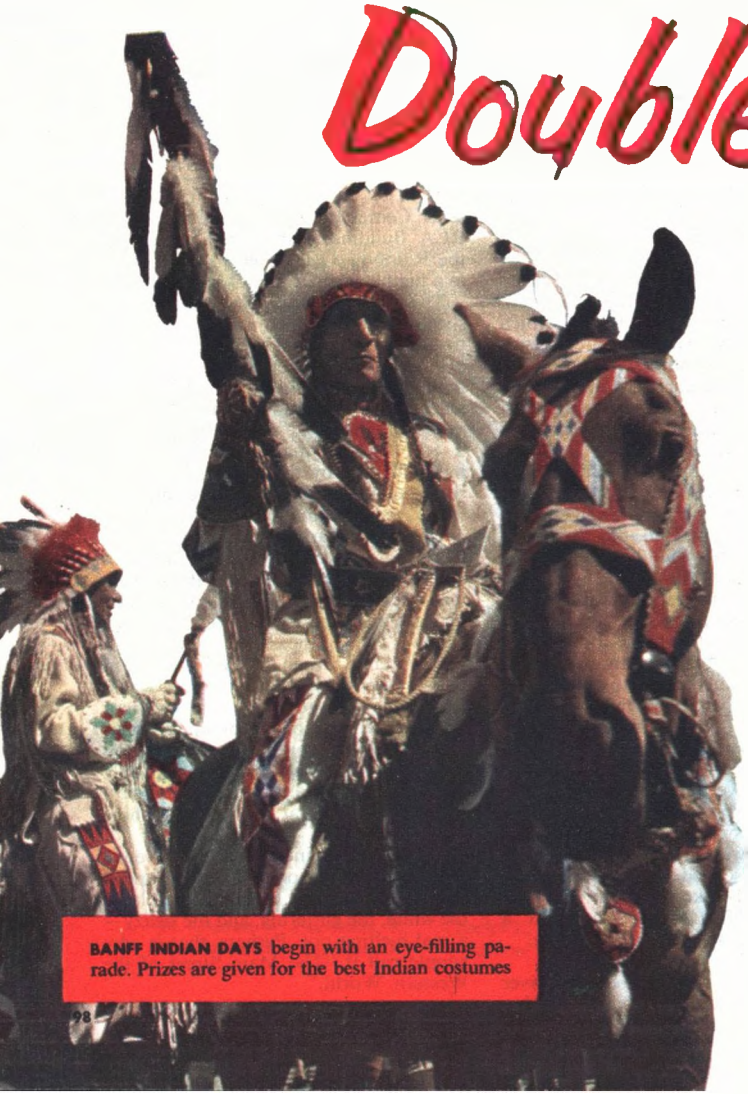
From this point, all Fifth Avenue seemed to become one—the skyscrapers, the hovels, the rich, the poor, the black, the white, the glittering, and the sleazy—a real melting pot. Perhaps that is why people call it "The Main Street of the Western World."

THE END ★★

CALGARY STAMPEDE features thrill-packed Brahma bull riding. Here cowgirls open the chute to let out one of the rebellious critters

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY: After the paleface judges Indian costumes, the Indians become judges of bathing beauties

Double Feature



BANFF INDIAN DAYS begin with an eye-filling parade. Prizes are given for the best Indian costumes

Two weeks of colorful, rootin'-tootin' celebration plus the exciting grandeur and beauty of the Canadian Rockies . . . That's what vacationists enjoy when they head for the Calgary Stampede and Banff Indian Days

by Frank Lewis

WITH vacation season about ready to roll into full swing, thousands of tourists from every corner of the United States and Canada will soon be heading for the Canadian Northwest province of Alberta for one of the most exciting, fun-packed sessions in their lives. While many localities are grooming themselves these days for some special event, only in Alberta, on the edge of the magnificent Canadian Rockies, will tourists be treated to a bang-up double feature, which each year grows increasingly popular—the Calgary Stampede, held from July 7–12 and Banff Indian Days, July 17–20.

Practically everyone who goes to the Stampede—

INDIAN VILLAGE LIFE: Banff vacationers visit the Stonys in their teepees and view their activities and handicrafts

in Alberta

RIDE 'EM COWBOY! One of the events of the Stampede

last year about 100,000 people—stays over for Indian Days. During the few days in between there's time for a quick look-see at nearby Lake Louise, Jasper Park, and the tremendous Leduc oil fields.

During Stampede week in Calgary everybody goes Western. The password is "Howdy, Stranger!" and the city swarms with 10-gallon hats, high-heeled boots, levis, and brightly colored shirts.

A monster parade sets the tone and starts proceedings. It's undoubtedly one of the most colorful parades in the world—scarlet-coated Royal Canadian Mounties, Indian tribes in full feather, pioneers, cowboys, cowgals, covered wagons, and all the trappings of the Old West plus 20 bands.

EACH afternoon in front of the huge grandstand the cowboys stage feats of daring that time after time bring the spectators to their feet with a roar. Sometimes the crowd just gasps in amazement. That usually happens when the levi-clad riders bring out the Brahma bulls for a gallop around the grounds. Brahma bulls, somehow, don't take kindly to the idea of being mounts for cowboys, and when a Brahma bull objects to anything there's bound to be plenty of action.

More excitement takes place when the cowboys ride bareback in the bucking-horse riding contest, and later on literally risk their necks in the wild-horse racing. And it's more thrills when they vie with each other in the wild-steer riding event. There are laughs, too. The wild-cow milking contest combines danger with hilarity.

Every day the program changes, bringing new hair-raising spectacles. But the high point of the entire Stampede is the famous chuck-wagon race. This takes place each evening in front of the grandstand, with 4 old-time chuck wagons of the type which in early days brought chow to the cowboys on the range. Each wagon has a driver, 4 outriders, and a 4-horse team. The stove is

PHOTOS BY KEHR, KINNEY, CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU

SCARLET-COATED Royal Canadian Mounties lend color to the big parades

unloaded and equipment set out as though a meal were being prepared.

At the signal "Go!" the canvas wagon flaps and tent poles are whisked down by the outriders, another grabs the stove and tosses it into the wagon as the team starts up and the men scramble aboard. Then starts a wild race around barrels set up in the field. If a barrel is overturned, the outfit is penalized. After the barrel circling, the team makes a dash around the field. When the winner is named, the crowd goes wild, and the following night he again shows up with his outfit to compete with three new opponents, until, at the end of the week, you have the champion of them all.

There's just time then to catch your breath and see a few sights in the awe-inspiring Rockies before the beginning of Banff Indian Days. This, too, begins with a parade—the entire Stony Indian Tribe, some 900 strong plus 1,000 horses —wending its way through Banff.

Led by a contingent of Mounties, the braves, squaws, and papooses, arrayed in all their feathered finery, proudly ride through town until they reach the Bow Bridge. There they halt long enough for picture-taking by tourists and official judging of Indian costumes. As prizes are awarded at the Mineral Springs Hotel for the best-dressed Indian man, woman, and child, the Redmen love to pose and preen with stolid dignity before the tourists' cameras.

From then on, things begin to pop. At the race track the braves stage a whoop-te-do rodeo in their own fashion and designed to make their cowboy neighbors in Calgary look to their laurels.

In addition to the customary half-mile race, one-mile dash, championship bronc-riding contest with and without saddle, the Indians toss in such novelties as a relay race. In the relay the rider runs 100 yards, saddles a horse, races once around the track, unsaddles, then saddles a second horse and races once more around the track. First in wins.

While every afternoon of Indian days is given over to rodeo events such as America's indoor arenas never saw, the evening air resounds with tom-toms and songs handed down from antiquity. Built on the harmonies of nature rather than on the white man's scale, the music brings to the listener the haunting rustle of the night wind, echoes in the canyon, storms over the mountains, cries of battle, and the saga of the bear hunt.

And with the towering Rockies in the background for stage scenery, the Stonys perform their exciting traditional dances —the Owl Dance, the Deer Dance, the Chicken Dance, the Arrow Dance, and many others. Finally the audience joins the Indians in *God Save the Queen*, sung in the Stony language.

On the last day the Stonys have an "at home" for visitors, welcoming them to their teepees pitched on the meadow in the shade of Cascade Peak and Stony Squaw Mountain.

There the visitors mingle with the Stonys and get a firsthand peek at authentic Indian village life. They watch the natives make bows and arrows, beadwork, prepare buckskin, and practice other crafts. During the afternoon the Indians put on a show of sports events, including wrestling on horseback, a squaw's tug-o'-war, foot races, a teepee-pitching contest, and an arrow-shooting competition.

Then, with the four days of fun and frolic à la Stony at its end, the Indians pack their ponies, load their wagons, and start the 45-mile trek back to their reservation.

According to the travel folders, it all started late in the last century when unusually heavy rains washed out a bridge of the railway, leaving four trains stranded at Banff. To entertain the passengers, pioneer Tom Wilson, with the manager of the local hotel, brought the Indians from the reservations and had them put on a powwow.

Actually, the shindig goes back to the misty days of pre-history, for each year since time immemorial the Stonys have gathered for a summer celebration. The Banff event for the stranded passengers was just the first time the Palefaces had ever seen it.

Judging from present-day popularity, it's likely the white man will be seeing the powwow for many years to come, for the Indians look forward to it each year with as much anticipation as the visitors. And as long as there are cowboys and cattle we can be assured of the annual Calgary Stampede, making Alberta's big double feature a red-letter event on every tourist's calendar.

THE END ★★

Congress Wants to Hear from You

(*Continued from page* 15)

to stay in office: "I read my mail," he said. "That's why I've been around here so long."

Some Congressmen are so anxious to know what their constituents think that they have not waited for them to write. They have initiated the correspondence themselves. I am one of them. I write two letters a year to each of my constituents, reviewing what has been done and soliciting his opinion. This amounts to 180,000 letters a year. I know of at least 20 legislators who go to the expense of conducting public-opinion polls among the registered voters of their area. They do this because they consider it vital to know what their people feel concerning the important issues of the moment.

With the enormous speeding up of communication, transportation, and our lives in general, legislators no longer feel that it is wise for you to wait until Election Day to register your approval or disapproval. Between elections, Congress can commit you to war, to inflation, to the destruction of civil rights, and to many other things. Senators and Representatives want to know *now* how you feel, what you will back up, even

what you suggest in the way of legislation.

Letters can accomplish more than you think. Even single letters. A woman recently said to me, "I never write my Congressman. It wouldn't do any good. He probably wouldn't even read the letter." Such a statement amazed me. I know of single letters that by themselves have saved millions of dollars, sent high officials to jail, changed the thinking of key Congressmen, and resulted in legislation affecting the lives of hundreds of thousands of people.

LET me give you a few examples:

Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois recently received a letter from an unknown man protesting that too high a price was being paid for military housing in his area. The Senator looked into the situation, found it to be so, and introduced legislation, based on the letter, which ultimately saved the taxpayers $30,000,000.

On another occasion, a constituent wrote to Senator Irving M. Ives of New York, protesting the Air Force's request for bids on supplying 1,500,000 pairs of dress gloves.

"How can dress gloves in such huge quantity help the war effort we hear so much about?" asked the writer. "These gloves . . . are surely an expensive luxury, costing in excess of $2,000,000, and in my opinion represent a sinful waste of the taxpayers' money. You gentlemen have just passed another big tax bill. If this glove contract is a sample, then many millions could be saved all around."

Senator Ives turned the letter over to the Senate Preparedness Investigating Committee, which got in touch with the Air Force. The contract was immediately canceled. The taxpayers were saved another two millions through the action of a single letter-writer.

Many laws are the direct outgrowth of single letters. I am not talking about private bills that are introduced daily for the benefit of single persons—generally to take care of specific hardship cases—but bills that affect the lives of masses of people—you and me.

Here is an instance of what happened in my own office only a few months ago, and it must be remembered that I am only one out of 435 members of one House of Congress:

One of my constituents, who had been stricken with polio as a child but who is now working and has a family, wrote in to say that he thought legislation should be introduced which would give the physically disabled some sort of dispensation in their income taxes. He pointed out that it is almost impossible for such persons to get insurance, and argued that the money saved on taxes would enable disabled people to build up a fund to help them when they were old or if they should become sick.

I read the letter, felt the arguments valid, and accordingly introduced legislation during the last session of Congress. The bill called for the same $600 additional exemption now granted to the blind, and was passed. A total of 100,000 persons are now benefiting as a result of that single letter!

Another person wrote in, suggesting that it would be a good idea to sponsor a bill admitting orphans to this country for adoption. The arguments seemed equally worth while, and Senator Ives of New York and I sponsored just such a piece of legislation.

It was a single letter (followed by many others later) which led to the bill, now before the Committee on Banking and Currency, to aid small business. "Thousands of small manufacturing establishments are today competing for the empty distinction of becoming Exhibit A in the National Museum of Mobilization Mismanagement," said the writer, who addressed himself in this case to Senator Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota. Pointing out that about 30 per cent of small businesses had failed in World War II, the man urged creation of a governmental board, under the direct supervision of the President, to utilize the productive capacity of small business to the fullest extent in the present national emergency. The bill does just this.

Another letter protested the unfair civil-service procedure regarding men in the armed forces. An Air Force captain, who was registered with civil service, wrote his Senator saying that he had been notified his name had come up for a permanent position but, because he was in Korea, he had automatically been passed over. "In effect," he wrote, "I am being penalized for being in the armed forces." This letter got immediate action.

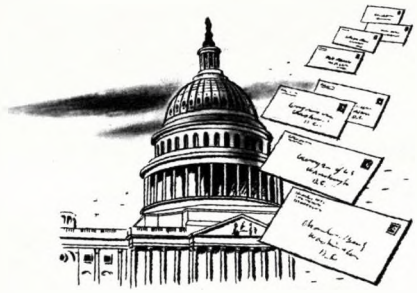
The Senator introduced legislation to continue civil-service eligibility even though citizens are in service. This will affect not only the Air Force captain who wrote, but thousands of others.

IN ANOTHER instance, youthful Rep. Sidney R. Yates of Illinois received a letter which may lead to important consequences for our aging population. Urging that the whole problem of people over 65 be examined on a national scale, the writer said:

"Because of the increasing difficulty older people find in getting jobs, there is a general scrapping of the useful skills and ripened experience of an important segment of our national community. These men and women were the principal producers for this incredible half-century. . . . For them tomorrow is another day of doing nothing, talking to no one, and too often eating too little because of a pitifully inadequate income."

This letter started Representative Yates thinking. Other letters, of course, followed. Recently he introduced a bill to form a select committee of Congress to examine the whole problem. What that committee does will affect the lives of 8 per cent of our entire population, or 11,500,000 people. This is a subject which is close to my heart and I, too, as a result of letters received, have introduced legislation making it illegal to discriminate against those over 45 in the matter of getting jobs.

Sometimes a letter may not lead to



HOW TO WRITE TO YOUR CONGRESSMAN

1. Write legibly.
2. Don't write more than one page unless absolutely necessary.
3. List the subject at the top of the page. It expedites filing.
4. Don't write a Congressman who isn't yours. It's a waste of time. If you don't know who your Congressman is, call up your local newspaper.
5. Put your name and address at the top of your letter. Don't feel it necessary to threaten him with your vote. He's aware of that power as soon as he sees the address.
6. Don't scold and don't be abusive. A Congressman wants to be persuaded, not dictated to.
7. Telegrams are not more effective than letters, unless there's a real need for speed.
8. Phone calls are useless. Congressmen are too busy to spend much time in their offices.
9. Write your Representative and your two Senators. If you have time for only one letter, write your Representative.
10. If your Congressman deserves a pat on the back, give it to him. It may sweeten his outlook on humanity and make him all the more determined to fight for it.

The Author

legislation, but will accomplish its purpose just as effectively.

Last month a high-school principal wrote to her Senator protesting a poster which was sent out by the Treasury Department, using free government postage, to 25,000 high schools in the United States. The poster purported to urge the sale of government bonds, but actually was much more concerned with advertising a new movie.

"To me this poster is nothing more than a motion-picture advertisement," said the writer, "with 90 per cent of the copy devoted to the film and 10 per cent to defense bonds. It is an effective way of advertising the movie *at government expense*. To have sent it through the mails in the usual way would have cost 6 cents. The Treasury Department has thus saved the film company about $1,500."

The Senator publicly condemned the practice. The story was carried by the big wire services, and the practice was discouraged for the future.

In the matter of changing the points of view of legislators on important issues, letters have all but moved mountains. Especially "good letters," letters which analyze an issue objectively and give valid reasons for or against it.

Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, for example, is on record as saying that "good mail" has more than once persuaded him to change his point of view. He has cited the change in his thinking that came about from veterans' letters on Universal Military Training.

"When I first came to Washington," the Senator said, "I didn't favor U.M.T. But when I studied the facts and arguments put forth in the letters I received, I decided the veterans were right."

Many other Congressmen have told me that letters have caused them to change their position on specific bills. Most members insist, however, that "pressure mail" has less weight with them than spontaneous mail. Senator Herbert H. Lehman of New York recently said on the floor of Congress that he has "always been affected by letters and telegrams from people I thought were serious and sincere," but that the mere volume of mail has never influenced him.

It would be impolite to question the assertion that members of Congress are not influenced by the volume of mail. I do not think they like to admit it, but my own opinion is that they are a lot more influenced by weight than they will say. I personally pay real attention to so-called "pressure mail." It represents a person's opinion, even though the opinion has been organized and directed. Otherwise, that person would not write. It is true, however, that most of us are *more* influenced by a letter that seems to be a spontaneous expression of an individual voter's wishes or beliefs.

In the matter of clean government, single letters have often touched off a fuse that lighted a bonfire under some official.

Senator John J. Williams of Delaware, whose revelations of corruption in our tax-collecting agency have rocked the nation, admits that a single letter from a citizen has more than once led him to make an investigation resulting in the firing of a high official. Naturally, because of the necessity for secrecy in his work, the Senator has been unable to reveal either the names of the writers or the contents of such letters.

It was another anonymous letter, of course, that started the famous investigation of war contracts between the Government and the Garsson brothers a few years ago. As a result of that letter, Congressman Andrew J. May of Kentucky, chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, was convicted and served 9 months on a charge of bribery.

Although single letters have accomplished dramatic and far-reaching results, letters *en masse* have naturally accomplished much more. It is important to express your feelings on a vital issue, even though you know your letter will be one of many. If the volume gets so great that your Congressman cannot read your individual letter, you can be sure that someone in his office reads it, replies according to his wishes, and passes your sentiment along to him. The cumulative effect is sure to be felt.

An example of this occurred last year, when the greatest avalanche of mail to hit Capitol Hill since the firing of General MacArthur resulted from President Truman's announced intention of appointing an ambassador to the Vatican. Although most people had thought there would be little expressed opinion on the subject, the response was staggering. The big majority of it has been against the Vatican appointment. As a result of this, it is a fairly safe guess that such an envoy will not be approved even if the President puts forward another name.

And if Congress does not increase taxes this year, I think the major part of the responsibility belongs to the letter-writers who have urged their legislators to vote against any further rises.

Most Senators and Representatives get in the habit of referring to letters

as "good" or "bad." They assert that they are more influenced by the former than the latter. I consider a letter "good" if it takes a definite stand and gives a logical reason for that stand. "Dear Sir: I urge you to support (or oppose) such and such a bill because, etc." If it has a spark of originality, so much the better. Such a one was received by a colleague of mine the other day:

"Dear Sir:" it read. "I regret that I will be unable to vote for you in November. By that time, I will have starved to death because of the high cost of living."

By a "bad" letter, I mean one that is vituperative, overlong, or illogical. For example, a colleague of mine received one recently which protested the high cost of living in the most heated terms. Unfortunately, the letter was dictated while the constituent was wintering in one of the nation's most expensive resort hotels!

Most Congressmen discount the avalanche of mail that comes when the country is going through a supercharged emotional experience. They tend to wait until the heat of the moment has subsided, and then try to evaluate the situation. Such an example was the firing of General MacArthur. That event caused a veritable blizzard of mail on Capitol Hill. One Senator received 65,000 letters within 10 days on that issue alone. It was one of those rare periods when Congressmen were unable to answer their constituents. Some offices needed 10 persons, working all night, just to open and read the correspondence.

Unless there is a crisis of some sort, you will probably get rapid service from your Congressman. I try to give my constituents 24-hour service, and letters in most offices get answered within the space of a few days. This is all the more remarkable when you consider that both the Senate and the House of Representatives get almost 100,000 pieces of mail daily. The rapid processing is due to the efficient office staffs which most members have working for them.

Form letters must be used, of course, in answering such a volume of mail. I receive an average of 100 letters a day. Senators get as many as 2,000. To read a letter, dictate a reply, and sign it takes about five minutes. In other words, handling each letter on an individual basis would take me 500 minutes each day, or a full working day. There would be little time left to carry out my prime function in Washington, namely, to legislate. Consequently, when there are more than 20 letters on a subject, I usually draft a form letter. I am, however, kept fully informed of the daily volume on specific subjects, and the letters received are filed away, to be reviewed when legislation on the particular subject comes up for the approval of Congress. Letters which deviate in any way from the usual ones on a specific issue are given individual consideration.

I am told of only one man, a Representative, who insists on handling all his mail personally. He doesn't seem to think there is anything inadequate about his record in Washington which consists solely of reading and answering his mail. His constituents may have a dandy Pen Pal, but they are definitely being shortchanged in the matter of a legislator.

Senators and Representatives are called upon, by letter, to perform almost every service imaginable, and they try to oblige if they can.

A few weeks ago a colleague of mine in the House got a letter from a staff sergeant in Chicago. "Dear Sir:" it said. "The Air Force is unable to supply me with a pair of low black dress shoes, size 14C. I have no trouble getting that size in civilian life, and since there may be others in my predicament, will you please look into the situation? I leave tomorrow for France with special permission from the C.O. to use my old, worn-out oxfords. They won't last long, and since I don't want to be embarrassed at formal functions, I am counting on you to help me." The Representative took the matter up with the Air Force, and the sergeant now has his dress shoes.

Occasionally, of course, you may want to brighten the life of your Congressman with a phrasing and a style that are unique. If you are so gifted he will be delighted. In that case, your letter may be passed around the halls of Congress for all to read, just as a letter from a distant relative is passed around for a whole family to enjoy. Such a letter was received not so very long ago by a Representative from the State of Washington.

"Dear Sir:" it read. "Everybody on Lopez Island has a book called *Keeping Livestock Healthy* but us. Our cows are sick. Please send us one quick. P.S. Gawdamighty, our pigs just took sick. Send us two!" (*Keeping Livestock Healthy* is a Department of Agriculture yearbook which Congressmen can send their constituents free.)

But whatever your problem—whether your pigs are ailing, your shoes don't fit, or, most important of all, you want to express an opinion on the important issues of our time—write your Congressman. It is you who are paying his salary. It is you who are paying the cost of the laws he enacts.

It is important, however, that you write briefly, clearly, and sincerely. Do not write the kind of letter that a friend of mine in Congress received the other day from one of his female constituents:

"Last night I was at a lodge meeting," she wrote. "We were told to write you about something, but I've forgotten what it was. Will you please take care of it anyway? I have to hurry now because the postman is waiting."

Such a letter may bring a smile to the lips of your Congressman, but little else.

On the other hand, honest letters, written simply and from the heart, often work miracles—the miracle, for example, of getting Congress to do what you want in 1952.

THE END ★★

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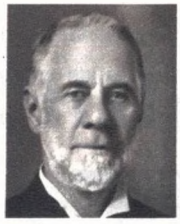

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How VIP Are the Veeps?

On this page are pictured all the candidates for the Vice-Presidency since the turn of the century. Some were elected; others defeated. See how many you can name, then turn to page 116 for the correct answers. If you want to make it harder, see if you can name the running mate of each man and the campaign year in which he ran.

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AMERICA'S canniest politicians soon will meet at the Republican and Democratic national conventions and tell each other, among other things, that the party's candidate for Vice President must be a resident of a key state, who will bring with him a big bonanza in electoral votes.

But these eminent men will be talking fable rather than fact. The truth of the matter is that voters seldom pay attention to who is running for Vice President. It is a little-known truth of American politics that the Vice-Presidential candidate on a party ticket can rarely carry his own state for a losing Presidential nominee. Nor can he consistently swing the home folks behind even a victorious candidate.

We need only go back to 1948, when California's Earl Warren, three times governor of that state, failed to put California in the Republican column, although he was the Republican candidate for Vice President on the Dewey ticket.

Few people realize that the man who later became the greatest vote-getter in the nation's history, Franklin D. Roosevelt himself, proved a failure when he was nominated for Vice President on the Democrats' 1920 slate to carry strategic New York. Cox and Roosevelt lost overwhelmingly to the Republicans in F.D.R.'s state.

Or remember 1940, when Charles L. McNary, for 25 years senator from Oregon, could not swing Oregon to the Republican banner of Willkie and McNary. Yet McNary himself was so popular that two years later he was re-elected to the Senate by the biggest majority ever given a candidate in Oregon.

In 1940 the Democratic Vice-Presidential choice was equally ineffective with the voters in his own state. Henry A. Wallace, native son of Iowa, campaigned as the running mate of F.D.R.—but the Republicans strolled off with the state where the tall corn grows.

Perhaps all this explains why *Of Thee I Sing*, the Pulitzer Prize musical comedy of some years ago, which is currently being revived, features an ineffective, bumbling Vice President known as Throttlebottom. He is never quite sure what he is supposed to do. Out of the 35 Vice Presidents in the country's annals, only 7 ever succeeded to the Presidency. A mere 3 of these later won the Presidency in their own right—Teddy Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge, and Harry Truman.

The Vice President who found himself projected into power most speedily was John Tyler of Virginia. He became President when William Henry Harrison died in 1841, only 4 weeks after taking the oath of office. Yet, true to the political impotence of the Vice-Presidential aspirant, Tyler had not carried his native Virginia for Harrison in the election.

—RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

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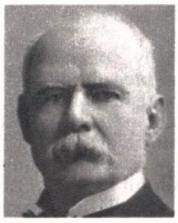
11._____

12._____



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Now You Can Both Rehearse for Parenthood

(*Continued from page* 27)

babies born of deeply anesthetized mothers died during birth. Researchers began reaching a grim conclusion: When a mother is heavily drugged, her breathing becomes shallow and she supplies less oxygen to her baby. This lack of oxygen strikes at the baby's brain mechanism, which must control its own breathing once it comes out into the world.

More disturbing, there is some evidence that such severely asphyxiated babies, if they survive, may suffer from harmful effects in later years.

THE most embarrassing discovery made by the medics, however, was that they had been guilty of creating much of the "ordeal" mothers suffered in hospitals. Many mothers approaching childbirth were filled with secret fears and anxieties the doctors had neglected to relieve. And then the doctors and hospitals aggravated those fears by allowing mothers to go to strange hospitals where they were surrounded by crisp, business-like nurses and white-coated, mysterious-acting interns. And the hospitals deprived the mother, in her moment of greatest need, of her main pillar of emotional support—her husband.

These fears and anxieties, it was found, build up tension in the muscles which control the cervix. The cervix must relax and stretch to permit the child to leave the uterus that has been its home. This freezing with tension of the uterine muscles increases sharply the pain the mother could suffer during childbirth.

Some months ago, the Maternity Center received a letter from a woman in Idaho which vividly illustrates this fear-tension-pain cycle. In having her first baby, this woman was abruptly separated from her husband and taken into a strange hospital room filled with wailing women and no-nonsense nurses. A feeling of terror, she wrote, slowly crept over her. She started feeling frozen with fear and anxiety. Then an avalanche of unbearable pain descended upon her.

She lost control of herself. When a nurse tried to hold her down, she bit the nurse. They pressed a cloth of ether over her nose and she screamed that she was suffocating. Hours later, when she came out of the anesthesia and was back in her own room, she was retching. Her face was gray and haggard. She felt ghastly. They told her she had a nice son, but she didn't want to see him, yet.

Today we know that childbirth need not be a shattering ordeal. It can be a joyous, eagerly awaited, and deeply satisfying experience. This is how it was for Ensign and Mrs. Bang. Serenely, Mrs. Bang gave birth to her 6-pound, 11-ounce daughter, Kathy, at 6:08 A.M., March 20, after 22 hours of labor.

Ensign and Mrs. Bang's secret, we now know, was that together they had been rehearsing and preparing themselves carefully for this important event over a period of several months. For Mrs. Bang, labor was a difficult—but not too difficult—family task she had become eager to perform successfully.

Whether childbirth for any mother is shattering or satisfying depends largely on how well she and her husband have prepared for the event.

Perhaps the best way I can explain to you just what this revolution is all about is to let you follow the Bangs, as I and our photographer did, during the months, days, and hours leading up to Kathy's arrival. Their case is typical of the way thousands of couples all over America are preparing for parenthood today. The Maternity Center nominated them to us as an ideal couple to follow.

The Bangs are both 26 and are both natives of Bellerose, N. Y. During the months while preparing for parenthood they lived in Bayonne because Ensign Bang was attending the Naval Supply Corps School there. Mrs. Bang, until a few months ago, worked as children's librarian at a public library.

The idea of preparing for parenthood appealed to her strongly when she first heard about it. After she became pregnant, last summer, her doctor who thoroughly believes in training for childbirth, recommended that she attend the free, twice-a-week classes at the Maternity Center. On her registration card at the Center Mrs. Bang gave this reason for enrolling: "Interested in achieving freedom from anxiety, relaxation, breathing, exercises."

THE course she took at the Maternity Center headquarters in New York was taught by an attractive nurse-instructor named Carol Janeway. Throughout the course Miss Janeway stressed that pregnancy is not a sickness but rather a normal function which the female body is magnificently constructed to perform. The months of pregnancy can be some of the happiest and healthiest and most radiant of a woman's life.

Shortly before she went to the hospital, after completing the course, Mrs. Bang told me: "I've been healthier than ever before in my life—and twice as ambitious!"

Early in the course Mrs. Bang learned a great deal about what was going on inside her body during the wondrous cycle of human creation. The Maternity Center has found that it helps reassure prospective parents to have a solid background of such information.

She and the other prospective mothers learned, among other things, how the fertilized ovum after conception buries itself in the mother's uterus, where food is abundant; how the mother's body each month has been preparing the uterus for just such a tenant. They were told that by the time this new life has been growing for 2 weeks it has reached the size of a BB shot; by the end of 4 weeks the tiny heart has begun to beat; and by the end of 8 weeks every structure of the baby has begun to grow—even though the infant is still only one inch long.

They were shown how the baby grows

inside a sac of water which keeps its temperature even and protects it from jolts, and how the baby's food, oxygen, hormones, and vitamins all come from the mother's bloodstream. They learned about the tremendous changes that begin taking place in the mother's body; how the uterus grows from a capacity of less than a teaspoon to about 5 quarts during pregnancy, and the blood increases in volume by about 22 per cent.

DURING the first months, Mrs. Bang discovered, most mothers feel more than normally lazy and sleepy. They may even have nausea (morning sickness) though it is not as universal as widely assumed. When Mrs. Bang never experienced it, her mother insisted she wasn't really pregnant.

