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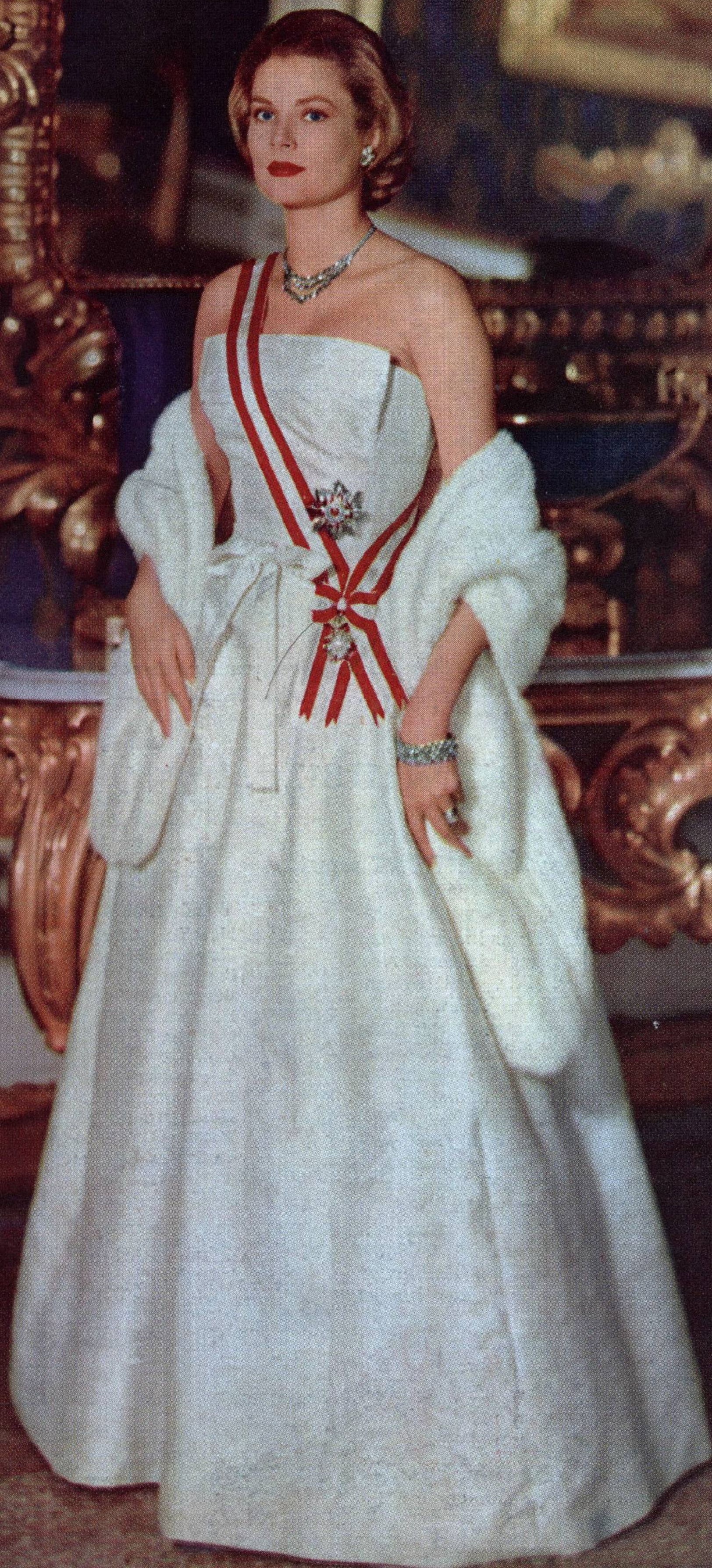

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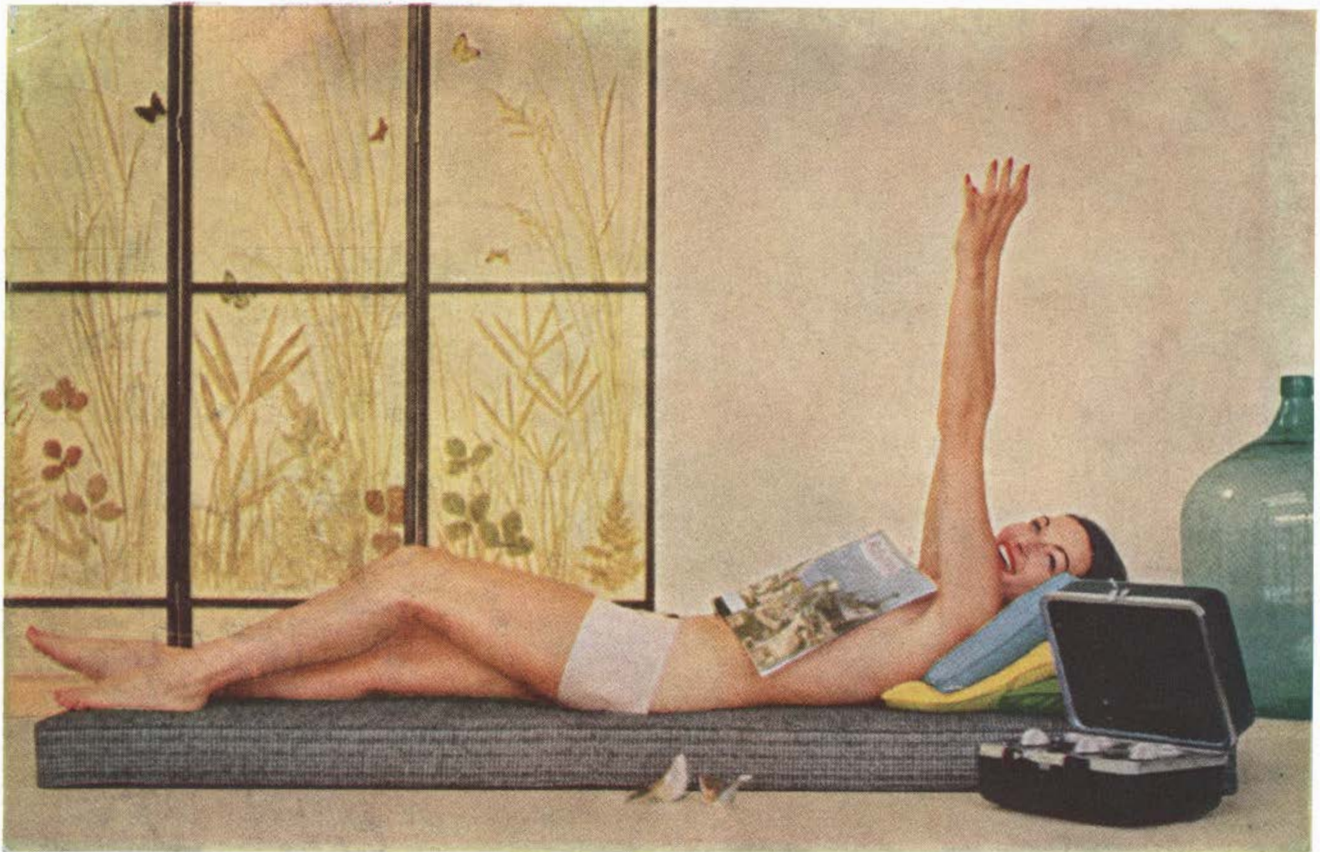

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"We're looking for people who like to draw"

BY JON WHITCOMB
Famous Magazine Illustrator

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? If you do—America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We want you to test your art talent!

Too many people miss a wonderful career in art—simply because they don't think they have talent. But my colleagues and I have helped thousands of people get started. Like these—

Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in the South—and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Once convinced that she had the makings of an artist—she started to study art at home. Soon she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office.

Pipe-fitter to Artist

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company—until he decided to do something about his urge to draw. He still works for the same company—but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models!

Salesgirl, Clerk, and Father of Three Win New Careers

A West Virginia salesgirl studied with us, got a job as an artist, later became advertising manager of the best store in Charleston.

John Whitaker of Memphis, Tenn., was an airline clerk when he began studying with us. Two years later, he won a national cartooning contest. Recently, a huge syndicate signed him to do a daily comic strip.

Stanley Bowen—a married man with three children, unhappy in a dead-end job—switched to a great new career in art. Now he's one of the happiest men you'll ever meet!

Profitable Hobby—at 72

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, decided to use her spare time to study painting. Recently, she had her first local "one man" show—where she sold thirty-two water colors and five oil paintings.

Cowboy Starts Art Business

Donald Kern—a cowboy from Miles City, Montana—studied art with us. Now he paints portraits and sells them for $250 each. And he gets all the business he can handle.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

How about you? Wouldn't you like to trade places with these happy artists?

Free Art Talent Test

We want to help you find out if you have the talent for a fascinating money-making art career (part time or full time). We'll be glad to send you our remarkably revealing 12-page talent test. Thousands formerly paid $1 for this test. But we'll send it to you *free*—if you sincerely like to draw. No obligation. But mail coupon today.

America's 12 Most Famous Artists

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PICTURE
OF THE MONTH

After so many successes, it might seem hard to find a new first in the fabulous career of Bing Crosby. But not for Producer Sol C. Siegel, who has come up with such an innovation in a new M-G-M release called "Man On Fire."

It seems only yesterday that Bing was singing those "High Society" duets with Frank Sinatra and Grace Kelly. We enjoyed that picture, but realize now that it employed only one facet of Bing's many-sided talent.

"Man On Fire" is a switch: from musical comedy to moving drama. During its production, TV's Ed Sullivan dropped in on the set. Afterwards, he told Bing: "I never thought you could bring tears to my eyes.

But that scene with your son really did it!"

It's that kind of picture—real and honest and terribly true to life. And, somehow, a rich and rewarding experience because it has been so well written, well acted and well directed.

Like so many great dramas, this is a simple story. Just some people any of us might know—and like. The picture takes them through stirring and difficult times as they work out solutions to their problems.

The preview reports say "Man On Fire" is a personal triumph for Bing. They also record excited comment about the new players in the cast, most of them from the New York stage. People like pretty Inger Stevens, who is the younger woman; Mary Fickett, the ex-wife; Richard Eastman, the second husband; E. G. Marshall, the lawyer-friend; Malcolm Brodrick, the boy about whom the drama centers.

Ranald MacDougall wrote the screenplay based on a story by Malvin Wald and Jack Jacobs. And directed it with distinction.

For good, honest, moving entertainment and for a really fine performance by Bing Crosby, we recommend "Man On Fire."

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COVER—*From Philadelphia finishing school to Hollywood stardom to sovereignty of a European principality in eight years seems a breathtakingly whirlwind course—but Her Serene Highness, Princess Grace of Monaco (née Grace Patricia Kelly), has taken it all in her queenly stride. Known even in her movie-making days for her regal calm, she now handles public addresses, interior decoration and state visits with equal aplomb. As one friend put it, "She seemed born to be a princess." For a glimpse into Princess Grace's daily life, see page 52. Cover photo copyright Howell Conant, New York.*

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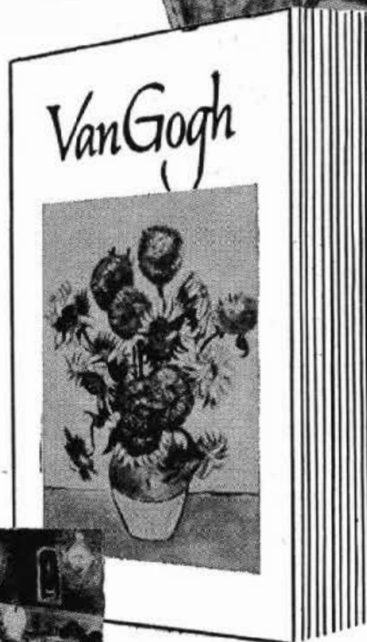

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Kirk Douglas

KIRK DOUGLAS

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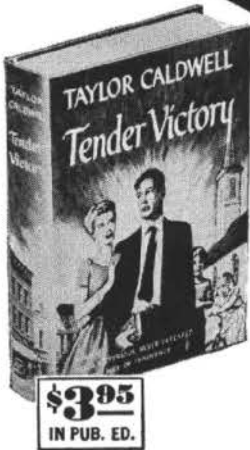

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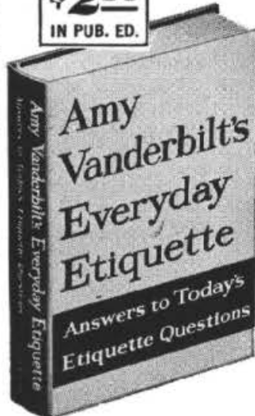

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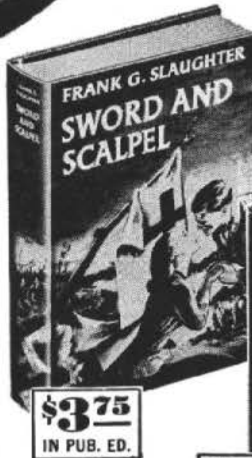

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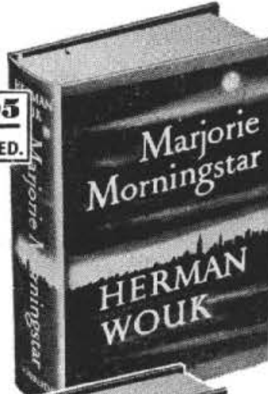

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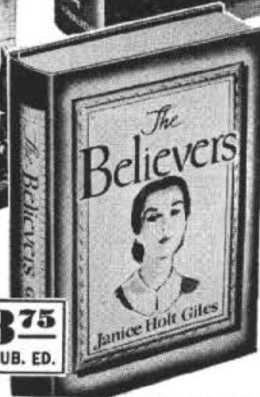

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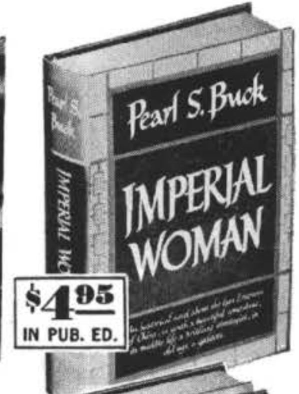

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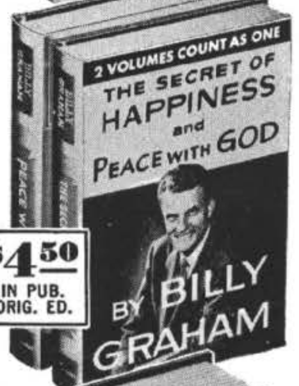

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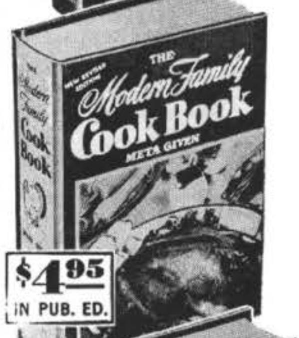

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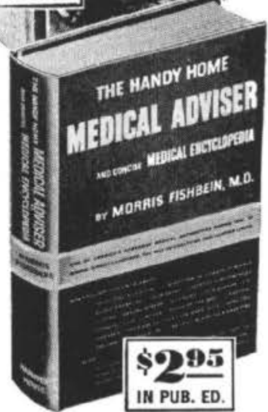

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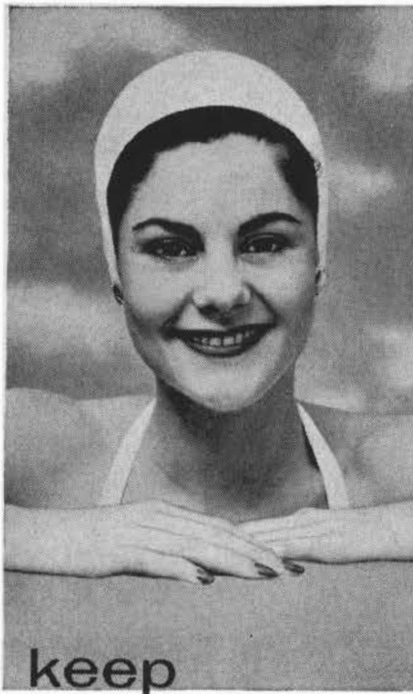

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Nothing to stop you from rushing headlong into a clear, fresh pool, a mountain spring, a briny surf! When it's time-of-the-month, you can *still* keep cool! You can swim wearing *Tampax*—the internal sanitary protection that really protects while it keeps your secret safe!

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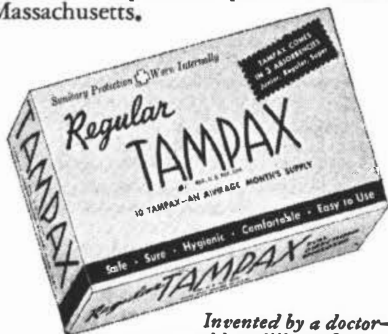


Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

What Goes On At Cosmopolitan

TIPS ON SOAKING, PALACE HOME, FOCUS ON DANGER

"Then I realized that my throat had been cut."

When we read this line at the p. 110 opening of our suspense novel, "The Absence, the Darkness, the Death," by Bill S. Ballinger, we knew we were in for a real thriller. By the time we turned the last page, we also knew, as in an earlier Ballinger story, "Tooth and Nail" (COSMOPOLITAN, March 1955) now being made into a movie and selling in every European country outside the Iron Curtain, we'd hit another Hitchcock-type winner.

Like Somerset Maugham, Ballinger believes a writer should travel, and soak up his locale through his pores. Last week, the very day Ballinger left for Greece on the trail of background for his next story, we asked him for pointers on how a writer should travel to do the most soaking possible.

"Never travel first class," he said promptly. "Make no hotel reservations in advance. Stay in places where the natives stay. Hang around the *average* little drinking and eating places—but splurge once a week at the *best* places." "For instance?" we asked. "For instance, in Paris, live on the Left Bank, but once a week dine at an elegant place like Maxim's or the Tour d'Argent. Also, always try to rent a car wherever you are, New York, New Orleans, Edinburgh—even if it means you'll be so broke you'll have to wear the same shirt three days in a row . . . that's why I own so many colored shirts." With that, Ballinger shook hands and departed for Athens on a Greek ship. Tourist class.

Back Home in Monte Carlo

We can't see why, the way things are going, Princess Grace of Monaco should ever get homesick. With that well-known American dice game, *les craps*, going full blast at the Monte Carlo Casino, the croupiers' cry of "*Wagons à marchandise*," followed by "The box cars, m'sieu," may well be wafted out to the ears of Princess Grace should she be passing. And if that isn't enough of a touch of the U.S., the Princess can always, for example, drive along the Riviera past the new inn called *le motel* and stop-and-sip at the new spot called *le milk bar*. She can even slip into a bathing suit and get tanned on one of the Riviera's new beaches, exotically named "The Miami" and "The Florida." If she has time, that is. What with all her duties and obligations, described on page 52, she hasn't many extra minutes to really live it up at *le milk bar*. In the picture below, the fellow in the camera harness is Howell Conant, who took the photographs for our story of the Princess.

They See the World

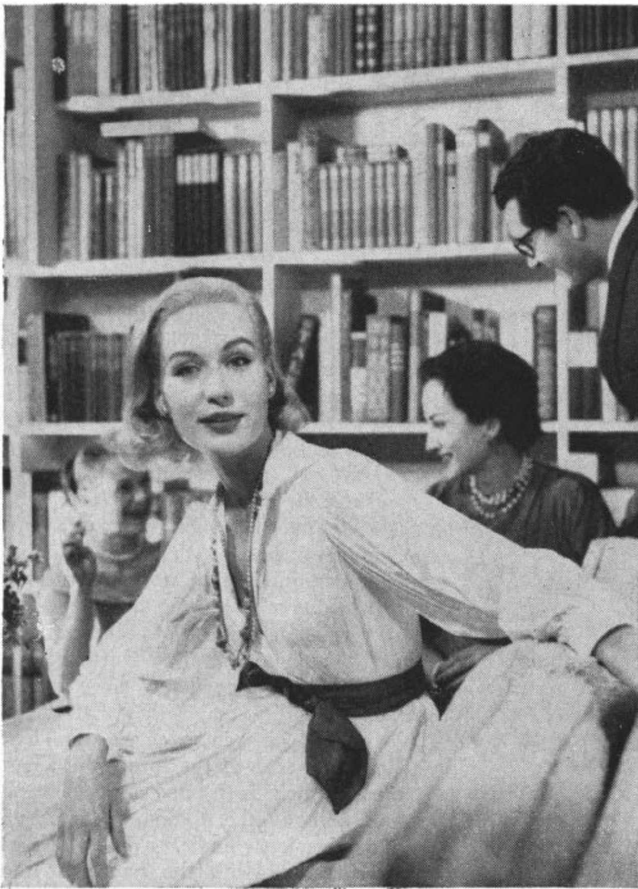
The perilous, the exotic, the vital—in pursuit of these, Magnum Photos' free lance photographers who took the twenty-five pictures for our "Nobility at Play Around the World" story, roam the continents and the seas.

Howell Conant, photographer royal.

Besides exploring the habits of the rich and the noble, they go with sandhogs beneath the Harlem River, watch the induction of a Buddhist priest in Rangoon, record the lives of diamond diggers, sweat in Dr. Schweitzer's jungle hospital.

For such men, no obstacle is too great where there's a picture to be won, though hazards are numerous and tragedies inevitable—Werner Bischof, Magnum's famous Swiss photographer, was killed in an accident while on assignment in Peru; a week later Robert Capa, covering the Indo-Chinese civil war, was killed by a land mine, dying with his camera in his hand. Last year, during the war in the Middle East, David Seymour, Magnum's president, while traveling through the Egyptian desert in a jeep, was killed by snipers. The rest of Magnum's seventeen great photographers, Cartier-Bresson and Philippe Halsman among them, go on, covering famine in India, going to a Bible class in an Eskimo igloo, working under fire in revolutions, accompanying Britain's Queen Elizabeth on royal tours, getting the pictures that win them awards in Paris, Vienna, Zurich, Milan, New York, London. These are the photographers whose pictures we are proud to present on page 40.

H. La B.



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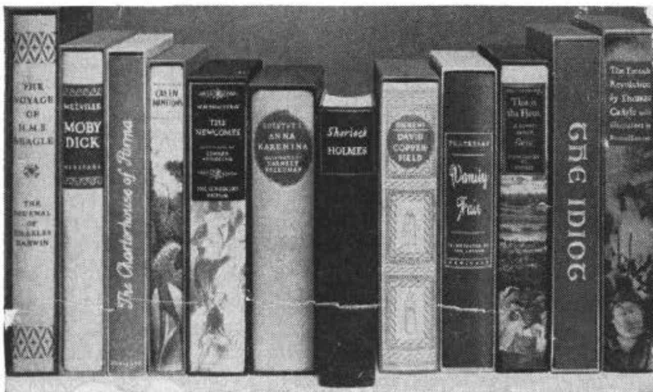

YOU MAY EXPECT fine editions like these to be very costly. Especially so, when you consider their expensive dress. Here's the good news: The Heritage Club books, despite their obvious quality, cost no more than the ordinary novels you read once and never look at again; $3.95 to members and *only $3.55 if paid for in advance.* An added PLUS is the book you receive FREE with your membership. Isn't it really a perfect plan for enriching *your* library with books that will make it a showcase of beauty and a joy forever?

MEMBERSHIP ROLLS are open once again. This is indeed a vintage year to join The Heritage Club. Each month you can look forward to the pleasure of receiving in your mail one of these beautiful Heritage editions (to mention a few):

"Sherlock Holmes: The Later and Final Adventures." Arrangements have been made with the Estate of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to complete our Sherlock Holmes in two volumes and this eagerly awaited set will then be available in its Heritage edition for the first time! This edition will be issued with original drawings gathered from English and American sources.

"The Koran." A selection of the Suras translated for Western readers by Prof. Arthur Jeffery. Embellished with decorations in color by Valenti Angelo.

"Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres" by Henry Adams, illustrated with photographs taken by Samuel Chamberlain following the Adams itinerary.

"The Picture of Dorian Gray" by Oscar Wilde, illustrated with drawings and portrait paintings in full color by Lucille Corcos.

"Poems of Heinrich Heine." The selection and translation by Louis Untermeyer with illustrations in color by Fritz Kredel.

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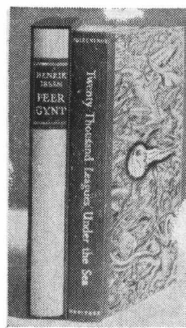

FREE! When you become a member, choose one of these books without cost: *"Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea"* by Jules Verne. Illustrated with colored gravures by that magnificent artist of the sea, Edward A. Wilson. OR: *"Peer Gynt"* by Henrik Ibsen in the authorized translation into English by William and Charles Archer. Illustrated with wonderfully imaginative paintings by the world famous Norwegian artist, Per Krohg.

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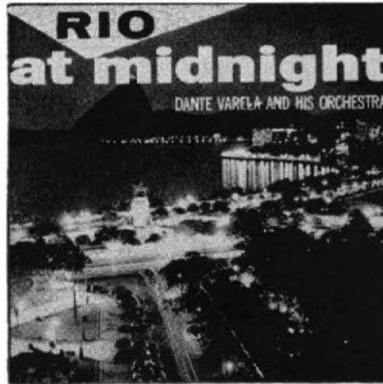
C-22

Wanderlust Albums

THE BEST IN RECORDS BY PAUL AFFELDER

LP travelogues. In the course of tracing microgrooves on one side of the average long-playing record, a stylus travels about a mile and a half. But because the wanderlust is affecting disk manufacturers this year, it will be possible to travel farther than that by listening to music contained on records. RCA Victor has a special *Bon Voyage* disk by Al Nevins and his Orchestra, with trick arrangements by Sid Ramin and Irwin Kostal that mix tunes like "Sentimental Journey" and "Slow Boat to China" with sounds like the *Queen Mary*'s whistle, Manhattan noises. and Chinese musical instruments (LPM 1337, $3.98). For those who would cruise the Mediterranean, British Frank Chacksfield has assembled some familiar Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and Greek numbers into a collection called *Mediterranean Moonlight* (London LL 1588, $3.98). And tour-happy Decca has corralled waxings from all over for *New Horizons: A Musical Guide to World Travel* (DL 8375, $3.98), and for *Music at Midnight*, seven disks of nostalgic nocturnes from Paris, New Orleans, Rio de Janeiro, Rome, Manhattan, London and Hollywood (DL 8302, 8303, 8334, 8339, 8341, 8346 and 8359, $3.98 each). These are only a few of the new musical passports for armchair voyagers.