Actually only about a third of all pregnant women have severe morning sickness. Another third have it mildly. Nervousness, anxiety, and *expecting* it seem to have a lot to do with bringing it on. If it occurs, it occurs most often when the stomach is empty. Because of this, doctors say, it is wise for the woman who is prone to it to have her husband bring her a glass of fruit juice before she gets out of bed in the morning. (That assumes she has an obliging husband!)

After about the fourth month, Mrs. Bang found her metabolism, or chemical processes, going into high gear to turn out tissue for the swiftly growing baby. Since she had been eating well and had peace of mind, she began enjoying radiant good feeling.

She continued working at the library until the end of her fifth month of "confinement," and felt fine except for occasional drowsiness and hunger pangs. She relieved the pangs by having midmorning and midafternoon snacks of oatmeal cookies and milk. Always, she was careful to wear comfortable, broad-heeled shoes.

Back in the days when Mrs. Bang was born, a mother's growing girth was supposed to put her in a delicate and unattractive condition, in other peoples' eyes. She was expected to appear in public only after dark, draped in a long, loose cape and leaning modestly on her husband's arm. Doctors have long campaigned against this false prudery, mainly because it cast a pall of emotional tension over the process of childbearing.

Today, happily, there has been a great change. It is widely felt that there is something very much all right about having a baby.

"I was so proud when I began to 'show,' " Mrs. Bang confided, "and was offered a seat when I traveled in the bus or subway."

The Bangs continued to be active socially right up until the day she went to the hospital.

Mrs. Bang had gained approximately 22 pounds before her baby was born, which is normal. Yet her daughter weighed only 6¾ pounds and the placental sac and fluid probably weighed only 3 more pounds. Where, you may wonder, did the rest of the added weight distribute itself?

Studies show that the typical expectant mother puts about 4 pounds of protein into storage in her body. She stores 3 extra pounds of water. Typically, a mother also takes on 2 or 3 extra pounds in the breast area, and the same amount in the uterus. This extra poundage quickly leaves the body during the weeks following birth. Any abnormal weight gain (say over 25 pounds) tends to make labor more difficult.

As a part of her training for parenthood Mrs. Bang studied carefully the baby-building values in different foods, and talked to me very learnedly about vitamins, minerals, and calories. This gave her insurance against many of the complications of pregnancy caused by improper diet.

In her rehearsal classes, she learned that the 3 food elements any expectant mother should be particularly careful to include in her diet are calcium, protein, and iron. Here is why:

—Abundant *calcium* was needed to build her baby's bones and teeth. The enameling goes on the baby's teeth between the fifth and sixth months. Any calcium that arrives after this time arrives too late as far as this vital health factor is concerned. Skimmed milk is one excellent non-fattening source of calcium.

—Abundant *protein* was needed to build her baby's muscles and organs, and also to strengthen her own disease-fighting antibodies. Fine sources of protein are lean meat, eggs, cheese, fish, and poultry. Also milk. And cottage cheese, which is both good and inexpensive.

—Abundant *iron*, she found, is vital. It would protect her from anemia. More important, it would give her baby a good reserve of hemoglobin in its blood. This hemoglobin is what would carry oxygen to Kathy's body tissues from the moment her lungs first expand. Any baby whose blood is loaded with hemoglobin has a big edge during the first crucial hours of independent life. Kathy had that edge. Good sources of iron are liver, dark-green leafy vegetables, and lean meat.

Mrs. Bang found that by eating the foods she was supposed to eat she felt very little craving for sweets. . . .

MEANWHILE she had begun going into actual training for childbirth. Primarily this meant getting in trim the special muscles that she would need to use, because muscles that are not used very much tire quickly. It also meant practicing techniques for relaxing. This training took her about 20 minutes a day.

She learned in her course that the average civilized woman today does not use the muscles of her abdominal wall, pelvic floor, and back enough to keep them from becoming flabby. They lose their tone. Thus during the burden of pregnancy she may develop backaches from bad posture. And then during the test of labor she receives little aid from these vital muscles. By a little gentle exercising each day she can greatly increase their suppleness and elasticity.

One exercise Mrs. Bang tried at every opportunity was to sit tailor-fashion. This was to improve the tone of muscles, and the mobility of bones, in the lower torso area. Mrs. Bang sat tailor-fashion whenever she was knitting at home or watching television. She showed me how adept she had become in it by crossing her feet and lowering down to the floor, accordion-like, in one graceful motion.

Another fine labor-preparing exercise she practiced was to squat instead of bending over whenever she wanted to tie her shoes or pick something up from the floor. Primitive women have their babies in a squatting position. So do civilized

WHY IS IT?

By Roy L. Fox

That the fisherman, after years of this . . .

. . . and this . . .

. . . and this—is always thought of . . .

. . . like this?

women, except that they assume the squatting position while lying on their backs on a table, with stirrups to support their legs.

A third exercise Mrs. Bang practiced regularly, which is excellent for limbering the muscles a woman will need in labor, is what the doctors call pelvic rocking. They say that this also is wonderful for preventing or relieving backaches. Pelvic rocking can be done either standing, on hands and knees, or lying in bed. It consists of slowly rolling the pelvic region back and forth.

Mrs. Bang learned how to relax for the long haul of labor by practicing slow, controlled abdominal breathing. For this she assumed the most comfortable lying position she could find, with every joint partly bent. She would rest one hand on her abdomen. The idea was to try to let herself go limp. Then by breathing slowly in and out she could feel her hand slowly rising and falling. Gradually she found she could increase the length of her breathing cycle from 8 to more than 20 seconds.

During labor this deep, slow abdominal breathing, she was told, can carry the mother comfortably through most of the longer contractions. And it will help her sleep between contractions.

"It is a lot better than counting sheep," Mrs. Bang said. "I go to sleep every night while practicing my breathing. My husband clocks me."

In one class for prospective mothers, I saw an entire class stretched out asleep on floor blankets after a few minutes of this relaxation practice.

Here are some other ways expectant couples are taught to rehearse for parenthood:

During the last two months of pregnancy, the Center shows those mothers who hope to nurse their own babies (and Mrs. Bang did) how to begin making preparations for it. Most women, despite any doubts they may have on the subject, have the potential for nursing their babies. And breast feeding is vastly more desirable both from the standpoint of the emotional security of the newborn baby and of the convenience to the mother.

WHILE the mother is training for parenthood, the father can be training too—and Ensign Bang trained with impressive enthusiasm.

Until recent years, we husbands were the forgotten men of pregnancy. This I'm told was dangerous, not only because it deprived our wives of emotional support, but because it frustrated the husband. That I can vouch for!

Actually, doctors now agree, he can be an enormous help to his wife at many points if he knows what is going on behind her moods and symptoms. Unfortunately, the average man has picked up much of his knowledge of female anatomy and psychology haphazardly. He needs to learn the facts of parenthood right along with his wife.

Ensign Henry Bang not only helped his wife with her breathing practice and her exercising, and insisted that she get to bed early, but he watched her diet with a sharp eye.

"Our relatives began to think Henry was an ogre," Mrs. Bang related. "He wouldn't let me eat any of the wonderful dishes they would fix for us, because he said they were too sweet or too greasy. It gave me a wonderful feeling of security to know he was taking such a careful interest in me. It made me feel everything was all right."

When Ensign Bang was called upon to give a wardroom speech to his fellow naval officers he chose as his good-natured subject, "Are Fathers Necessary?" and answered the question rousingly in the affirmative.

Ensign Bang went with his wife to the final sessions of her course covering the "rehearsal for childbirth." Together they saw demonstrated for them step by step just what would happen from the moment Mrs. Bang and the other members of the class felt the first twinge of contraction. Through a series of life-sized sculptures, they saw just how the baby would make its exit. And they learned, in a free-for-all discussion just what they both could do to help the process along.

During the final class they also had a chance to rehearse, on a life-sized doll, techniques for bathing, handling, and dressing a baby.

As a final step of rehearsal, the Bangs conducted a "dry run" visit to French Hospital in Manhattan, where she was to have her baby. During this dry run, they determined the shortest route to take.

They also learned which hospital entrance would be open late at night, in order to avoid the fright of trying to get in a locked door at the last minute.

In its courses, the Center urges couples, during these dry runs, to meet the obstetrical nurses and inspect the delivery room. This reassures the mother by letting her see in advance the warm faces that will be behind the masks, and letting her discover in advance that the delivery room is not a torture chamber, but is designed to help her.

Now the stage was set. All the Bangs could do was wait. The baby would come in his own good time. There are usually certain premonitory signs, as nature starts preparing for the big event. Here are 6 of them, as described in the rehearsal course:

1. About two weeks before labor begins, in 3 cases out of 4, the baby settles down into the mother's pelvis. This happened in Mrs. Bang's case. When it took place she found she could breath much more easily.

2. During the last 3 or 4 days, the mother may lose as much as 4 pounds, although Mrs. Bangs did not.

3. During the last 48 hours, she may feel a great spurt of energy and find herself bustling about the house cleaning long-neglected closets. Mrs. Bang recalls she washed everything in sight, including her husband's socks, and for the first time in months cleaned out her desk.

4. During the last 24 hours, her pulse rate may increase as much as 10 or 15 beats a minute.

5. Also during the last 24 hours, a baby that has been a lively kicker for

Lieutenant Stanley T. Adams Medal of Honor

ONE BITING-COLD FEBRUARY NIGHT, Lieutenant Adams was on a bitterly contested hill near Sesim-ni, Korea. Out of the dark earth the silhouettes of some 150 Communist troops rose up against the skyline. Ordering fixed bayonets, the lieutenant, with only 13 men, leaped up and charged furiously against the overwhelming odds. He was knocked down by a bullet. At least three hand grenades actually bounced off his body before exploding nearby. But when Adams and his squad were through, there were only 50 Communists left on the hill—and they were dead.

"Nobody likes to kill," says Stanley Adams. "Nobody likes war. But today the surest way to invite a war is to be weak. You and I know that twice in the last ten years Americans have let their guard down. And the Philippine and Korean graveyards are filled with men who paid the price for it.

"Please don't make that tragic mistake again. Remember that in the world today, *peace is only for the strong*. Help make your country and your armed services stronger still—by buying more . . . and more . . . and more U. S. Defense Bonds. Put *your* bond-power behind *our* fire-power, *now*—and together we'll keep America at peace!"

* * *

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months is apt to become very quiet. Kathy was unusually quiet for the last several days before birth.

6. On their last night before labor, mothers often report that they had an extraordinarily wonderful sleep. Mrs. Bang also had this experience.

Mrs. Bang's labor began, as far as she knows, when she was awakened on the morning of March 19 by mild contractions (from 5 to 20 minutes apart). Her husband timed them. By 10 A.M. they were both convinced it was the real thing, not just the uterine muscles limbering up. The test is whether the contractions start taking on a fairly regular pattern as to interval and duration. So they notified their doctor, and us.

ONE of the favorite cases Miss Janeway likes to tell her classes about is that of a couple who were sleeping curled up together. The wife's abdomen was against her husband's back. He woke up feeling a strange commotion behind him. But his wife continued sleeping. So he began watching the luminous dial of his wrist watch. When he established, after an hour of clocking, that contractions were coming regularly every 20 minutes and lasting about 30 seconds, he shook his wife and said: "Wake up, honey, you're in labor."

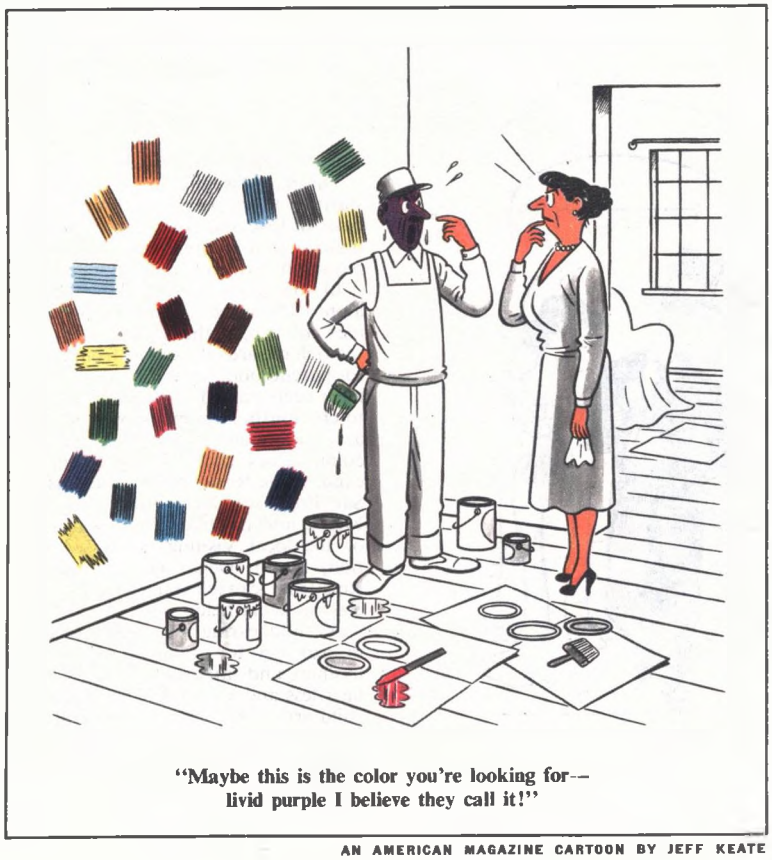
The impulse, of course, is to race to the hospital immediately. In the case of a first child, however, doctors say that this is usually ill-advised. Labor rarely lasts less than 10 hours, often twice as long. Their doctor suggested that the Bangs try to reach the hospital by midafternoon. That proved to be plenty early. It was not until evening, after supper, that Mrs. Bang settled down to really strong, steady contractions. Her labor took longer than usual (22 hours) because the baby was lying face up and so had to turn a full 180 degrees to get into the birth position.

Labor, which in 19 cases out of 20 will follow a usual course, takes place, I learned, in 3 stages. Stage 1 is the longest. During this stage the gate of the uterus gradually is opened, by the process described earlier. The mother can help most here simply by relaxing as the lengthwise uterine muscles tighten vigorously and rhythmically.

Stage 2 is the more swift and dramatic process by which the baby passes through the gate (usually head first), slides down the birth canal, and emerges into the outside world. Here the mother can help a great deal by pushing energetically with all the midriff muscles she can command.

In Stage 3, which is routine, the placental sac is expelled. Mrs. Bang found that the contractions seemed less severe when she was able to relax. She sought to try to fill her awareness completely by concentrating on deep, slow breathing as she had practiced it.

During the long hours of Mrs. Bang's labor, Ensign Bang remained by her side. He proved a source of great strength and comfort to his wife. Any other husband can be too. In some Mexican villages, for



"Maybe this is the color you're looking for— livid purple I believe they call it!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY JEFF KEATE

instance, the custom is for the husband to hold his wife on his lap while she is in labor. He puts his arms around her and squeezes her during each contraction. The thought is that his strength somehow transfers to her body. Actually she does get his strength, but it is psychological instead of physical.

A husband can be helpful not only by his supporting presence, but he can relieve tensions that build up in the small of her back, by rubbing. (Ensign Bang spent so many hours rubbing Mrs. Bang's back during her labor that he had a severe arm ache next day!)

SINCE Stage 1 is usually a long haul, it may help the wife if she can get some sleep during the first several hours so that she will be fresh and strong for the rougher phases. To help her sleep, doctors often give the mother a sleeping pill. There is little chance this will harm the baby, since the effect will wear off hours before birth. Mrs. Bang had such a sleeping potion, and was able to doze off between contractions during the early evening.

Later on, a short-lasting analgesic, or pain-relieving drug, such as demerol, is used to help tide the mother over her humps of difficulty. These humps are the periods when tension mounts to a point where the mother may suddenly feel wild with pain and discomfort. Before they come, there is a telltale phase of restlessness and irritability. The Bangs knew from their training how to anticipate them beforehand so they were able to do much to reduce their severity. And just the knowledge that these spells shortly would pass was a comfort in itself.

Most people assume that labor is a crescendo-like process during which the severity of the contractions becomes worse and worse and reach an overwhelming climax at the very end, when the baby is born. Actually, I learned the roughest part for most women comes near the end of Stage 1, which typically, but not always, comes about an hour before birth. Many mothers who have been conscious throughout labor tell the Center that the 6 to 12 contractions which occur just as the cervix is approaching full dilation are the hardest of all to handle. Mrs. Bang, who was conscious throughout labor except for the occasional dozing she did between contractions, seemed to have her roughest time here. She recalls that everything seemed to hit her at once, including nausea. However, she did not panic.

Many women during this stress period are seized by backaches, leg cramps, and uncontrollable trembling. It is particularly important that the mother's doctor be on hand during this critical period, as Mrs. Bang's doctor was. He slept on a hospital bed in a room comfortingly nearby and dropped by to see her every hour or so. He helped ease her discomfort just by his presence, and also saw that she got a drug that relieved the worst of her pains. When her diaphragm became rigid, as typically happens from the end of Stage 1 on, she turned to slow, deep, chest breathing.

Many women tell the Center that Stage 2 is a breeze after the battering that takes place at the end of Stage 1, and Mrs. Bang agrees. They find it a pleasure to be able to push for a change. Now they can do something themselves toward expediting the arrival of their babies. Nature itself seems to provide an anesthesia for the muscles that must stretch to allow the baby to pass down the birth canal. As the end of labor approaches and birth is a few moments away, many mothers welcome also medical anesthesia, or at least whiffs of it. By this time they richly deserve some relief, and there is little chance of ill effect if not overdone.

MANY other mothers will prefer to be entirely awake at the end, to experience the tremendous emotional charge that comes with seeing your own baby being born, and hearing it utter its first cry. Mrs. Bang says she will never forget the thrill she felt when, after carrying her baby so many months, Kathy was laid across her own abdomen before the umbilical cord was cut.

Mrs. Bang and her husband looked about equally exhausted, and about equally overjoyed when, together, they beamed down at their new daughter soon after her birth. (The photographer and I were a little bit exhausted, too!)

All three Bangs soon went soundly to sleep in separate quarters. When they awoke they had another reunion right in Mrs. Bang's room at the hospital, where the baby was "rooming in." Ensign Bang, in a doctor's sterile gown, proudly held his daughter. Mrs. Bang kept her baby right by her bed throughout her stay at the hospital, except for the first four nights. Then the nursery kept Kathy so that Mrs. Bang could get uninterrupted sleep.

By the third day the Bang family was well acquainted. Both mother and father quickly became adept—by recalling their rehearsals with the doll—in handling and diapering their daughter.

The Bangs were enjoying the thrill of starting their parenthood on a solid basis of love and confidence. They were finding that training for parenthood pays rich dividends indeed!

In this discovery the Bangs are not alone. Thousands of other young couples all across the land are enjoying the rich rewards that come from training for parenthood. Several thousand nurses have been trained in this new approach to childbirth. And many of these nurses are now conducting classes in American communities such as Cleveland, Chicago, Little Rock, Miami, New Haven, San Francisco, Stamford, Conn., Flint, Mich., and the like. Your own doctor, or the local Visiting Nurses' Association, Health Department, hospital, or Red Cross, can tell you where the nearest class is being held.

As childbearing becomes an adventure in learning for millions of expectant mothers and fathers, I believe we shall hear less and less about the "ordeal" of childbirth. Then, most of us will agree that childbearing can be a rich, family-welding experience if prepared for through a comprehensive rehearsal for parenthood which both husband and wife can share.

THE END ★★

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY TED KEY

The Marriage Gift

(*Continued from page* 23)

Liberty stood on the Norders' stepstone with the gray goose by his side, and he said, "Berry, do you still want me? Me bein' no better than I am? Do you love me enough to have patience with me?"

That was the day she was asked. It wasn't the way she had dreamed it to be. But she loved him. . . .

And this was the day she was to set up her quilt. She was so happy and so excited, it was like the first day of spring inside her, a trembling, a stirring of life. Everything was a song this day, until she noticed her mother.

Will Norder's woman stood by the door with the light plain on her. It showed her hands, heavy knuckled and corded from beating her wash with the battlin' board, and beating the ground with a hoe. It showed her back curved into a thickening from stooping over the hearth, baking and boiling and making fire. It showed her face with the lines in it from sitting up nights with the ailing, and no doctor nearer than thirty miles. And from sitting up nights listening for the sound of her husband's voice: Was he hurt, and calling her? Or was it only the wind crying? Three days was a long time for a man to be hunting meat, and one of these times he wouldn't come home. There was a line in her face for every watchful night.

Now she was watching her daughter Berry, kneeling by the tin trunk searching out all the piecings she'd begged and saved, every scrap that had come into their house since the time she was a little girl, all treasured to make her marriage quilt. The woman looked at the girl, and then she looked at her own shadow on the floor; she didn't need to see her face.

She said, "Your pa is a good, providin' man, but even so—look at me."

BERRY knelt on the hard earth floor with her apron spread before her all filled with piecings bright as flower petals. She was lovely as the sun glow that touched her hair. There was such a newness about her, such a trusting.

"What you tryin' to say, Ma?"

"I'm sayin' you shouldn't ought to marry Liberty Eames."

"Ma!"

Once the woman had heard a fawn cry in the spring when it was shot. Berry had sounded like that. But the woman kept right on talking:

"With the best of men, it's a hard row we plow, Berry. And Liberty ain't the best of men. A girl must have a man she can be proud of, and be the head of her family. A man to take care of her. And how can a blind man do that?"

"He's got property. He's got all Aunt Middlin's land as soon as she dies."

"What is land unless you work it? The Hills is a hungry place to be, you know that, Berry, and how will Liberty Eames live? He's fool-minded like Aunt Middlin, and loving the trees won't cut them down into his gullet. He can't farm no crop. What good would he be with the sproutin' hoe? So how can he grow your bread? And how will he meat you, with no eyes to shoot the game? You'll starve before you're done. And while you're starving, you will freeze. What kind of a woodpile would a blind man keep? It won't be just woman's work you're marrying, but all the work.

"More even than that, a hillwoman's got to have a man she can obey. That's what's taught in us from our first suck. A hillwoman's place ain't never to lead. Our only happiness is marrying a man stronger and harder and braver than us, and everyone else we know."

"Liberty's strong! He fought all the hillmen to keep his land!"

"No. It was the goose fought for him, mad at her nest egg being broke. It was no better than a trick, and it can't happen again. A man can't hide all his life behind a goose. There ain't no place for him on the Seven Hills. He's no better than a child being led on a tow. Is that what you're fixing to marry—a child?"

"He ain't no child!" She was fighting now as all the women before her had fought for their men. "He's reached the marrying years and he's good and wise. He asked if I loved him enough to have patience. He had thought that far ahead. Oh, Ma, don't you think that sounds like a very wise man?" Berry gathered her apron and ran over to touch her mother's hand. "Don't you think that just my loving him is enough?"

The woman looked at her daughter, and then she turned and looked out the door, way up at the hill called Silence. Smoke was all around it this day, the blue, hazy smoke of the mountains. And a cloud was settling down on its top, swallowing the peak of it as though it hadn't ever been.

The woman said, "It's a lone life you'll live up on Silence. No one ever walks that way. From one year to the next you won't see no one but a blind boy and his goose."

BERRY ran from her, then. She had to. Because she had been asked, and she had promised, and she had her quilt to set up. She ran and ran. And the hill folk ran with her, all their stares and all their whispers and the mocking little sneers. Some were said right at her and some said at the back of her head so she couldn't possibly miss them.

She ran all the way up Silence to Aunt Middlin sitting in her rocky chair by her cabin door. Berry was crying by then. Because she knew part of what they said was true. No one would ever come this long, stony way. She'd be sitting alone like Aunt Middlin, year after lonely year.

Aunt Middlin lowered her long-seeing glass. She cocked her head and listened, and her ears were pink as baby mice and pointed like a squirrel's. And her hair was white as though the cloud was resting there now. And her hands were restless hands; they touched Berry's hair that was softer spun than any other on all the Seven Hills, they touched her cheeks

where the tears fell, and wandered on down searching out everything they could find as though they had little ears of their own and little eyes to see.

They felt of the stuffed apron, the fingers fondled the piecings, and Aunt Middlin smiled. It had been more years than she could count since she had set up her marriage quilt, but she remembered.

She pleasured. "You've come to someone old. That's what folk say to do: When you're to set up your quilt, come to someone old so that you will live to be old. And surely I am old. You're to come to someone who's known happiness. I have known more happiness than most, and so you shall, too. Is it tears of happiness you're cryin', Berry, or is it the other kind?"

Berry looked up into the woman's blue, strangely empty eyes. "Ma says I shouldn't marry Liberty Eames, because he is no better than a child on a tow. She says there ain't no place for him on the Seven Hills. She says I'll lead a lone life on Silence. Mistress Orliss says I can't git no other fellow. Sari Conif says she wouldn't marry a man 'less he could tote a gun. How can I expect to have respect, she says, when I got no fightin' man to take care of me? Must be I can't have no pride. Mistress Phelan says—"

AUNT MIDDLIN laid her fingers against the girl's lips. "What do *you* say? That's all that matters."

"No one listens to me. They're all talking and staring and whispering, and no one wishing me well. On all the Seven Hills there's no one wishing me well."

"I'm listening, Berry. What do you say?"

"I'm promised to him, and I love him. Isn't that enough?"

Aunt Middlin listened, as a woman will, to all she knows about living, the little things that have made her. Finally she spoke:

"Almost. It's almost enough. Savin' two things: A man has to have his pride, and a woman has to have hope." Her fingers moved among the piecings. "Do you know what quilt we shall choose for you, Berry? We'll make the Star of Bethlehem, because that means hope. Besides, it takes a heap of little scrappy pieces like the ones you've got."

And so Berry set up the Star of Bethlehem as Aunt Middlin directed, with the very center blue shading into lavender, and with the lavender shading into blue again, only this was dark as the darkest night. And beyond the night it was white, as white and shining as a star. And come late evening when the sun had almost set, Berry turned to go.

"Thank you, child," Aunt Middlin said, "for coming to me to set up your quilt. And remember always that I was old when I done it, and I was happy, and I worked those gifts in it for you." She leaned and put a kiss on the girl's forehead, so cool, so cold a kiss. "What a far way you've come! You've been asked, and you've set up your quilt, and you've received your first marriage gifts. But for every one you take, you ought to give. What are you fixing to give the boy you love?"

Berry twisted her bare toes into the earth. "I don't have nothing. No cash money. Nothing at all to buy him a gifting." She turned and ran into the dusk as though it had come special just to hide her wishing.

And down the hill a piece was Liberty on his knees by the shed gate, counting Aunt Middlin's sheep home, whispering them each one good night as they walked into his waiting arms. The old gray goose set up an awful holler when she saw Berry, and Liberty looked up. But he didn't see her with his blind eyes. He listened, and she made no sound. He didn't even know she was there.

He laughed at the goose. "Surefoot, it's only the wind passing, telling us to hurry, for summer's almost here, and beyond the summer there's the winter, and before the winter we've got to have a home. Do you hear that, Surefoot? She said yes. To me." It was the most wonderful way he whispered it. Like a man telling of treasure.

He listened to the tinkling of the bells, and then the stillness as the last sheep bedded down for the night. He shut the gate and got up to go, too quickly, before the goose took hold of his apron with her bill to lead the way, and he fell flat and hard over a rock cropping. It looked for a minute as though he were about to cry, with his hands fumbling out, feeling for what he couldn't see.

Berry ran from him. Knowing at last that everyone was right. There was no place for him in the Seven Hills. What did it matter if the winter was beyond the summer and he'd have a home by then? There was no way he could take his proper place as head of a house. It was like her ma had said.

But she had said yes, and it wasn't a word you took back. Because God listened when you promised, and He would be waiting to see how she kept faith. And just thinking of the word told her the way. Faith. She could believe, even though it wasn't so. She could pretend that Liberty was strong and the head of his house. You could pretend anything if you tried hard enough.

She stood quite still under the laurel tangle and thought it all out. It would be easy to fool a blind boy. That would be her gift to him: his pride. A man had to have his pride, Aunt Middlin had said. And with his pride and her hope and their love, they would have everything.

Berry pulled a laurel blossom and set it in her hair, and went on dreaming.

AND far up the hill an old woman said, "Liberty, you want we should have a house-raisin' and set you up another room for when you and Berry wed?"

Liberty, squatted on the stepstone beside her, said, "I don't aim to share your house, Aunt Middlin. You've taught me to see the things I want to see, you've taught me to walk and work again. I've taken a way of life from you; that's already more owing than any man ought. I won't live in your clearing and reap all your years. I've got to find my own, though it'll be on Silence so I can watch out for you now, and for your hill after you're gone. So I'll take the land and be glad for it, but I got to build, myself. There ain't going to be no house-raising. I couldn't hold my own with the men, and I won't have them see me fumbling around."

Aunt Middlin nodded. "I'm right pleased you brought that up, boy, because there's a promise I own a fancy to have. The day I gave you my land Jonas Hames tried to take it from you. I played like I was dead so I could see just how you'd do. You remember?"

He remembered.

"Well, folks know I tricked them; they know I'm alive and fittin' as eight crows setting in a cave. But they don't know that other thing that's just between you and me. They don't know why the goose can lead a blind boy so well, that I been training it all the two years since I went blind. I sit up here with my long-seeing glass to my eye, and they think I am seeing them. I hold my shotgun on my arm, and they think I could aim it—and they mustn't never know no different. For as long as folk figure I can see, there won't be trouble."

"You got me, Aunt Middlin. I won my fight with Jonas Hames. All the hill folk saw it."

"Winning one fight don't make the head of a family. That's the whispers I been hearing on the deer trails. That Berry Norder ain't got no man to look out for her. That Liberty Eames don't have no talent beyond an old goose and an old woman, so how could he take care of a wife?" She spoke so softly, as though it wasn't her lips that said the words at all but only the small wind passing by.

"Are these whispers true, Liberty?" she asked. He didn't answer. Maybe he didn't know. . . .

The next day Liberty began building his chimney. And Berry began weaving her wedding dress.

It was white and soft as milkweed,

linsey-woolsey woven so fine, a web of it could pass through her wedding ring, if she had one. Which she probably wouldn't ever, for Liberty didn't have any cash money, and wedding rings weren't found under rocks or inside trees. So that wasn't one of her dreams. It was of Liberty she dreamed.

All the while she wove, laying the thread so close and straight, she kept seeing him fall over that rock, and she kept puzzling on how to save him at the wedding. For it was the bride's place to follow her man, and it was the groom's place to take her in and dance and join all the play-games but the first. How could he sashay right and left and find his partner once again, with all the mountain eyes watching to see what kind of man he was, and all the mountain lips ready to laugh should he fall? That was one thing the hill people did not know: pity.

How could he show his pride and say, "I am to take care of my wife for all her life," when he couldn't follow one calling of a dance? What could he do with all those hours, three days and nights of celebrating, and him locked alone in his darkness? How could she give him his marriage gift? That was what she wove into her marriage dress that was white, and into her first-day dress that was pink. . . .

Berry Norder's marriage day was in the falling weather. It was a day that began with a frost cover to the ground, white and sparkling as though the earth were being wedded, too. And the trees had put on a special show; all those thousands of trees marching down the hills to Will Norder's house in Sunday Corners were fancied in the brightest fashion, yellows and reds and greens. The forest seemed almost to have pieced a marriage quilt, too.