Diamond jubilee music. To help celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary season, the Boston Symphony Orchestra commissioned fifteen new compositions. By coincidence, two of the best of these works turned out to be Sixth Symphonies, which have now been recorded back-to-back by the Bostonians under their musical director, **Charles Munch.** The Czech-born Bohuslav Martinu's Sixth Symphony, bearing the title "Fantaisies Symphoniques," is a work of true magical beauty whose three movements open up a whole new world of orchestral color. The Symphony No. 6 by Harvard's Walter Piston is a tenderer, more romantically melodic composition than he has been producing in recent years. This is especially true of the lovely third movement, which is framed by an exciting and unique scherzo and an interesting and vivacious finale. The symphonies were written with the particular tonal and interpretive characteristics of the Boston Symphony in mind. Both contain extremely worth-while music, clear, appealing and definitely of lasting merit. That both composers were eminently right in their handling of musical materials for this conductor and orchestra is proven by the expert, often shimmering performances, which have been recorded with the utmost realism. (Martinu: *Fantaisies Symphoniques* [*Symphony No. 6*]; Piston: *Symphony No. 6*. RCA Victor LM 2083. $3.98)

Novel jazz concepts. The variety and combination of instruments suitable for performing jazz is constantly broadening. This fact is borne out on Elektra's first disk by the New York Jazz Quartet (Herbie Mann, flute and clarinet; **Mat Mathews,** accordion; Joe Puma, guitar; and Whitey Mitchell, bass). Working in a fairly progressive jazz style, the group employs "head" arrangements that give each member a chance to shine, and in so doing, often place double burdens on the accordion, guitar and bass, each of which must do both solo and rhythm duty. Most interesting, versatile, and inventive of the foursome is Dutch-born Mathews, who not only has evolved a significant new jazz role for the accordion but has even designed a special instrument on which to exploit it. Some of the most cerebral stuff comes out of the first two numbers, Mann's "Adam's Theme" and Puma's "Blue Chips"; Mathews does some fine lyrical soloing in "Skylark." (*New York Jazz Quartet*. Elektra EKL 115. $4.98) THE END

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A DOCTOR TALKS TO WOMEN ABOUT SEXUAL FULFILLMENT

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AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PSYCHIATRY

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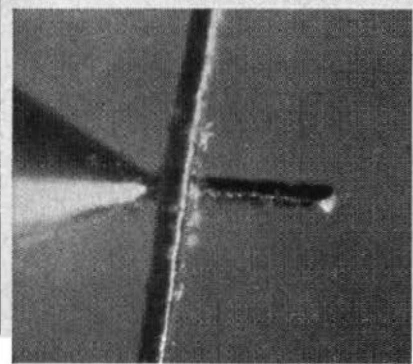
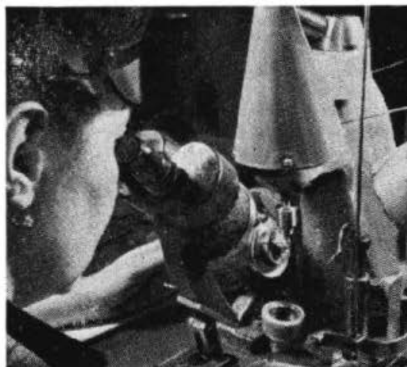


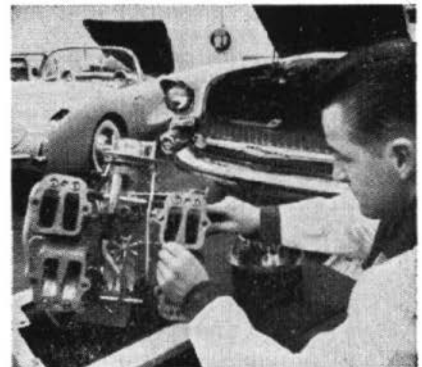
SPLITTING HAIRS—It takes 500 drills—like the one shown here going through a human hair — laid side by side to cover an inch. Yet this is a "big" drill—others are down to 1/20th its size.

THE MAN WHO PUT NEW SKILLS IN DRILLS—John Cupler developed microscopic drills and the machines to run them. But now he has a fully equipped laboratory instead of a basement workshop. His National Jet Company in LaVale, a suburb of Cumberland, Maryland, supplies tiny drills to General Motors.

JEWEL OF A JOB is handled by apprentice Donald Johnson using a jeweler's lathe under the watchful eye of drill-making foreman Frank Richardson.



HOLES IN THE HEART OF A DIESEL are drilled by Marion Olszanecky at General Motors' Diesel Equipment Division. Drills used are nearly invisible to the naked eye.



EXTRA GET-UP-AND-GO—Fuel injection system—made with help of John Cupler's drills — gives new Chevrolet engine extra horsepower, more miles per gallon.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS — a metal spinnerette used in the manufacture of synthetic yarns—come tiny beams of light. Holes, less than 1/1000-inch in diameter, are made by John Cupler's microscopic drills.

How a tiny drill helped General Motors unlock a huge source of power

It's always happened. Let's hope it always will.

In this country—when things are in a jam—there's always some smart, inventive fellow—some Johnny-on-the-spot ready to solve the problem.

Take the time when General Motors' entire production of Diesel power faced a bottleneck. And GM engineers discovered John Cupler in little LaVale, Maryland.

Necessity is the Discoverer of Invention

Today, as you know, Diesel engines power a vast variety of transportation and industrial equipment—from huge locomotives that haul our trains, to cross-country trucks and buses—from tugboats to submarines—from oil drills to sawmills—to farm tractors.

Yet not until just a few years before World War II—when GM engineers figured out how to compact the Diesel's size and devised an efficient fuel injection system to insure clean, economical fuel consumption—was the Diesel widely used. This injection system depends on holes made by drills so small it takes a microscope to use them. So when the war cut off the source of these drills—Switzerland—it was imperative to find a new source—quickly.

Fortunately—a country-wide search discovered John Cupler. He had the answers. For he'd figured out how to make drills so small they could poke a hole in a human hair—yet penetrate the toughest metal.

GM hurried him to Detroit where he helped the engineers at the Detroit Diesel Engine Division of GM design a new-type drilling machine. In turn—they advised him how to set up a production line in LaVale. The bottleneck was broken. And GM was able to produce more than 198,000 Diesel engines—representing more than 45,000,000 horsepower for America's fighting tanks, tank destroyers, landing craft, auxiliary generators, naval vessels and locomotives.

The Tiny Idea that Made a Small Business Grow

Since then—of course—Diesel power has taken on power jobs in hundreds of industries in our economy. And as Diesel power has grown—John Cupler's National Jet Company has prospered. Today National Jet does business with five General Motors Divisions. His drills are used for power purposes other than Diesel alone. They help build jet engines for planes and the new fuel injection engines for passenger cars. Besides GM he counts hundreds of companies among his customers.

Right now he's doubling his plant's size—building a new laboratory. And 35 men and women—a big payroll for little LaVale—have steady jobs with National Jet.

The National Jet Company is typical of thousands of companies in small towns and cities all over the United States. By producing what GM needs, they have brought new income to their communities—and as a result these communities in every state of the Union share in General Motors' success.

How much they share is shown by the fact that outside sources of materials and services for General Motors receive, in total, close to 50¢ out of every dollar that General Motors takes in.

GENERAL MOTORS—*Good people to work for—Good people to deal with*

Small Business and General Motors

Guitar Picks and Walrus Hides

Most of GM's 26,000 suppliers are small businesses with less than 500 employes. Yet, in one year alone, GM spent more than 5 billion, 400 million dollars with suppliers—buying such normal items as steel, rubber and glass—such amazing ones as guitar picks, walrus hides and walnut shells.

Watch Repair Doubletalk, How Bright Are Quiz Wizards, and Frenchmen Don't Like Snoopers

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

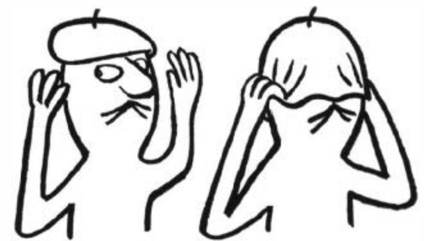
Watch out! Popular ignorance about watches helps unscrupulous watch repairmen get away with overcharging, sociologists Fred L. Strodtbeck and Marvin B. Sussman have learned. About eighty of 140 persons queried by them reported unfortunate experiences with watch repairers. Some pointers offered by the investigators: If you're told your wrist watch hasn't worked because of your "body magnetism" or because "your skin is rough on a watch"—that's pure bosh. Don't be misled by doubletalk like "the fusee chain is causing friction on the roller jewel of the barrel." And be wary of too-high estimates for replacing a particular part. Most watch parts are inexpensive in themselves. Watch repair charges are mainly for labor, overhead, the guarantee, etc. If your watch repairer is a man of integrity, you can be sure his prices are fair.

How bright are quiz wizards? Exceptional memories of big-money TV quiz winners may or may not be accompanied by high intelligence, according to noted I.Q. test expert David Wechsler (New York). His extensive studies show only a general relationship between memory and intelligence. As Dr. Wechsler points out, people with phenomenal memories range all the way from geniuses down to feeble-minded rapid calculators known as "idiot savants." "When memory is cultivated or displayed for its own sake and without purpose, or when a person comes to depend on it as a crutch, it may indicate lack of intelligence and lack of capacity for original thinking," he told us. "Thus, some of the big quiz money winners give the impression of not being overly bright. But a few—like ten-year-old Robert Strom—appear to be exceptionally intelligent. A quiz wizard's intelligence can be gauged not by his TV winnings, but by his degree of success in living and by his achievements."

Boating and drowning. It isn't canoes, but motor boats, that cause most boating fatalities, say Metropolitan Life Insurance Company experts. With the danger season for water activities now under way, they remind us that approximately 1,200 Americans (90 per cent of them men) lose their lives annually in small boat accidents. Motor-driven boats, most of them outboards, account for three fifths of these deaths; rowboats, for one fifth; canoes and rafts for the rest. (Sailboats figure in only two or three water fatalities per year.) A study of these accidents prompts this advice on how not to get drowned while boating: don't stand up or shift position carelessly; don't overload your craft; avoid speeding or making sharp turns in motor-driven boats; don't engage in horseplay near dams or falls; don't ignore storm warnings or reports of treacherous currents. Above all, if you can't swim, stay out of small boats altogether unless you're with expert swimmers.

Your child's secret life. Don't worry if your child keeps secrets from you. It's perfectly natural, and an essential part of his development, says family-life expert Ernest Osborne (Columbia University). Secrecy adds to the child's fun and sense of importance, and having secret clubs, codes, or languages makes him feel "special." City children, who can't have "secret caves" or hideaways, should be allowed to have rooms of their own where they can enjoy privacy. Dr. Osborne tells of a little boy who awakened his parents one morning and asked, "How do you spell 'mittens'?" It puzzled them until later they found on the closed door of his room a sign saying "No AdMITTENS."

Frenchmen don't like snoopers. If you're going to France and want to learn about the people, here's some advice: don't appear to be nosy. When Boston sociologist Daniel Lerner started an opinion survey among the French, he was confronted by walls of silence. Frenchmen, he soon learned, aren't used to being queried, as Americans are, about their sex lives, political views, family problems, etc. They suspect and resent this as prying into their personal affairs. But Dr. Lerner found the solution. If you don't ask specific questions, but invite them to "discuss," they will thaw out—and once they start discussing, it's hard to stop them.



Women and the "man act." Know a woman who tries her darndest to behave like a man? Analyst Lionel Ovesey (New York) reports that manlike women are apt to be much like eggs—pretty thin-shelled. Such women, he says, attempt to cover up their feminine urges, which they consider abhorrent and demeaning, by exaggerated efforts to be "masculine"—hard-hitting, competitive, dominant, and aggressive. They tend to marry wishy-washy men whom they can boss. However, despite her apparent strength, a woman of this type is unusually prone to collapse if she loses her job, meets defeat, or suffers an injury, or if pregnancy and childbirth make her face the fact that she's not really a man. THE END

20th CENTURY-FOX presents

CARY GRANT DEBORAH KERR

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AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER

CINEMASCOPE COLOR by DELUXE

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As bullfighters, members of the international set are better spectators—as witness high-flying Porfirio Rubirosa.

On Top of the World

Facts Picked Up Around the Globe BY DAVID E. GREEN

MEXICO . . . According to Barnaby Conrad, Carlos A. Arruza is the greatest bullfighter alive. When Rubirosa visited Arruza recently, he took bullfighting lessons from the champ, but was so frequently tossed in the air that Arruza dubbed the lover boy "El Aviatore" (The Aviator).

PARIS-ROME AXIS . . . The smartest ladies of the international set give their French frock business to Dior and Balenciaga and buy their hats from Givenchy. Their Italian clothes are bought from Fabiani and Simonetta, their sportswear purchased from Emilio Pucci.

PALM BEACH . . . A prominent socialite of the thirties was so awed to be one of the first to entertain the Duke and Duchess of Windsor that she filled her swimming pool with White Rock.

U.S. ARISTOCRACY . . . Cleveland Amory, society's current Boswell, whose research is responsible for many of the items you are reading, is currently writing *Who Killed Society?*, a book due next year. My guess is the culprit will be the tax collector. The Internal Revenue men slaughtered society, forcing even the ultra-moneyed Vanderbilts to trade in an eighty-room mansion on Fifth Avenue for a five-room apartment in a Park Avenue hotel. They made Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. the most powerful woman in the history of Newport, sell her fabulous seven-million-dollar mansion for one cent on the dollar.

SNOB HILL . . . Invited to a party, Fritz Kreisler, the eminent concert artist, was asked by the hostess, "Of course you'll bring your violin, won't you?"

I.N.P.

Kreisler: His was a sliding scale.

"In that case," he said, "my fee will be 50,000 francs."

"In that case," his hostess snapped, "I shall ask you not to mingle with the guests."

Kreisler countered, "In that case, my fee will be only 10,000 francs."

NORRISTOWN, PA. . . . Here's a story proving that Elsa Maxwell would rather give a good party than eat. On one of her birthdays, the famous hostess awoke with no food in the pantry. The telephone rang—a transatlantic call from a Pennsylvania publisher whom she once had invited to one of her parties. Wishing her a happy birthday, he added "And your present is a $5.000 credit at jeweler Cartier's."

"May I use the cash instead to hire Kreisler?" was her grateful acknowledgment. Permission granted, she fed a few invited friends $5,000 worth of Fritz Kreisler music plus a few pennies' worth of food.

NEW YORK CITY . . . An era ended with the death in 1952 of ninety-eight-year-old Mrs. Hamilton McKown Twombly. last granddaughter of old Commodore Vanderbilt. Running one of the most extravagant homes in America dur-

ing World War II, she suffered constant help problems because of the draft. Once she felt she could take the war no longer. "Today," she said, "we lost four from the pantry alone." Her chef received room, board, and twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

WINDY CITY . . . Miss Athlyn Deshais, a Chicago society editor, conducted a poll to elect a queen of this city's society. Mrs. Chauncey McCormick, wife of a director of International Harvester, emerged triumphant. In an attempt to identify Mrs. McCormick, the society editor said: "She was a Deering, you know—that makes her farm implements on both sides."