The guests came early. Just about everybody who could walk or be carried moved into Will Norder's clearing for the wedding. Will Norder's woman had counted on that. She had baked the whole week beforehand. And they had had a butchering, so there were sausage-meat and ham-meat and side-meat and chitlings. And Will had gone a-hunting, so there were turkey-meat and bear-meat. There were cabbage greens and pumpkin and beans and sorghum. It was as fine a feasting as any bride's man had ever put on to dare the groom's ma to beat on the second day of the wedding. And that was another thing they ate at Will Norder's table: the puzzlement as to who would give them their second-day feasting. Aunt Middlin probably, seeing as Liberty had no ma. Nor any pa.

The men all greeted Will Norder and gave him their guns to hang on the gallery, and then they stood still in the sudden hush, for folk had spied Liberty Eames coming. He was dressed in the finest of homespun jeans, brown with walnut dye, and his shirt was brown, and his apron was white with a starched frill. That was what set folk to tittering: a man walking to his wedding in a woman's long apron with a gray goose holding the frill of it in her bill. It was a sight to see.

The goose stepped saucily in the path

folk made for her and led Liberty Eames up to the door. He stopped when his toe stubbed on the stepstone. He said, "Is Berry still willing to be my wife? Or is the way too long and hard for her?"

Will Norder said, "She's willing, and she's waiting." He didn't add, as he had to the young men who took his other girls, "Hang your gun on the peg, and step inside." It was bitter to him to have a man come unarmed, it made him seem so weak. And it was independence that counted most among the mountain people; it was what they were fighting for when they won the Revolution for Washington, it was what they fought for in the War between the States. It was each man's right and duty to carry arms to defend his family's honor. But Liberty Eames came empty-handed.

He took off his apron and hung it on a peg, and the gray goose plopped down beneath it, hissing softly at all the folk so near. Then Liberty's waiter came forward and took him by the arm, and Berry's maid came forward and led her to him, and they stood in front of the elder while God listened to their marriage vows and made them man and wife.

It was a gentle ceremony. Just two people promising to try their best. And there was a ring. It was a most wonderful surprise to see Liberty take a ring from his pocket. It was a double circlet.

He said to Berry, "I could wish this was gold or silver."

She thought of Aunt Middlin's fence posts and all the wool money folk said was buried under them. And she was glad that the ring wasn't gold or silver, because even though Liberty was a Valley boy, this was where he was like the hillmen most. He wouldn't be beholden to anyone. He could find a way, even though there was no cash money. She touched the ring. "It ain't a hollowed peach pit—you done better for me than that!" She dimpled. "I'm proud, Liberty, to have a hard ring."

"It's from off'n a rake, no more than a bit of iron. It was an old rake with tines as slim and sharp as birds' claws. One of these I cut off and bent into a double wedding ring—one for the man I used to be, and one for the man I hope to be."

Berry kissed the ring; she couldn't help it. That was one dream she hadn't dared to know. She looked about shyly to be sure everyone had seen that she had a wedding ring, and then she and her maid climbed the ladder up to the loft so that she could change into her first-day dress.

All her life Berry had climbed that ladder to her bed; up and down she had gone in bare feet and shoes, and never once had she fallen. Until now. She hadn't been able to figure any other way to save Liberty from shaming himself in the play-games and dances with all those mincy little steps and other folks' feet to fall over. There was only one way she could figure to keep him apart. He would know all about bandaging, for they had bandaged his eyes, and she knew what strong arms he had and what long walking legs. So he could know pride in showing them off, his doctoring and his arms and his long walking legs.

That was why she fell down the ladder. She screamed and was sure she had broken her ankle. She let Liberty bandage it and allowed she couldn't rest a minute for the pain lest he was by her side, so they sat by the fire all the rest of that day, listening to the music and watching the dancing; there was no need for him to sashay right and left. And every little bit she pointed out what a wonderful doctor her husband was because there wasn't any swelling at all. He was surely a needed man to have in her house, and he would make a wise neighbor. And when Liberty smiled on her the way he did, she knew that he had got her marriage gift. They had everything.

Will Norder and his woman came to look at the ankle, and every one of the hill folk, frowning and suspicious as they always were. And then a wiseness and a smirking came into their eyes and about their lips. "She's afeard to have us know what a poor man she's got." Those were the whispers now.

Liberty didn't hear them. He couldn't see the mocking in their eyes. All that first day it was there, and the second day, too. But he didn't know. He picked up his bride as though she was light as a bird and started carrying her the long way up Silence for the second-day feasting. He was walking just as sure and just as strong as Berry knew he would, and it pleasured her to see him besting all the others. But they never reached Aunt Middlin's house, for she came out into the road and stopped them.

She stood in the middle of the road listening to all those feet coming at her, and she called, "Liberty, where you takin' us for second-day feasting?"

For a moment he was thunderstruck. "I thought you'd promised to fix my marriage meal. I laid store by you!"

"A wedded man got no cause to lay store by anyone but himself." She stood there leaning on her shotgun like it was a cane, and she, a hating witch, and she stripped Liberty of everything Berry had tried to give him. She said, "My ears is sharp an' I been hearing whispers. They say Berry ain't broke her leg, that she's only pretending in order to hide from folk what a poor man she's got."

There wasn't a sound. Because eyes, not even a hundred eyes, turning to look on a man make no noise.

Liberty Eames very gently set his wife down on her two feet. Gently he unwound the bandage from her ankle. He smiled on her. "It's a pride to a man to know his woman will lie for him. Thank you, Berry. But there's no need to hide what a poor man I am. Everyone knows."

Berry's heart was like to break. She wanted so to be proud of her man. It was like her ma said. That was the only happiness a hillwoman knew, and it wasn't to be hers. She stood there crying while Aunt Middlin went on as though she hadn't done enough hurt already:

"I won't make you no second-day meal, Liberty, because that day belongs to your folks, and I ain't your folks. You're a Valley boy coming among us, and you must come honest as you are, not hiding behind an old woman or your bride or your goose." She shifted the gun to her other hand. "You got no folks, I hear, unless you can call the plow that, that cut out your eyes and made you what you are surer than your ma did. Or the County Home where you were made to live."

She cocked her head and waited a mo-

"What were you doing cooking tapioca with a string of pearls on in the first place?"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY RICHARD McCALLISTER

ment, and anyone who knew her very well would have known that she was angered. As deeply angered as she had ever been. At herself. For she saw him again as she had first known him, daring her to shoot him because he would rather be dead than like he was. That was her anger, that she had forgotten his loneliness, his hopelessness. She had thought that part of him was gone. But was a man's past ever gone?

Suddenly she was doubting all she knew of Liberty Eames. Of the way he spoke Berry's name. Of his independence in wanting to build for himself. Of his answer that day so long ago when she had asked him how could he be the head of a family, how could he protect its honor. He hadn't answered her. He had sat all that night as though turned to stone. She thought of the hours he held the Bible, seeking she didn't know what. Yet she had guessed. Now, for a moment, she was angry at her faith in him that had let her put him out here naked before all his neighbors to prove himself. Maybe it wasn't faith, but betrayal. Berry had shamed him unknowingly, and in trying to undo that hurt maybe she had done a great and terrible wrong.

But there was no way back. Not in the hills. So she said, "We're waiting, Liberty. This is your day. What are you to do with it?"

He said, "This wedding don't ride according to rule. Though the second day ain't done and still belongs to what was behind me, why not let's go to what is ahead?" He took Berry's hands away from her face, and he wiped the tears off her cheeks. "Berry, do you have anything to carry to your new home? For if you do, go fetch it now." They waited while she ran down the road and came back carrying the Star of Bethlehem quilt, and fire from her old home to the new to put a blessing on it. He felt of the warm tin box that held the embers, and he was glad. "Thank you, Berry, for wanting to do everything a woman can to make our home what it should be."

Liberty called the goose from where she was rooting up grass and gave the frill of his apron to her. And then he took Aunt Middlin's hand on one side, and Berry's on the other, and started again up the hill called Silence, with all the mountain people following, near eaten alive with curiosity for what was ahead of Liberty Eames.

BERRY wondered what kind of house Liberty was bringing her to. Was it only another bed in Aunt Middlin's cabin, or was it something all their own? A house with a door and a chimney. She dared not dream of a window, too. For he had no cash money, and you couldn't find windows under rocks or inside trees.

Aunt Middlin lived on the top of the hill called Silence. In a way that was so, and in a way it wasn't. For her man had built on the edge of the forest, and below the bald. He wanted the whisper of leaves and needles by his door. He wanted a break for the snow to fall on. He wanted the hill to be close around him like friendly hands, and so he'd built his house just a halloo below the top. He'd been afraid of the peak, the baldness of it. Its loneliness and majesty.

That was where Liberty had built. Up where the winds lived and the smoky mists passed quickly by. Up on a piece of land that trapped every bit of sun and living there was.

And the first thing he had made was the path, smoothing it easy and gentle, for it was the path that did the inviting into a man's home. And halfway up it there was a crook, so a body would have to stop and start all over. That was to give a man a chance to ponder on his way of coming: Was it in the friendly way, or was he to wish he had never come at all?

They came in sight of Aunt Middlin's, and Berry held her breath tight inside her till she was sure. They weren't stopping. They were going right on as though they were to jump off on the other side of the world. And then she saw it, leaning up there against the winter winds.

THERE was a great stone chimney; not a mud and stick chimney, but a real stone chimney as tall as the roof, which was as tall as the tallest man. There was a gallery, and a door. And no window by the door. But all the house was built with boards running from where they should start to where they should end, and no piecing in between. The house did not look as if it would fall down sooner than it should. It did not look as if it was big enough to lose even one moment of their living together, for it wasn't larger than ten feet wide and twelve feet long.

She said, "How could you? How could you make so much for us—and keep it all a secret?"

He smiled on her, for the wonder in her voice was worth every hour and every hurt. "It was from my pa's house down in the Valley. I ripped it apart and took all the good boards that hadn't got rot in them yet. And the nails were of his making, and the worn spot there in the sill is where Ma used to stand waiting for him. So you see, in a way, they're sharing in our marriage, too."

"I'll like standing where she stood," Berry said. "But how could you keep it secret?"

"No one walks on Silence. And when I brought the wood from the Valley I laid only a little of it on the sled at a time, all safe hid in a pile of straw. An old ram of Aunt Middlin's pulled the sled, and he was as strong as he was mean. And we went through the hills at night, after folk had barred their doors. We went through the hills in the windy nights when the drawing of the sled would be no more than the rushing of the storm."

Berry stepped on the path that invited her in. It was all she could do to keep from running, but she held Liberty's hand and let him lead her as a man must, up to the stepstone and over the gallery and into their house.

He knelt on the hearth. "Set your fire here, Berry, by the shavings."

She knelt beside him, and the embers were still warm enough to start the light wood blazing, and then the sweet-smelling hickory. Her blessing was on her home.

Liberty took her hand in his, and he

said, "All these months I've been working, day into night. It's just a crib house with no plaster to it and no cupboards; it's not a showing-off place. It ain't above my raising at all. I got no more than three hickory-bottom chairs made, and there's no better than beech-tree leaves in the bed ticking, but there's a pile of firewood outside the door. And there's food near to hand."

He pointed to the roof beams, where string after string of dried apples and peaches and pumpkins and bean pods hung. There was a full salt gourd on the wall and bunches of seed corn. He opened a little wooden door in the side of the chimney, and hanging in the stones above a smudge of corncobs and hickory were four fat hams and two slabs of side meat a-smoking.

And under the smoke oven was another wood door, and inside it a bread oven full of biscuit-bread.

He held still a moment, listening to the feet shuffling on the puncheon floor, and Berry touched it softly with her fingers. Never had she lived in a house with a wooden floor.

Liberty still knelt on the stone hearth. "Set down, neighbor-people, set right down on the floor. I've a thing I want to tell."

THEY sat, crowding close. And those there wasn't room for crowded in the doorway.

Liberty said, "Poor folks has a poor way, and you're welcome to all I've got. I'm a stranger coming to live among you, and I ain't asking no favor. I just want to be understood." He waited a moment to be sure they heard him right. "How poor a man I am I didn't rightly know until you came into my house. Not one of you men bothered to halloo me from the path and wait for my welcome. Not one of you men gave me his gun to hold. That's how poor a man I am—that every one of you insulted me. By keeping your guns, you as much as said you got no respect in my power to hold order under my own roof."

He waited again. And the only thing that moved was the firelight flickering from stony face to stony face.

Liberty went on talking soft and easy: "I heard about the whispers on the deer trails, that no one would have respect for my wife because I couldn't take care of her, and I puzzled on it. When I began laying my chimney I counted off what I had. I laid the first stone for the strongness of my back, and two for my ears and two for my legs, and two for my eyes, and two for my arms, and then I took two away for the eyes I had lost. And feeling that pile of stone I could know what a little bit I had taken away. There was so much left. I figured it ought to be enough for anyone. And then I remembered that I had even more; I ought to put one down for my mind, and so I went looking for it. And under that rock I found a thing."

Liberty got up and took off his apron, and he pulled his shirt up out of his pants, and he brought out of it an Indian tomahawk with a blade that was sharp as sin. Gently he ran his fingers over it, and now he seemed to be talking more to himself than anyone else:

"This was under the rock. It was in something round that crumbled when I touched it; something round with holes in it. I buried the pieces of whatever it was in a shallow grave, and was not sorry I wouldn't ever be sure of what the tomahawk had done."

He slipped the tomahawk back into his jeans belt and said, "There were other whispers on the deer trails that said no mountain woman with any pride would marry a man who couldn't tote a gun. A gun is a long-killing weapon; a man ought to have eyes to see where his bullets go. I ain't got eyes, but I got ears." He turned to his wife: "Berry, tap the floor somewheres with your foot, and then move it quickly away."

She tapped the floor with her foot, and almost before she got it clear the tomahawk had thudded into the wood where it had been. She near jumped out of her skin.

"Tap again," Liberty said. "Move somewhere else and tap lightly, as lightly as a man sneaking up on me might sound."

She looked at the sharp head of that ax. She looked at the hole it had made in her floor.

But a mountain woman's place is to obey. Very slowly she reached out and just barely scratched the wall. The tomahawk thudded into the place where her finger had lain.

Liberty jerked the tomahawk from the wall, and once more put it under his belt. "I'm not a fightin' man," he said. "But I thought maybe you ought to know that I practiced long and hard, and I got a way that don't depend on a granny-woman or on a granny-goose."

THEY knew. They sat there stiff as winter corn stubble.

"There was one more whisper on the deer trails I heard. It said there weren't no place for a blind man on the Seven Hills." He smiled on them as though this were some kind of secret or pranking. "I asked you once before, the day Jonas Hames tried to take my land, who said I was blind. And the answer still is no, and the answer is yes. For I haven't the eyes to shoot a gun or keep from walking into a tree, but I have the eyes to drink moon tea. . . . Do any of you know about moon tea?"

They didn't. They leaned forward to get a better hearing, because if there was one thing they hungered to hear, it was of something new.

Liberty reached up on his mantel and brought down a tiny pewter teapot. "I found this near the tomahawk, so a rich man passed by once. I put it on my stepstone, and I found what blind men's eyes are for. They are to see the strong and wonderful people who live and walk on Silence, and who drink moon tea so that no one can ever see them except the blind."

He was still smiling, facing out the door as though he were seeing things far away. "They eat all the corn that grows down instead of up. You say the crows has got it or the worms or the rot, but it ain't so—it's the other people. They live in the smoke. It is the blue of their skirts that makes the mountain mists. They are the smoke-people living just above the earth. And they have taught me their song."

It was a plaintive tune he sang:

"You take a pinch of moon, and mix it with the wind,
And only blind man's eyes can see who's good, or who has sinned.
You take a pinch of moon, and mix it with the wind,
And only blind man's ears can hear those feet so softly moccasined."

The last note trailed into sound as thin and faint as mist. "That is my place in

HOW VIP ARE THE VEEPS?

Answers to quiz on page 104

V-P CANDIDATE	RUNNING MATE	YEAR
1. Theodore Roosevelt, R.	William McKinley	1900
2. John N. Garner, D.	Franklin D. Roosevelt	1932 & '36
3. Henry G. Davis, D.	Alton B. Parker	1904
4. John W. Bricker, R.	Thomas E. Dewey	1944
5. Franklin D. Roosevelt, D.	James M. Cox	1920
6. James S. Sherman, R.	William H. Taft	1908 & '12
7. Earl Warren, R.	Thomas E. Dewey	1948
8. Charles L. McNary, R.	Wendell L. Willkie	1940
9. Calvin Coolidge, R.	Warren G. Harding	1920
10. Harry S. Truman, D.	Franklin D. Roosevelt	1944
11. Charles G. Dawes, R.	Calvin Coolidge	1924
12. Henry A. Wallace, D.	Franklin D. Roosevelt	1940
13. Adlai E. Stevenson, D.	William J. Bryan	1900
14. John W. Kern, D.	William J. Bryan	1908
15. Frank Knox, R.	Alfred M. Landon	1936
16. Joseph T. Robinson, D.	Alfred E. Smith	1928
17. Alben W. Barkley, D.	Harry S. Truman	1948
18. Charles Curtis, R.	Herbert Hoover	1928 & '32
19. Charles W. Fairbanks, R.	Charles E. Hughes	1916
20. Thomas R. Marshall, D.	Woodrow Wilson	1912 & '16

the hills—to know these other people, and hear the tales they tell."

This was what he had found in the Bible: a way to use what had been left to him. Aunt Middlin had said, "You hold the Book, and you just wait. The words will come to you." He had held the Book, and he had waited; he had thought of all the stories in the Bible, and the way had been shown to him. And so he had peopled Silence with a wonderful pretend. Aunt Middlin hadn't known, but she had guessed.

He smiled on her now. "I found my place, but it would be a lone life up here on Silence for my woman. That is another of the whispers I heard. And so I hunted bee trees and sold the honey at the railroad for all of eight cents to the pound, and I bought her a marriage gift of a window."

ALL the heads turned round and round. There wasn't a window in any wall.

"I wrapped it in straw and brought it at night, and no one knew a window was coming to the hills."

Liberty reached over the fire, and lifted out the shakes laid against the stone. Only, it wasn't stone at the back of the fire-hole, it was a glass window. It was thick glass and faintly blue from being old; that was why it had been sold so cheap that honey money could buy it. And there hadn't been any frame to it, just the glass. But he had made a place for it; set it in the chimney right along with the stones, with a sill beneath and a great timber above to carry the weight of the chimney.

The fire-hole was deep, five or more feet deep, made to hold a settle along its side just wide enough for a man and his woman to sit in the chimney of a stormy day and know comfort. The fire was built in the front of the hearth, and the window way at the back, set some two feet off the hearth, where the stones would keep cool instead of hot.

Liberty waited so folk could peer and figure it all out. "In the long ago when our people first came here they sometimes built their fire-holes this way, so folk passing on the road could share their warmth. That is my gift to my bride. We don't need a window to see outside; we know what's outside. We want folk to be able to see inside and share our peace. Through the window our fire and pleasure can call to all the Seven Hills to remind folk that if they come our way we got something to share with them. For that was another of the whispers. That no one would ever come this long, stony way up Silence."

He turned to his bride where he knew she would be by his side. As though he were talking to himself he said, "The smoke-people have come—they are holding stars in the red of your hair, and by their light I can see you so plain. You are the loveliest bride on all the Seven Hills."

Every man and every woman listened, and they could tell he was surely seeing her so. And they sighed, because none of them could remember how strong the light of love was.

He was talking again, to her: "Do you want me to tell you what the smoke-people say?" Then he turned from her quickly and looked about the room as though suddenly he was conscious of the others.

"Get out!" he shouted at them. "All you strangers, get out! It's only my friends have a right to be in my home and hear the tales I have to tell. Get out! For my wife and I are going to dance at our wedding. We have the second day to finish and the third day to begin."

They got out. His voice was terrible, and the blankness of his eyes, and his hand hovering against the tomahawk in his belt. Not one person was left in the room except Aunt Middlin. She sat there nodding and smiling to herself. Then from out the door came a halloo, from beyond the crook in the path where a man could stop and ponder how he was coming.

ONE by one the hill folk returned. They met Liberty on the gallery, and they gave him their guns to hang on the pegs on the wall. And they asked could they dance at his wedding, and some other time when he was willing might they follow his firelight and come again to hear the stories he had to tell.

And the women folk gathered around to help Berry cook her first meal: ham-meat and beans and gravy and biscuit-bread. And the wedding music kept playing, this wedding music that was the wind singing in the trees. All over the hill called Silence it rose and fell as though it weren't enough for just humans to be happy, but every pine needle had to share in the music and the wonder of living.

Aunt Middlin followed the warmth and knelt by Berry cooking on her hearth. "Now do you understand what I meant by giving such hurt? Being a woman, I knew what you was trying to do, the gift of pride you were to give him. That was why I had to take it from him—so he could prove to you he didn't need it. It ain't a marriage gift at all. You can be certain sure of your man."

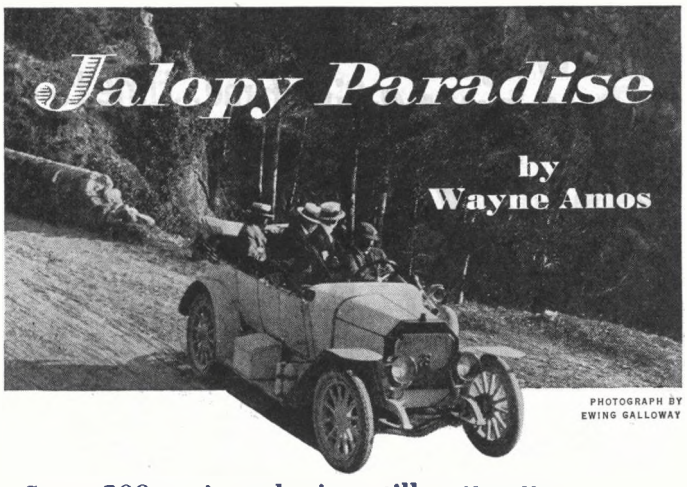
That was the last of all her dreams. She was certain sure of her man. There was a place for him in the Hills, for the mountain people loved nothing more than a story told, and the teller of it. They would walk miles just to listen. That was what he must have known when he made the smoke-people. Every time folk saw the mists they would think of what blind man's eyes can see, and maybe want to hear the tales he had to tell. She had all the women on all the Seven Hills wishing they were she.

That was the way Berry Norder's wedding came to be. The first day of it and the second day of it and the third. And when the little sedge broom was finally laid on the floor, pointing to the door and sending folk home, every man and every woman walking down the hill turned to look back at the window in the chimney. There was such a warm and lovely light living up on Silence.

THE END★★

Jalopy Paradise

by Wayne Amos



PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING GALLOWAY

Some 200 ancient chariots still putt-putt around the beautiful Spanish island of Majorca

ON THE Spanish island of Majorca, 100 miles out in the Mediterranean, I've found the darnedest museum of old American automobiles. Darnedest because these museum pieces are not on display behind glass—they run every day, darting among the donkey carts as lively as the day they left the factory. They are the taxis of Majorca, some 200 of them, not counting that many more ancient European models. In them you can ride a mile for a dime, and a 3-cent tip brings you a big smile.

Majorcans nurse these old jalopies along with the loving care of a duchess for her first-born, because getting cars into Spain, especially out to an island like this, has been next to impossible since before the Spanish civil war. The cars average about 25 years old. I even found one shiny Buick made in 1919.

My first morning in Palma, the island's capital and biggest city, I thought I had done a Rip Van Winkle in reverse and waked up 20 years or so back in the past. Mixed with the sounds of roosters crowing from the rooftops were the honks, aaOOOaa's, and buzzes of automobile horns dating back into the 1920's.

I dressed and hurried down to the street just in time to see a high-topped '22 or '23 Dodge jump around the corner with the vigor of a Kansas jack rabbit. Next came an Essex, a Pierce-Arrow, and a Peerless. They should have been in a side show, but instead they were well-loaded taxis arriving from the airport. They were followed by a European relic, a Citroen looking like a small canopied rowboat on wheels.

Then under the sycamore trees along Palma's main thoroughfare and promenade, the Avenue Generalissimo Franco, I spotted two long line-ups of taxis. I walked past them feeling right at home because here were all the cars I had grown up with. Besides Buicks, Studebakers, Hudsons, and Fords, I found such half-forgotten makes as Durant, Maxwell, Chandler, Stearns-Knight, Marmon, Paige, Overland, Whippet, Jewett, Stutz, Hupmobile, Locomobile, and Rickenbacker. There was even a Moon. Remember that one? The newest car in the line was a 1929 De Soto.

But near the front of the line I saw something *really* strange. A driver was building a fire in one of 3 metal tanks attached to a sort of trunk rack on the back of a jalopy I finally identified as a 1927 Erskine. For fuel he was using almond hulls which he carried in 3 burlap bags on the top of the car.

Smoke began to billow and when he got a good smudge pouring from a bright yellow fire he turned several gadgets, the smoke disappeared and he ran around and twisted the crank. The motor gave a couple of startled pops and began to whip over like a well-oiled egg beater. Then he turned off the motor and a yellow flame a foot long shot out of one of the tanks and burned merrily.

The driver had seen me watching.

"Gasogene," he said, and in amazingly good English, which he said he had learned at the local Berlitz school, he told me how it worked.

The fire creates a combustible gas which the spark plugs explode as if it were gasoline. Since almonds are one of the main crops raised on Majorca and the hulls cost only 2 cents a pound, the fuel bill is cut down to almost zero. Speed and power are cut down too, of course, but when the car "goes to sleep"on a hill the driver can switch to gasoline by turning a control on the dashboard. As you can imagine, this smoke-gas, even though it is filtered through 2 of the 3 tanks, creates a lot of motor carbon, which has to be removed about every 3,000 miles. About one-third of the cars on Majorca burn almond hulls for fuel.

I was about to take a ride in this almond-hull-burning contraption to see how it worked, when my American friends found me and hustled me off to breakfast. They were anxious to explore the island and had found we could rent a car and drive it ourselves.

In the garage office I asked the rent-a-car man what was the make and year of the car. He smiled proudly.

"Chevrolet," he said, pronouncing the "t" in what he thought was the American fashion, "made 1932."

My friends almost fell off their chairs.

"Good car," said the man, a bit hurt. "One of newest on Majorca."

He explained that a really new Chevrolet, with import duties and taxes, and the premium you would have to pay to change pesetas to dollars, would cost from $7,000 to $8,000. Nobody on Majorca had that kind of money for automobiles.

We rented the thing and it really scatted along, noisily but with gusto. It took us over wildly beautiful mountain roads where we could look down 2,000 feet to the Mediterranean dashing against the cliffs, and around bobby-pin curves where I was scared to death the steering wheel would twist off in my hands. It took us over the pass to the little dream port of Soller and back to Palma without boiling or using any oil.

It was indefatigable; it did a fine job. BUT, boy, does such an experience make you appreciate a late-model car! If you want to acquire a new affection for your family bus, even if it's a few years old, just hunt up a 20-year-old jalopy and drive it around a block. Your own car will seem like a magic carpet afterward.

After 2 weeks in Palma I was so used to these old jalopies I forgot modern cars. But just yesterday I had a thrilling awakening. I was sitting at a sidewalk café eating a dish of wild strawberries when around the corner came a dream, a black and chromium dream —a 1952 Cadillac convertible coupé a tourist had driven down from Paris and shipped out from Barcelona. Looking huge yet featherlight in its trimness, it backed into the parking space alongside a dozen of Majorca's perky little 1920 jalopies.

What a contrast! Never had the sudden advance of American engineering stood out in sharper perspective. A crowd of taxi drivers gathered immediately and I recognized my English-speaking Majorcan who drove the almond-burning 1927 Erskine.

"It is even more beautiful," he said after a reverent study. "Yes, it is even more beautiful than the new streamline train that runs from Madrid to Bilbao. But they are both miracles. I would not believe unless I saw."

Then, as if such an obvious explanation were entirely unnecessary, he added: "But after all—the train and this auto here—they were made in America."

As would any American, I felt a burst of pride.

How to Get Along in the Army

(*Continued from page* 21)

the "key" or not, but I can tell you I was as anxious to find out as anyone. I didn't want the draft to catch me. Frankly, I was scared. Somebody told me that by joining the National Guard and spending two weeks a year at maneuvers, I would be immune to the draft. That is, unless we got into a shooting war.

So I joined.

Perhaps you read what happened. The Korean War started. Right in the home stretch of the season, when the Phillies led the pennant race for the first time in 35 years and we were all as excited and edgy as greyhounds, my unit of the National Guard was activated.

That was it! There wasn't even time for me to finish out the season and play in the World Series, which, incidentally, the Phillies lost.

I think joining the National Guard, with the motives I had in mind, was my first mistake. I tried to outsmart myself. I should have taken my chance with the draft and let the chips fall where they would. Anything could have happened. I might even have gotten to play in the World Series, after all.

I think that day I left in September, 1950, was the worst day in my life. My unit was sent to Camp Atterbury, in Edinburg, Ind. It was a 24-hour trip in antique coaches—no place to sleep, no dining car, no modern comforts. As a member of a big-league ball team, I had been used to traveling in the most modern Pullmans and sleeping in de luxe hotels. As far as salary goes, I had exchanged a 5-figure income for $90 a month and the uniform of a private, first class. And just when my team needed me most I had left them out in the cold. I couldn't have felt lower. To make matters worse, one of the trains carrying part of our division to Atterbury got into a bad wreck that night, and 33 of our guys were killed. We were all depressed. I wondered how I'd ever got mixed up in this dismal business.

THE first day at camp is always the worst. Remember that!

In the case of our division, nothing had been set up for us. We got up at 4 A.M. and started unloading trucks. Among other things, I had to get down on my hands and knees and scrub floors with soap, brush, and water. I lived in a barracks room with about a hundred Joes, and it seemed as though I'd never have any privacy again as long as I lived.

We were kept plenty busy. We drilled. We took classes in military courtesy and guard duty. We spent hours on the rifle range. In general, we went through the usual business of basic training. Gradually—very gradually—things began to fall into a pattern, and this pattern gave us a certain sense of security.

Since I was known to be a professional athlete, I was assigned the job of giving setting-up exercises. But the Army didn't like the way I gave them. It wasn't the "Army way." The upshot was that I was sent to Fort Bragg, N. C., for 7 weeks to learn how to give GI calisthenics.

Strangely enough, when I came back, nothing more was said about the athletic program. It was just as though I had never been to Fort Bragg. "That's the Army for you," I said to my buddies. Instead, they put me in communications and made me a wire stringer. Mostly, I just ran after the truck, trailing wire. I didn't even get a chance to climb poles to prove my athletic ability. I cursed Army stupidity and griped harder than ever.

That winter was the worst. We got up at 4:45 A.M. and stayed out on the range all day in zero weather. We couldn't wait to get back to the "comfort" and warmth of the barracks. Funny how you appreciate a little thing like heat when you don't have it.

THERE was plenty of time to think, and although I didn't realize it at the time, I know now that this is one of the "plusses" of the Army. Being thrown into a completely different life gives a man a chance to think seriously about his future, what he wants to do with his career, what he hopes to accomplish. In the rush and hurry of civilian life we never seem to have a chance to really think things through.