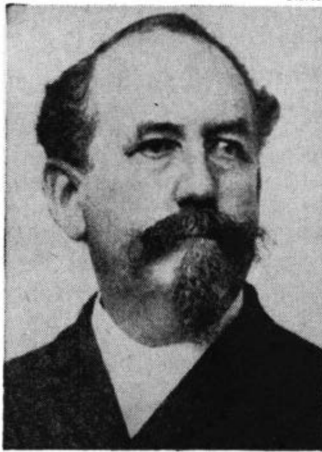
BRITAIN . . . A Rhodes scholar who was a gentleman from Dixie left a fund to England's leading university to pay for mint juleps for future students.

BROOKLYN . . . When a daughter of Flatbush Avenue recognized Augustus Van Horn Stuyvesant, Jr. (a bachelor and direct descendant of Peg Leg Stuyvesant, last Dutch governor of New Amsterdam), while he was taking his daily constitutional on Fifth Avenue, walked up to him and asked boldly, "Why is it, Mr. Stuyvesant, that a good-looking, rich man like you never got married?"

"Because, my child," he replied, "I never had the kind of nerve which made you ask that."

U.S.A. . . . Louis Killer, whose claim to social status was due to his having blueprinted the first United States golf course, founded the Social Register in 1887. Another of society's pioneers, Ward McAllister (he coined the phrase "The Four Hundred" and was the Rasputin behind the reign of society empress Mrs. Astor), was a discharged domestic. For several decades the Social Register has been run by the daughter of a railroad conductor.

I.N.P.



McAllister: He counted 400.

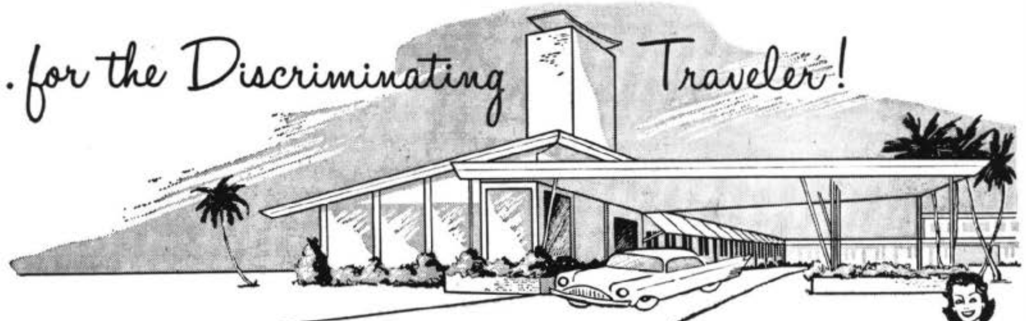
PARK AVENUE . . . During pre-abdication days, there were two camps—those who accepted Wallis Simpson and those who didn't. When the Gilbert Millers (he's the American play-producer) didn't invite Wallis to a party, Kitty Miller was asked whether she was in the anti-Simpson camp. "Oh, no," was her reply, "we don't invite her because Gilbert simply can't stand the King."

THE SOUTHLAND . . . Aristocratic Hatfield and McCoy families who lived on adjoining hilltops saw the son of one family go north, strike it rich, and return with his gold. The mother of the less fortunate neighbors drawled over her back gate, "I remember you-all when you-all had just one pair of shoes."

To which the other dowager drawled back, "And I remember how you-all asked what they were."

CHARLESTON, S.C. . . . A snob story about high society concerns the *grande dame* welcoming her grandchildren on their return from a trip abroad. Their tales included a detailed description of a visit to the Louvre and the awe

(continued)



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with which all the tourists gazed at the famous painting of Whistler's mother. "But why?" asked the old lady gently. "After all, she was only a McNeill of North Carolina."

PARIS . . . After an evening in a night club that featured strippers with a remarkable immunity to pneumonia. Alfred Balfour. British Secretary of Foreign Affairs. rewarded his hostess with a memorable compliment: "Thank you for the most delightful and degrading evening I've ever spent."

'FRISCO . . . After the quake staggered San Francisco, Enrico Caruso, who sang there that momentous evening, swore in his best tenor voice that he would never return to a city "where that kind of disorder was permitted." His comment, widely circulated, possibly prevented San Francisco from becoming a regular stop for the International Set Magellans.

CANNES, FRANCE . . . Maxine Elliott, the American actress who helped establish the international set at her chateau here (now owned by Aly Khan) developed, in her twilight years, into a fat caricature of her youthful, glamorous self. When doctors told her she was calorie-killing herself and must curb her appetite, she winked: "There's only one better way to die, and I'm too old for it."

HOLLYWOOD . . . Film producer Armand Deutsch was reared in surroundings befitting a grandson of the Rosenwalds, who owned Sears, Roebuck and Company. One day he wanted to "do like the other boys" and sell orangeade on the street. This was the scene: a wooden table with hand-carved legs was set up near the curb. From a solid silver punch bowl full of orange juice, a solid silver ladle filled the cut-glass beakers which young Deutsch hawked at people who passed. Standing behind him with an open umbrella was a uniformed butler protecting young Artie's head from the summer sun.

ENGLAND . . . Aly Khan, a leading member of the international set, is responsible for the Duchess of Windsor. The duke might have remained King of England had his girl friend, Lady Thelma Furness, not fallen in love with Aly Khan in 1934 and followed him to the United States. During her absence her friend, Wallis Simpson, ingratiated herself with the King. The rest is history. (Lady Furness and her sister, Gloria Vanderbilt, are completing their joint biography, which will tell all.)

RHEIMS . . . The anything-to-be-different department would not be complete without a mention of the mechanical champagne server used by the Marquis and Marquise de Polignac at their chateau. The ancient dining table is equipped with glass pipes that end in individual miniature spigots at each seating place. Turn your faucet, *et voilà!*—bubble brew cascades into your glass.

NEWPORT . . . At the turn of the century bad publicity became the bugaboo of society after the press attack on the Bradley Martins. During the 1897 depression they threw the fanciest dress ball in society history. The tab was $369,200. The resulting unfavorable publicity compelled the Martins to move locks, stocks, and bonds to London.

FRANCE . . . Parisian dressmakers created social prominence as well as fashions. Mrs. Harrison Williams, for example, developed into a social luminary

Mrs. Williams: She never looked at prices.

far beyond her pedigree simply because she never questioned costs. Popularized as "the best-dressed woman," which she wasn't and isn't, Mrs. Williams was a walking billboard for French couturiers whenever they wished to introduce and exploit a new fashion. United States society photographers and periodicals did the rest. Incidentally, Schiaparelli first garnered fame by giving an attractive and exotic look to women who were neither exotic nor attractive.

MANHATTAN . . . Caviar (the word is not Russian but Turkish, Khavyar)—the food of the international gods—once was on the free lunch counters, along with Kentucky ham and Cape Cod oysters, at the old Waldorf and Knickerbocker Hotels and the Holland House. To the ultra chi-chi, imported fresh Beluga (at $32 a pound) is all the rage, costing much more than domestic black.

QUALITY QUOTES . . . *Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont* (who married W. K. Vanderbilt, then Oliver Belmont and arranged for her daughter to marry the Duke of Marlborough)—"All girls should marry twice, the first time for money and the second time for love."

Want to crash the international set? According to *Elsa Maxwell*—"Anyone with enough money to furnish free food and liquor for all comers can be a social lion overnight in Paris, Rome, and on the Riviera."

Mrs. Alice Brayton—"A lady's name should appear in the paper three times—when she is born, when she is married, and when she dies."

Mrs. D. B. Merryman (aunt of the Duchess of Windsor)—"Help is impossible. The only person you can call nowadays who will come quickly and cheerfully is the undertaker."

Ethel Merman (explaining why the Duke of Windsor always hums to himself)—"He's on A.C. and the Waldorf, you dope, is on D.C."

One of Manhattan's reigning dowagers, explaining why she never accepts a Central Park West invitation—"The only time we get to the West Side is when we sail for Europe."

A public relations specialist, who is your humble correspondent—"One achieves the lower rungs of the social ladder by getting one's name in the papers, the upper rungs by obvious failure to keep it out: a sort of backing up into the limelight."

WORLD SOCIETY . . . History includes an unholy trinity of social arbiters. First came the wine salesmen, who were followed by the dressmakers, who were succeeded by the ex-owners of speakeasies. The latter still operate some of the better eating and cabaret spots around Manhattan. At the turn of the century, American aristocracy was ruled by representatives of great champagne firms like Harry Lehr, who gave society its orders in the early 1900's. Von Ribbentrop directed international society from London in the early 1930's. The New York scene has been dominated for the past few decades by Serge Obolensky, a wine agent who has doubled in hotel management.

GOTHAM . . . Maury Paul, the first writer of the society column by-lined "Cholly Knickerbocker," sometimes helped outsiders get into society. One of his Galateas was Mrs. Orson D. Munn, no relation to the social Munn clan. Carrie "made it" with Maury because he admired her exotic hats. THE END

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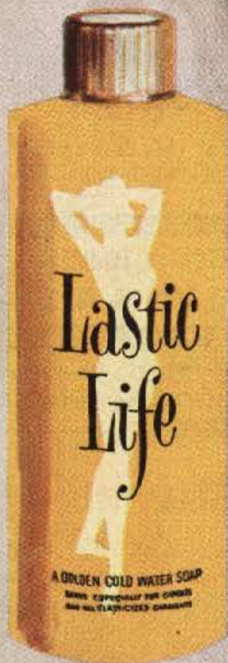

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Relief for Feminine Infections

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE BY LAWRENCE GALTON

Despite the best efforts of modern hygiene to prevent it and the development of a variety of treatments intended to cure it, vaginitis is a disconcerting problem for millions of women.

Now, at last, there may be good news for many in two recent, almost simultaneous discoveries: a previously unsuspected cause, and an effective weapon against it.

Characterized by an unpleasant itching, and sometimes bringing discharge and offensive odor as well, the vaginal infection may be stirred up by sexual activity. It may also appear in its absence.

Like the mouth, nose, and other body apertures, the lower female reproductive tract has its normal quota of micro-organismic inhabitants—various species of bacteria, fungi, yeasts, and protozoa. Ideally, there prevails among them a balance of power which prevents any one species from multiplying disproportionately and attaining numbers sufficient to cause tissue damage.

But the balance is delicate. It may be upset, of course, during marital relations. It may be upset, too, when antibiotics used to combat infection elsewhere in the body cut a wide swathe among certain organisms, leaving room for others to multiply. (See "The New Husband and Wife Disease," COSMOPOLITAN, December 1955.) But quite often the upset may be caused simply by the changing alkaline-acid values of tissues and secretions induced by periodic hormonal changes. Vaginitis frequently accompanies pregnancy when estrogen levels are high.

One form of the infection is trichomoniasis, which is produced by an overgrowth of the trichomonas protozoa. Another is moniliasis, which is caused by a yeastlike fungus. A third, possibly the most common type, is so-called nonspecific vaginitis, which has been thought to result from the overgrowth of a combination of well-known bacteria such as strep and staph.

Although many treatments have been used with at least some success against trichomoniasis and moniliasis—acid jellies, vinegar douches, sulfa, and other medications—these often have been less successful against nonspecific vaginitis.

The reason, it now appears, is that as many as 90 per cent of nonspecific vaginitis problems may stem not from a combination of old and well-known micro-organisms but from a newly discovered bacterium, Hemophilus vaginalis.

Hemophilus vaginalis was first reported in 1954 by one team of researchers. Almost at the same time another team was developing a new antimicrobial substance, Sterisil.

Now, after two years of research, there is evidence that the drug is a specific weapon against Hemophilus vaginitis. It has the added advantage of being effective against the organisms which cause trichomoniasis and moniliasis as well.

In the first clinical study by physicians at the University of Oregon Medical School, a group of six vaginitis patients who had not been helped by other medication were treated with the new drug. Two had Hemophilus infections and were cured. Of the other four, who had mixed infections, trichomonal and Hemophilus, three were cured.

A second clinical study involving 327 patients has been conducted over a two-year period by two St. Louis Lutheran Hospital physicians. All types of vaginitis—trichomonal, monilial, and mixed bacterial—were represented. Ninety-three per cent of the patients responded to Sterisil.

Both forms of the compound—liquid and gel—were effective. The liquid was administered during office treatment to 209 patients, and symptoms generally disappeared after two or three treatments given at intervals ranging from once a week to once a month. In the 118 cases in which the gel was administered at home, most patients were free of infection after six applications.