This "thinking" on my part led me to what I mentioned earlier as the big "plus" of my Army career. I decided to get married.

I knew I wanted a family and kids, and I knew I wanted to marry the girl I had always gone with—Dorothy Ludwig, from my hometown. But until I got into the Army I had put it off. Life was moving too fast for me. Now that I'd had a chance to think things through, I asked Dorothy to marry me. She agreed, and we were married last September, on a 14-day pass. Dorothy blames our marriage entirely on my stint in the Army, and says she's very much in favor of the draft.

Not long before we got married, things began to look up for me at Atterbury. Just when I was sure that the Army had forgotten all about my Fort Bragg course, along came orders to transfer me to "special service."

This meant that I was relieved of wire-stringing and was allowed to devote myself to setting up athletic programs for the base. Besides being the kind of work that appealed to me, it also gave me a chance to keep my arm in shape against the day that I could return to the Phillies and pitch ball again.

By this time most of us had gotten "shaken down" and were doing things, more or less, that we would be doing for the rest of our Army careers. Along toward the end of the summer we went down to North Carolina on maneuvers for a few weeks. We also got word that we would soon be going overseas to Germany.

In November we boarded a transport and shoved off. I had never been on a

ship before, and I can't deny that I was excited. I was seasick for three days, but when the ocean stopped rolling I really enjoyed the trip. I would never have admitted it to the Army, of course, but I can say it now.

When we reached our station in Germany—the little town of Goeppingen, 30 miles south of Stuttgart—my job was to set up an athletic program. I found there was no gymnasium available, and no equipment had arrived. A situation like this might have frustrated me a few months earlier, but by this time I had learned to expect anything. In the Army, you sway with the breeze and try not to get excited. Eventually, the equipment arrived, we improvised a gymnasium, and a winter basketball tournament got under way.

Meanwhile, I got a three-day pass and went to Switzerland. I had never expected to get to Europe in my life, and the whole thing struck me as pretty wonderful. In Switzerland, I bought a lot of clocks and watches, and shipped them back to my wife and family. They weren't satisfied. I had to go back and get more. I also got a chance to spend some leave in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, the place where the winter Olympics were once held. This I enjoyed as much as anything I saw in Europe.

In Germany, everybody carries a brief case and looks important. This is the country that my ancestors came from (they're "Pennsylvania Dutch"), and a lot of people expected me to be able to speak the language. I couldn't, but I was able to fool some of my buddies, even if I didn't fool the Germans. I was particularly impressed by the efficiency everywhere. When a train is supposed to leave at 2:06, it's a good idea to get there at 2:05. The train is sure to leave at exactly 2:06.

My time was supposed to be up in June of this year, but it began to look as though most of us would get out a little sooner, as replacements became available.

One red-letter day last April, when spring was in the air and I was doing what came naturally, i.e., throwing a baseball, the captain called me over and said, "Simmons, we just got a 'twitch' from headquarters. You're flying home in three days!"

I threw my glove into the air, let out a whoop, and ran to the barracks to start packing.

The Army was as good as its word. Three days later I went to Frankfurt and flew to Washington, D.C., on a C-97 Air Force Stratocruiser. There I found my wife, my mother, and my father waiting for me. Three days later they discharged me at Camp Kilmer, N. J. I was back in civvies again, ready to go to work for the Phillies. . . .

I am writing this only a few weeks after that blessed day of release, and the experience I had in the Army is still fresh and real enough for me not to look back on it with any rose-colored glasses. As I sum it up, three things I griped about most come to mind: (1) getting up early, (2) the chow, and (3) the lack of privacy.

But if I'm to be fair, I must admit that these things, unpleasant as they were at the time, were not wholly bad. The getting up early did nothing to undermine my health, and the food managed to keep me in tiptop physical condition. (I actually gained five pounds in the Army.) As for the lack of privacy, the only thing I can say about that is that it taught me to appreciate something I had always taken for granted as a civilian.

On the plus side of the ledger, there were quite a few positive advantages. First of these for me, of course, was getting married. I think the Army gave me an opportunity to think a lot about the *real* values in life and taught me to drive for what I really wanted. *You* may not get married, but you'll probably have a clearer idea of what you want to do with your life.

It sounds trivial, but the Army taught me to appreciate the little things in life. Believe it or not, I actually learned to *like* shining my own shoes. When I went into the Army that was always something for somebody else to do. In the service I not only learned to shine my shoes, but to take pride in getting a higher polish on them than the next guy. This attitude extended not only to my shoes, but to all my equipment: my rifle, uniforms, belt, etc. It struck me as funny how much pleasure I would often get out of some simple everyday thing which in civilian life I never gave a second thought to.

Aside, of course, from such obvious advantages as getting a free trip to Europe, the Army also offered me a chance to keep in condition for the career I wanted to pursue when I got out. Now, this doesn't happen to every man going into the service, but I do think it can happen to a lot of draftees. In the beginning months, of course, you are too busy getting indoctrinated and "shaken down" to think about keeping up with your profession, but sooner or later the dust settles and you may have that opportunity.

Career-wise, I wanted to do nothing but play ball. Therefore, I concentrated on keeping my pitching arm in shape. But other fellows did other things. I know of one guy who was interested in stocks and bonds. He wrote to a big investment house, and they sent him a lot of books to read and figures to pore over. He kept up a correspondence with them, and impressed them so much that when he got out they gave him a job. I know of another man who got interested in the ministry. He took some correspondence courses through the Army and is now enrolled in Union Theological Seminary.

Although my own career was mapped out for me and I was not particularly interested in the Army's education program, I was amazed to learn what the service will do for a man along these lines.

If a fellow really wants to, he can get an entire formal education—up to and including college—right in the Army. Furthermore, it costs almost nothing. Every base has some classes running at all times, depending on what the men want to take—typewriting, English literature, mathematics, physics, history, shorthand, Russian, and other subjects. Many colleges near Army bases run extension courses right at camp. I know of one guy at Fort Dix who has completed 40 courses in the Army and is about to get his diploma from Rutgers University through the extension they run at the base.

Most bases give what they call "General Educational Development" tests at the completion of the courses they run. These tests are recognized by many states in the granting of high-school diplomas, as well as by the United States Civil Service Commission. They are also recognized by most state universities, including such top-ranking institutions as the Universities of Chicago, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Washington, Illinois, and New York University.

In addition, the service runs correspondence courses through its famed United States Armed Forces Institute (better known as USAFI). Since this was started in 1941, more than 2,000,000 soldiers, sailors, marines, and airmen have enrolled. For a payment of $2, a man or woman in the armed forces can take hundreds of courses on such widely different subjects as auto mechanics, commercial art, dairy farming, plumbing, French grammar, Diesel engines, theology, and arc welding.

These are essentially the same courses which the commercial correspondence schools charge $60 to $200 a course for. And while we're on the subject of correspondence courses, let's not forget that some of the best-known men in America

have been successful correspondence-school graduates, among them John Garand, who developed the standard infantry rifle, Andrew Jackson Higgins, the shipbuilding magnate, Eddie Rickenbacker, the Eastern Airlines head, Philip Murray, the CIO leader, and Arthur Godfrey, whose income from radio and television is said to be $800,000 a year.

Of course, you are apt to ask—and rightly, too—what if I get sent to the front lines in Korea?

I'll admit the boys trading artillery shells with the Reds don't take many courses in French or math or plumbing. The only thing they learn is how to win battles and how to survive. And I'll admit, too, that I was lucky in being sent to an area that turned out to be completely quiet.

But the fact is that comparatively few men ever *do* get sent to battle areas. Even in an all-out war, only 10 per cent of the armed forces ever see combat. The chances are at least 9 to 1 that you won't, either. And so, if you want to get an education, the only thing you'll have to combat is the crap game, the movies, the beer halls, and your own natural tendency to goof off. The opportunities to learn something useful are there, if you've got enough guts and gumption to take advantage of them.

Quite apart from the regular educational channels, however, I suppose we all know fellows in the service who have worked out their own careers and destinies in their own highly individual way.

I know of a two-piano team, Whittemore and Lowe, who were practically unknown when they went into the Navy. After three years in "special service" as enlisted men, playing together, perfecting their technique, and giving hundreds of concerts for servicemen, they became so well known that when they got out they had a fat contract and a long concert tour waiting for them. Of course, there's the classic example of Bill Mauldin, the cartoonist, and Marion Hargrove, the writer, whose careers were built entirely on their Army experience.

And, for every one of these famous people, there are thousands of obscure Joes who have worked out their careers in less spectacular but equally satisfactory fashion. Like the fellow I heard of the other day who learned everything he knew about acetylene welding in the Army, and now has his own welding shop back home.

STRANGELY enough, the Army sometimes does an important service in a negative way by deciding for us what we *don't* want to do. I know of one guy who was a successful pharmaceutical chemist, earning a good salary, when he was drafted. But he was on the verge of ulcers. In the Army, he decided his trouble was his job. He hated chemistry. He had only studied it to please his parents. He'd always enjoyed music, and now he's giving piano lessons. He's earning much less money but he's completely happy, and his ulcers have vanished.

In other words, your Army "tour" need not be a complete waste. You may just want to lie in the sack, gripe all day, and do nothing but wait for the day you get out. Believe me, this is the hard way to get along in the Army.

Someone asked me the other day what hints I would give my younger brother if he were about to go into the service. Well, I don't have a younger brother, but if I did I'd sum it up somewhat as follows:

1. Don't try to outsmart yourself by avoiding the draft. You may regret it. Let it hit you *when* it hits you.

2. Keep your mouth shut. Don't volunteer for anything, unless you're sure of what it is and what the consequences are.

3. Don't lose your temper with the sergeant. The Navy has a colorful way of putting this: "If it moves, salute it. If it doesn't move, paint it."

4. Don't worry. Let the Army do your worrying for you. Take things easy, and roll with the punches.

5. If you're draft-ripe, don't take on a lot of money obligations. Try to get your affairs in order, so that the wrench from civilian life won't be too painful. Don't buy a car, or a television set, or start building a house. The payments will be a worry to you all the time you're in the service. Even in the matter of getting married, I'd think about it for a few months *in the service* first. You may change your mind. If you really love her, the feeling will grow, not lessen, in the Army.

6. Try to live on your Army pay. I got $90 a month when I went in, and I was making $146 as a sergeant when I came out. Any money you can save will come in handy when you go back to the expensive business of being a civilian.

7. Take advantage of everything the Army has to offer. If you always wanted to improve your English, or brush up on math, or learn to speak Russian, do it in the service. You'll have more free time then. By the same token, if you get to Europe, or the Orient, or the Caribbean, take advantage of those three-day passes to do a little sight-seeing and broaden your knowledge of the world.

8. Don't feel you're wasting your time. This collapses your morale quicker than a pin in a balloon. No experience, however dull, is really wasted if you don't want it to be. When the whole thing's over, you'll realize you got more out of it than you thought.

9. Keep busy. You can "hit the rocks" (go crazy) in a hurry if you don't keep yourself occupied. If the Army by any chance doesn't keep you busy enough, talk to the education adviser and take a few courses.

10. Try to get to know at least several people well in the service. I made friends of several guys I expect to be buddies of mine the rest of my life. One of them, Willard Baker, I may be able to help. He was drafted just after getting out of college. He's a pretty good ballplayer and he always wanted to try out for the big leagues. Naturally, when he went into the Army for a couple of years he thought that was the end of that. But I've arranged for him to get a tryout with the Phillies. I don't know whether he'll end up in the majors or not, but at least he'll get a try. That was something, incidentally, he never thought would happen when he went into the Army.

11. Above all, don't feel sorry for yourself. A lot of folks said I had more to lose than most people when the Army got me. I believed this for a while until I looked around me. Then I realized that to a guy going to school, working in a factory, or starting a small business, his work is just as important as anyone's. Many of the fellows around me had families to support and heavy financial burdens. My troubles were really small. I had a job waiting for me, some money in the bank, and (later on) a wife to come home to. A lot of your troubles will seem smaller if you look at it this way.

In short, all I can say to you fellows who are worried about the draft, and whose families are worried about the draft, is: Stop worrying! It's something that has to be done, and, like most jobs, it's not so bad when you really get down to it.

I can't honestly tell you that the Army is—well—a ball game. But I *can* tell you that it doesn't need to be a rainout. There are hits as well as errors, and the chances are that quite a few of you will come back with a home run or two to your credit.

THE END★★

Philippine Play-off

(*Continued from page* 31)

and Pete lived in the clubhouse and reported to the golf course. But he was still as much a part of the group as he had ever been.

He saw George Gould, the company supervisor, at the bar, and squeezed in beside him. The gray-haired man raised his glass to him.

"What's new?" Pete asked.

Gould put his glass down. "I'm glad you asked that," he said. "You've asked that every day since you quit and there was never anything new. Tonight there is. Do you remember Miss Ryan, Hammond's right-hand girl, as it were?"

Pete lit a cigarette. "I remember some efficiency beaver named Ryan who used to write bulletins and sarcastic letters about 'Why aren't your reports in, Mr. Martin?' That one?"

"That one," Gould said, and he took Pete's arm and dragged him through the crowd to a corner where Willie Sheldon and Delaney and about fifteen more were trying to crowd around one table.

Gould forced a passage through. "Miss Ryan," he said, "here is someone that you've been anxious to meet. You used to correspond with him about reports. Pete Martin."

Pete couldn't see her until Gould stepped back, and then he couldn't say anything. She was young and she was very pretty. They stared, the way two people will who have had an entirely different picture of each other.

"Oh," she said. "You're the one that's gone native. I expected to find

you going barefooted, with your rags beating you to death."

"I do all right," Pete said, smiling.

"You can repeat that," Bob Delaney threw in. "But I'd rather dance with you, Miss Ryan, than discuss it. Excuse us, native."

"When we have the native dances," Pete told the girl, "I'll save one for you."

"I'll wait," she said, and moved off with Delaney.

Pete turned to George Gould. "What," he demanded, "is she doing here?"

"There's something in the wind, Pete. I don't know just what," George answered. "Hammond's been sick for a long time. He can't get around the way he used to, so he sends his trusted lieutenant. I also imagine a little morale boost was intended, don't you?"

"Probably," Pete agreed. "How's your morale, George?"

Gould was watching the girl dancing with Delaney. "Rotten," he said. "I'm too conscious of my gray hair." They turned their backs on Ann Ryan and found a place at the bar.

"I saw in the paper that Forshay is leading the Miami Open. You know him, Pete?" George asked.

Pete nodded. "I beat him twice when we were in college." He turned and watched the dancers.

"I often wondered," George said, "why you didn't stick to golf in the first place."

Pete shrugged. "You know how it is. My folks wanted me to get an education. Then the Army got me, then Hammond."

"So you had to come all the way out here to find out what you wanted to do."

Pete Martin did not want to talk about it, but it gave him a chance to watch Ann Ryan. "It afforded an opportunity I'd never had," he said. "Here I can practice till my golf is right, and when I'm ready I can go home and have a crack at Forshay and the rest of them."

THE orchestra was taking a break and the girl was back at the table surrounded by engineers. Her presence kept bothering Pete and finally dragged him back to her chair.

"The native dance," he told her as the orchestra resumed their places, "is about to begin."

She laughed and stood up. "It sounds like a rumba."

"Doesn't everything they play?" He turned his head to look at her. "I'm not so sure now that crack about going native was planted by Delaney or one of those guys."

"You're right," she told him. "Mr. Hammond said it when he got your resignation. I hope my bulletins didn't drive you to it."

"No," he assured her, "but it was nice of you to come all the way out here to say so."

Ann Ryan looked up at him and smiled. "I'll admit that I did want to talk to you while I was here."

"You'll admit," he corrected, "that Old Man Hammond asked you to talk to me. But if you must talk—" He moved her expertly toward the terrace and into the coolness that is Baguio at night.

Pete found a bench and they sat down. Experimentally he slid an arm around her, and deftly she moved away.

"Why did you leave Hammond?" she asked him.

He sighed. "I got sick of engineering, I guess. I got sick of the Hammond Construction Company."

"Hammond," she defended, "is well known for good employee relations."

He held up his hand. "I took that course," he said. "Junior executive training. Hammond runs his outfit just like the Army, and I graduated from the Army. I was a sanitation officer."

"Mr. Hammond invested a certain amount of money in your training," she told him. "He also thought highly of your ability as an engineer. Yet you left without a satisfactory reason."

She dug out a cigarette, and Pete lit it. "I've already told you. Too much like the Army. Look; with Hammond I felt that I was still the Sanitation Officer; George was the C.O.; you were the Efficiency and Morale Officer."

"What do you do now?"

"Play golf most of the time," he said. "Do you play golf?"

"I used to play a lot," she told him. "I was the only girl that ever made the Rockport high-school team."

"Quite a distinction," Pete said. "Too bad Hammond caught you and put you to work. You might have been good."

"I still like to play."

"We'll make a match," he said, more eagerly than he had intended. "You and I will play any two of those sharks in there."

"I'd enjoy playing the course," she admitted, "but I'll probably be rotten. If you think that you can carry me you must be pretty good."

"Very good," he corrected.

She laughed. "If modesty ever touched you, it didn't leave any mark."

"Modesty," he told her, "has nothing to do with it. Everybody is good at something. With me it's golf." She stood up. "You're not going?"

"Mr. Gould is waiting for me. I haven't even checked into the hotel yet."

"All right, Miss Ryan. We'll have to wait till tomorrow."

"Were you thinking of playing now, Mr. Martin?" she asked.

He took her by the shoulders and turned her around so that she was facing the moonlit golf course. "Wouldn't you like to?"

She turned around and looked at him, the hint of a smile on her lips. "Tomorrow will be fine," she said slowly, and went back inside the clubhouse.

A FEW minutes later, at the bar, Pete cornered Delaney and Willie Sheldon. They were the logical ones to play this match. He had never had any trouble beating Delaney, and anyone who had ever played in high school could beat Willie. Both were loaded with dough.

"You're looking at a guy," he told them, "who is going to play golf with Miss Ryan tomorrow."

Delaney looked at him enviously. "You don't waste any time, do you?"

"Let's make it a foursome, Pete," Sheldon suggested. "You wouldn't have any fun just watching a girl hackin' and missin' all over the lot."

Pete grinned. "I've played with you long enough to be hardened to it. If she never swung a club, I'll bet she could beat you."

"You'll bet how much?" Willie said.

"Now, don't get your back up," Pete told him. "I'll tell you what I'll do: Miss Ryan and I will play the two of you."

Sheldon looked at Delaney and pointed at Pete. "Partners," he said. "Buddy-buddy. He's going to show her what a sport he is. Shall we take him?"

Delaney bowed solemnly. "We'll take him. For two hundred pesos a side. If he wants to be a hero, it costs him."

"I'll take it," Pete said, "but don't let her know. She'd probably blow wide open if she knew that there was that much dough on it."

"Don't worry," Delaney told him. "She probably can't hit the ground with her hat." . . .

ANN RYAN turned out to be a pretty good golfer, better, even, than Pete had guessed. Her drives and her longer irons were wild, but around the green she was as coolly capable as she was in Hammond's office, and she played all out. If Pete had a hard putt to get down, she would watch him with her teeth and both fists clenched, a competitive young woman who would fight for every point.

The match was the most enjoyable Pete had ever played. Ann Ryan's grin told him that she had enjoyed it as much as he, and when they walked off the green, the winners, they were old friends.

"All right," she said. "You're good."

"I had a good partner," he told her, and he meant it.

"We've been took," Sheldon said sadly. "How about nine more?"

She shook her head. "I have to get right over to Mr. Gould's office."

"I'll drive you," Pete said quickly. "You fellows go right ahead."

If she noticed that he commandeered one of Hammond's jeeps, she didn't comment on it. "You like to play golf, don't you?" he observed.

"I love it," she said, "but I don't have much time any more."

"You should resign, then," Pete said.

"And be a bum? I don't think I'd be good at it."

"Don't worry," he assured her; "I can teach you." The ride was too short, they were already in front of George's office. "How about another match tomorrow?" Pete asked.

She laughed. "I still have to work."

"After work, then, wage slave. Have dinner with me?"

"I'd like to," she said, "but Mr. Gould has so much for me to go over, I really can't."

He shook his head. "I can hear the fetters clanking," he said, and put the car in gear.

She hesitated, watching him. "I did say that I'd *like* to, Pete."

He grinned. "Okay, Ann. Whenever you can make it." . . .

They played two more matches that week and won them both, and on Saturday afternoon Pete was waiting for her on the clubhouse veranda more impa-

tiently than he had ever waited for anyone in his life. Finally he heard the sharp click of her spikes on the wide boards and turned to watch her come toward him. She was wearing a crazy Filipino hat that somehow looked cute on her.

"You look like the one who's gone native," he told her, but she was not smiling.

"I'm not going to play with you," she announced, and he saw that beneath the jaunty straw hat her blue eyes were cold. He tried to disregard them.

"Old Man Hammond forbid it?"

"You were using me to get bets," she accused him hotly. "You were using me for a—a stool pigeon."

"For a decoy?" he suggested helpfully.

"For a decoy." She came around his chair and stood in front of him. "Mr. Martin," she said, "ever since you left Hammond, you've been making your living by winning money from your friends on this golf course. More money, I'm told, than Mr. Hammond paid you. How long are you going to continue to bleed these men like this?"

"You make it sound as though I was picking their pockets," Pete objected. "I suppose as morale officer you feel that you should do something about it, but you can't stop men from gambling, even if they work for Hammond."

She looked at him levelly. "Pete, I could picture you as just about anything but a parasite."

"Wait a minute, Annie. That's a little rough. What do you want me to do—give them their money back?"

"Yes," she said. "And don't make any more matches—and don't call me 'Annie.' Don't speak to me at all!"

She could not have named three things that he was less likely to do, but as he watched her walk out to the practice tee, he felt as though he had just blown a short putt on the last hole for the National Open Tournament. He had expected her to be sore if she found out, but he wasn't prepared for this "never darken my door again" anger. He was about to follow her when a Filipino waiter intercepted him.

"Señor Martin," he said, "Señor Gould wishes to speak to you. He is in the bar."

Reluctantly Pete followed him. He found George Gould at a table behind a pitcher of beer and sat down. "Well," he asked, "what's on your mind?"

George poured beer into two tall glasses and leaned back. "Just this," he said quietly. "Hammond has made me a proposition."

"Yeah?" Pete said. "Like what?"

"General Manager," George told him. "Complete charge."

Pete put his glass down and whistled softly. "That *is* news, George. That's great! Hammond couldn't have gotten a better one. That'll mean the States, won't it? I'm going to miss you."

"I can pick my own assistant, too, Pete," George said. "How about coming with me?"

Pete stared at him. "Me?"

"Look, Pete," George said quickly; "Hammond can be sold on it. He will listen to me and he listens to Ann Ryan—"

"That would kill it," Pete said. "She thinks I'm a parasite."

"No," George said definitely. "She gave you a good report. She said that the responsibility was all that you needed."

She may have been for it yesterday, Pete was thinking, but not now. It made it more difficult to refuse. He shook his head slowly. "I appreciate it, George, but I'm a golfer, not an engineer."

"We're sanding down the banister . . ."

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY AL KAUFMAN

Gould sighed. "You're a good engineer, Pete, or I wouldn't have asked you."

"It was forced on me," Pete told him. "I was shoved into an engineering school; then the Army kept me in it, and then Hammond—"

"Look, Pete," Gould persisted; "we've played a lot of golf and we've had a lot of fun, but I don't have to tell you that there is a world of difference between golf and tournament golf. You're good. You can hit every shot in the bag—here. But up there you need a lot more."

"Yes," Pete said, "but I'll never know till I get there. I'm sorry, George."

Pete sat there for a long time after Gould had gone, staring at the polished surface of the table. Then he got up and went out to the practice tee. For once in his life he was anxious to make an explanation.

Ann Ryan was still there. She was hitting iron shots. He sat down on the grass beside the tee.

"Annie," he said, "I'm going to come clean."

She hit another shot as though she had not heard him, but the shot was bad.

"Cut your back swing," he suggested. "Hit it with your hands and your wrists."

She didn't answer, but he noticed that the swing was shorter and the shot had more snap.

"All your conclusions to the contrary," he told her, "I didn't quit Hammond to be a golf bum." She went right on as though he wasn't there. "I practice four hours every day and play the rest of the time. I work harder than I did when I was with Hammond. I just changed my occupation. I win a little money at it, sure, but gambling is the favorite pastime here. If I didn't get it, the cockfights or the dice game would."

"What," she asked without looking at him, "brought on this sudden desire to tell all?"

"I was just talking to George. He told me that you'd recommended me for that job."

She hit another shot. "That," she said crisply, "was a matter of business. If Mr. Gould wanted you I was not going to object." It sounded official, but no longer angry.

"A long time ago," he said, "I was going to be a top golfer."

"When I was a kid," she told him, "I was going to be a movie star. This isn't just a game of golf. This represents a future. Do you realize that you'll be only one step from the top?"

"No, Annie," he said quietly, "my future, if I have one, is on a golf course. When I'm ready I'm going home and have a try at the big time."

"And I was beginning to like you," she said unbelievingly. "I was almost ready to apologize. If you mean what you say you'd have gone before now."

He was sure that he could make her see it. "Annie," he said, "I'm not so foolish as to think that I'm going to win the first tournament I enter. I have to have enough money to stand off a year, maybe two—"

"No," she said flatly. "You're not

going anywhere. You like it too well here. It's always summertime and the pickin's are easy. You'll stay as long as the suckers will support you." . . .

She avoided him persistently after that, and so successfully that he was possessed by a fear that she had gone home. Frantically he called George Gould.

"She's around," George told him. "Had to go down to Manila for a couple of days. Anything I can do for you?" And then he laughed like an idiot and Pete hung up.

When he finally did see her they were on the course and she was playing in a foursome with Sheldon and Delaney and a little man who looked like a Japanese. She pretended not to see Pete, and when he got in none of them were in the clubhouse. He spent the evening playing poker with the engineers and wishing that Hammond had sent Ann Ryan to the Aleutians in the first place.

She came in around midnight with Delaney and Sheldon. He knew she was in the room even before he saw her. Delaney came over and stood behind his chair. "Our Japanese friend had a seventy-three, Pete," he said.

Pete tossed in his cards. "So what?"

"Just thought you'd like to know. They're a little scarce around here, barring you."

"He must have been lucky," Pete said ungraciously. "Let's see the card."

"C'mon," Delaney invited, and led him back to their table. "Mr. Big," he announced, "doesn't believe that anyone but himself can break eighty around here. Show him the card, Willie."

It was a nice card for a stranger over a tricky course, but Pete tossed it back disdainfully. "You guys were conceding some large putts," he told them. He looked at Ann Ryan.

"All putts holed," she said. "It's as it looks."

"He's over here on business," Sheldon volunteered. "A Nisei Jap with a lot of dough."

PETE snorted. "He's a brave little man," he said. "He's liable to get his head lopped off around here."

Delaney shrugged his shoulders. "He's pretty well known," he said. "He's also a lad that could give you a rough time."

Pete lit a cigarette. Their high regard for this Jap was beginning to annoy him. "Are you just making conversation, Robert," he asked, "or is that an opinion that you'd back with anything substantial?"

"I guess we could arrange a match tomorrow," Delaney answered calmly.

Ann Ryan fingered the table meditatively and said to no one in particular, "That little man has the deadliest putter I've ever seen. I'd bet on him myself."

"Oh?" Pete said. "What happened to your crusade against gambling?"

"Only the kind of gambling where the same person always wins," she said.

Pete turned back to Delaney. "Well," he asked, "how much will you risk on this hot rock?"

"I might go for a couple of hundred."

Pete raised his eyebrows. "You must really like him. How about you, Willie?"

"I'll take another hundred," Sheldon said promptly.

Pete did not notice the waiter at his elbow till he spoke. "Señor Martin," he whispered, "Cipriano is in the kitchen. He must speak to you." Cipriano was Pete's caddy, but he couldn't imagine what he wanted. "Tell him I'm busy," he said. He turned back to Delaney. "How do you want this match?" he asked.

"Thirty-six holes. Match play all right?"

Pete nodded. "Since Miss Ryan is giving official sanction," he said, "round up the boys and see if they want anything. We'll make this an event."

The waiter was hovering over him like a persistent fly. "Señor Martin," he begged, "Cipriano must see you at once. It is of importance, he says."

Pete was about to shoo him away, but Cipriano was no fool. He wouldn't bother him if it was not necessary. He stood up and shoved his wallet across the table to Ann Ryan. Like most gamblers he carried his stake with him. "There's five thousand in there," he said airily. "See that everyone gets what he wants." If he had hoped to impress her, it was wasted.

"Dollars or pesos?" she asked.

PETE went out, and found Cipriano nervously pacing the kitchen. "What's bothering you?" he demanded.

"Señor Martin," the Filipino said, "do not bet with the Jop."

"Relax," Pete told him. "He's just another tourist."

"Oh, no," the caddie yelled. "These is not tourist. These is Fujita. Big pro. These Jop is number one."

Pete grabbed his arm. "Are you sure?"

Cipriano spread his hands helplessly. "Of course, sure. I have seen him play many times."

If Cipriano said he was good, then he was good. Probably better than that seventy-three indicated, and he had just left his wallet with Ann Ryan! Pete ran for the bar, but when he reached it Ann was sitting alone, figuring on a menu. He had not been gone long, he thought with relief. He could cut this short before it was too late.

"Well," he asked cheerfully, "how much did we get covered?"

She let him sweat and went on with her figures. "All," she said finally, "but about ten pesos."

The glass almost fell out of his hand. "They didn't have time!" he protested.

She looked up at him. "They're quick to take up a fair bet," she told him. "Don't worry; you still have ten pesos."

"With your efficiency record," he said, "you should have been able to find someone to take it."

The bartender came quietly from behind the bar. "Señor Martin," he said, "if you will permit me, I will take it. The señor is good, but these Jop—"

Everybody, Pete thought, knew it but him.

Ann stood up. "That makes everybody happy," she said. "I'll put the money in Mr. Gould's safe. Good night, Mr. Martin."

Pete went to his room. He had made a bad match, but not an impossible one. He felt that he could beat this Jap, but not so strongly that he wanted to risk his whole stake on it. He'd been conned. He got into bed, but his body wouldn't relax, his mind wouldn't stop racing. Sheldon and Delaney had brought the Jap here; they were so sure that he'd bite that they had the bets made beforehand—no, not Delaney and Sheldon. Ann Ryan. She'd been to Manila.

He'd walked into a dead fall, a trap set by Ann Ryan. It was a situation that called for violent action but provided no outlet. He got up, pulled on a pair of shorts, and went out to the porch. He sat down in a wicker chair and lit a cigarette. An hour later he was still sitting there, still smoking, and no nearer a solution. He felt exhausted, and suddenly he fell asleep in his chair.

When he awoke he thought that the place was on fire. Everything was blazing-red. It took him some time to penetrate the red haze, and then slowly he realized that the rising sun was shining right in his eyes. His head ached and he could not get his eyes in focus. His body was stiff when he got up and went into the house. He put on a pot of coffee and took a shower. He drank most of the coffee, dressed, and went out onto the deserted golf course.

The fresh smell of early morning, before the sun had dried the grass, helped some, but not much. He hit a few shots tentatively, but he felt incapable of concentration and went over to the clubhouse. Cipriano gave him a sharp look, went behind the bar, and came back with a drink that burned like fire, but Pete swallowed it and lay down to wait for the match, trying to figure what had made him sit up, half naked, all night. Was it one more attempt to low-rate the Jap, or to provide some sort of alibi if he lost? Or was it Ann Ryan's smile when he fell for her ringer? This was getting closer to the truth than he wanted to come. He gave it up and tried to sleep. . . .

FUJITA, he learned when they met on the first tee, was a very amiable fellow. He was delighted with the prospects of the match and insisted that Pete take the honor on the first hole. Pete wished he would drop dead, but rather than take part in a debate he walked out to tee his ball. They were all there; the gallery looked like a Hammond outing, and they all looked as happy as Fujita. "Maybe," he thought, "I'll wipe some of those grins off before we're through," and he hit his drive and watched it rise straight and long down the fairway.

Fujita was enchanted. It was a wonderful shot. Worthy of the greatest golfers of America. Pete stepped back. This might not be so bad. This guy was a screwball. Maybe he had them all fooled. Then Fujita walked up to his ball and hit it just as straight and about thirty yards farther than his, and Pete knew that whatever else he was, he was a golfer and it would be bad. Real bad.

It was. The Jap was a real machine when he wasn't capering around admiring the pretty flowers. All Pete could do was try to hang on, which wasn't enough. They finished the first eighteen

with Fujita four up and then went to lunch. Pete went up to his room and lay down, and wondered what strange force had ever made him want to be a tournament golfer.

A knock sounded lightly on the door, and George Gould came in with a pot of coffee and some sandwiches.

"Tough, ain't it?"

Pete sighed and reached for the coffee. "Yeah," he said. "It's tough."

"What's bothering you, Pete?"

Pete studied the coffee cup. "They must have figured I'd fold when the going got tough, or they wouldn't have put up so much dough. That's bothering me, George."

Gould looked at him sadly. "Pete, are you sure you won't come with me? Engineering is a lot easier."

Pete shook his head. "If I lose this one," he said, "I'll scrape up the money somehow. I've got to have a shot at it, George, or all my life I'll be wondering if I could have made it."

Gould nodded and put out his hand. "Good luck, Pete," he said.

After he was gone, Pete began replaying the match. It took him a long time to find the flaw, because it was not in his shots but in his head. He was bothered about too many things. You have to close your mind to every other thing in the world but the shot you're about to hit. He sat up and poured himself more coffee. . . .

They resumed at three o'clock. Fujita seemed as fresh as some of the flowers he admired, and hit his shots with the zest that he'd shown at the start. Pete had to do a lot of scrambling to hold on, but he felt better. He wiped the grinning little man and the rest of them right out of his mind and played the course, and it began to show results. At the fifth he got a hole back, and at the seventh, another. Now he no longer saw the gallery, except, once in a while, Ann Ryan. She watched unsmiling.

They tied five holes running, and then Fujita, who had lost interest in the blossoms, won the 13th, but Pete came right back and won the 16th and stood on the 17th, dormie. Two down and two holes left to play. He stood there, more tired than he had ever been in his life and doggedly hit his drive with every ounce of power that he had left. It was a tremendous shot. It carried clear of the trees that cut off the green to the right, and then the wind got to it and it began to drift to the left. It landed on the fairway, took a sharp left kick, and disappeared into the trees. There was an audible groan from the gallery, but Pete didn't hear it.

Fujita hit his down the middle and, with no chance for the green, played his second to the edge. Pete walked to Cipriano, who was waiting under the trees beside his ball, and looked over the situation. He was so tired that his hands were trembling.

His shot had deserved better than it had gotten; but for that bad kick it would have been on the fairway. The way the ball was now it looked hopeless—the branches would trap it as soon as it got into the air and he couldn't play safe. Fujita was already safe and Pete had to win the hole to keep the match alive. He had to go for it. He pulled out a club and stood back, and as he did he saw the girl on the edge of the crowd with both fists clenched, and he stopped. He was looking right into Ann Ryan's eyes, and there was no mistaking it. She was rooting for him.

When he turned back to the shot, it didn't look so impossible, and he hit it as well as it could have been hit. He heard it rip through the leaves and heard the yell from the crowd. He dropped to his knees in time to see it hit on the apron and climb the bank of the green.

Fujita set his smiling mask and hit his approach stone dead, but he was too late. Pete got his putt and the match was still alive. It was still alive on the card, but Fujita was doomed. You can't stave off a man who keeps coming on from behind like that. It took two extra holes, but Pete had him.

He shook hands with the little Jap and let him do the talking. Never had Fujita played such a match and never did he want another. If it had gone farther, he would have dropped to the turf. Fujita looked as though he meant it, and Pete was suddenly very fond of this little man.

"I'll meet you in the bar," he told him. "Don't go away." First he had to find Ann Ryan, but he had to fight his way out of the crowd.

"What a bunch of jerks we are," Delaney told him as he struggled to get away, "rooting against our own money, but it was worth it, you louse."

Pete ran through the bar, but she wasn't there. At the foot of the stairs the barefooted waiter pointed a thumb upward. He raced up the stairs. Ann was sitting in his room.

"There's a lynch mob out there," he told her. "What's your excuse?"

"I haven't got one," she said. "I just messed up everything."

"Be more specific, Miss Ryan."

"I wanted the fellows to get their money back from you and I've only caused them to lose more. You see, I paid Fujita to come up here from Manila."

"For which you will, no doubt, be everlastingly ashamed of yourself?"

She didn't hear him. "And worse than that," she continued, "when I saw the way you were fighting to win that match, I began to believe you and I wanted you to win it. It was just like selling them out."

He didn't tell her that none of them seemed sorry that he had won it. He put his left arm carefully behind her and drew her close. "Miss Ryan," he said, "you're in a spot. But I'll bargain with you. Give and take."

"What?"

"You give up Hammond and I'll take you with me. You're a failure. As an efficiency expert, Miss Ryan, you're just a great little bungler."

He lifted her chin and kissed her. "But, Annie, as a morale officer, you're going to be a howling success."

THE END ★★

I Am With You

(*Continued from page* 37)

time he has left without the torture of worry."

"We've always shared everything," she said numbly. "Ever since I was seventeen and Tom was twenty. I won't know how to act. I'm not strong, Dr. Holman. Inside, I mean. I've always leaned on Tom. I can't take this alone. I can't—"

"You'll be surprised how strong you'll be when you have to, Ann," he said kindly. "Why don't you go home until you get control of yourself, and—"

"Oh, I couldn't do that. It's after two now. Tom's expecting me."

"You see. You are strong, Ann. Tom's expecting you, and you won't let him down, even though you are upset."

Ann walked to the door. Dr. Holman said, "I'll be in to see Tom later, but you can tell him now that he can go home tomorrow. He could go home today. There's nothing more we can do for him, here. But I told him Friday, so . . ."

His voice dwindled off and Ann turned. She said, "Sometimes it isn't much fun, I guess. Being a doctor."

It was visiting hours and the halls were crowded and noisy with visitors arriving. Ann walked slowly down the long hallway, and doors opened and people went in, and she heard voices saying the things visitors say: "Well, how are you today?" and "You don't look sick. I think you just want to be lazy."

But it was all part of a hazy background. Ann thought of Carol and little Tom and the way they called Tom "Pa." "You should have more respect," she'd scolded them. "Call him Dad or Father." And Tom laughing: "Cut it out! I like being called Pa. From my men I'll take respect. From my kids I want affection."

She remembered the suit Tom had just had made. Brown-and-white checks. One hundred and fifty dollars. He'd brought it home, ripped the cord off the box, and held up the jacket. "Feel it!" he'd said. "One hundred per cent virgin wool, custom-made. I've been keeping it for a surprise." He'd taken off his jacket and slipped the coat on. "Now"—he'd stood very tall—"who do I look like?"

She'd stood there breathless and quite overpowered by the checks. "Oh, Tom," she'd wanted to cry, "you look like a race-track character." But she'd said, "I really don't know, darling. I—"

He'd grabbed a glass from the sink and held it in his hand. "Man of Distinction! Don't you get it?"

"Of course! How stupid of me!" She'd thrown her arms around Tom's neck and held him tight and kissed him tenderly, because Tom with his Irish mug and his

red brush of hair and his nose that had been broken playing high-school football would never look like a Man of Distinction. Not even in a custom-made, 100 per cent virgin-wool suit.

Suddenly now she wanted to cover her face with her hands and cry. But she saw the clock and it was 2:15, and she choked the tears down until they were a heavy, hurting weight in her chest, and she quickened her step, and then outside Tom's room she stopped. "I must not let him know," she thought. "I must put on an act. A good performance."

And then she remembered the time in high school when she'd tried out for the lead in *Alice Adams*, and Miss Sheraton, the dramatics teacher, had said, "Ann. Ann dear. I know you're trying very hard and this means a lot to you, but let's face it. Some people can bake a cake, and some can't. Some people can act, and some can't. Now, we badly need a prompter." And so Ann had been the prompter.

She thought now, "I cannot do it. He'll know. The minute he sees my face."

"Ann!" Tom called.

She straightened. She smiled. She opened the door and walked in. "Hi, handsome," she said gaily.

Tom was sitting up in bed, clad in blue polka-dot pajamas the same shade as his eyes. Seeing the width of his shoulders and his broad, strong hands on the coverlet she thought, "I do not believe that Tom is dying." And then she remembered the X rays, the tests.

She bent over and kissed him.

He asked, "How come you waited out there? You stood there two full minutes. I timed you."

"How did you know I was there?"

"I heard your footsteps. You walk like a pony that's been newly shod."

"Well, I like that!"

"It's a nice sound," Tom said. "You listen some time. But no fooling, why didn't you come right in?"

She made a little face at him. "You don't suppose I'd come in before my face was on just so, do you? Not when you've got a nurse who looks like Gloria Turnbridge."

"You mean Miss 1952?"

"Yes, Miss 1952. She's the image of Gloria Turnbridge, and I'm not forgetting that Gloria almost got you!"

Tom grinned and winked at her. "But you took me away from her."

"How did I do that, Tom?" She could not meet his eyes. She took hold of his hand and moved the fingers one by one, noticing that the grease and oil stains were almost gone after two weeks in the hospital. "Gloria was a knockout. All golden curls and curves. And *me!*"

"I kissed her," Tom said simply, "and it was like eating meringue. You know—looks good, and when you bite down there's nothing there but fluff. Now, you've got a beef-stew kiss."

"Well, thank you," Ann laughed shakily. "First I walk like a pony and then I kiss like a beef stew."

"I like beef stew," Tom said huskily. "Stays with a guy a long time. Sticks to his ribs. How about a kiss now?"

Ann turned quickly away because she could feel tears needling her eyelids. "Someone will come in and see us, Tom!"

"Okay," he said. "Did you see the doc?"

"Yes." She got up, smiling so hard her lips felt tight. "And what do you know! You can go home tomorrow. Of course, you'll have to take shots for a while until all the infection is gone."

"More shots! I'm beginning to feel like a pincushion."

"Always complaining! You'd kick if you were hung with a new rope." Ann opened the closet door, took out a robe and leather slippers, and handed them to him. "Come on; let's take our walk."

Every afternoon for the past week they'd walked down the hall and turned to the left until they reached a sunroom.

Tom pushed his feet into slippers and put on his robe and tied the belt.

Ann straightened his collar. "All ready?"

He grabbed her to him. "I'll say I'm ready," he said softly. "I'll be so darned glad to get out of here. Two weeks and only a few quick stolen kisses. Even the cleaning woman's starting to look young and attractive. She's sixty-seven. She told me this morning. Just in time. Another minute and I'd have started making passes at her."

"Oh, Tom, you fool!" She clung to him, laughing and crying.

"Well, you don't have to bawl, honey. I didn't do it. I met her son yesterday. Big, muscle-bound guy. Must weigh 275 pounds. He's got the tonnage on me." Tom crooked his left arm. "May I have the pleasure of this stroll?"

Ann slipped her hand through Tom's arm and they began their leisurely saunter. They passed the dietitian's office, where a large, thin woman with a hooked nose sat at a desk, going over menus.

"One of the Borgia's," Tom whispered. "Dreaming up new recipes for tomorrow's poison. Honestly, honey, they brought in something on a covered dish this noon that—" Tom nudged her. "Here comes Miss 1952."

Miss 1952 was tall and blond, with curves that shone seductively through the white nylon uniform. She gave Tom a dazzling smile as she passed.

"Get a load of that smile?" Tom whispered. "She really goes for me."

"She's crazy about you," Ann said. "I can tell, and I don't blame her, because you *are* handsome. I'll bet she'd give you a date. I'll bet—"

"Boy, I've sure got you fooled," Tom laughed. "You don't know it, but I've got a face like an ugly baboon." He

"It seems to me, the Army, Navy, and Air Force could save a lot of money by waiting to buy everything at bargain sales"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY MIKE GLYNN

smiled down at her. "How'd you ever fall in love with me, anyway?"

(Naturally, Tom. The way I breathe. I was seventeen, and you came walking toward me from the high-school gym. Your hair was plastered down from the shower and your face looked clean. You were whistling. You were my guy, Tom. Just as simple as that.)

"Oh," she said. "You were the star on the football team. Remember?"

"I was a big, muscle-bound ape with a hard head that could batter through the line, that's all."

Ann thought, "You've never had a break. You've never had anything exciting happen to you." They had married so young. Her mother had died, and her father had married again, and Ann and the stepmother didn't get along at all. And so one Saturday Tom had said, "Let's get married today, honey. Then you'll have a home."

No romance. No gift showers or fancy wedding. And the honeymoon . . . "Oh, Tom!" she said suddenly. "I'm sorry I had a cold when we were married."

Tom stopped abruptly in front of the linen-room. "Now, whatever made you think of that?"

"I mean it, Tom! I was a terrible-looking bride. My eyes were swollen and all I did was blow my nose and sniffle! I smelled of camphorated oil and I took a chill when I put my chiffon nightgown on." She began to cry quietly. "I had to wear your pajamas—"

He pulled her into the linen-room. "Good gosh, honey, that's a crazy thing to start crying about. You looked cute in my pajamas. It was wonderful, just having you there beside me, camphorated oil and all. I've never kicked, have I?" He looked bewildered. "What gives, anyhow?"

"Oh, no, Tom, you've never kicked. You're the best-natured, most wonderful— That's just it. You deserve someone better."

"I've never seen anyone better."

"Tell you what, Tom!" She brushed the tears away. "Saturday—Saturday night I'll hire a baby-tender, and we'll drive to the city. You'll wear your new suit and I'll buy a whole new outfit—as soon as I leave here today. And we'll reserve the bridal suite in the best hotel in town, and we'll play it's our honeymoon all over. What do you say, darling. It's a date?"

"Sure," Tom said gently. "It's a date. You're a screwball, but I love you." He bent to kiss her, and a nurse came in. She laughed, "I beg your pardon."

Tom said, "Don't go. We're just leaving." He muttered, "Grand Central Station."

THEY turned to the right and walked down the hall and they reached the small sunroom. It was deserted. This was always the highlight of the stroll. Sitting in the wicker chairs or standing at the window and looking out onto the main highway and the cars speeding past.

A huge red trailer truck rolled by. "Man, look at that!" Tom cried. "Look."

With some men it was gambling, or horses or philandering. With Tom it was trucks of all sizes and makes. "You know, honey," Tom said. "Some day I'm going to buy one of those trailer hitch babies. I could get a government contract and haul freight to Alaska. Make a mint of money."

"I think that would be marvelous, Tom. Maybe you could get a contract next week. Right away. You need a vacation, and Alaska's an exciting, wonderful country."

Tom turned from the window and his eyes searched her face. "I need a vacation like I need a hole in the head. All I've done for two weeks is laze around. I don't get it! You've always screamed like a panther when I've even mentioned going to Alaska, leaving you and the kids for a month. You said no money I made was enough to—and now all of a sudden—"

SHE saw too late that she had said too much. "I was only joking, Tom."

"No, you weren't. You meant that."

She bent her head, afraid to meet his eyes.

"Something's wrong, Ann. I felt it the minute you came in the room. No, when you didn't come in right away. What did the doc say?"

"That you could go home tomorrow." She stared at the linoleum on the floor.

"And I'm going to be okay?"

She raised her head then, said fiercely, "Yes, Tom. You're going to get well!"

He shook his head. "You don't lie good, Ann. It spreads over your face like you were wearing a mask."

"Oh, fine!" Her forced laugh sounded shrill. "First I'm a beef stew and then—"

"Don't joke, Ann!" He took hold of her shoulders and held so tight it hurt, and their eyes met, and love for Tom was a wonderful, an awful, agonizing hurt.

"Oh Tom, Tom," she whispered.

He turned his head then. "So that's it. The end of the trip. Kind of a shock, thinking you've got just a flat, and finding the whole, darned engine's shot." She saw him swallow. "I don't know what to say."

She began to cry, tears running down her cheeks. "It's all my fault. I'm not strong or noble. I tried to act. But I never could act. I can just prompt. And now you know and—"

"You weren't going to try and take this alone, honey?" he said gently.

"The doctor said I shouldn't tell you, ever, and now—"

"The doc doesn't know us, honey." He held her tight, her cheek against his robe. "Remember the time the garage burned, and when I lost my job the day before Carol was born, and the time I got an infection in my right hand. We saw all that through together. That's what did the trick. This is the same thing, only bigger—"

"No, no, Tom. It isn't the same! This is different, and I'm scared!"

"Take it easy, honey." He patted her shoulder. "Just a minute, now. I got to figure it out."

For a moment he didn't speak. He just held her, smoothing her hair, and leaning on her for support. And then he began talking, and as he talked she could feel his body straighten, she could hear hope in his voice:

"I'm not saying doctors are wrong, honey. Doc Holman is a smart joe. But take my grandpa Crawford, now. They told him he was dying, too. When he was seventy-one, and I was six years old and staying the summer at the farm, he came down with some mysterious disease, something wrong with his blood. There wasn't even a cure for it. He was awfully sick, honey. You might know, or Grandma'd never been able to let a doctor in the front door. Grandpa was one of those hard-bitten old boys who hated doctors.

"Well, Grandpa just lay there white and thin, with his eyes closed and breathing funny. And the doctor whispered, 'He's dying, Mrs. Crawford.' But he spoke too loud and Grandpa's eyes flew open. He said, 'What do you mean I'm dying? Get out of here!' And, weak as he was, he grabbed a water tumbler off the bedside table and threw it at the doctor. And then he threw back the covers and got out of bed. I can still see him standing there, holding to the bedpost, shaking, in his nightshirt, with his long legs white and skinny. And he closed his eyes and started to pray!"

"Oh, Tom, he didn't!"

"Yes, honey, he sure did. I remember one part of the prayer: 'O God, Who knowest all the secrets of the universe, to Whom nothing is impossible. If it be Thy will, heal this broken, sick tabernacle of mine!' I clung to Grandma's skirt and I was frightened, and yet I was thrilled, too. Because Grandpa was on such good terms with God he could talk straight to Him like that. . . . I've missed out there, honey. I've forgotten God."

"You're a good man, Tom!" Ann said indignantly. "The best ever. You're honest, and—"

"Yeah, but I haven't kept in very good touch. I wouldn't even know what to say. But I've got to learn. And you've got to help me. If God's got other plans, if He thinks it's my time to die, okay, I can take it. But I'm not going to give up yet. Grandpa lived, and on his ninetieth birthday he chopped down an elm tree. Maybe I can live to be ninety, too. We can give it a try. Together. Okay?"

"Okay, Tom," she whispered. "Together."

"Come on. Let's go home."

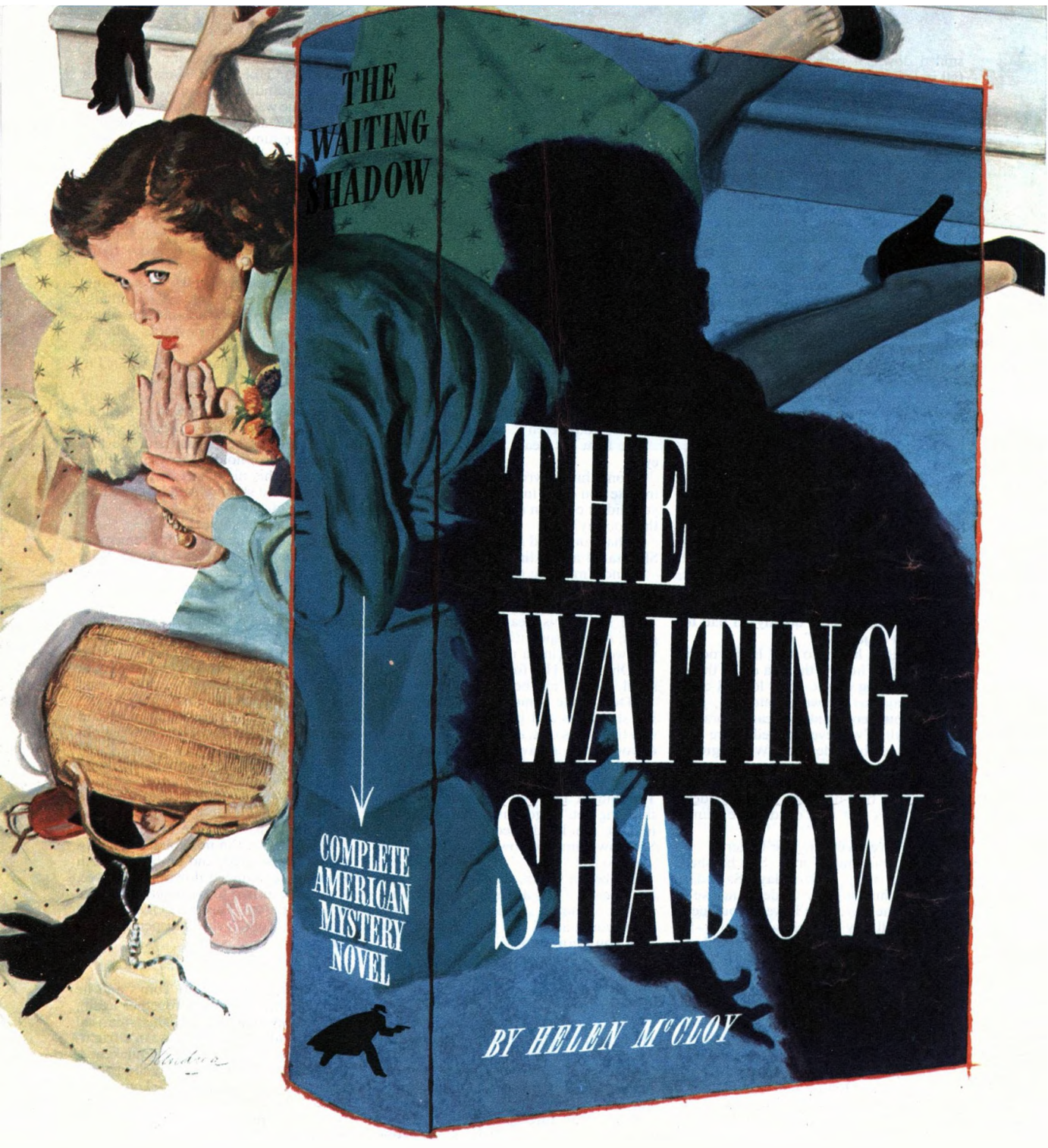
SHE slipped her hand in Tom's and he held it tight. They were together again, just as they had been all their married life. And all at once she wasn't frightened. Despite herself, her step quickened, and she did sound like a newly shod pony.

"Here comes the doc," Tom whispered. "Look mournful. That's what's expected of you, and he wouldn't understand the way we feel."

Ann thought of the X rays and the tests. She remembered the tears in Dr. Holman's eyes, and then she looked up at Tom, and he was walking straight and tall and she knew he was having a few words with Him.

She tried very hard to look sad and discouraged, but it was no use, for when they met Dr. Holman she saw her own hope and radiance mirrored in his eyes.

THE END ★★



Who was behind the shadow that roamed the peaceful lawns of Millbourne, turning that happy home into a house of horror?

Cast of Characters

LUCY JERMYN	*Who first saw the shadow*	**SARI KILIANI**	*His beautiful sister*
TED JERMYN	*Her young father*	**DR. COLLIER**	*Lucy's physician*
LETTICE MOBERLY	*His apprehensive aunt*	**MRS. COLLIER**	*His attractive wife*
EMMA CLARE	*Lucy's governess*	**SHIRLEY**	*The discharged maid*
NICKY KILIANI	*The man she loves*	**MARY**	*The cook*

CAPTAIN GRANT *Of the police*

EMMA heard a light, sibilant step on the terrace outside. Surely that was Mrs. Moberly? But the step went on.

Now there was no sound but the humming of a lawn mower beyond the long windows that framed the twilit sky.

Another step came—crisp, almost staccato, on hardwood floors stripped for summer. "Miss Clare? I'm Lettice Moberly."

Emma was aware of arching brows and dark hair, silvered with the luster of a black pearl. "Do sit down." Cool eyes measured Emma's pink-and-white face, her round blue eyes, her suit worn thin from careful cleaning and pressing. "I think we've covered most of the important details about the position in our letters. I am very pleased that you have decided to be with us for the summer." Mrs. Moberly smiled. "Sari is such an enthusiastic girl she made you sound almost too good to be true. I see now that she didn't overestimate you."

"Thank you," Emma said.

"Lucy, my nephew's daughter, needs someone like you, Miss Clare. Someone with nursery-school training. For the last few weeks she's been left with a maid. Just a country girl who did housework. Shirley. Lucy was fond of her but . . ." Mrs. Moberly's rapid tongue faltered for the first time. "I had to get rid of the girl for other reasons. And one thing that bothers me began when Lucy was under Shirley's care, Shotten and Gryder . . ."

"I don't think I . . ." Emma began.

"Lucy's imaginary playmates," Mrs. Moberly explained. "She has two—Shotten and Gryder."

Emma smiled. "But that is nothing to become too concerned about. Many children who are denied the company of other children their own age create unseen playmates. It is usually a phase they outgrow."

"That's what Dr. Collier feels," Mrs. Moberly said vaguely. "But I do wish you would try to discourage it in Lucy." She stood up abruptly. "Now, let me show you to your room. Yours and Lucy's are on the ground floor."

Mrs. Moberly led the way down the hall, past the stair, into a passageway, and opened a door. There was a whisper of rushing water. Emma crossed wide floorboards, painted terra-cotta red, to an open window, and the whisper became a chuckle, loud as a waterfall. Beyond the window four ancient pines, tall and thick as oaks, shaded a slate-paved terrace, carpeted with brown needles. The edge dropped sheerly, forty feet or more, to a rocky mountain stream.

"West River is right under our windows," Mrs. Moberly said.

A man came into the room carrying Emma's suitcases. "Miss Clare? I am Lucy's father, Ted Jermyn. Welcome to Millbourne."

. A young father who would carry the burden jauntily, thought Emma. His smile was an offer of friendship. "You come well recommended," he said. "Sari Kiliani thinks very highly of you."

Emma smiled. "I'm glad. I'm marrying her brother, Nicky, in the fall."

"Oh?" There was a little flurry of laughter and felicitation.

"Well," said Mrs. Moberly, "this works out nicely for all of us. The Kilianis are going to be our neighbors here this summer, you know. Last winter they bought a cottage just up the hill."

"I know." Emma spoke so demurely that Ted Jermyn laughed again.

"Nick is lucky! But Sari will be lonely without him. It's odd she hasn't married. I really believe she is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

"Magyar blood," said Mrs. Moberly. "All Hungarian women are beautiful."

THE doorknob rattled. A child came into the room wearing slippers and a gown of quilted silk over seersucker pajamas. A child so small that she stood on tiptoe to reach the doorknob.

"Miss Clare," Ted Jermyn said, "this is Lucy."

The child's hair was fair; the eyes dark, large, serious.

"At school the children call me Emma." She looked at two dolls propped up on a Mexican chair painted white with gay red flowers. "Won't you introduce me to these friends of yours?"

A droll spark danced into Lucy's eyes. Slowly her lips curved and a dimple dented one cheek. "This is Ra." She touched the rag doll. "And this is Essie." The carved wooden doll was large and heavy, painted with round, red cheeks. It wore a Breton peasant's aproned dress and a quaint cap.

"Ra is short for Little Red Riding Hood," explained Ted.

"Ra is a very bred girl," volunteered Lucy. "But Essie is a troublemaker. She has measles."

"Measles," corrected Mrs. Moberly. "This is the logbook, Miss Clare. A daily record of Lucy's routine—what she eats, how long she sleeps, and so on."

"What a good idea when more than one person is taking care of a child! Lucy's mother will know everything that happened while I was here." Emma spoke lightly. Her soft breath scarcely troubled the air. But the silence that followed gave her voice the effect of loudness. She seemed to have shouted.

Ted Jermyn looked at her sharply.

Mrs. Moberly spoke without emphasis: "Lucy's

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mother is no longer with us. . . . You must be hungry, Miss Clare."

"No, thank you, Mrs. Moberly, I had early dinner on the train." . . .

Emma unpacked after Mrs. Moberly and Ted Jermyn had left, but her thoughts were elsewhere. *Lucy's mother is no longer with us* . . . Errant fancy conjured up a vision of the woman—narrow eyes and hips; full mouth painted an off-beat shade of red. A woman who would skim through bridge luncheons and cocktail parties like a racing sloop flying before a breeze, while Lucy was "left with a maid."

"Now! That's all the unpacking. Shall I sing you to sleep, Lucy?"

"No, thank you. Please sing to Ra and Essie."

Emma took the dolls in her lap.

"Oh, no! That's not the way!" Lucy was imperious as a Hollywood director confronted with an actor who won't follow the script. "Ra and Essie turn their backs. Then you say: 'Lucy isn't in my lap!'"

"Lucy isn't in my lap," Emma informed the dolls.

Lucy smiled her shining smile as she scrambled onto Emma's knees. "Now! You hold Ra turning around and saying, 'Oh, Lucy! You got up in her lap when we weren't looking!'"

"Is this a game you used to play with Shirley?"

"No. With Mommy."

That vision of a narrow-hipped woman, fast and taut as a sloop sailing close to the wind, faded away.

"Now you tell us a story we never heard before. That's what Mommy used to do."

"Once upon a time there was a little, black dog . . ."

"Gryder doesn't like black dogs. He throws stones at them."

Emma kept her voice casual: "Who is Gryder?"

"A boy." Lucy made it sound like "buoy."

"Where does he live?"

"I don't know. He doesn't talk to me. I've only seen him once. He's not friendly like Shotten."

"Who is Shotten?"

"A girl." It came out "gyurl."

"A bred girl, like Ra?"

"No. A troublemaker. Like Essie." Again the droll sparkle, the lurking dimple.

"Where does Shotten live?"

"In the spring house, up the hill. That's what she says, but I don't believe that. I think she's joking."

Emma probed gently: "Shotten and Gryder are a pretend boy and girl."