Although it resembles antibiotics in action, Sterisil is not produced by fermentation, as antibiotics are, but by chemical processes. In addition to its effectiveness against microbes, the drug has a unique ability to cling to tissue despite secretions which remove other compounds. Pleasant to use, it has thus far produced no undesirable side-effects. THE END

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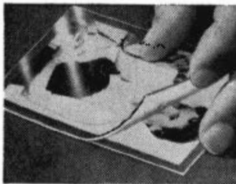

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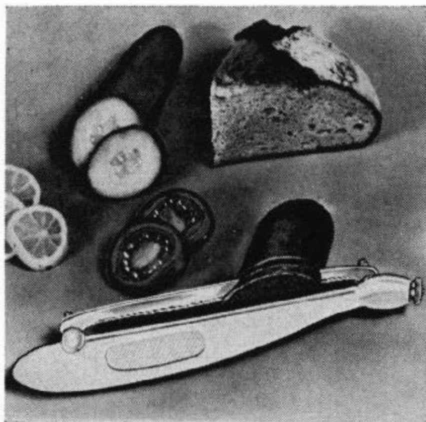

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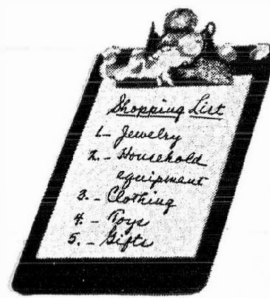

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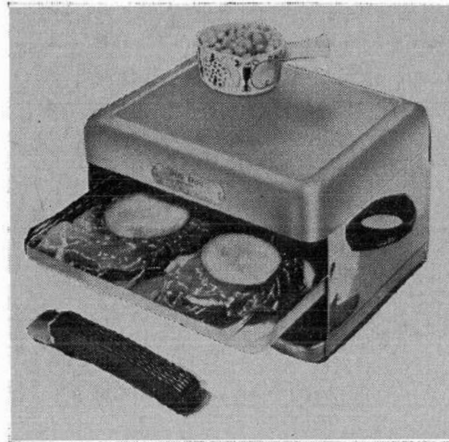

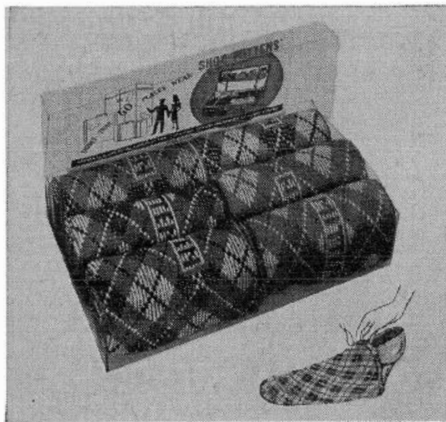

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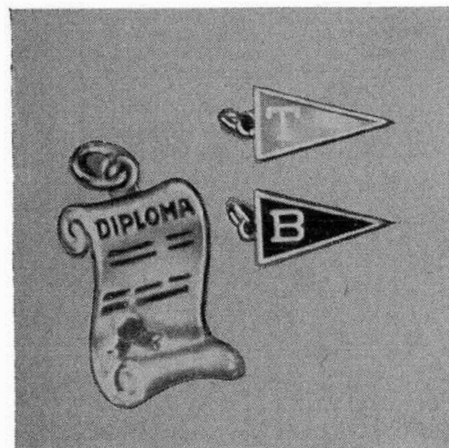

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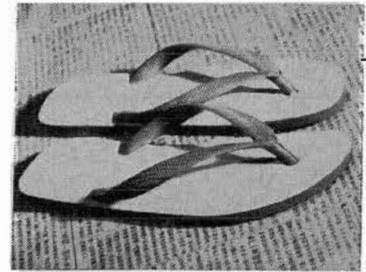

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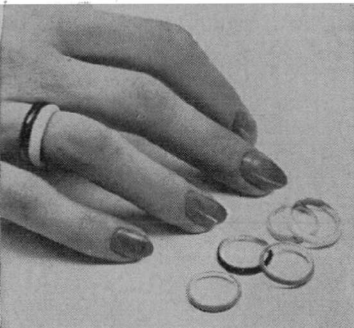

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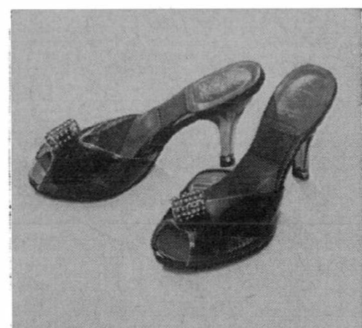

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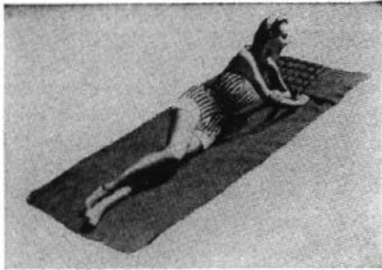

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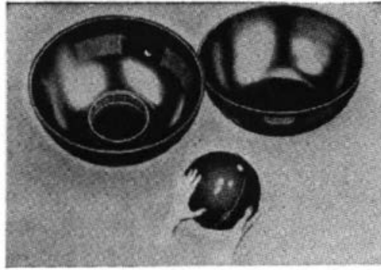

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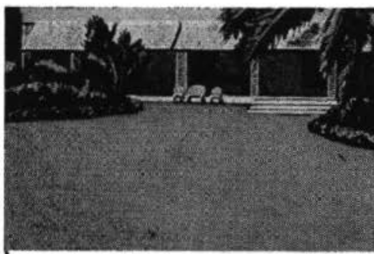

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Mrs. Ellis's Foolproof Diet

Overweight all her life, she had tried a hundred diets without success. But then, in seven months, eating three normal meals each day, she lost fifty pounds. You can do it, too. It is the easiest diet of all

BY RUTH ELLIS

Many people have decided at one time or another to lose weight. Often it is recommended by a physician, either as a general health measure or as treatment for a specific disorder such as heart trouble or high blood pressure. Sometimes, an overweight person decides for himself that he should lose weight, to improve his health or his appearance.

Of those who make the decision to reduce, some are able to diet quite easily, while some find it very difficult.

For me, losing weight was impossible for years. I simply could not make myself stick to a diet for more than a week at a time. I regarded myself as a hopeless case, and my family was inclined to agree with me. But finally I did find a way to reduce. And now, four years later, I can say that I have no fear of ever being fat again. I now have profound confidence in my ability to handle what was once an overwhelming problem in my life.

In addition, I feel that I have become a better person through winning this victory. I have regained my self-respect, and I lead a happier and fuller life.

People must eat to live; when they continually eat more than their bodies can use in the form of energy, they get fat. These are the simple facts of obesity. But why, if the cause of overweight is so obvious, do some people overeat all the time?

To answer this question, we must first ask ourselves, "Why do we eat?"

Why We Eat

There are three basic reasons. Of these, the first is the simplest: we eat when we are hungry, that is, when our bodies have a physiological need for food as fuel. The general pattern is to replenish our bodies three times daily, and this is usually satisfactory, although individual needs vary widely because of differences in age, size, and pattern of living. If people ate just the right amount of food, they would not become overweight.

In addition to its physical function, eating has a social function. Food is associated with hospitality; when you welcome a person to your home, you are expected to offer him food. Often you serve food that is a little unusual, hard to prepare, or out of the ordinary range of availability. Failure to offer food to a guest is regarded as ungracious, while refusal of proffered food is considered an insult to the host.

It is an almost universal custom to include food as part of celebrations; usually, the more important the occasion, the more elaborate the food. Eating is an intrinsic part of the festivities, and one is expected to eat whether or not one is physically hungry.

Thus, custom and tradition are added to hunger as motivations for eating.

Thirdly, eating may be an attempt to satisfy not physical, but psychological, needs. Food has great psychological significance for most of us; for the overweight person, it may be a substitute for love, or for spiritual certainty, or for other deep inner needs. Experts say that the attempt to satisfy these needs is the most complex motivation for eating, and the one which lies at the root of most obesity.

Of course, food can never satisfy this kind of hunger. The most it can give is a temporary substitute gratification.

I experienced this kind of "hunger" for many years; every overweight person knows what it is. It is the source of jokes like: "She eats like a bird—a vulture!" It is also a source of disgust: "Why can't she control her appetite—she can't still be hungry."

To the stout person it is *never* funny, but it certainly is disgusting. The overweight person finds his gluttony thoroughly repellent, although he is not usually willing to admit his disgust, even to himself.

Story of a Conquest

I was fat, and I experienced this kind of "hunger" all of the time. I was a compulsive overeater. But eventually I found a way to conquer my compulsion. Perhaps the method that worked for me could work for others.

I am now thirty-nine years old and the mother of three boys. I am of average height, with a better-than-average figure (so I'm told). I have had this figure for over four years, since I lost the last of fifty extra pounds that I had been carrying around.

I had always been overweight. My mother, my aunts, and all their friends were fat. Overeating was simply the pattern of our life.

During my high school and college years, I was not terribly overweight, but just fat enough to be self-conscious about it. Like all fat people, I had to do extra things to be liked, to be one of the gang. I was no competition for the other girls, so I would run their errands for them, do favors for them and always keep up a pretense of being jolly. In other words, my admission ticket to the group was to be ingratiating. I had so little self-respect that I was willing to accept this role for myself.

After I finished my college work, I had a job for two years. During that time I gradually put on weight, so that by the time I was married, I was at least thirty pounds overweight.

During each of my three pregnancies I gained too much and never lost the extra weight. I also gained between pregnancies. By the time I had been married ten years, I was almost fifty pounds overweight.

With every pound came more contempt for myself. To comfort myself for my lack of self-respect, I ate and ate. Thus. I was caught in a vicious circle. The pattern is so common that I won't describe it further.

As I got fatter and fatter, and as food became increasingly important in my life, I began to worry about it more and more. I used to ask myself, "Why do I *have* to eat so much? Why is food so important to me? What is missing in my life? What need am I trying to satisfy?"

It often occurred to me that I had essentially the same problem as an alcoholic, in the sense that we were both trying to satisfy deep inner needs by external methods. The alcoholic drinks himself into oblivion; the overeater stuffs himself to the point where he can hardly breathe. When consumed in sufficient quantity, food is almost as numbing to the senses as alcohol; it is impossible to feel tense or worried when one has just eaten an enormous meal. However, neither the alcohol nor the compulsive overeater ever derives any permanent satisfaction from his self-indulgence.

Every week or so I would decide to go on a diet. "Why should I be a slave to my appetite?" I would ask myself. Then I set up an impossibly rigorous schedule for myself. I would always begin by announcing my diet to the household. Then I would determine not to eat any bread, potatoes, sweets, cream, sauces, etc. I would figure on losing five pounds a week this way.

Naturally, after a few days or even a few hours of this, the plan would be abandoned. Even a person with a great deal of self-control would have trouble sticking to this schedule, and I certainly did not possess much self-control.

After each of these failures I would feel guiltier than before. It would seem to me that I had let my family down again.

Gradually, I began to realize that the problem was too great for me to face alone. Admitting to myself that I needed help was a very important step. But I didn't know what to do next.

A Dramatic Step

Then, *I turned to God for help.*

It didn't happen all at once. There was no miracle, no sudden conversion, although the event that climaxed my decision was rather dramatic.

All my life I had considered myself an essentially religious person, and had found a great deal of comfort in my religion. I had been brought up in a Christian church, and, except for a typical period of questioning and doubt during my college years, had always attended church regularly. My religious convictions had influenced my attitudes in all aspects of life. I had always tried to live up to my religious ideals. I prayed sometimes when I was alone, but not too often.

Like most Christians, I was earnest. But, as I was also human, I found myself unable to live up to my religion as completely as one should. Now I know that I wasn't experiencing the deep happiness that my religion and my church offered.

I had often heard of alcoholics and other people with grave troubles who turned to the Great Helper for strength to fight their problems. I began to feel that this might be the answer for me, for I was ready to confess that my own strength was not enough. I realized at last that I needed help from an outside source.

My decision to ask God for help remained in the back of my mind in a nebulous form for a long time. It took definite shape one spring evening as I was sitting in church.

It was during Lent. I was attending a Sunday evening service which consisted largely of choir and organ music, with Scripture readings. I had been eating all that day, and I felt stuffed and uncomfortably full. I began to feel guiltier than usual about it. It seemed to me that I was terribly unworthy to be sitting in such beautiful surroundings, listening to such lovely music, in the condition I was in.

I looked around me at some of the people in church whom I knew. It occurred to me that, although they all condemned alcohol and other forms of indulgence, they did not censure gluttony, which is nothing more than continuous self-indulgence. I wondered why they didn't condemn it; was it because so many of them were guilty of it? To me, gluttony seemed every bit as degrading as drunkenness. I felt thoroughly disgusted with my life of complete self-indulgence. These thoughts ran through my mind again and again until I was almost physically sick with shame and guilt.

For the first time, I realized that gluttony was a *sin*. I had always thought of a sin as any act, attitude, or thought that in God's eyes is destructive, selfish, or irresponsible. Why, I asked myself, had I never thought of my indulgence as a sin before?

I determined that the time had come for me to try to win my lifelong battle, with God's help. My minister had said that very evening at the service that God wanted to help the weak and sinful if they would only sincerely ask Him for help.

Regardless of what other people thought, *to me* gluttony was a sin. I felt sure God would help me if I would only let Him. And I was going to ask.

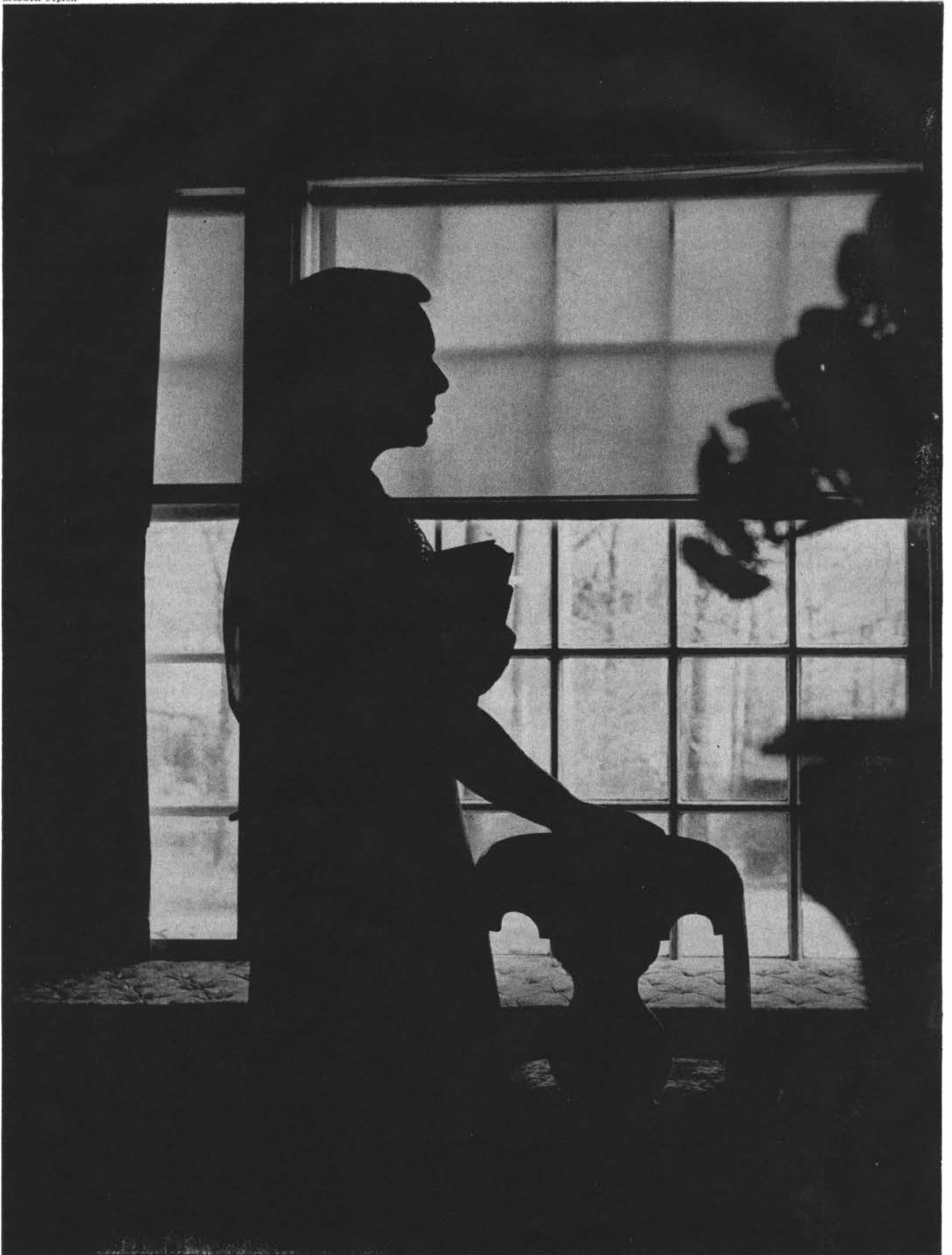
An Unspoken Pledge

I remember riding home from church in the car that evening, sitting beside my husband. I wanted to tell him about my thoughts, to share with him the thrilling new hope I was feeling; but a fear generated by the memory of my previous failures made me keep quiet. Although I felt sure it was going to be very different this time, I realized it would be difficult to explain my feeling to him. I made up my mind that I was going to make him proud of me for once.