"No, Emma." The spark was quenched. The small brow puckered. "Shotten and Gryder are really, really real. And Shotten is afraid of Gryder . . ."

THE black lashes drooped. Emma tucked her into the small bed in the next room, left the door ajar, and tiptoed back into her own room. Her glance fell on a photograph framed in silver on the mantelpiece. *To Lucy from Mother.* It was Lucy's face, expanded and matured—the same fair hair and dark, serious eyes, the same laughter-loving lips, even the dimple.

Emma picked up a well-thumbed copy of a book on child care. *If the adults around him are undemonstrative, the child dreams of comfy, understanding playmates as the hungry man dreams of food.* But Shotten wasn't "comfy" at all. She was a troublemaker and afraid of Gryder. . . . *If the parents are always disapproving, he invents a wicked companion whom he blames for the naughty things he himself has done or would like to do.* . . . That was more like it, only—who had been disapproving?

Emma switched off her bedside lamp. Darkness did not bring sleep at once . . . *Sari Kiliani thinks highly of you . . . I'm marrying her brother, Nicky, in the fall* . . . "But I don't really know you, Nicky," she thought. "How can anyone like me ever really know anyone like you? This friend of yours, Mrs. Moberly, whom I met for the first time today, is already more understandable than you are. I'm Yankee born and bred. All the men in my family have been teachers and preachers, careful, sober, law-abiding. And you? A gypsy at heart, a concert violinist living from hand to mouth. Do you remember that first meeting on the Cape when I said I liked water lilies? You jumped into a pond and pulled an armful, though you were wearing the only decent suit you owned and the pond belonged to somebody else. And I fell in love with you."

AFTERWARD, Emma had no idea how long she slept or what woke her so suddenly. Moonlight shone on a blue-and-white armchair. And on something else: a small figure kneeling in that chair, close to the open window, face pressed against the screen. A childish treble came clearly above the sound of rushing water:

"She's nice. You'd like her. And her name is Emma Clare."

Emma bounded across the room. "Lucy! Who's there?"

"Nobody."

Beyond the window, the four great pines cast pillars of shadow across the moonlit terrace. A gossipy wind whispered among the leaves of tall shrubs close to the house. There was no one in sight.

"You were talking to somebody! Who was it?"

Lucy squirmed. "Shotten."

"You'll catch cold without robe or slippers." Emma chafed the small, chilly feet between her hands. "Lucy, games are all very well when you know they are games, but you mustn't believe in them as if they were real."

"Why not?"

"It's dangerous."

"You mean it's danish like standing in a rocking chair?"

"Sort of. In another way."

The feet were warm now. Emma wrapped Lucy in her own robe. "You know that Shotten is just someone you made up."

"And Gryder, too?"

"And Gryder, too. When you want to talk to them, talk to me instead."

"Gryder never talks. But Shotten does. I was telling her about you. I couldn't tell *you* about *you*, could I?" Lucy's voice ran out suddenly. "There she is now!"

Emma looked. She saw only willows nodding in the breeze. But Lucy's eyes turned as if they followed a movement Emma couldn't see. "You do see her now, don't you, Emma?"

"No, I don't." Emma's shiver wasn't entirely chill. "Now, off to bed with you." Once more Lucy was tucked into bed.

Back in her own room, Emma sat in the armchair, looking at the empty moonlit terrace that Lucy had peopled with—what? She leaned forward. Something was moving out of the darkness under the willows—the shadow of a woman in full-skirted summer dress and wide-brimmed shade hat. It seemed to drift with a gliding motion to the edge of the riverbank. Then it was gone. Moments later, another shadow passed the same way, vanished where she had vanished, silent as she, but more stealthy—the shadow of a man in a visored cap.

A man and a woman. A "buoy" and a "gyurl." That step heard on the terrace this evening while Emma waited for Mrs. Moberly, so light, so sibilant. Not like Mrs. Moberly's own staccato step, or Ted Jermyn's firm tread.

Where there is shadow there must be substance. Could it be that Shotten and Gryder were real? Why had no one else seen them? . . .

Stone steps led down the bluff to the water's edge, below the house. In the morning Lucy stood among the willow trees at the head of the steps. "Here's where Shotten was last night."

Emma looked for some sign of mischief, but the small face was serene. "What was she doing, Lucy?"

"I don't know."

"And Gryder? What does he do?"

"He watches Shotten. He never talks to me. He never comes close to me. I've only seen him twice. Last week and once, long ago, when we first came here from New York. He spoke to Shotten then. That's how I know their names. He called out: 'Shotten! It's Gryder!' But she didn't answer. She hid in the bushes under my window. When she saw me at the window, she whispered, 'Don't let him know I'm here.' So I didn't."

"What does Shotten look like, Lucy?"

"She smiles all the time."

"What is Gryder like?"

"He's big. He wears a cap with a brim."

"Yesterday you said he was a boy."

"Tomorrow he's going to be a tiger."

Emma sighed and changed the subject: "Time for lunch and nap now."

"Oh, Emma!" Lucy cried. "See? On that rock! Ptolemy Tortoise! He must have come up from the river!" Lucy ran to a flat rock where a turtle was sunning himself.

"Don't touch him, dear. He might snap."

"Miss Clare!"

EMMA turned. Mrs. Moberly was standing a little way behind them, immaculate in a sheer yellow dress and a wide straw hat. The merciless sun brought out lines in her face that the kinder light of last evening had hidden. Only her lips smiled. Her eyes were anxious. "One moment, please."

Emma walked back to Mrs. Moberly. "Yes?"

"I was behind you just now. I heard what Lucy said! And—I don't know what to think. You see, I saw—something last night. Shadows here at the edge of the terrace, a man and woman. I didn't associate them with Lucy's Shotten and Gryder then, but now—"

"Lucy did talk to someone outside my window," said Emma. "When I went to the window I couldn't see anyone and I thought Lucy was just pretending. But afterward I saw the shadows."

"It could be coincidence," said Mrs. Moberly. "Lucy pretending and then—two trespassers on the terrace. Do you know where my nephew is?"

"I haven't seen him all morning."

"Fishing, no doubt. I suppose he was up and out at five o'clock." Mrs. Moberly sighed. "Dr. Collier is coming to meet you this afternoon," she went on more briskly. "He and his wife are neighbors and dear friends. Dr. Collier looks after Lucy during the summer. I wish you'd tell him about this. I have to be in the village. I have an important errand there."

When Lucy was finally settled for her nap, Emma took some knitting out on the sunlit terrace to wait for Dr. Collier. There were no sounds but the fluting of birds, and the soft rush of water from the river that had already become as much a part of silence as her own pulsebeat. In that golden peace it was hard to believe in anything ugly, until a raucous blast from an upstairs window shattered the illusion of an older, wiser world. Mary, the cook, had gone to her room for her afternoon rest. To Mary "rest" meant just one thing—television, preferably a comedian with a leather-lunged audience. But Lucy slept on, conditioned to this sort of racket.

A CAR came up the drive and stopped beyond trees at the edge of the terrace, instead of going around the house to the front door. A man got out, hatless in the sunshine, and came toward Emma.

"Miss Clare? I'm Dr. Collier."

"How do you do, Doctor?" Emma said. "I'm glad you've come while Lucy's asleep, so that I can talk to you alone."

"Oh?" He was full-bodied, almost stout, and his hair was thinning, but his alert eyes had a boyish twinkle that made her forget the signs of middle age. "Something more about the unseen playmates, Shotten and what's-his-name?"

"Gryder." She took the cigarette he proffered. "Dr. Collier, have you considered the possibility that Shotten and Gryder may be real?"

His frown was quick. No twinkle now. His eyes had the steady, blue gleam of steel. "What makes you think that?"

She told him.

"What about Mary, the cook, and a young man?"

"Mary is thick-set and walks heavily. This woman's shadow was slender."

"You have a theory of your own?"

His penetration startled Emma. "Yes." She paused to

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"The only person who thinks I'm a murderer is my brother," Sari cried

gather courage. "Lucy has talked about her mother. There seems to have been a close bond between them. In cases of divorce or separation, if the break is embittered and the father has sole charge of the child, the mother may be tempted to —come back now and then, just to have a glimpse of her child, secretly. I don't like being a spy, but, if it's upsetting Lucy, what should I do?"

"Don't worry." There was irony in Dr. Collier's smile and a certain relief. "Jane Jermyn isn't coming back."

"How do you know?"

"Because she is dead."

EMMA was speechless.

"I signed her death certificate. Whomever you saw last night, it wasn't Jane."

"How did she die?"

"It was a rainy night in June, two months ago. Jane came down here from New York alone, by train. There was no taxi at the station. She walked half a mile to a garage to get one. This house had been empty all winter, except for a few week ends, so she asked her taxi driver to wait while she unlocked the front door and made sure the electricity was turned on. The taxi driver was able to fix the time, because the clock in the hall struck eight just after she switched on a light there. And that was the last time anyone ever saw her alive.

"Ted came from New York by car that same night. At seven-thirty he was held up by a flat tire in Brookfield, forty-five miles away. A garageman there remembered him. When he reached the house, at eight-thirty, the hall light was burning, but there were no lights elsewhere in the house. The door was locked and he let himself in with his key.

"He found Jane at the foot of the stairs. Judging by her position, she had fallen the full length of the staircase and the fall had broken her neck. She was still wearing her outdoor clothes—raincoat, overshoes, hat and gloves—all muddy and wet from the rain. The police said she must have run upstairs when she first arrived, in such a hurry to get dry clothes from her own room that she didn't even pause to switch on a light in the upper hall. In the dark, she tripped and fell backward, down the stairs."

"But—yesterday Mrs. Moberly spoke as if Lucy's mother was still alive! She didn't say, 'Lucy's mother is dead.' She said, 'Lucy's mother is no longer with us.'"

"Was Lucy herself present?"

"Yes."

"That explains it. Lucy is too little to know the meaning of death. We told her that her mother had gone away. It's become a verbal habit to avoid the word 'dead' when we speak of Mrs. Jermyn in Lucy's presence."

"Then . . ." Emma groped among her overturned thoughts. "Who were those two I saw in the moonlight?"

Collier shrugged. "Tourists from some motel or boardinghouse. Young people from a neighboring farm."

"At night?"

He laughed. "The only nocturnal sport I know, outside baseball, is what we provincials still call 'petting.'"

Emma joined in the laughter. "How silly of me not to have thought of that!"

They heard a car climbing the steep drive in second gear. Mrs. Moberly's station wagon passed the trees at the edge of the terrace and disappeared behind the house.

"It seems odd," said Emma, "to have the kitchen door and living room windows both on the terrace, and the front door on the other side."

"This house wasn't built according to an architect's plan," explained Collier. "It's an old millhouse that's been remodeled. There's a door in the kitchen on the other side that serves no useful purpose now. It used to lead into the mill, which was torn down years ago."

"The shadows I saw were on this side." Emma frowned. "If they were just casual trespassers would Lucy have talked to one of them?"

"I don't believe she was talking to any real person. You happened to see a couple of trespassers afterward and jumped to conclusions. I don't think it's anything to be concerned about."

He had risen, but Emma detained him a moment longer. "What about this maid, Shirley, who had charge of Lucy before? Is it possible she might be visiting Lucy secretly?"

"I doubt it." Dr. Collier was frowning again, arrested by a voice from the house. "So I says to this sailor," the voice screamed. He laughed. "Television?"

"The cook's. Does Shirley live near here?" Emma was looking up the hillside meadow, beyond the drive. At its crest, about a mile away, she could see a white house with a red roof.

"That's my own place, High Mowing," said Collier. "Shirley lives with her father, a farmer, on the other side of the hill. There are no other neighbors except Sari and Nicky Kiliani, who only come for week ends. You can't see their cottage, because it's right in the woods. . . . Well, I must be off. Call me if you need me."

He lifted one hand in salute and walked quickly to his car in the drive. Emma turned and went down the terrace to the kitchen door at its farther end, hoping to consult the cook about Lucy's supper. But the kitchen was empty and a burst of television music from the back stairs informed Emma that Mary was still "resting." A door brought Emma into the passageway that led past the nursery to the front hall. As she hurried toward the nursery she heard a clock chime in the front hall—one, two, three. Time to wake Lucy.

AT THE nursery door Emma paused. Lucy was already out of bed, standing in the open doorway.

"Emma . . ." She blinked as if she were just awake. "May we go down to the river now? And find that turtle again?"

"We can try. Shall we take Ra and Essie?"

"Essie is gone away."

"What do you mean, Lucy?"

"Essie went outdoors and I don't know where she is. I told you she was a troublemaker."

A quick search of toy cupboard and treasure chest failed to reveal Essie.

"Did you leave her upstairs this morning when you went to see Aunt Lettice?"

"I think she is visiting friends," Lucy laughed.

"All right, we'll just take Ra," said Emma. "Let's go through the kitchen and see if Mary is ready to talk about supper. Would you like peas or beans?"

"I'd like chocolate pudding."

Emma nodded abstractedly. She was thinking about the hall clock that chimed so clearly and the hall stair, a wide half-spiral with broad, shallow steps. Hardly the sort of stair where you would expect anyone familiar with the house to stumble and fall. Even in the dark. . . .

THE sun had left the river, but it was still shining on the hills above the opposite bank when a man's voice called, "Hello, there! Wading or swimming?" Ted Jermyn had come around the bend in the river curve, silently, on sneakers. He carried fishing rod and creel.

"Technically wading. Actually—" Emma cast a rueful glance at Lucy's spattered shorts. "It must be time for her real bath now."

"I don't want a bath, Daddy. I want to stay here."

Ted laid rod and creel on a flat rock and stretched out both arms. "Time to go up!"

"One for the bunny!" shouted Lucy, and Emma realized this must be another of her rituals.

"Two for the show!" responded Ted.

"Three to get ready . . ." She jumped.

"And four to GO!" He swung her onto his shoulder and ran up the steps to the terrace.

"Daddy, may I run on the grass barefoot?"

"Barefoot, Punkus; just like the bare in bear. You may, if Miss Clare agrees."

Emma nodded, and Lucy ran toward the kitchen door. As Emma followed, Ted Jermyn called after her, "Will you ask Mary to bring me some iced tea here on the terrace?"

After the bath Mary brought a supper tray to the nursery for Emma and Lucy. Lucy ate heartily. She was asleep in the next room by the time Mary came to take away the tray. Mary's broad face shone as she saw Lucy's empty plates. "Appetite's back."

"Hasn't she been eating well?"

"Not too well since her mother—passed away."

Emma said the conventional thing: "It must have been horrible for all of you—especially for Mr. Jermyn."

"He managed to survive." The sudden look of cynicism sat oddly on Mary's good-natured face. "I wasn't here then. I came after Shirley left. But she told me that the Jermyns were talking about a divorce at the time. That's why they had planned to meet down here while the house was empty, before the family arrived. So they could talk things over without being disturbed."

She shrugged and went out, closing the door softly. Emma picked up Lucy's "logbook" and turned to the month of June. The first entries were written in a neatly concentric backhand. Lucy's mother? On the 10th, the script changed to a more old-fashioned style, tall and

angular. Obviously Mrs. Moberly. On June 16, the move from New York to Millbourne was noted. On the next day, the handwriting changed again, without explanation, to a script less formed and fluent. Shirley, of course. On the 19th, came the first reference to Shotten, terse and enigmatic as any utterance of an inarticulate mind: *Lucy says Shotten hid from Gryder last night.*

It couldn't have been more matter of fact if Shotten had been a real person.

June 21st. Lucy says Shotten was outside again last night.

July 2nd. Lucy still talking about Shotten and Gryder. Told Dr. Collier.

July 14th. Shotten again.

July 22nd. Shotten and Gryder. Dr. C. says don't encourage it.

July 31st. Shotten.

August 2nd. Shotten.

On August 4, Mrs. Moberly's writing replaced Shirley's. That must have been the day Shirley was dismissed. Today, August 10, came the first entries in Emma's own hand. She took up her pen and wrote at the bottom of the page: 6:30 P.M. *Slept.* She hesitated, then added: *Two unidentified trespassers seen by Mrs. Moberly and myself late last night.*

EMMA started as a light tap fell on the door. "Miss Clare?" It was Ted Jermyn, smiling, at ease, with a grace that gave him a certain unstudied charm, though he still wore his rough fishing clothes. "Sari Kiliani is here, asking for you. Won't you come out on the terrace?"

"But if Lucy wakes—?"

"You'll hear her. Come out for a while, anyway." He turned down the passage toward the kitchen. "I came in to replenish drinks." He took a tray from Mary and held the terrace door open for Emma.

In the narrow valley, dusk came nearly an hour earlier than elsewhere. It was just dim enough now to see fireflies as tiny flashes of gold on the hillside beyond the drive, but, after the brightly lighted house, it seemed like night to Emma. She made her way toward three shadowy figures at the other end of the terrace.

"Darling!" Sari's voice had the sweet modulations of bird-song. "How good to see you. Nicky will be so pleased. He'll be here soon." As Sari moved forward, her hair caught the glow from the kitchen windows, black hair bright with bronze lights, like the plumage of a dark bird. Even her step was birdlike, buoyant and swift.

"Mrs. Collier, this is Miss Clare," said Ted Jermyn. To Emma he added, "The doctor you know already."

Emma's eyes had grown used to the dusk now. Mrs. Collier was a slim figure in linen the pale tone of pink chalk. Any stronger color would have killed the silvery blondness of her hair—long, straight hair, worn close to the head in a coronet of braids that bared the clean line of her nape and the neat shape of her ears. She smiled warmly at Emma.

"You might as well call me Lottie. Everyone else does."

"And I'm Rory to my friends," put in Collier. "Where is your aunt, Ted? I was hoping for a word with her this evening."

"I haven't seen her all day," Ted answered. "She's probably resting now, but I expect she'll be down at any moment." . . .

When the first star had turned twilight to night, Emma rose. Sari and Ted protested. "Leaving us so soon?"

"I want to see if Lucy is covered," said Emma. "Sari, do give my love to Nicky."

Ted Jermyn called after Emma, "Will you tell my aunt that Sari and the Colliers are here?"

Emma crossed the terrace to one of the French windows of the living room. It was in darkness. So was the front hall. She pressed a switch in the living room that lighted a lamp in the hall. If Mrs. Moberly was resting she would be upstairs in her own room. Emma hurried across the hall toward the stair, and tripped. She looked down. She had stumbled over Mrs. Moberly's straw handbag.

Mrs. Moberly lay on her back, one foot on the last step, her hat knocked aside, her silvery hair, usually so sleek, now crumpled and trailing. Her eyes were wide open, staring directly at the light from the single lamp, glassy and unwinking.

Emma knelt to touch the cold hand.

She didn't hear the front door open. She started violently as a shadow loomed up and fell over the lifeless body. She looked up.

A man stood in the lamplight, his lean face as brown as his amber eyes, his dark brows as black as his hair.

"Nicky . . ." Her lips moved, but no sound came. She realized that he could not see her clearly as she knelt there in the deep shadow. But she wasn't prepared for his cry, quick and cruel as a blow:

"Shari! What have you done?"

Emma looked at him mutely. His voice was clear and steady in every other way, yet she was certain he had said Shari, not Sari. . . .

IN THE living room, waiting for the police report, Ted Jermyn sat apart from the others, one hand shading brow and eyes. Mrs. Collier was in a wing chair, curled up like a cat, feet under haunches. Sari sat cross-legged before the hearth, as if it were a campfire, the leap and glow of flame reflected in her eyes. Emma sat beside Nicky on a small sofa. His hand held hers tightly, but his eyes avoided her.

She looked at Sari again. Her dress of tawny, Persian-printed silk, hung loose and low on shoulders creamy as very old marble. There were no angles in that clean profile. It was a thing of firmly rounded curves. Who could associate such a look of wholesome intelligence with anything sordid or—Emma's thoughts shied away from the next word, but it was there, in her mind—*anything criminal?* Again she seemed to hear that strange cry of Nicky's: *Shari! What have you done?*

Emma had said, "It's I, Nicky—Emma. Please call Ted Jermyn. I think Mrs. Moberly is dead." Nicky had gone without another word and they hadn't been alone together since.

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It was nearly an hour before the hall door opened. Dr. Collier came in first. The eyes that had twinkled so boyishly this afternoon were still and watchful now. Behind him came a man in the uniform of a captain of state police, a man who looked lean and tough and supple as a leather whip. In one hand he carried a small, oblong clock. Its round, white face was encased in blue enamel and gold leaf that suggested Sèvres porcelain. On each corner of the case was a semiprecious stone carved to look like a rosebud, in each of the four rose colors—garnet and rose quartz, topaz and crystal.

"Captain Grant"—Ted was on his feet—"can you tell us what happened now? Did my aunt trip and fall?"

"Just as your wife did," Grant said, and he set the clock down carefully on a table in the middle of the room. "An odd coincidence, isn't it?"

TED winced, but went on steadily, "Did the fall kill her?"

"It's hard to tell. There's a depressed fracture that could have happened when her head struck one of the steps. But it could have been caused just as easily by a blow from some heavy object. We haven't found anything of the sort. If there was a weapon, whoever used it probably brought it and certainly took it away."

"When did my aunt die?"

"As nearly as Dr. Collier can determine, it was not earlier than one, not later than four. No doubt the police doctor will confirm that. Were any of you here at the time?"

"I was on the river, fishing from dawn till late afternoon," answered Ted. "I had a lunch basket with me. About five o'clock I met Miss Clare and my daughter on the riverbank and carried the child back to the terrace."

"And then?"

"I sat alone on the terrace, relaxing, until nearly six, when the Colliers and Miss Kiliani joined me."

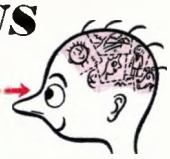
"You had no occasion to go into the front hall after you came up from the river?"

"No." Ted's voice was hoarse. "Would I have sat on the terrace, talking calmly to my friends, if I had known my aunt was lying dead in here, at the foot of the stair?"

"And you, Miss Kiliani?"

"I was at my cottage, up the hill, all day. The Colliers drove up at half past five and suggested that we all come over here to see my friend, Miss Clare, who arrived last night. My brother, Nicky, was coming up from New York this evening, so I left a note for him, telling him where I had gone. When we got here, Dr. Collier stopped his car halfway up the drive, because Mr. Jermyn hailed us from the terrace where he was sitting. We sat there with him for half an hour. None of us went into the house, except

TODAY'S FABULOUS FIGURES



YOUR EYE REGISTERS at least 50,000 images on your brain each day.

BY USING CANNED FOODS, American housewives are saving 34,000,000,000 work-hours a year in meal-preparation time. According to recent tests, the average homemaker now spends 2 hours a day to prepare 3 meals, compared with 4 hours a day 30 years ago.

3,000,000 BACHELORS—men past 35—live in the United States today.

A BICYCLING SPEED of 108.92 miles per hour—perhaps the fastest ever recorded—was attained outside Bakersfield, Calif., in 1941. Riding behind a shield attached to the rear of a racing car, and using the highest gear ever fitted to a bicycle—the large sprocket had 57 teeth, the rear 6, giving a "gear" of 252—Alfred Letourner pedaled a mile in 33.05 seconds.

YOU BREATHE IN 7.9 QUARTS of air a minute even when standing still. In walking, you use twice as much air, and, in running, 3 times as much.

ONE PAIR OF FLIES, beginning operations in April, could produce 191 septillion flies by August if all lived. That's 191,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.

IN AN AVERAGE THUNDERSTORM, 110,000 tons of water will drop over an area of 8 square miles.

A SALMON, WHILE SWIMMING up the Columbia River to spawn, is said to pass under the jurisdiction of 12 different federal agencies.

THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE LIVING ON FARMS dropped from 32,000,000 to 24,000,000 between 1910 and 1950, and in 1950–51 another 1,000,000 left the farm for the city.

WHILE EACH OF THE 75,994,575 AMERICANS in 1900 had a $16.50 share of the national debt, in 1950 each of the 150,697,361 of us had a share of $1,691.11—so that about twice as many of us are now carrying a load more than 100 times greater.

ALTHOUGH U. S. CORPORATIONS reported record earnings of $45,000,000,000 before taxes in 1951, they had left about $18,100,000,000 after taxes—21 per cent less than in 1950.

ABOUT 60 PER CENT OF THE BEDS in America today are twins rather than doubles.

THE AGGREGATE OVERWEIGHT of all American adults amounts to 500,000,000 pounds. One fourth of the population carries excess weight, of which about two thirds is fat and the other third water.

TAX COLLECTIONS BY STATE GOVERNMENTS have increased by 108 per cent in the last 10 years. In 1951, they totaled over $10,000,000,000.

VETERANS OF WORLD WAR II have already repaid about $1,500,000,000 worth of Government-insured GI loans, or about 9 per cent of the nearly $17,000,000,000 they borrowed. Only 9/10ths of 1 per cent of the almost 3,000,000 GI loans made have been defaulted to the point that the Veterans Administration has had to pay claims on the Government guarantee.

A RECENT SURVEY of middle-aged and elderly workers shows that over 83 per cent perform their jobs adequately or more than adequately: 42 per cent produced more and 81 per cent were absent less frequently than younger co-workers.

MORE THAN $2,000,000,000,000 in checks were drawn on all banks in the United States last year—the first time that the 2 trillion figure has been reached.

MR. AVERAGE AMERICAN OF 1952 was born around 1922, of native American parents, reached the sophomore year in high school, now is earning about $3,000 a year as a semi-skilled worker in a manufacturing plant.

4,000,000 AGED, WIDOWS, AND ORPHANS were receiving benefits under federal old-age and survivors' insurance in 1951—an increase of 1,100,000 during the year.

EVERY YEAR SCIENTISTS DISCOVER about 5,000 new kinds of insects, 2,000 new kinds of plants, and 2 to 3 new birds.

THERE ARE 2,796 SPOKEN TONGUES in the world, exclusive of dialects.

ONE PERSON IN 4 has trouble winking because of lack of separate muscle control for each eye.

LAWRENCE GALTON

Mr. Jermyn, and he went through the kitchen door to get us drinks. It was then that he asked Miss Clare to come outside. He didn't have to go into the front hall for that. She was in the nursery between the kitchen and the living room."

"Mr. Kiliani?"

"My train got me here at 5:45. I took a taxi from the station and found Sari's note at the cottage. I took her car and drove over here, taking the road that leads to the front door. I knocked, but no one answered. I knew the door wouldn't be locked while Ted was here, so I opened it, and found Miss Clare kneeling by Mrs. Moberly's body in the front hall."

"Miss Clare?"

EMMA tried to control her shaking hands and voice. "Lucy and I were outdoors most of the morning. Just before luncheon Mrs. Moberly came out on the terrace. She was on her way to the village on some errand she called 'important.' She stopped to tell me that Dr. Collier was coming over this afternoon. While Lucy was taking her nap I came out on the terrace. Dr. Collier arrived about two-thirty and we sat on the terrace, talking. Shortly before three, Mrs. Moberly's station wagon came up the driveway and went out of sight behind the house, as if she had driven up to the front door."

Captain Grant's direct look was disconcerting. "Then presumably Mrs. Moberly was still alive just before three. Did you see her or anyone with her in the station wagon?"

"No. Just the station wagon. A few minutes later Dr. Collier left. I watched him drive away. Then I went into the house by the kitchen door and down the passage to the nursery. Lucy had just wakened. She and I went out the kitchen door, down the steps to the river. We didn't come back until nearly five."

"And afterward?"

"I gave Lucy her bath in the nursery and we had supper there together about five-thirty."

"Didn't Lucy usually have her meals with the family?"

"No. Mrs. Moberly liked a late breakfast and dinner at eight. A child as young as Lucy has to have breakfast by seven and supper by five or five-thirty, so she will be asleep by six-thirty, at the latest. After Lucy had gone to bed Mr. Jermyn came down the passage from the kitchen and asked me to come out on the terrace. We went out the kitchen door, but when I returned to the house I went through a French window into the living room, because it was nearer that end of the terrace.

In the front hall I stumbled over Mrs. Moberly's handbag and then—I saw her body. The front door opened, and it was Mr. Kiliani."

"What did you say when you saw him?"

"I tried to say 'Nicky,' but I was so short of breath I couldn't make a sound."

"And what did Mr. Kiliani say?"

Emma hesitated. Her hand was still in Nicky's. She felt a gentle pressure on her fingers. "He didn't say anything. He was as dazed as I, probably. After a moment

I found my voice and asked him to call Ted Jermyn."

Grant had turned to Collier: "Did you hear any sound from the house while you were talking to Miss Clare this afternoon? A cry? Or a fall?"

"No." Collier weighed his answer thoughtfully. "We were quite absorbed in our talk, of course—"

"And the television," put in Emma. "Mary, the cook, was upstairs in her room and she had her television set turned on loudly. Every now and then there were shouts of laughter. I doubt if we could have distinguished a scream."

"That's why Mary says she didn't hear anything herself." Grant sighed audibly. "And you, Mrs. Collier? Alone in your own home all day?"

"No. I went for a walk in the woods this afternoon and gathered wild raspberries. I was walking up the drive to our house when my husband came in from a round of house visits and suggested we come over here and pick up Sari along the way."

"So none of you has anything that can be called an alibi," said Grant. "Even Mr. Kiliani could have taken an earlier train from New York. No one admits going to the front of the house between three and four, but any one of you could have done so without being seen or heard."

Ted Jermyn threw back his shoulders. "Then you don't believe that my aunt's death was an accident?"

"No." The word was like a dash of ice water. "And I may as well tell you why. I know all about that 'important errand' of Mrs. Moberly's in the village today. She came to see me in order to make formal charges against a blackmailer. She had written evidence—a letter. I'll read it to you."

THEY could all hear the little clock ticking softly on the table as Captain Grant extracted the letter from its envelope. The paper was pink, a piece of frivolity that seemed to heighten the crudeness of the message.

"'Mrs. Moberly,'" Captain Grant read. "'I want a thousand dollars. If you don't get it to me in the next three days, I will go to the police and tell them all about the clock.'

"Postmarked yesterday. No date or address inside and the signature is simply: 'Shirley.' Your aunt identified her as a former maid. Do you know anything about all this, Mr. Jermyn?"

"Of course." Ted Jermyn passed both hands through his hair in a gesture of utter weariness. "My aunt dismissed Shirley a few weeks ago for this very reason. She made up a story to get money out of us. She tried me first. I told her to go to the devil. Then she went to my aunt, believing my aunt would pay blackmail to protect me. Aunt Lettice came straight to me with Shirley's story and I told her it was all nonsense. We agreed not to prosecute if the girl would drop the whole thing. But, apparently, she didn't. Aunt Lettice didn't show me this note. I suppose she got it this morning, after I left the house, and decided to teach the girl a lesson by turning it over to the police."

"Do you know the gist of Shirley's accusation?"

"Something about winding the clock."

"Is this the clock?"

"Yes."

"Are the four rosebuds purely ornamental?"

"No. The red rose is for winding, the pink rose for setting. The clock chimes on the hour. It's an old French bedside clock that belonged to my grandfather."

CAPTAIN GRANT turned the pink rose. There was a faint whir. Then, clear and tinkling, came the chiming of the clock—one, two, three, four, five, six . . .

"Why, that's the clock in the front hall!" exclaimed Emma. "I've heard it striking, but I never saw it."