The next morning I began at once to work out my new plan.

(continued)

Maxwell Coplan



In a quiet nook where she could share her problem with God, Mrs. Ellis found the habit of prayer could

control her urge to overeat.

Mrs. Ellis's Foolproof Diet (continued)

"The church was so beautiful. I felt unworthy to be there. For the first time I realized gluttony was a sin."

Within a few days my procedure was more or less established. It differed in two ways from my former schedules. First, I decided to eat three normal meals a day, if I could, and not to attempt to eliminate any foods which were essential to my health. And second, I wasn't going to tell anyone about my diet this time. I planned to pray to God each time I felt that familiar compulsion to eat.

I had to choose a special place in the house in which to pray. I knew that having a designated place for meditation would help me to form the habit of prayer. I decided on a certain spot in my bedroom, a pleasant niche in front of a window which overlooked a wooded area behind the house. It had always been one of my favorite places in my home. I could go to this quiet nook and be alone at any time.

The first day was fine, but as the days went on, the eating urge came quite often. Now, however, I had ammunition with which to fight it; I didn't have to succumb to it. Each time I felt that familiar urge to eat, I would put aside my work, go straight to my room, kneel and pray to God.

The Value of Prayer

I began to notice several changes taking place within me. I found I was gathering more strength from my prayers than I ever had before. I began to feel closer to my Heavenly Father. I felt worthy of praying for the first time. God was helping me to learn to rely on myself. And by the time I had finished praying, the urge to eat would be gone. I now had an inspirational activity to turn to, an activity which was so deeply satisfying that it made it easy to turn away from food.

Each time I turned to God for help in controlling my appetite, I found it to be more and more helpful and important to me. Prayer was more truly satisfying to me than anything else. And each time my weakness was conquered by the power of prayer, I found that I respected myself a little more.

I would like to be able to say that it went on like this day after day. But it didn't. For the first few weeks, my dieting went smoothly, and I lost ten pounds. Then I had a few bad days, when I gave in, and I gained back some of the weight I had lost. But this time I was determined not to blame myself. I knew I was fighting a lifelong habit which could not be casually discarded. I expected occasional weakenings and backslidings, so I didn't feel so guilty when they came.

Conquered: the Fear of Failure

The big difference, this time, was that I knew I was on the right road, and that no matter how long it took me, I was going to win. Through God's help, I had lost my old fear of failure.

As I lost weight, my habits of prayer became more and more firmly established. I was happier than I had ever been before. And I discovered reserves of courage in myself of which I had never been aware.

In about seven months I had lost the fifty pounds. As I shed my excess poundage, I became more energetic, and thus was able to do more for my family and for myself. I had expected to be weak from hunger, but I found that having a lighter load to carry around made me feel physically stronger and less tired than I had ever felt.

More people should realize that no problem is too big for God, and that if they will only go to Him in prayer, He will help them.

Prayer was the answer for me. It satisfied a deep craving within me that I had never understood, a craving that in the past I had tried to satisfy with food.

My habits of prayer are still with me, and will never leave me, I am sure. I am no longer ashamed of myself in God's eyes, and I feel very close to Him.

THE END

Other People in Your Children's Lives

Few parents realize that casual visitors, relatives, clergymen, teachers, and servants play major roles in molding their children's basic attitudes toward life— sometimes for good, but often for bad

BY T. F. JAMES

Like most parents, you are completely, even smugly, certain that you are the vital center of your child's life. And no wonder. For the past two decades American parents have been bombarded with a staggering number of books declaring this the basic truth of the cosmos. What Mother and Father say and feel supposedly determine Junior's eventual worth as a businessman and citizen.

Thus brainwashed, today's parents think of themselves as the *only* people in their children's lives. This is regrettable for several reasons. First, parents should relax a little; they aren't quite as important as they have come to believe. Second, their fascination with their own roles has blinded them to the importance of other people in their children's lives—sometimes with serious consequences.

For the past two decades a University of Pennsylvania sociologist named James H. S. Bossard has been quietly collecting data which substantiate this unorthodox thesis. As head of the William Carter Foundation for Child Development, Dr. Bossard has gathered information from over 10.000 children and adults and has cannily extracted from them the experiences which, in their opinion, have influenced their lives. With his gifted associate, Dr. Eleanor S. Boll, Dr. Bossard has also explored hundreds of autobiographies in which the great and near great summed up the significant recollections of their childhood. Both the autobiographies and the "depth" interviews with living subjects assigned decisive roles to dozens of people besides parents.

These "other people" fall into distinct categories. First there are the relatives and friends whom the parents entertain in the home. Second are the people the children encounter while visiting. Third are those unnoticed and unassuming persons on the family scene: servants, including babysitters. Fourth are the people the adolescent meets as he moves away from home and family into the world around him. The first three categories are Dr. Bossard's special province.

As far as adults are concerned, a guest rarely plays an earthshaking role. Their interest in him usually vanishes the moment he leaves. But to the child, the guest is not merely a person; he is a revelation. He brings into the closed world of the home another point of view. More important, he is a yardstick against which parents may be measured. "When people visit, you see what grownups are really like," one boy told Dr. Bossard.

Too often, what the child learns about his parents is far from complimentary. One young girl relates: "I learned very early that when guests came to visit my mother it was the time for her to reveal, and laugh at, all the serious little confidences that my brother had given to her, things I had heard her promise never to mention. I was glad these visitors had given me a chance to find her out."

Another boy recalls that the conversation in his home usually was rather trite and commonplace, with no reference to public or international affairs. But when guests came, his father would sparkle in his discussion of public events. Gradually it dawned on the boy that his mother never participated in these talks, and for the first time he realized that his father was a brilliant, widely read man who had married a woman with no intellectual interests whatever.

By far the most frequent complaint of children about parents' behavior in front of guests is that they "show off." One dictatorial father insisted that his children march up to him and ask to go to the movies, so that he could give them the money with a flourish of generosity and a long preachment on economy.

Children notice surprising things. One thirteen-year-old girl told how her father "always makes a fool of himself when that blonde woman comes to the house." A boy recalled that his mother "always treated him nicer" when his paternal grandmother came to visit. A younger boy never forgot the night he crept down the stairway to spy on a party, and saw his mother with her head on a strange man's shoulder.

Another discovery which will probably startle parents is that children pay close attention to the consistency of their behavior with guests. One father made no secret of his virulent anti-Semitism before his family, but when an important Jewish businessman visited the home, the son was repelled by his father's unctuous good manners.

Guests also make enormous impressions in their own right. Young girls often develop "crushes" on men who visit regularly, and unwise teasing by parents and other relatives, particularly brothers, can make the experience an emotional tragedy. One young girl, whom we shall call Marian, told Dr. Bossard a touching story which graphically illustrates the effect of such an attachment.

"When I was eight years old, I fell in love for the first time, with a young man who frequently visited my family. Ray was about twenty, a handsome fellow, and one who liked children and knew how to interest them. When he came I wore my heart in my eyes. He neither took advantage of nor laughed at my affection. He gently called me his little fiancee. I told all my young friends that I was engaged and I meant it.

"Then Ray came to the house one day and told my family he was going to be married. I fled sobbing to my bedroom. Various members of my family came up-

stairs and started to tease me. But Ray came up and shooed them all away. He dried my tears, sat down and told me the facts—not of life—but of love. He told me that boys and girls love many different people before they grow up enough to find the one they want to marry, and that it was normal and nothing to be ashamed of, or to hide. Loving, he said, was the important thing, not being loved. Sincerity in showing one's feelings was what made one grow into a person who would be very much loved.

"No one else ever gave me such direction. From my own family, I would have gathered the notion that the proper behavior for young ladies was a flirtatious coyness. Because I trusted Ray, I adopted his philosophy—to the irritation, many times, of my family."

This story has a happy ending. But a less sensitive young man might have left Marian with a permanent fear of showing her emotions, a fear which could have crippled her adult life. Parents should never forget that a guest is a "practice person" to the child. He gives the child his first chance to test various modes of expression and behavior, and whether the results are happy or unhappy can greatly affect his personality.

Guests often play a major role in determining a child's intellectual interests, and even his future vocation. One man, born into a business and commercial family, overcame his parents' violent objections and became a distinguished university professor because of the influence of a teacher-uncle, a frequent guest, who communicated his enthusiasm for his work to the boy. Children

(continued)

Photos by Maxwell Coplan

CHILDREN STUDY ADULTS *intently, compare their parents with guests and relatives. Thirty-nine per cent of the nation's children live in households containing relatives, roomers, or other persons outside the immediate family group.*

The Other People in All Our Lives

Human relationships constitute Fate or Destiny for most people. This means that contacts with other people, for better or worse, help mold our likes and dislikes, our ambitions and aspirations.

Satisfaction, displeasure, resentment, fear, guilt, and distrust, things and persons we love, things and persons we hate are important elements of personality and character. The other people in our lives determine which of these elements will dominate us and our society. Not by instruction but by the example of these people we have become what we are. The searchlight of Dr. Bossard's research will help us to understand their influence.

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note the degrees of deference with which various guests are treated, and this, too, often plays a role in their decision to follow in their occupational footsteps. One minister testified that his decision to become a foreign missionary was made in his early teens, when a minister who had served in the missions visited his father and was welcomed as a hero.

A good contemporary example of the influence of visitors is the quiz genius Charles Van Doren. His father, the noted novelist and poet, Mark Van Doren, and his mother, Dorothy Graffe Van Doren, editor and writer, undoubtedly played an important role in his development. But, according to his own testimony, Charles' most vivid recollections from his youth are of the stimulating evening conversations of such notable visitors as Franklin P. Adams, Mortimer Adler, Clifton Fadiman, Sinclair Lewis and James Thurber. "They were like a bunch of uncles to me," he recalls. Obviously, they also made intellectual achievement seem to him meaningful and worth-while.

Important as the guest is, the child's own visits offer even wider, more significant experiences. Meeting people outside the secure, familiar world of home, often without the comforting presence of Mother and Father, is a greater challenge. It is also a first taste of freedom.

Visiting began early for most of the children Dr. Bossard studied, and most of the first visits were to the homes of relatives. Many persons reported that their first glimpse of dissension in the family came from these visits. They listened with shock and amazement as their mother's relatives criticized and derided their father's family, or vice versa. And they soon noticed that almost all their visits were to one side of the family or the other, rarely to both. Less than 10 per cent of those interviewed visited grandparents on both sides of the family.

Adults who entertain children are apt to think the children are on exhibition. They forget that the reverse is equally true. The children are watching them, and are probably noticing even more. Many, it seems, work too hard at being hosts. Children regard their visits primarily as an experiment in freedom, an escape from parental control. They are chagrined when they find their hosts worrying and scolding them constantly. No more popular with their young guests are adults who parade their own problems. One woman told a teenage girl about her husband's drinking; another discussed her supposedly serious illnesses. The children were not merely uninterested, they were annoyed, frightened and even disgusted with such hosts. "Children dislike adults to show deep emotion," Dr. Bossard says. "It is part of the child's resistance to the idea that adults have any life of their own apart from serving their children's needs."

Young Guests Are Critical

Third on the list of complaints are references to people who acted in an odd or foolish manner. One boy told about "the man who tried to be amusing. His wife tried to laugh and I felt I should do so too." Another hostess tried to pump the children for information on their father's salary. In general, more than half of those interviewed emphasized how much visiting had taught them about human frailties, pretenses, and social ambitions.

Visiting also gave children a first opportunity to compare the whole pattern of their family's life to that of another family. "I noticed that other parents had more time for their children than mine," one boy said. Another boy said. "I was impressed with the freedom we were allowed in that home, in contrast to my mother's constant scolding."

More startling was the number of children who reported that their first experience with sex occurred during a visit. One young girl saw a small boy undressed for the first time. "The sight did not disturb me, but the over-all impression surprised me," she writes. Another girl was deeply troubled by a visit to a relative who was not married to the man with whom she was living. A number of girls, all aged twelve, reported sexual advances by older boys or adult males while they were visiting.

Not all of the children's visiting experiences were negative, however. Many reported they learned to appreciate their own homes and parents far more than they had before they went visiting. The glamour of being away from home wore off as soon as the hosts began to act like parents, and, on returning home, the child took a renewed delight in Mother's cooking, and often felt a deeper appreciation of Mother and Father as persons.