"It stands in a niche, at the head of the stair," Ted said.

"The clock in the front hall," repeated Grant with a certain emphasis. "How often do you have to wind it, Mr. Jermyn?"

"Every eight days."

"How many people know how to wind this clock?"

"I'm the only one, now Aunt Lettice and my wife are gone. And, of course, Shirley herself. She must have watched me wind it a dozen times last summer. . . . Why all this interest in the clock?"

Grant studied Ted for a moment. Then, with sudden resolution: "I think you should hear Shirley's story again from her own lips."

He crossed the room to the hall door and opened it. "Cummings!" he called to one of his men. "Ask Miss Totten to step in here."

She was pretty in the outmoded style of the silent film stars: a shapeless tangle of fluffy hair, home-curled; the round-eyed look once known as the "baby stare;" an upper lip with a sharply cut "Cupid's bow" that had not been overlaid with lipstick in the modern fashion. There was gilt beading around the high neck of her sleeveless white dress and she wore flat sandals made from straps of gilded leather. Inappropriate, but, somehow, its very garishness was innocent and appealing, thought Emma.

"Please sit down," said Captain Grant. "I want you to repeat the story you told me a little while ago."

Obviously, Shirley hadn't expected this confrontation. She darted a sly look at Ted Jermyn, then dropped her eyelids, and Emma realized that what she had taken for innocence might be merely an artless corruption.

"I began working for Mrs. Moberly last summer. When she went back to the city in the fall, she told me I could have the same job this summer, when she came back. Early in June she telegraphed asking me to get the house cleaned before the family came up. I didn't finish until five o'clock that Friday afternoon. I was tired out and went to bed right after supper. Then, next morning, I pick up the Brookfield paper, and what do I see? Mrs. Jermyn dead and policemen all over the house, only three hours after I left!

"Dad came in then with a state trooper who wanted to question me. Dad and I both told him I had got home at five-thirty, and he seemed satisfied. He said it looked like an accident because, so far as they could tell, no one else was in the house when she died. I said: 'How do you know when she died?' He said: 'Her taxi man heard the clock in the hall striking eight just after she unlocked the front door and switched on the light in the hall. It stands to reason that she died a few minutes later, because she hadn't taken off her muddy galoshes or her wet hat and raincoat. None of the other lights in the house had been turned on.'

"Something about that sounded funny to me. I didn't realize what it was until Mrs. Moberly herself came up here three days later and I went back to work for her. I was dusting in the front hall and the clock struck ten. Suddenly I remembered. That clock in the hall wasn't an electric clock that runs by itself. It was a fancy clock that you had to wind every eight days and—who had wound that clock the day Mrs. Jermyn died? I hadn't wound it when I cleaned the house that afternoon.

"I guess the police thought I had, because they never asked me about it. But that clock wasn't running when I left the house. Even if I had wanted to wind it, I couldn't, because I didn't know how. Someone else must have wound it, and it couldn't have been Mrs. Jermyn, because the taxi driver heard the clock striking while Mrs. Jermyn was unlocking the front door before she went inside.

"So there must have been someone else in the house that afternoon, after I left—someone who might have waited there for Mrs. Jermyn until she arrived at eight o'clock. She wasn't necessarily alone in the house when she died. That meant it didn't have to be an accident, after all. It could be murder and, if it was, the murderer had to be someone who knew how to wind that clock.

"I didn't say anything to anybody about it then. I was too scared. But I kept an eye on that clock to see when it would run down. It stopped eight days after Mrs. Jermyn died. I told Mr. Jermyn: 'That hall clock has stopped.' He said, as calmly as you please: 'I'm afraid I forgot to wind it. I'll do it now.'

"Next day I got up my nerve to tell him what I suspected, and he told me I was imagining things."

TED JERMYN'S voice lashed out at her: "Why don't you tell them that you offered to keep quiet if I gave you a thousand dollars. Your statements that you hadn't wound the clock and didn't know how to wind it are completely unsupported. When you found you couldn't intimidate me you tried to blackmail my aunt, hoping a woman would prove more gullible. But you underestimated her character. The first time, she dismissed you; the second time, she reported you to the police. Did you know she had already done so this afternoon? Or did you only know of her intention? Where were you between three and four P.M. today?"

Tears stood in Shirley's round, shallow eyes. "I didn't wind that clock." Her small chin jutted stubbornly.

"Your story would carry more weight if you had come to the police instead of demanding money from Mr. Jermyn and

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his aunt," said Grant. His gaze shifted. "Mr. Jermyn, I'm going to ask you again: Who else could have known how to wind that clock?"

Abruptly, Ted crossed the room to the fireplace. The flames had died down to a throbbing, red glow between charred logs. He poked them into new flame. As he turned to replace the poker in its stand Emma saw his face—set and haggard. Why had it changed so utterly in the last few moments? "*He knows*," thought Emma. "It has come to him suddenly and he isn't going to tell."

"Sorry." Ted looked at Grant defiantly. "I can't think of anyone outside the family, except Shirley herself, who might have seen me wind the clock. I do it once a week, on Sunday morning. It isn't a time when a neighbor is likely to drop in. I can't recall anyone doing so. We haven't had house guests here. The cook, Mary, came after my wife died. And I'd like very much to hear one good reason why a murderer, waiting in an empty house for his victim to arrive, should risk betraying his presence at that time by winding an eight-day clock?"

"Murderers do make mistakes," said Grant. "If the murderer learned how to wind the clock because he happened to see you do it, he might not suspect how few people knew the trick. And he could have no idea that a taxi driver would hear the clock striking just as Mrs. Jermyn unlocked the front door. If it hadn't been for that, everyone would have assumed that Mrs. Jermyn herself wound the clock."

"But why was the clock wound at all?"

"There are many possible reasons. The murderer had to be in a certain place as soon after the murder as possible in order to establish a pseudo-alibi. He would have to time his actions in minutes. Or suppose he—"

"But how," Ted interrupted, "could this hypothetical murderer know that my wife would be there at all that evening?"

"You knew. Do you realize that your statement is limiting suspicion to yourself?"

The despair of the trapped came into Ted Jermyn's eyes. "I can't help that. You want me to tell the truth, don't you? I still think both deaths were accidental—my wife's and my aunt's. As for the clock, I think that Shirley wound it herself the day she cleaned house, and that she lied about that afterward because she wanted to blackmail us. Good Lord, Captain Grant, do you realize that if Aunt Lettice was murdered it would have to be one of us who did it?" His glance swept the room, taking in the Kilianis, the Colliers, and even Emma. "No one else has been here for days!"

Inspiration came to Emma: "Oh, but they have!"

"Who else has been here?" demanded Grant.

"I—" Emma nerved herself and plunged: "I was thinking of Shotten and Gryder."

Grant broke the silence: "Shotten and Gryder? Who are they?"

Ted Jermyn was looking at Emma intently. "Are you serious?"

"I'm afraid she is." Collier sighed.

"What on earth are you talking about?" said Mrs. Collier.

"Lucy's unseen playmates." Collier turned to Grant: "A lonely child creates imaginary playmates whom she talks to and plays with. Pretend playmates, invisible to the child and everyone else."

"But not to me," said Emma.

"You've seen them?" Grant's stare silenced her.

Collier sighed. "When Lucy began talking about two people whom she called Shotten and Gryder, we all assumed they were imaginary playmates, for none of us had ever seen them. Miss Clare thinks they may be real people, after all. She says she saw their shadows last night on the terrace from her window. It seems more likely that she saw a pair of actual trespassers, who had nothing to do with Lucy's Shotten and Gryder at all."

"Or with Aunt Lettice," added Ted Jermyn.

"But they did, in a way." Emma was thinking aloud, hardly aware now of the ring of faces, intent, anxious, wary. "This morning, before she left, Mrs. Moberly told me she had seen the two I saw last night at the same time and place. Now Mrs. Moberly is dead. I can't help wondering—is she dead because she was beginning to realize that Lucy's Shotten and Gryder were real people who had something to do with Mrs. Jermyn's death? And, somehow, today, they found out that she realized this?" Emma looked at Shirley: "You were in charge of Lucy when she began talking about Shotten and Gryder. Do you remember what she said about them?"

Shirley liked the role of witness. "I didn't pay much attention. I thought it was just a kid's silliness. Shotten, the girl, was the only one you could call a playmate, I guess. According to what Lucy said, she came here about two or three times a week, always outdoors, always at night, and once or twice, when she found Lucy had seen her, she talked to Lucy through the window screen. Once Lucy tried to point her out to me. I couldn't see a thing, but Lucy said Shotten was hiding in the bushes."

"And Gryder, the other one, was a boy?" put in Grant.

"Or a man," answered Shirley. "It was never clear which. He only came once, at the very beginning. He never talked to Lucy, she said, and she never saw him close to."

"When did all this begin?"

"Why . . ." Shirley hesitated. "It was in June, just after the family got here, just after Mrs. Jermyn's death."

Grant rose. "I'd like to talk to the child."

"Oh, no!" protested Emma. "She's only three and a half. You can't wake her in the middle of the night and expect her to answer intelligently."

"Miss Clare is right," said Collier quickly. "As Lucy's doctor, I can't urge too strongly that you wait until tomorrow. You won't get a thing out of her otherwise."

"All right." Grant yielded reluctantly. "I'll be here the first thing in the morning. And I'll leave a man outside on the terrace tonight." . . .

Footfalls dwindled. At last came the humming of police cars as they went down the drive. Shirley had gone with them.

Ted crossed the room to a bar. "I could do with some coffee. Anyone else?"

"No, thanks," said Nicky. "I am taking Sari home."

"We must go, too." Mrs. Collier rose. "Ted, I can't tell you how sorry I am. . . . If you need anything . . ." Her voice trailed away helplessly.

"And we are sorry—about everything." Sari took both Ted's hands.

This time Ted smiled. "Thank you, Sari, dear. You always understand. Nicky, take care of her!" Ted held out his hand.

But Nicky turned away as if he hadn't seen the hand. "I'll take care of her. . . . Emma, you heard what Grant said? There'll be a trooper on the terrace tonight. Call him if anything disturbs you."

"Yes." Emma was a little surprised at his concern. "I'll be all right."

They were in the front hall now. Again footsteps receded, cars came to life.

Ted Jermyn closed the front door and looked at Emma quizzically. "Afraid?"

"No." She found it hard to meet those brown eyes that had seemed so bright and engaging when she first saw him yesterday. Now his face was stale parchment, his smile thin and shaky.

"Your friend Nicky seems to think I'm a murderer. At least, I can't think of any other reason why he won't shake hands with me. Can you?"

"Nicky's temperamental. All musicians are."

"I forgot. You're engaged to marry him. Take my advice: Don't. Marriage is always a mistake. It ruined me."

"You can hardly expect me to agree." Emma managed a smile.

"Perhaps it isn't fair to expect you to stay—after this."

"I'm not leaving Lucy just yet," she said quickly. "Good night."

In the passage a draft of dank air laid chilly fingers on her face. She went into the kitchen. A door was standing open. Not the door they used regularly that led to the terrace, but another door, on the other side of the house, which Emma had taken for a cupboard this afternoon when it was closed. Now it was open. In place of shelves and crockery, she saw stars shining through the branches of a willow tree. This must be the old mill door that Dr. Collier had mentioned. The steep riverbank was only a step or so beyond the door, but there was a path and, halfway down, a stone wall that must be the foundation of the old mill.

Emma looked up at the stars. Ted's voice rang in her ears: *Marriage is always a mistake. It ruined me.* How could

marriage have ruined Ted Jermyn unless he actually had killed his wife? He was free now she was gone. He had a child he loved, money, a home. Yet he had spoken like a man defeated and hopeless.

Emma shut the door and went back, down the passage, to the nursery. Her room was colder than it had been when Lucy went to sleep. And Lucy's room? Perhaps an extra blanket . . . Emma went into Lucy's room, where a night lamp burned dimly. She took a blanket from the chest of drawers and went over to the child's bed.

It was empty. . . .

Emma was alone in the nursery, waiting for the telephone to ring. Captain Grant had promised to call at once if one of his search parties found Lucy tonight. Emma had hated him for that "if."

Had Lucy been taken while Emma lingered in the living room talking to Ted Jermyn, after the others left? Had there been time for one of them to slip away from the rest and go around to the other side of the house to bring Lucy out by the mill door? Certainly that door was the one used. The trooper stationed on the terrace then could see the kitchen door. No one could have used the French windows in the living room or the front door while Emma and Ted were in the living room.

Mary came to the doorway, her wide, pleasant face creased in lines of worry. "Just wondered if you'd like a nice cup of tea. I'm making some for myself. It's nearly midnight, but I can't get to sleep."

"No, thank you." Emma rose. "I'm going out."

"Out?" Mary was amazed. "But then —I'll be all alone. Mr. Jermyn has gone out, and they've taken that trooper away from the terrace."

"You'll be safe, Mary. You have nothing to do with this. You came here weeks after Mrs. Jermyn's death. Can you tell me how to reach the Kilianis' cottage?"

"You go down the drive and take the path past the springs."

The path was rough. When Emma came to a patch of sodden ground she knew she must be near the three springs that supplied Millbourne with water. At each step her foot broke from viscous mud with a sucking sound and the lush ferns stood as tall as her own head. At last the earth grew hard again and she came out of the woods into a hilltop pasture. A small cottage crowned the hill, black against a starry sky, a glint of light edging its curtained windows. Emma found an old-fashioned brass knocker and tapped it lightly. Nicky opened the door.

"Emma!" He drew her inside, one arm about her shoulders. "Do you know it's nearly midnight?"

Emma stood still and unresponsive. "Have you heard about Lucy?"

"Yes. The police were here, searching. All the more reason for you to stay safely indoors."

"I had to talk to you. Where is Sari?"

"In her room. Asleep. Sit down, Emma."

She sat stiffly on a sofa while he shut the door and mended the fire. His profile was toward her as he knelt on the hearth rug. Firelight modeled his lean face with shadow, set a ruddy glow on his high forehead, left his light eyes in pools of shade that darkened them.

"Nicky! I lied for you—I have to know why. What did you mean when you cried out: *Shari! What have you done?* Now Lucy's gone, I'd never forgive myself if I didn't do everything I could. And I haven't said a word to the police—yet."

Nicky stretched his legs along the rug and crossed his ankles, one elbow braced against the floor. His eyes were withdrawn. "You don't trust me, do you? I'm still a stranger—a crazy musician, half Hungarian, a foreigner."

"Don't." Tears blurred Emma's vision.

"Isn't it rather foolish for us to marry?"

"Perhaps." Emma didn't know what else to say.

"Shall we call it off?"

"I don't want to, but if you do . . ."

"I think we'd better."

"All right." Emma's voice was almost inaudible. Can so much end so quickly? What will life be like without Nicky?

"And now that's settled, I'll tell you about Sari."

In one swift, supple movement he sat up, facing her, looking into her eyes. "I've always thought Jane Jermyn's death was—fortuitous. We know they were discussing divorce. Then she died. Suppose she refused Ted a divorce? Suppose she wanted to keep Lucy's father as well as Lucy? That would be a motive for Ted, wouldn't it? Can you think of anyone else who would want to kill her?"

"No. But Ted's alibi . . ."

"Let's say he contrived that. But what was his motive in asking Jane for a divorce? Have you ever wondered about that?"

"No. After all, it's none of my business."

"It's your business now you're trying to find Lucy, because it may be the crux of the whole thing. There's only one real motive for divorce in a case like this—a young man with plenty of money and an attractive wife and child."

"You mean—some other woman?"

"Obviously. What else could it be?"

"And . . ." Emma's voice sank to a whisper. "You think she was Sari?"

Nicky nodded slowly. "Last winter Ted came to our apartment in New York a great deal. I wasn't always there. Even when I was, Jane didn't come with him. Then—Jane died. And Sari was here, at the cottage, the night Jane died. She came down to make a list of things we would need for this summer. The police never knew. But I knew and—it wasn't pleasant. I couldn't believe Sari had killed Jane. But how much did she know about Jane's death? If Ted were her lover, she would never give him away, even to me. If she had supplied the motive for killing Jane she was morally guilty. She could have discouraged his visits, if she had wanted to. So—now you see. When I came suddenly upon Mrs. Moberly's body, lying beside a slight, brown-haired girl whom I took for Sari, wasn't it natural that I should cry out: *Sari! What have you done?*"

"Only, you said Shari, not Sari."

"In Hungarian, the name is pronounced Shari. I've learned to say Sari over here. In a moment of shock, the old Shari slips out."

"And this is why you wouldn't shake hands with Ted Jermyn tonight?"

"Yes. Sari was happy until she met him."

"I'm glad you told me," said Emma. "And I'm glad I didn't tell the police. I can see Sari falling in love with a married man. I can't see her killing anyone. Even if she does love Ted Jermyn, I don't think she's as guilty as you think. It would be monstrous to find someone you loved had killed for love of you. What could you do? Go to the police and betray him? Or keep silent and become an accomplice? Either way would be agony."

"That wasn't Sari's first visit to the cottage alone last winter." Nicky spoke tonelessly. "And it wasn't the first time Ted had come down to spend a week end at Millbourne alone. He liked skiing. Jane didn't. I don't remember now if his visits coincided with Sari's, but—isn't it possible Ted showed Sari how to wind that clock? Who can say what anyone will do, even a sister?" He turned away. "If Jane and Sari came suddenly face to face at the head of the stair . . . Jealousy is an ugly thing."

"But what about Shotten and Gryder?"

"Shari . . . Shotten. Say them quickly. There is a resemblance. Lovers have pet names for each other. Suppose she has been meeting him secretly after dark."

"Wouldn't Lucy recognize her as Sari?"

"I doubt it. We all see very little of the child. I don't believe Sari's been over there in the daytime. Only for cocktails or dinner. Lucy is always in the nursery by five. It would be easy for Sari to avoid meeting Lucy in the daytime."

"Then Gryder is Ted Jermyn himself?"

"Why not? Gryder never spoke to Lucy or came close to her. Gryder could be Lucy's version of some nickname we don't know. Doesn't she distort words sometimes?"

"She says 'danish' for 'dangerous.'" Emma sighed. "But Lucy told me Shotten hid from Gryder once."

"Sari might have hidden from Ted once, not sure the man approaching was he. Certainly a man and woman, wandering so stealthily at night, suggests the stealth of lovers, doesn't it?"

"Does it?" The fluting voice startled both. Sari stood in an open doorway. Her leopard skin robe seemed to heighten the savage glint in her eyes.

"You've been listening?" Nicky's voice was flat.

"How could I help it in a cottage where the walls are so thin? You thought I was asleep? I wasn't. I heard everything. Now I know what you two really think."

"Sari, we were only worried about

you, trying to protect you!" urged Emma.

"I do not need protection!" Sari's voice trembled. "The only person I know who thinks me capable of murder is my own brother! But you didn't complete your case against me, Nicky. What have I done with Lucy? Why should I kill her?"

"I never suggested—"

"You implied that either Ted or I killed Jane! Do you seriously maintain that her own father would carry her off?"

"No, but—Sari!"

She had turned back to her room. Nicky sprang after her, laid a hand on her arm. She shook it off, fury blazing in golden eyes. Her hand flashed and there was a sharp crack. She had struck Nicky across the mouth. Then she was gone.

Nicky looked ruefully at Emma. "She has a point. She wouldn't harm Lucy or hide her. Neither would Ted. Who can there be with a motive for harming Lucy?"

"I don't know unless— Could it be Shirley? Did you hear Captain Grant call her by her last name tonight? It's Totten."

"Shirley Totten. Shotten." Surprise brought a spark to Nicky's eyes. "Murder and blackmail both? It could be. In a maid's dress and apron, without make-up, Shirley would look quite different from the way she did tonight. A different appearance might seem like a different personality to a small child, especially if someone called the unfamiliar personality by an unfamiliar name. You see? By day the girl would be Shirley, the maid. Seen dimly, at night, with a wide-brimmed hat shading a face masked by heavy cosmetics, she would be another person—Shirley Totten or Shotten. It was a little game that Lucy played with Shirley."

"But then—who is Gryder?"

"That's the whole question now. Shirley is quite pretty and thoroughly venial. If Gryder is her lover, he could be any man, even Ted Jermyn."

"You said he loved Sari."

"Love?" Nicky shrugged. "Ted is a ladies' man. Or rather a woman's man—any woman's man. And Jane Jermyn wouldn't like the idea of Shirley as a stepmother for Lucy. Unless Jane died, Shirley would have little chance of marrying Ted. Has Lucy never said anything that gives any clue to Gryder's identity?"

"No. I tried to question her. I asked her what Shotten and Gryder looked like and where they lived, but Lucy's answers were just nonsense and—" Emma stopped suddenly. "Maybe they weren't nonsense. She said Shotten lived in the springhouse. Shotten had told her so. Even Lucy doubted it, but—there might be a seed of truth in it. If Shotten and Gryder are lovers, the springhouse might be a meeting place. Oh, Nicky! Let's go there now and see if there's any trace of anyone having been there!"

"All right." Nicky took a flashlight from a table near the door. They didn't need the flashlight. The moon had risen high, flooding the pasture with the ghost of sunlight.

Emma's footfalls scraped on pine needles, but Nicky moved beside her without making a sound.

Emma paused as she felt mud slide under her feet. "Somewhere near here."

He was taller. It was easier for him to look over the ferns. "There's a low, peaked roof at quite a distance. The path is overgrown."

"We can force our way through."

But Nicky's hand on her arm detained her.

"Wait here. There's someone there."

"Who?"

"I can't see. The ferns are too high. But there is no breeze and the ferns are moving." He stepped off the main path. Ferns closed around him.

To Emma, the flight through the night was like a monstrous, distorted dream

Emma shivered inside her warm coat and looked at her watch: 12:50. Waiting was intolerable. Two people had been murdered and now Nicky, unarmed, was walking into a mystery that might be dangerous.

Now she couldn't even hear the faint rustling of his passage through the ferns. Everything was still in the windless, moonlit night. Emma looked at her watch again. He had been gone ten minutes. Emma called softly: "Nicky!" No answer. She left the path and plunged into the underbrush.

Raspberry thorns choked her passage. Swampy ground yielded sickeningly at each step. Suddenly she was in a clearing, facing a small, low stone house with a peaked roof of slate. There was a gleam of white in the moonlight on the stone ledge under the low roof. She plunged across the clearing and knelt on muddy ground. "Lucy!"

The small figure, in dressing gown and pajamas, was sleeping as peacefully as if she lay in her own bed, but here it was chilly and dank. Emma took off her topcoat and wrapped it around the child. Lucy opened heavy-lidded eyes.

"Lucy, darling, who brought you here?"

"Nobody. I came alone. I was trying to find Shotten. I wanted to ask her—why she didn't speak to me—when I woke up from my nap."

Lucy's head nestled against Emma's shoulder. Already she had fallen back into the deep sleep of early childhood.

"Emma!"

She looked up. Nicky was standing beside her. She could hardly see his face in the filtered moonlight, only a blur of paleness in the dark where his face must be and a firefly gleam of eyes. She hadn't heard his approach. She didn't know how long he had been there.

"Thank God!" he cried fervently as he saw Lucy. "Is she all right?"

"Just cold and damp. I must get her home at once."

"Millbourne is a good way from here," said Nicky. "But the Colliers' place is just at the top of the next ridge, and the path is better."

"I'd rather take her to her own home."

Nicky sighed. "Emma, I didn't want to tell you. But we'll have to get Rory Collier here at once."

"Why?"

"I'll show you." Nicky led the way across the clearing. At the edge, ferns were trampled and broken. Among them lay a man, motionless, face down.

"Ted Jermyn," said Nicky in a level voice. "I can't find his pulse. I think he's dead." . . .

The house looked like a hilltop farm. Lights from long, low windows shone on a grassy slope below. A flagstone walk led to the little cloister between house and woodshed that Yankees called a "breezeway." This one was screened and furnished like a porch. Nicky found a bell button and rang.

Light flooded the breezeway. Mrs. Collier came through the door, neat hair pale and polished as her housecoat of ice-green taffeta half hidden by an apron of checked gingham. She carried a wet dishcloth. "Oh . . ." As she saw Lucy her face went white and stiff. "Is she—?"

"Just asleep," whispered Emma. "And cold."

"Quickly," Nicky said in a low, urgent voice. "We need Rory at once. We found Ted on the hillside by the springhouse."

"Oh, Nicky—Rory isn't here." She swayed. "He's out with the police, searching for Lucy."

"Where's your telephone?"

"In the hall."

She led the way through a spotless, white kitchen, down a passage to the front hall. "Why don't you put Lucy in here?" She opened a door, switched on a shaded lamp. "This is the examination room for child patients."

THERE were *Alice in Wonderland* characters on the wallpaper. There was a rocking horse, and some dolls. Emma laid Lucy on the couch. "I'll heat some milk and make cocoa for her." Lottie Collier hurried away toward the kitchen.

Emma pulled gently at one sleeve of the damp dressing-gown. Lucy's arm slid out limply. The pajamas underneath were dry. In the hall, Nicky was saying, "Operator! Operator!" Outside the open window, tires purred on gravel and came to a stop. The front door opened.

"Rory!" Nicky slammed down the telephone. "I was trying to call you. Lucy's all right, but Ted Jermyn's on the hillside, near the springhouse."

"Ted Jermyn?" Collier stood in the doorway, frowning. "That's senseless! I thought he was safe in his own house."

"Perhaps he was searching for Lucy alone and someone else found him before he found her. She was asleep near his body."

"His body?"

"Don't you understand? I'm afraid he's dead or dying. Hurry!"

"My car's outside."

"There's no road. We'll have to walk."

Brisk steps, receding, as Rory followed Nicky down the passage. Nicky's voice from the kitchen: "You had better call Captain Grant. Tell him Lucy is safe and Ted Jermyn is hurt. Ask Grant to meet us at the springhouse as soon as he can."

The kitchen door closed with a slam. Lucy opened her eyes.

"You're all right, darling. This is Emma. There's hot cocoa coming."

Lucy stared at the wallpaper. "Where are we?"

"At Dr. Collier's. Lucy, why did you go outdoors alone?"

"I was looking for Shotten. I woke up. I thought I heard her voice. I looked out the window, but she wasn't there. So I went outdoors."

"By the old mill door? The door in the kitchen that isn't used much?"

"Yes. Shotten went out that door this afternoon. I saw her. So, when I heard her voice tonight, I went out the same door and up the hill to the springhouse, where she said she lived. But—she wasn't there. . . . Whose doll is that?" Lucy blinked sleepily at a rag doll, a boy in overalls.

"Let's call him Bongo." Emma brought the doll over to Lucy.

"Are Bongo's eyes black?"

"No, dark blue. What color are Shotten's eyes?"

"I don't know." Lucy yawned, cradling Bongo.

"Does Shotten wear slacks?"

"No. She wears pretty dresses."

Emma thought of a loose, low-necked dress of Persian-printed silk, sliding down sloping shoulders.

"But Gryder wears slacks," said Lucy. "Like Bóngo. Slacks and a shirt, so dark you can hardly see him if he doesn't move. I guess that's why Shotten doesn't know when he follows her at night."

"Are you sure she doesn't know?"

"I don't think so. Because she was afraid when she knew he did—and she isn't afraid any more."

"Then Shotten and Gryder aren't friends?"

"They don't act like it."

"Why were you so anxious to see Shotten tonight, Lucy?"

"I told you. I wanted to ask Shotten why she didn't speak to me when I woke up from my nap this afternoon."

"This afternoon?" For the first time the full implication of Lucy's words came to Emma. "You saw Shotten in the house when you woke up from your nap this afternoon?"

"Yes. I woke before you came in."

Emma nodded, remembering.

"I heard somebody in the front hall," went on Lucy. "I got out of bed and went to the door. Shotten was coming down the passage. She smiled, but she didn't say anything. She went right past me into the kitchen. She was carrying Essie."

"THE doll?" cried Emma incredulously.

"Yes. I told you I left Essie alone and she went away. She went outdoors with Shotten. I looked after Shotten and I saw her go out the mill door."

"You didn't mind her taking Essie?"

"Oh, no. She'll bring Essie back some day."

"You didn't speak to her to try to stop her?"

"No. I just stood there, wondering."

"About what?"

"About why she was in the house in the daytime. She never came inside the house before. Even when she came near the house it was always at night. Then you came and I forgot about Shotten. I wanted to find that turtle we lost."

"But you remembered when you thought you heard Shotten's voice again tonight? And you went out to look for her because you wanted to ask her why she had been in such a hurry this afternoon?"

"Yes." Lucy sighed. "She smiled, but she didn't say anything. That was funny, wasn't it?"

"Usually she talks to you?"

"Oh, yes, she always talks to me, but she didn't this afternoon."

"Lucy, what woke you from your nap? A cry? Or a fall?"

"I don't remember. I just woke and heard someone in the front hall. I went to the door, and then I saw Shotten coming down the passage." Lucy's eyelids dropped. Her lips parted. She was breathing lightly and regularly.

Emma tiptoed out of the room, and started as she almost collided with Lottie Collier in the passage carrying a cup of steaming cocoa on a tray.

"Too late?" she whispered.

"Sleep will do her more good now than a warm drink," answered Emma.

"I'm sorry. I got to the door when she was telling why she wanted to see Shotten tonight. I didn't want to interrupt. It seemed important. And then, quite suddenly, she was asleep."

"They go off very suddenly at this age."

"Won't you have the cocoa? Or would you rather have sherry? You look exhausted, Emma."

"I'd like the cocoa. I'm cold and sleepy."

"Let's go into the living room."

They went through a lighted doorway across the hall. Emma sank into a deep chair and sipped the hot drink gratefully.

"It was important, what Lucy said, wasn't it?"

"Yes." Emma tried to focus her wavering attention. "Lucy was out of bed when I went back to the nursery this afternoon, just at three, after talking to your husband on the terrace. Lucy is supposed to sleep until three, but she must have wakened a few minutes earlier than usual. Do you realize that it was just about the time Mrs. Moberly must have been killed? After her car came back from the village and before four o'clock? I think Lucy was wakened by the sound of Mrs. Moberly's fall. Or maybe by a cry from Mrs. Moberly, just before I went into the house. A cry I didn't notice because I was farther away and the cook's television set was going full blast. I think that it was Mrs. Moberly's murderer who came down the passage from the hall and smiled at Lucy."

"You're sure of the time?"

"Yes. Because of Lucy's logbook. I remember writing in it this afternoon: *Nap, slept at 12:45. Found awake at 3:00.*"

"A murderer and a child . . ." Lottie Collier looked as shocked as Emma felt. "Then there really is someone named Shotten? She's not just a fantasy of Lucy's?"

"I'm sure she's real. And she murdered Mrs. Moberly, and Lucy is the only person in the world who can place Shotten at the scene of the crime."

SHE *smiled, but she didn't say anything . . . she always talks to me, but she didn't this afternoon.* . . . Fearful as a nightmare, the whole swift, silent scene unrolled in Emma's mind: The little girl, rosy and tousled from her nap, waking and hearing a step, running to the door of her room with a welcoming smile. The woman whose shadow Emma had seen once by moonlight—a woman of desperate daring, quick and dangerous as a cobra, slipping down the hall, as noiselessly as she could, leaving death behind her. And then—her heart stopping as the nursery door opened.

For an instant Lucy's life must have trembled in balance with a hair. But the woman's wits were sharpened by her own peril. To pause for one more moment here was impossible, unless she paused to kill. Even that would double her own danger of discovery. It was only the

child. The child was alone and the child knew her only as "Shotten." Everyone else believed that "Shotten" was a figment of Lucy's imagination. All that must have flashed through her mind with the speed of light as she managed to smile and move on without uttering a word that would delay her. If Lucy had spoken or followed her— Lucy hadn't, so she was still alive. . . . But why the doll, Essie? What could Shotten want with a doll?

"Who is Shotten?"

EMMA started from her revery. "Only Lucy knows. It might be the maid—Shirley Totten."

"Condensed to Shotten! I never thought of that. I never heard her called anything but Shirley until Captain Grant spoke to her tonight. Then—who is Gryder?"

"I have no idea. . . . If Shotten knew that Lucy had talked . . . But she can't know. We are the only ones who heard Lucy and— Oh!"

"Oh what?"

"Nicky Kiliani was with me when I found Lucy. She talked a little then. He heard her. So he knows that Lucy saw Shotten when Lucy woke up from her nap. If he happens to mention what he heard to someone else . . ."

"To whom?"

Emma hesitated. Then: "I was at the Kiliani house tonight, before I came here. I only saw Sari for a few moments. She could have been at the springhouse with Ted Jermyn afterward."

"Are you suggesting that Sari might be Shotten and that Gryder is Ted Jermyn himself?"

"I think Ted knew of someone else who could have wound the clock that struck before Jane Jermyn died. Someone he was protecting, even after his aunt was killed. Whom would he protect? A woman, of course. A woman for whom he had killed his wife. But he wouldn't go on protecting her when Lucy disappeared. He would go to her and demand what she had done with Lucy. She couldn't tell him where Lucy was because she didn't know. He wouldn't believe her; he would refuse to protect her any longer. There might be a violent quarrel. She might kill him."

"Sari? Oh, no!"

"Have you ever seen her in a temper? Oh, I'm so mixed up! Nicky left me on the path when he went through the ferns to the springhouse. It was ten minutes before I followed him. Suppose he found Ted struggling with Sari? Anything could have happened in that ten minutes! And now Lucy's in horrible danger. Once you admit Shotten and Gryder are real, Lucy becomes the one witness who can identify her aunt's murderer. When the police realize that . . . I almost wish you hadn't called them."

"I haven't yet," said Lottie, rising. "But I must do it now. They're still searching for Lucy." She hesitated. "But you're right. She's going to be in danger from now on. The police will promise protection, but—their primary purpose is to catch a killer. They'll set a trap for Shotten, and there's only one bait they can use—Lucy."

"Is there no way we can stop them?"

"There is a way, but—it's a pretty desperate scheme."

"How?"

"Get Lucy away from here and hide her until the case is solved. I know a place where you and Lucy would be safe, a hunting lodge in the mountains that belongs to one of Rory's patients. Thank heaven, Rory left the car! I can take you there by back roads where there'll be no highway patrol to notice our license number. I'll tell Rory and the police that you insisted on my driving you and Lucy back to the Jermyn house and that's the last I saw of you. I'm willing to risk it, if you are."

"I'd do anything to protect Lucy."

"Then we'd better get along. Rory or Nicky may be back here at any moment, wanting to know why Captain Grant hasn't reached the springhouse. I must get out of this housecoat." Lottie tossed her apron aside and hurried into the hall. In less than five minutes she was back, wearing a camel's-hair coat over a linen suit. Her movements were hummingbird quick as she opened a closet door in the hall. "A steamer rug for Lucy. An overnight bag for you with my own night things. A picnic basket with jars of junior food for Lucy, and a vacuum bottle of fresh milk. Car keys. Flashlight. . . . Can you carry Lucy out to the car without waking her?"

"I think so."

RORY'S car stood under a rowan tree. Lottie held the door open for Emma. She climbed inside and eased Lucy gently into her lap. Lottie got into the driver's seat. Without lights, the car coasted soundlessly into the woods.

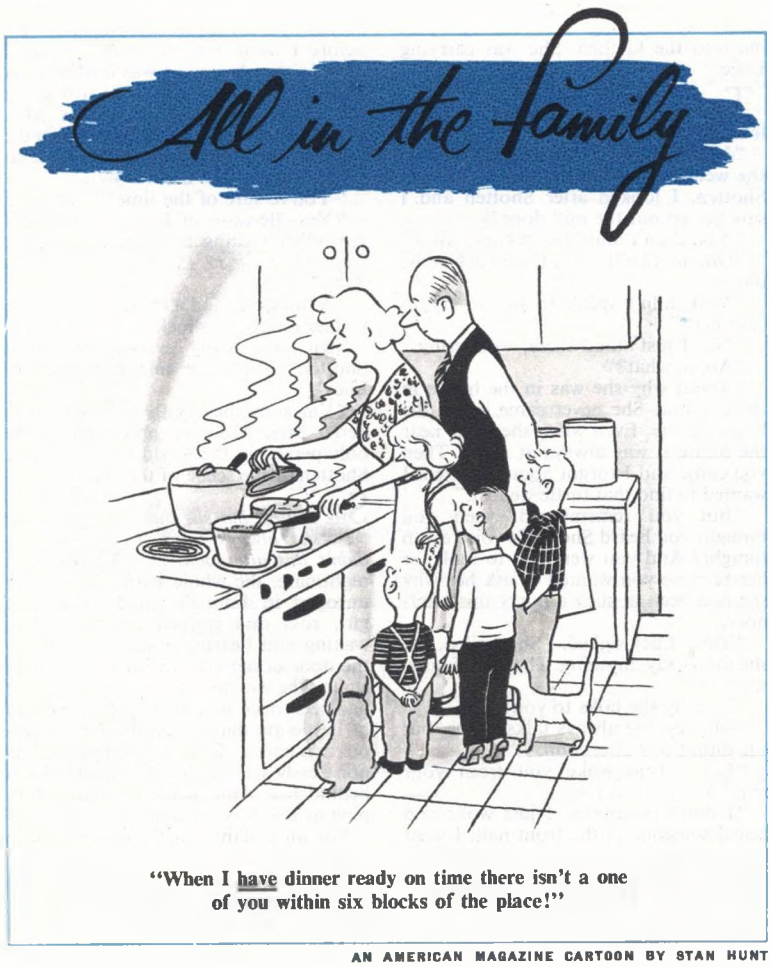
It was like a dream, this flight through the cool summer night, unreal, distorted.

They left the rough country road for an uneven track that turned and twisted uphill. Lottie took each sharp curve with speed and skill. They glided to a stop in a clearing at the edge of a bluff, surrounded by pine trees. Lottie's flashlight beam flickered over a log cabin.

"There's always a key left on the lower beam of the porch roof." She stood on a porch chair to find it, unlocked the door, and struck a match.

An oil lamp, with a yellow porcelain shade the color of sunlight, shone softly on log walls and fieldstone fireplace. "Kitchen and bath on the left," said Lottie. "Bedrooms on the right. You can relax now. You're really safe here. Why don't you put Lucy to bed?"

Emma found a double bed in the middle bedroom. Lucy wriggled as Emma laid her down, but didn't open her eyes.



"When I have dinner ready on time there isn't a one of you within six blocks of the place!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY STAN HUNT

There was no window. A door led to a side porch. When Emma saw that there was a screen door securely locked, she opened the door itself, for the disused room had a musty smell.

She moved about the room quietly, thankful she need not light a lamp because of the moon shining through the screen door. The bag Lottie had packed for her held a nightgown of light blue silk. Satin slippers and a robe of thin, fleecy wool were the same blue, embroidered with a monogram "C. C." Why not L. C.? Lottie must be a nickname for Charlotte. . . .

THE bedsprings creaked. Emma turned.

Lucy was sitting up in bed, looking toward the living-room door. There was warmth and pleasure in her voice as she said quietly, "Hello, Shotten."

Lottie Collier stood in the doorway. Her pale eyes dwelt on Emma's face. She spoke in a slow, bitter voice: "Now you know." Both hands pushed the braids back from her forehead as if their weight vexed her in this moment of crisis. Pins loosened and her fair hair tumbled to her waist in loose waves. Her whole character seemed to change now the severe hairdress was gone. Disheveled, she was a woman of fierce, untamed feelings with that touch of strangeness that enhances beauty.

"Yes." Emma's own voice was thin and light. "Now I know, Gryder? Your husband, of course! Rory is a nickname for Gregory. And Lucy heard him call out to you: 'Charlotte! It's Gregory!' The names became Shotten and Gryder on her tongue, just as she twisted dangerous into 'danish.' But your friends call you Lottie and your husband, Rory, so no one connected Shotten and Gryder with you or your husband. You killed them both, didn't you?"

"Yes," Lottie said calmly, "though I didn't want to kill Mrs. Moberly." Her voice was detached. "I had to. I had walked to the village. She insisted on driving me back as far as her house and asked me to come in. I knew it was Lucy's nap time, so I thought I could do so without Lucy's seeing me and recognizing me as Shotten. At the head of the stair Mrs. Moberly said, 'The clock is slow, it needs winding.' I said, 'Let me do it for you,' and I started to wind it. Only then, when I saw the amazement in her eyes, did I remember the story about the clock that Shirley had told Ted and Mrs. Moberly.

"Ted had come directly to me when Shirley tried to blackmail him and his aunt, accusing me of having murdered Jane because he knew that I knew how to wind that clock. I had often seen him do it when we met secretly in the house last winter. You see, it was I, not Sari, he came to see. I admitted killing Jane, but I warned Ted that, if he went to the police, I would tell them that he and I had planned Jane's murder together after she refused him a divorce. He knew I could make it stick because he knew I could prove that we were lovers.

"But now I had given myself away to Mrs. Moberly, and she was a stronger character than Ted. She would expose a murderess to the police even if it involved her nephew in scandal and worse. I saw all that in her eyes as she cried out: 'So you are one other person who knows how to wind this clock! Lottie, where were you the night Jane died?'

"I was frightened. I didn't stop to think. I saw a wooden thing on the window sill in the upper hall. It looked heavy. I snatched it up and brought it down on her head with all my force. She screamed and fell backward down the stair, just as Jane did, and lay still, just as Jane lay, in the same place. It took all my nerve to walk down that stair, knowing I might meet someone at any moment. And it would never have happened if I hadn't broken the mainspring of my watch while I was waiting for Ted to reach the house the night Jane died."

"Waiting for Ted?" said Emma.

"Yes. It was I he was coming to meet there—not Jane. He lied about that afterward to the police in order to protect both of us. Actually, we had no idea she was coming. While I was waiting for him I wound my watch too tightly and heard the mainspring snap. So I wound the clock. I was in one of the upstairs rooms when I heard a car stop outside. Of course, I thought it was Ted. I ran a comb through my hair and hurried into the upper hall. There, at the head of the stair, I came face to face with Jane. She had heard a sound above and rushed upstairs, hoping to find me with Ted. She wanted to keep him. She thought I would give him up if she threatened me with a nasty divorce. So she had come to surprise us together. She had always suspected those skiing trips.

"Words led to blows. I struck her. I had no wooden doll that time, but her foot slipped and—"

"Doll?" Lucy caught the familiar word. "A wooden doll? Do you mean Essie? Where is she now?"

"I threw her in the river."

"Please," begged Emma, "we're both forgetting Lucy."

"Oh, no! I'm not forgetting her." The light eyes took on a strange glitter. "Without Lucy, you might struggle or get away; with her, you can't do either." Lottie took a step forward. "We are alone. There is no one—"

Lucy's small voice, tranquil, almost gay, stopped her: "No, we're not alone, Shotten. There's somepling you don't know," Lucy said.

Lottie's look at Lucy was so sharp that Emma moved a little closer to the child.

BUT Lucy was untroubled. "Somepling I never told you." The dimple flashed out merrily. "Gryder still follows you at night sometimes. He's outdoors now."

"Yes." The man's voice startled all three. On the other side of the screen door stood Gregory Collier. "Let me in, Charlotte."

"Stay where you are!" Lottie screamed.

"Let me in, Miss Clare. Nicky is with me. He has a gun."

Slowly, Emma moved to the screen door and unlocked it. Dr. Collier stepped quickly between Lucy and the murderess. One of Nicky's hands gripped Emma's shoulder tightly, but his other hand kept the gun trained on Lottie.

The Month's American Mystery Novel
begins on page 128

"How did you know we were here?" Emma asked, her voice trembling.

"Nicky and I brought Ted to the house," Dr. Collier told her. "We didn't wait for the police at the springhouse. You and the car were gone. I realized my wife had driven you and Lucy away—to kill you. I knew she wouldn't dare to take you too far away if she intended to get back to the house before the police arrived, as she would have to, to avoid suspicion. I thought of this place, close at hand, deserted for the summer. I know so well how my wife's mind works."

"You know nothing," Lottie sneered, "nothing at all."

"I know more than you imagine," Dr. Collier said quietly. "I knew of your affair with Ted Jermyn, but I needed evidence for a divorce—without alimony. Twice this summer I followed you when you went to meet Ted. The first time, I wasn't sure it was you. That was when I called to you. I knew you were Lucy's Shotten, but I didn't suspect you of murdering Jane or Mrs. Moberly, because I didn't know about the clock until Ted told me tonight."

"Ted?" Lottie said. "Ted told you?"

"You didn't kill him, though you tried. He told us he arranged a meeting with you at your old trysting place, the springhouse. He threatened to tell the police everything he knew unless you brought Lucy back to him. You tripped him in the dark and beat his head with a rock when he fell. But you didn't finish the job—Nicky and Miss Clare interrupted you."

"That's ridiculous," Lottie said. "I was home—"

"In a house coat," Emma said, remembering, "and an apron. Over your suit. That's why, afterward, you were able to change so quickly!" She reached down and took Lucy into her arms. "Nicky, please take us home." . . .

HOURS later, Lucy snuggled down in her own little bed. Nicky stood beside Emma, an arm about her waist. Lucy was fascinated by the new ring on Emma's hand—a modest sapphire. "Where did you get it, Emma?"

"Nicky brought it to me from New York."

"Why?"

"Because we're going to be married."

"Then why didn't he give it to you right away when he got here?"

Nicky laughed. "I wasn't sure she wanted it then. Would you like to live with us for a while, Lucy? After we're married?"

"Yes." Lucy sighed and lay back on the pillow. "I like you both. And I like Gryder. I didn't know he was the Doctor. He looked so different in the dark, with that cap hiding his face, and he never came close or spoke to me. But I was right about Shotten. She is a troublemaker, isn't she?"

THE END ★★

Al knew something was wrong from the way the chef was watching him

Two Timers

AL WAS fifteen minutes early. Fred wouldn't approve of that. Timing was Fred's watchword.

Stopping under the traffic light where Fred would pick him up in the new car, Al had the sensation of being watched. But why would anybody watch him? No one knew what he was going to do. He never did anything like this before. That was why Fred picked him—his picture wasn't in any rogues' galleries. He couldn't be identified by an observing teller.

He turned slowly—controlling the muscles of his powerful, 17-year-old body, as if he were idly glancing up and down the street. Relief surged through him. The eyes he had felt watching him belonged to a chef dropping eggs onto a griddle in the window of a short-order joint. The aroma of frying bacon teased Al's hunger.

He went in and sat at the counter. He had a clear view of the corner. Thirteen minutes. When Fred stopped, Al would step into the car with a casual wave, and they'd be off just like any two men going to work in a factory or an office, *or a bank*. This was his first job—and with a classy performer like Fred. That was luck. Fred had this caper arranged to the slightest detail. Nothing could go wrong.

"Two two-minute eggs, grapefruit, and coffee—black," snapped a voice beside him as a dumpy-looking little fat man sat down on a stool.

Al jumped nervously, then settled back. What was he afraid of? He asked for orange juice, toast, coffee, and a couple of medium eggs.

The counterman served the fat guy his eggs. Ten minutes now. Al finished his orange juice. *Why was the chef watching the corner?*

"I wish my wife could make eggs like this," sang the dumpy guy cheerily through a mouthful of half-chewed food. "These are swell. She makes 'em like rocks."

Al grinned wanly and glanced back at the chef. The chef dropped his eyes from the window to his work. He *couldn't* know! "What a jerk I was to come in here," Al thought. "Fred was right. I shouldn't arrive early." Beads of perspiration stood out on his brow. *The chef was watching the corner again.*

"Gimme a couple more them eggs," mouthed the fat guy, sending pangs of anguish and fear surging into Al's stomach. The chef was furtive about looking at the corner. Just a quick glance and back to the eggs. Something was up. Al's spine turned to wet rope. He looked at his watch. Two minutes. Fred would pull up in the car any second. Al took out his handkerchief and wiped his face.

"Anything wrong?" asked the fat guy.

Al started. "Oh, no. Sitting too close to the stove, I guess." He looked out of the window. Fred's car was at the curb. *The chef was looking straight at Fred.*

The muscles in Al's neck bulged as he watched the minute hand make its painful way toward one minute past the appointed time. Fred tossed his cigarette away disgustedly and drove off. Al didn't move. Timing. That was Fred. One minute off and it's no go.

Well, that would be the way with Al from now on. No go at all. Maybe a guy would be hot stuff with plenty of money and pretty girls and big cars, but not when he couldn't look anybody in the eye without having his stomach shrink to the size of a dime. Fred could have this life. It wasn't for Al.

HE PAID his check and forced himself to walk out the door slowly. He'd get a job. Not Fred's kind of job. A real job. No big money, maybe, but a chance to laugh and joke with regular guys. No running. No shame. He opened his mouth to gasp large chunks of clean morning air. . . .

Back in the restaurant, the fat man was still chewing. "Eggs like this I don't get at home," he insisted. "No kidding. I should send my wife here for a course. What have you got, a secret formula?"

The chef glanced at the window and smiled at the compliment. "No secret formula. Just a traffic light. A soft boil takes two switches from red to green—three for medium, and six for hard-boiled.

"It's all a matter of timing."

by Donald Sobol

American Buy-ways

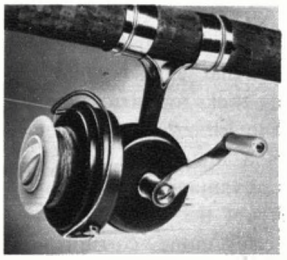
A shopping guide of mail-order specialties

A warming thought . . . for those who like a leisurely second cup of coffee, this excellent coffee warmer and server. Made of a highly glazed creamy-white pottery, it comes with candle holder and candle. Marvelous gift for the June bride, who'll love the cozy elegance it adds to dinners for two. Ppd., $3.50. Jenifer House, New Marlborough Stage, Great Barrington, Mass.

PHOTOS BY BERNARD GOLD

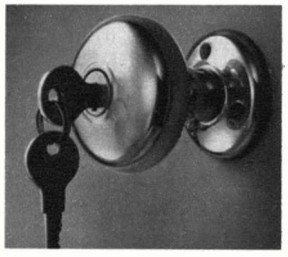
Bathing beauty . . . with a three-way purpose in life. It's a huge bath towel of thirsty, heavyweight white terry cloth, brilliantly handscreened. Use it as a beach towel, as a wraparound skirt, as a beach cape. In Sea Horse, Tropical Fish, or Heron pattern. Postpaid, $4.95. Robes of Luxury, Box 3147, St. Louis 5, Mo.

Made for kitchens . . . where good cooks sign their works of art with a touch of finely chopped parsley. If you endorse the idea but dislike the time it takes, you'll want the parsley mincer, new import from France. Just a few quick turns of the handle and the job is done. No fuss, no muss; comes apart for easy washing. Postpaid, $1.49. Ett-Barr, P.O. Box 401-AE, Pasadena 18, Calif.



Reel news! . . . a 4½-ounce spinning reel with an automatic pickup. Gives you perfect control over your casting; no backlash, can't twist the line, interchangeable to right- or left-hand wind. A quality product, built for durability yet with a lightness that fishing fans (men *and* women) have long been seeking. Ppd., $12.50. Jackson Sales, 1640 E. Nine Mile Road, Ferndale 20, Mich.

Sentimentally yours . . . the precious Sleeping Tot figurine. Colored to your order with baby's name hand-lettered in gold on the pillow. Made of "porcelynized" hydrostone, 5 inches long. State exact color of hair, baby's name, and choice of pink, blue, or yellow pajamas. Postpaid, with one name, $2.00; add 25¢ for two-word name. Baby Shoe Studio, Dept. A, Richmondville, N.Y.



Security minded . . . this precision-made doorknob fitted with a Yale cylinder lock. You can install it with just a screwdriver; no cutting or drilling of door is necessary. Tamper-proof, the knob spins freely when locked, can't be sprung. Ideal for closet, porch and cellar doors. In brass, $3.50; triple-plated chrome, $3.95; ppd. Mastercraft, 212 Summer, Dept. 6, Boston 10, Mass.

by MARY ROGERS

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MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

IT IS A SIGNAL HONOR to be voted the high-school or college graduate most likely to succeed, but it is no guarantee of future success. It is simply an expression of confidence in the natural talents of the honored student, and only if he puts those talents to work in the one activity where they can be most useful is he likely to be a notable success.

Although only one member of each graduating class can be selected as the most likely to succeed, every member of the class can select for himself the one career that best fits his own character and capabilities. If he is wise enough to choose for himself the right trade, business, or profession, he gives himself a much better chance for success than those of higher scholastic standing who fail to select the careers best suited to their talents.

As they receive their diplomas, very few high-school students and not many college students are absolutely certain of what they are going to do after graduation; yet they are keenly aware that they must soon decide how they are going to earn a living and achieve success. Some of them may have once thought that they wanted to become doctors, lawyers, or engineers, but now are beset by doubts whether they possess the special talents required for distinction in the overcrowded professional fields. No self-respecting graduate wants to become a mediocre member of any profession.

★ ★ ★

For all young graduates who are trying to reach a decision it is helpful to realize that there are almost unlimited opportunities for outstanding achievement and public service in the business world, particularly in the field of salesmanship.

The work of people in business is to create, produce, and distribute goods and services to the public, and every business, local or national, is successful according to its ability to serve the public interest. No profession could offer a more useful or satisfying career.

The important role of salesmanship and advertising, by wholesalers and retailers, is to distribute goods and services to every family and to every hometown neighborhood. This is fully as important as the production of goods, for a new product can serve no useful purpose until it is made known and available to the public.

Promising graduates are sometimes unaware that they have a natural aptitude for sales and merchandising work. Many who are struggling for security in professional activities for which they have little natural talent might well have achieved great success in sales careers.

★ ★ ★

It is possible that anti-business propaganda gave these young people the false idea that selling is some kind of racket requiring shady tricks and arrogant manners. While it is true that in selling, as in every profession, there are always a few selfish, irresponsible people who take advantage of public confidence, these cannot corrupt the whole profession any more than counterfeit money corrupts good money. Successful salesmen, like successful doctors and lawyers, are trustworthy. They are always highly respected by the public.

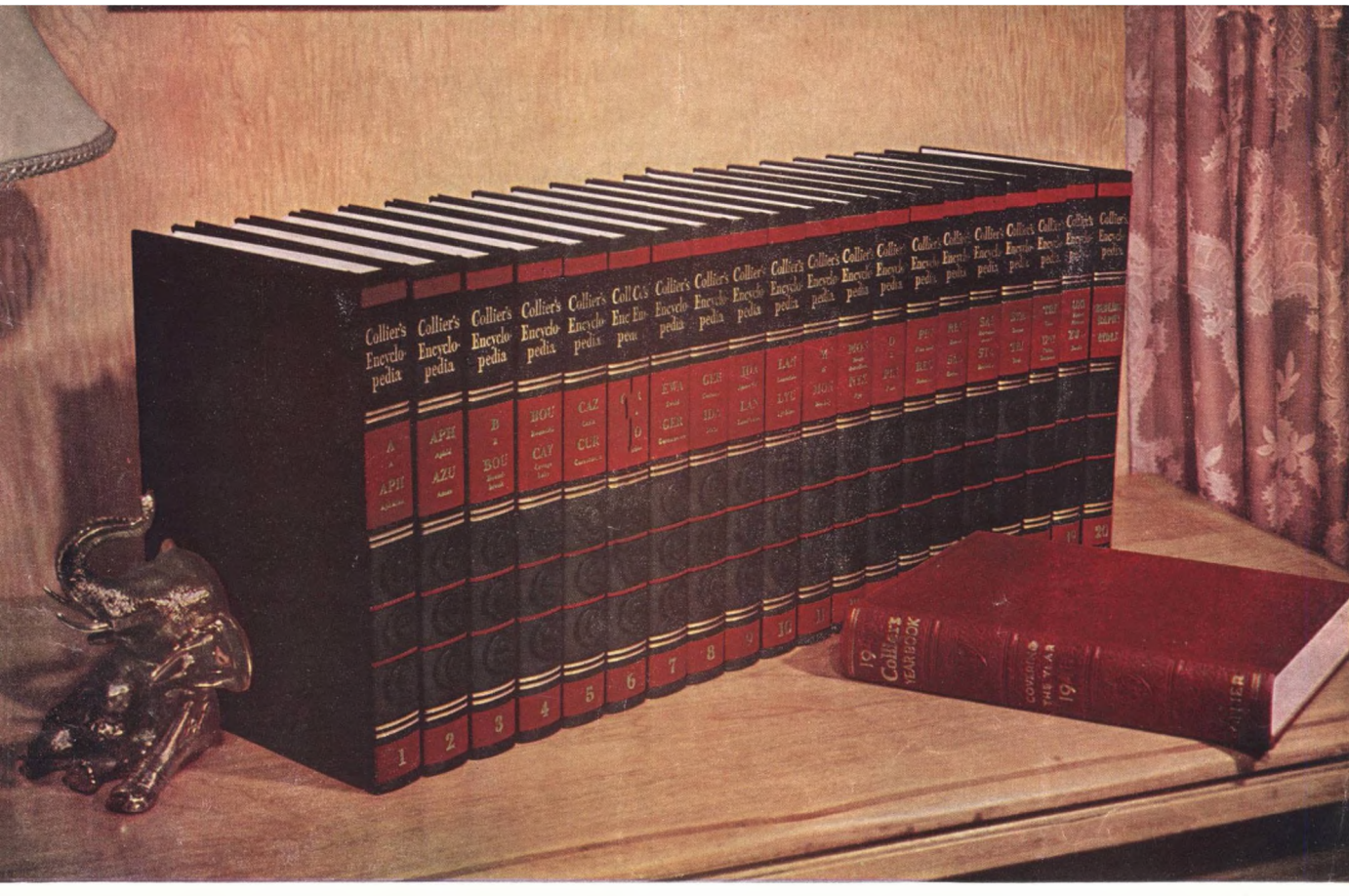
The true meaning and purpose of selling is defined in all standard dictionaries. The original Anglo-Saxon word "sell" meant to give. Some lexicographers believe that it meant to give, yield, or share knowledge for a common good purpose. No profession offers a more worthy career to graduates who are interested in helping people.

In any hometown community, information about the different opportunities in selling, marketing, and merchandising can be obtained from the local merchants and other businessmen. They know the business of delivering goods and services to the public for the good of the public, and they are on the lookout for the kind of young people who are most likely to succeed in some form of selling.

Graduates who are not yet sure of what career is best for them will find it profitable to investigate the many opportunities for them to become the business leaders of tomorrow.

John W. McGarrah

PUBLISHER



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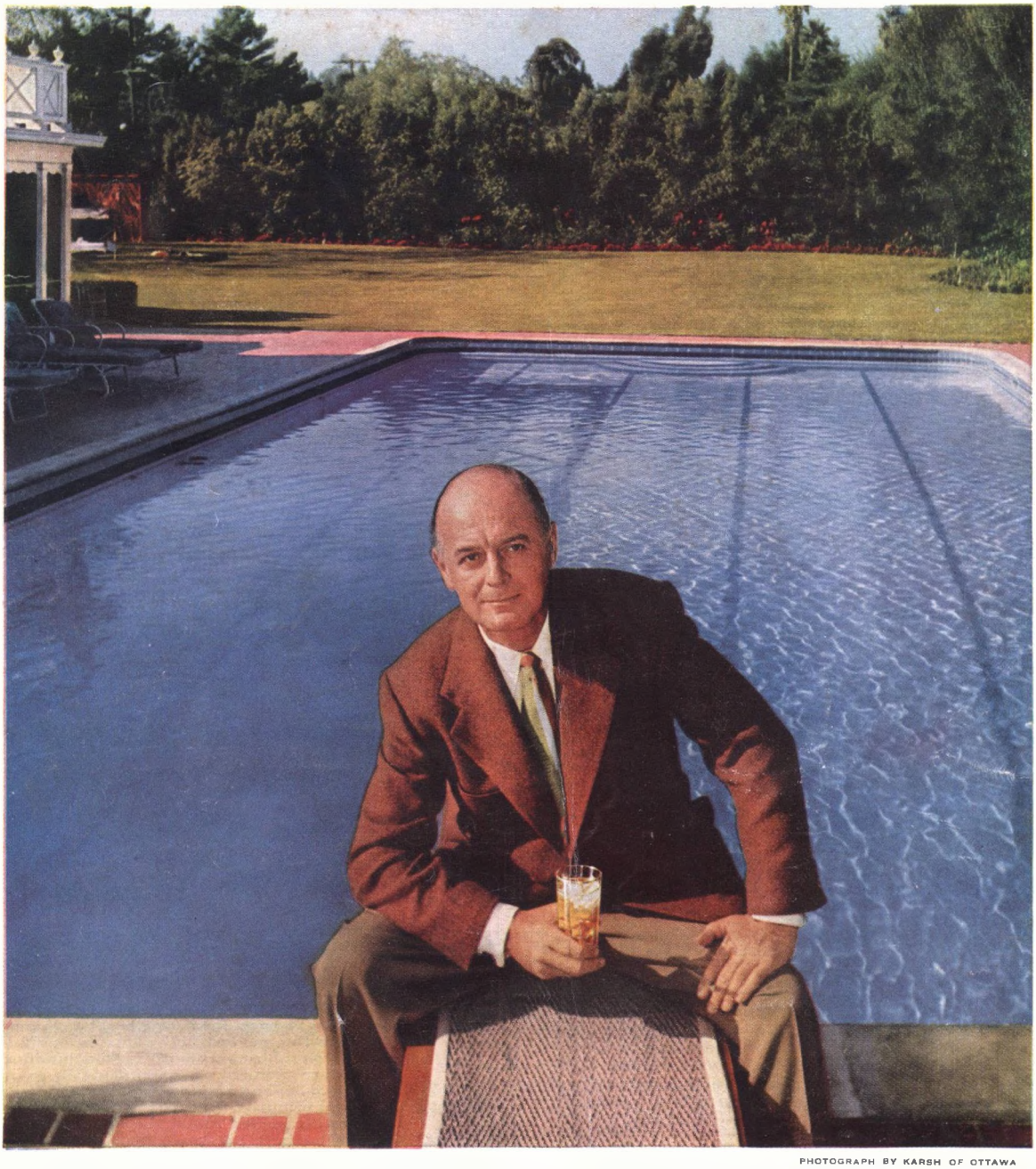

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