Compared to guests and people encountered while visiting, the average servant plays a far less conspicuous role in a child's life. For one thing, nowadays few servants live in the home, or stay with one family for decades. Nevertheless, the impact of today's cooks, maids, cleaning women, and babysitters is by no means inconsequential.

Servants can have a strong influence on the young child's impressionable mind. One girl whose childhood was tormented by an agonizing fear of the dark traced the problem to a cleaning woman who told her elaborate stories about ghosts and goblins. Often the maid or part-time babysitter answers many of the young child's questions. Since education is not one of the qualifications a parent considers when engaging servants, the answers the children get can be misleading, to say the least. Often they dispense not only superstitions and unnecessary fears, but much misinformation on love, marriage, and family life. In some cases they have made venomous observations about the parents which children have found puzzling if not alarming.

As children grow older, the circle of "other people" in their lives broadens to include teachers, clergymen, doctors, policemen, and children of other races and creeds. But the same principle of "personal impact" remains. In fact, adolescence is a time in which the "symbolic" value of other persons is especially strong. The teenager has just begun to generalize in an attempt to formulate his personal sense of values. Often, intoxicated with this new-found

power, he allows particular negative experiences to lead him to highly unreliable conclusions.

Experts from several areas corroborate Dr. Bossard's thesis here. Many priests and ministers report that one of the most frequent reasons for hostility to religion is an unfortunate experience with a particular priest or minister, in adolescence. One man, who later became a well-known novelist, told of being slapped in the face by the priest-principal of his high school, for an imagined disobedience. "Then and there," he recalls, "I vowed I would never go to church again. It took me twenty years to realize I was letting my hatred for this one man warp my whole attitude toward God."

Persons Become Symbols

Social workers and parole officers who take the time to probe the minds of youngsters who run afoul of the law frequently find that unresolved conflicts with "authority figures"—teachers, truant officers, or policemen—are part of their problem. Usually the conflict has originated in a punishment the youngster feels was unjust. It is a small incident in the adult's life, but the adolescent uses it as a springboard to the generalization that "people in authority are no good." Frequently he is unable to articulate this feeling, even to himself; it exists as an implicit emotional attitude. But it flows from one or two incidents with "other people" in his life.

Pondering the negative aspects of Dr. Bossard's argument, one might assume that the best answer is a sealed, vacuum-like home, into which no relatives, friends, teachers, or clergymen ever penetrate, and from which neither parents nor children ever emerge. Dr. Bossard recommends no such thing. Rather, he stoutly maintains that meeting other people is absolutely essential to the child in his struggle for maturity. He points to the dozens of people who remembered guests with affection and respect, and even credited them with influencing the course of their lives. Even those who regarded many of their early visits as emotional disasters were firmly convinced that the value of the new ideas and the insights into types of people and patterns of living far outweighed any negative memories.

It is important, Dr. Bossard feels, for parents to become more aware of the impact guests, hosts, servants, and many others have on their child's development. With this awareness, they can be more selective about the people their children meet, particularly in their early years. But even more important than such screening is the ability to keep the avenues of intimate communication open between themselves and their children. By encouraging them to discuss frankly their impressions and experiences with these "other people," parents can sensibly and casually correct most harmful reactions. If a real emotional wound exists—warped religious feelings, negative attitude toward school, or unrealistic self-appraisal—it may take more effort to heal it. But it is well worth the time and trouble.

More positively, you can use this awareness to visit, and bring into your home, people who embody the values and goals you want your children to strive for. As an example, Dr. Bossard likes to tell the story of Elizabeth, who, at sixteen, was scornful of her family's plans to send her to college. She was of the opinion that a college education was only for "creeps"—girls who lacked the charms necessary for social success. Her mother, alert to the situation, invited to their home a very glamorous young girl who had won prizes for scholarship at her university. The girl entertained Elizabeth at her sorority house and at several school affairs. Now Elizabeth cannot wait to go to college.

"In the final analysis," Dr Bossard says, "not a flashy home, pious preachments, or superior educational techniques, but *persons* are the dominant influence in your children's lives. Do what you can to make sure they meet the right kind." THE END

LITTLE LEAGUE COACH *gives his team a pep talk. Adult leaders exert an enormous influence on youth. Parents forget how seriously children take play.*

THE GANG *"legislates" own code of morals, can make a model teenager into a delinquent. Suburbia is producing gangs surprisingly similar to city groups.*

The International Set

Here is a look at the plush world where Elsa Maxwell presides at $100,000 yacht parties, lords drive their Ferraris in the Grand Prix, and all retreat to sip a Negroni at Doney's. It's a bit like the country a little girl named Alice once discovered, where it takes all the running you can do to stay in the same place. Except for the month of August, that is

BY RICHARD HARRITY

"There is simply no place to go in August."

This astute observation was recently uttered by an active member of that amorphous group known as the "international set," which travels in high style from one country and fashionable resort to another in relentless pursuit of the right spot at the right time and, of course, the right people.

In August most of the international gadabouts retire to châteaux, villas, and chalets scattered around the Continent, then in September start galloping off again on a grand tour that takes in London, Paris, the French Riviera, Monte Carlo, Venice, Capri, Rome, St. Moritz, New York, and Palm Beach. Some vary the main excursion with some side junkets and a great deal of island hopping, by yacht and plane, in the Caribbean and Mediterranean.

Following the sun and the social seasons of several continents is a great life if you and your wallet don't weaken, but there are problems even for those who never have to worry where their next perfect meal is coming from. Whose yacht should be used? Which ocean or sea should it be sailed in?

Yachts in Boring Straits

Arturo Lopez, the Chilean Croesus who lives on the Riviera, became so fed up with seeing the same old Mediterranean islands that he took twenty-one guests in his yacht to the Virgin Islands Errol Flynn frequently puts his yacht into the harbor at the Iles du Vent, where some people go to get away from it all, including—on the beaches—even their clothes. Ashore, members of the "set" face other perplexing problems. Should that small piece of French vineyard one is buying (it's the chic thing to do) be noted for red or white wine? What style of house should one build and where? A Persian mansion like the one Doris Duke put up in Hawaii or a Japanese house like Barbara Hutton's abode in Mexico? Or, on the other hand, why not just pick up a castle in Ireland, completely air-condition it from portcullis to turrets, and let it go at that? Should one go to St. Moritz or to Palm Beach, whose seasons are concurrent? And if Palm Beach, then when should one "go to the islands," meaning Nassau, Bermuda, Jamaica, or Barbados? Being tossed on the gilded horns of these deluxe dilemmas must make many a person wish to be as completely mobile as Leacock's cavalryman—from the right regiment, naturally—who hopped on his horse and rode off in all directions.

Scions and Social Lions

The members of the international set are as diversified and colorful as the places they go—they are the elite of every continent: noble scions who still own treasures, accompanied by their sisters, cousins, and aunts, loaded only with titles in the *Almanach de Gotha*; wealthy wanderers; celebrities of the stage and screen; and great beauties whose lovely faces have launched a thousand yachts; gentlemen racers who are equally at home in the Social Register and behind the wheel of an Alfa Romeo in the Mille Miglia; witty worldlings who go along just for the riot; and those hangers-on, the social climbers.

This international brigade has grown so steadily since the war that Earl Blackwell, the engaging and enterprising young president of Celebrity Service, which keeps tabs on the famous and the fashionable, has had to open offices in London, Paris, and Rome just to keep track of who is where, when.

Wanted: Ennui Escape

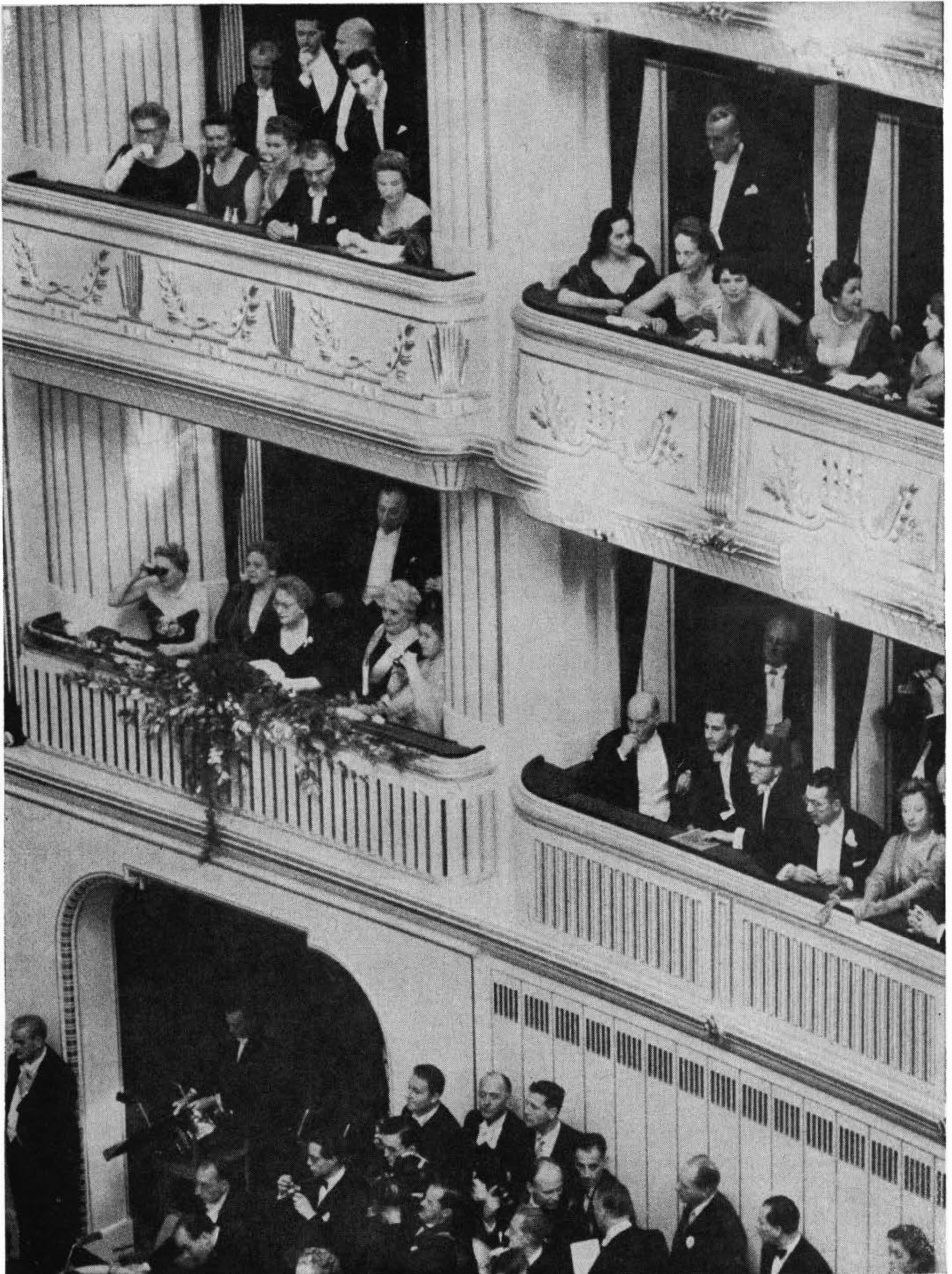
"Have diamond tiara, white tie and tails; will travel" is the advertisement of this roving group of the rich and restless. Its credo is Wilde's epigram, "To be in society is merely a bore, but to be out of it simply a tragedy." Its duty is to keep busy as a pedigreed beaver at being amused, lest that lethal quip of Dorothy Parker's, "Ennui all?" should ever be uttered at parties anywhere at all along the chi-chi circuit.

When talented party-giver Elsa Maxwell first appeared on the glitter-and-go scene, she brought to ennui-haunted high society what she calls in her autobiography, *R. S. V. P.*, "escape from plush-lined boredom, casual sex without passion, and excessive gambling without excitement." Yet, while Miss Maxwell had imagination where they had little or none, she, too, felt the constant threat of boredom. Once when her friend, the late Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, offered to set up a trust fund for her, she politely refused it for fear that security might seriously restrict her many amusing activities, which, she insists, are simply *her* means of earning a living.

A great number of cosmopolitan gypsies still believe that "to get into the best society nowadays one has either to feed people, amuse people or shock people"—or have intimate knowledge of people. What is the former Lady Ashley, who was married to Douglas Fairbanks Sr. and then later (after sound came in) to

(continued)

Erick Lessing-Magnum



COMMON DENOMINATOR of the international set—the opera. In Paris it's L'Opera, in Milan La Scala, in New York "The Met." Above, lorgnettes and full-dress gather in boxes of famous Vienna Opera House, built in 1860's.

BEATRICE LILLIE—in private life Lady Peel—arrives to join "Ziegfeld Follies" cast. To watch the British comedienne's act, a drama critic once said, is to "behold a duchess performing like a crazy downstairs maid."

Clark Gable, up to now? Now that Baron Sepy Joseph de Bieski Dobronyi, a Hungarian sculptor, has withstood the critical remarks of Anthony Steel, former British Guardsman, over the nude statue he allegedly made of Anita Ekberg, who will his next subject be? And how does his work compare with that of Peter Lambda of London, who sculpted the seminude figure of Linda Christian which the Mexican-born Dutch beauty gave to Tyrone Power as a birthday present a few seasons back? Ah, it's a small whirl with l'amour the merrier.

Going in all directions, posh passengers fill the sun deck suites on the Cunard *Queens*, the *Constitution* and the *Liberté*, and the deluxe flights of the great airlines carry them in luxury overnight to London, Paris or Rome for their social engagements in England and on the Continent. BOAC has a flight fit for a king appropriately called the "Monarch." On K.L.M. there's the "Cosmopolitan," and on T.W.A. there's the "Ambassador" flight. Air France offers the "Golden Parisienne," a flying *palais* with extra fare for *haut monde* in a hurry, and Pan American's pride is the "President Special."

For Haut-Monde-in-a-Hurry

This extra-fare Pan American plane, which completes two round-trip New York to London and New York to Paris flights each week, carries only forty-one passengers, who can have berths or staterooms. There is a choice of cocktails and a seven-course dinner prepared by Maxim's in Paris which consists of Beluga caviar, *soupe du jour*, Himalayan snow pheasant with wild rice, *salade favorite*, a *plateau de fromages*, *crêpes suzette*, coffee brewed in flight, vintage wines, champagne, and a variety of liqueurs. If you prefer a stateroom all to yourself, as do many members of the international set, the cost for all this and nearer heaven, too, is $995 round trip. Which is not bad when one considers that (aside from the engines) about the only standard equipment on the posh "President Special" is the little brown paper bag.

So just fasten your seat belt and follow the motto on the family escutcheon of a prominent New York social figure, Mr. Reginald Van Gleason III: "Away We Go."

Paris

"I love Paris in the late spring."

This is the way the international set paraphrases Cole Porter's serenade to that cunning beauty of a city with a hundred moods. In June Paris is a sophisticated lady, enraptured with elegance and in love with luxury. And dressed in a new shade of green by the Bois de Boulogne, with the Gardens of the Tuileries for a corsage, she is wooed by the great of the world. Notable nomads vote London Queen of the May, but Paris is the girl of their dreams in June, and—moving out of elegant suites at Claridge's, the Savoy, and the Berkeley—they shift to the Ritz and the Plaza-Athenée.

Fashion Time in Paris

Paris is and probably always will be the capital of *haute couture*, and June is the perfect time to make selections at the salons of Givenchy, Dior, Dessès, Balenciaga, the ever-young Chanel, and the other famous designers.

Occasionally there are hoity-toity tiffs at social affairs. Once the striking Princess Hohenlohe and the lovely Marquise de Portago, wife of the late great Spanish auto racer and bobsled champion, exchanged words in a duel that threatened to end an old friendship.

"I am not as witty as you are," the Marquise reportedly challenged, to which the Princess is said to have replied, "Then you are a half-wit." There were rumors that Marquis de Portago, who was a fencing expert, challenged Prince Hohenlohe, a crack pistol shot, to a duel, but the bout never took place because they could not decide on the choice of weapons.

Fortunately the Marquise, formerly Carroll McDaniels of South Carolina, did not seek satisfaction from the Princess, a Georgian from Macon—who once gave Beverly Paterno a shower (using an ice bucket full of water) at an Arline Judge party at the Cafe Pierre in New York City. But that was when Princess Hohenlohe was known as Honeychile Wilder, cafe society playgirl and artiste, who starred as Sadie Thompson in a con-

densed version of "Rain" in a Manhattan night club. Even then her remarks were pointed. Once a reporter, on learning that Honeychile's mother had had thirteen children, said, "You should put her on a pedestal." "Yeah," demurely replied the Princess-to-be, "to keep her away from Daddy."

The climax of the international season in Paris comes with the running of the Prix des Drags and the Grand Prix two days later on the last Sunday in June. Dinner parties are given in the great private residences in the Faubourg St.-Germain sector and the Avenue Foch, "L'Avenue des Millionaires" to the Parisiennes. The lucky few who receive invitations from the Baroness Edouard de Rothschild, perhaps the greatest hostess in Paris, will not only be in the most distinguished company but will be served a perfect dinner prepared by her *cordon bleu* chef.

A traditional gay ceremony precedes the Prix des Drags, when open coaches filled with famous beauties, visiting celebrities, and members of the exclusive Cercle Hippique and Jockey Club, all dressed in the costumes of 1900, start from the Place de la Concorde, and drive up the Champs Elysées through the Bois de Boulogne to the Longchamps track. Les Tribunes, similar to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, houses the French President's box and is *the* place from which to watch the race. Boxes are apparently assigned on the basis of the applicant's rating in *Bottin Mondain*, the bible of French society, which even tells whether the title of a *duc* or *duchesse* is B.C. or A.D.—Before the Corsican or After the Deluge. Mayfair is always well represented by English lords and ladies who look as if they have just stepped out of Burke's *Peerage* for a long weekend. Mannequins as sleek-looking as the fillies on the track, wearing dresses created exclusively for this race by the leading couturiers, circulate in Les Tribunes so that ladies will be *au courant* on the new lines and styles.

Where the Elite Eat

In the evening after the race, Albert, the famous *maitre d'* of Maxim's, shows such celebrated beauties as Mrs. Basil Goulondris of Greece, Lady Beatty (the former Adelle O'Connor of New York City), Garbo, Dietrich, and Leslie Caron to their tables for dinner. Claude Terrail, debonair proprietor of La Tour d'Argent Restaurant, overlooking the Seine, illuminates Notre Dame with a battery of searchlights for his patrons and thoughtfully provides menus without prices to all except the host so that guests may order from the left without a qualm.

To Maxim's and Tour d'Argent, two of Paris's top four gourmet spots, flock the crowd which, across the Channel, would gather at the Savoy Grill after the Epsom Downs Derby—or, across the ocean, at Twenty-one, El Morocco, or the Stork Club after the running of the Belmont Stakes.

The French Riviera

Early July marks the end of the Paris season. Holiday tables under the trees reflect the hot summer sun, and the international set begins its exodus to the south of France. Here are the villas of the Aga Khan, who is worth his weight in diamonds and some billion dollars besides, of his Begum (once named "Miss France"), of his former Begum (once a French ballerina), and of his son, Aly. Here, too, the Duke of Windsor and Wallis Simpson lived in a chateau when Edward married the woman he loved.

At Cannes, where the bikinis are brief as a wink and sometimes briefer, English artiste Simone Silva threw caution and her bra to the winds, posing in the "almost altogether" with Robert Mitchum. And at St.-Jean-de-Luz, Cap d'Antibes, St. Tropez, and Nice, the sea is as blue, the days as soft as they were in F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*.

Monte Carlo

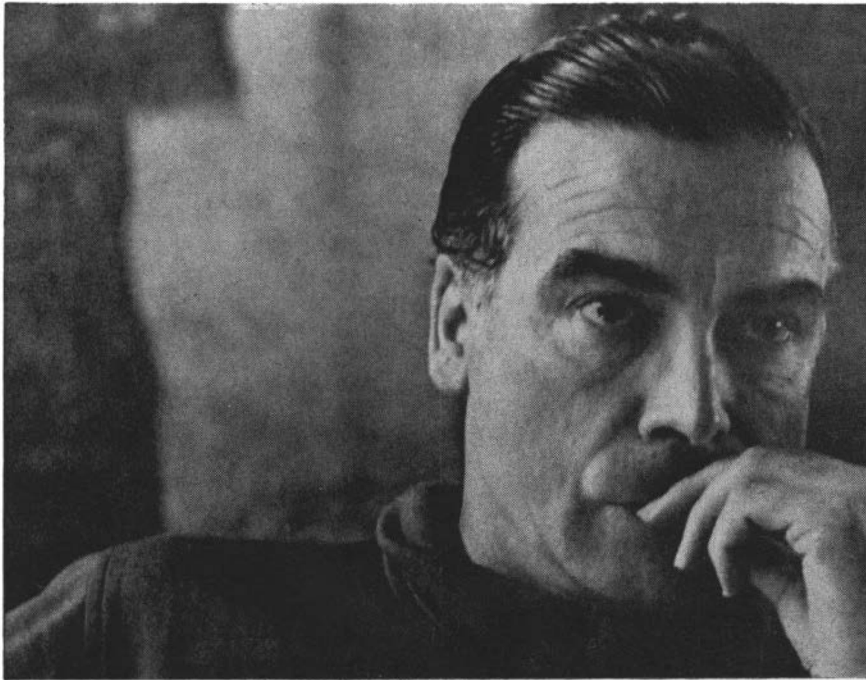
This ancient principality of the Grimaldis, which counts among its accom-

(continued)

I.N.P.

AMERICANS now play vital role in international society, once strictly European. Lady Beatty (above) is former Mrs. Adelle O'Connor, of New York. Husband, David Field Beatty, is grandson of Chicago's Marshall Field.

I.N.P.



"FASHION'S PICASSO" is title Spanish-born Cristobal Balenciaga has earned from his titled *haute couture* customers in Paris. He never appears at showings, believes "a distinguished lady always has a disagreeable air."

plishments the introduction of the white dinner jacket to the world, has long been a favorite port of call for the fashionable. More monarchs than there are kings and queens in a gross of bicycle playing cards have visited Monte Carlo over the years, among them the great Victoria herself. The sedate English sovereign personally inspected the Rock of Monaco but ignored an invitation to visit the Palace and returned the bouquet Prince Charles I had sent her. The Grimaldi ruler never fully recovered from this royal rebuff. It took a Grimaldi in-law to settle the score. When Princess Grace's father, Jack Kelly, then an oarsman, was ruled out of the Henley Regatta because the only title he possessed at the time was bricklayer, he fought back, won the Olympics, and sent Victoria's grandson the sweat-stained cap he had worn in his winning race. To this day it has not been returned.

But so much for history.

To Monaco—with Luck

Across from the casino, the Hôtel de Paris, which has no Room 13, attracts the aristocratic and the wealthy; the nearby Hermitage is a second choice of distinction.

Summer pastimes include festivals complete with fireworks, the world's series of flower fights, and golf on a course in the clouds above Monte Carlo where a shout of "Fore" may be a warning to a grazing mountain goat and a "birdie" can be either a hole-in-one or a low-flying eagle. Winter offers the Auto Rally in which drivers start from practically every spot on the Continent and race their Mercedes, Alfa Romeos and Lancias to the finish line in Monte Carlo, threatening the lives of both known and unknown as they tear through the narrow streets of Monaco. Galas at the International Sporting Club, the opera, the ballet and plays in the Casino Theatre complete the bill. Throughout the year the national sport of Monaco is gambling.

From Pawn to Lawn

The Monte Carlo casino offers its clientele an international choice of games ranging from roulette and *chemin de fer* to craps and *les bandits manchots* or, as we would say, one-arm bandits. For the unlucky there are several chic pawnshops and for the very, very heavy losers there is the gayest-looking cemetery on the Continent.

Greeks have a longer record in Monaco than even the Grimaldis. Ancient Greek sailors were the first to discover the place; they called it *Monoike.* Sir Basil Zaharoff, the original mystery man, once owned the casino; and in 1953 Aristotle Socrates Onassis bought the deluxe gambling emporium for "additional office space."

Onassis and his brother-in-law, Stavros Niarchos, are on the way to becoming billionaire Bobbsey Twins, friendly rivals in both business (they own individual fleets of oil tankers) and grand gestures. Onassis has a yacht equipped with a marble swimming pool, lapis lazuli fireplaces, and a small airplane on the deck, painted to match the ship's colors, while Niarchos has two floating pleasure palaces, *Eros I* and *Eros II*. Onassis never gambles at his own casino but lavishly entertains his peripatetic patrons. Niarchos, who makes his headquarters in Paris and has homes in London and New York, once put in with his yacht at the Island of Rhodes and gave a lunch for twenty guests that cost a mere $1,800. In winter Onassis commutes by plane between Monte Carlo and St. Moritz, home of the most exclusive sports club in the world, the Corvigilia Club, on whose steep, hard-packed ski slopes only the richest and/or most blue-blooded sportsmen are permitted to break a leg.

The Greeks Have a Way

In 1955 Niarchos solved the problem of what to do about August by chartering a steamship for $100,000 and asking Elsa Maxwell to invite a gay and select group of friends to go on a Mediterranean cruise. Niarchos recently bought the Edward G. Robinson art collection for $2,500,000, and Onassis spent about the same amount to purchase the Chateau Groisbois near Paris, a favorite retreat of Napoleon's.

While Onassis and Niarchos are the greatest spenders in the international set, neither is the richest Greek. There are two other men. One is Mr. Bodossakis (or "Bodo"), who has only one home, a six-room house in the suburbs of Athens, and has willed his immense fortune to the people of Greece. The other is Stavros Livanos, who has lived for a number of years in a three-room suite at the Plaza hotel in New York City—and is the father-in-law of both Onassis and Niarchos.

There is one point which should be cleared up, one which justifiably disturbs the Monegasques, who take great pride in their historic achievements. Her Serene Highness is not the first thespian to grace the Grimaldi throne. Prince Florestan I, who ruled the country in the nineteenth century, acted with several Paris companies before becoming the top man on the Monaco postage stamp. Whether, as is asserted, he was frequently booed by the outspoken French, I cannot say. Nor, it must be admitted in all fairness, was The Wedding the first to feature a Hollywood star in Monte Carlo. Some time before Monaco became the State of Grace, Prince Rainier III invited Errol Flynn and Patrice Wymore to be married there, personally nudging the nuptials along by waiving the residence requirements. The Mayor of Monaco performed the ceremony, and the famed newlyweds were given a registry book with spaces for the names of twelve children. When the

happy couple went on their honeymoon, Flynn, who has a penchant for getting slapped (Duncan McMartin slapped him in Nassau and when Errol sued the Canadian gold millionaire, he returned the compliment on Flynn's other cheek at El Morocco) was slapped with a suit by a French teenager. She claimed Errol had forced her to err on his yacht. Fortunately, the Monaco court dismissed the case, and the Flynns are still living happily ever after.

Venice

Many social seasons ago, in the Middle Ages to be precise, when this dream city of the doges was the principal port in Europe, the merchants of Venice formed one of the first chapters of the international set by entertaining visiting princes and potentates in their great palaces along the Grand Canal. Today, gilded globetrotters are still adding sparkle to this gem of the Adriatic.

Several of these chic visitors have their own palaces in Venice and invite free-wheeling and well-heeled friends to stay with them, while others live at the Royal Danieli, the Bauer Grünwald, or the Gritti Palace. The latter is a small, exclusive establishment that Ernest Hemingway described in *Across the River and into the Trees* as "the greatest hotel in a city of great hotels." And for those who like to loll or stroll on the beach, there is the Excelsior Palace at the Lido, just a few minutes across the lagoon from Venice by speedboat.

A Dash of Titian, Too

Harry's Bar, 1323 San Marco, is where people who count go for an apéritif. And just so the Venetian old masters will not be completely neglected, there is a drink called a Tizano: grapefruit juice, champagne, and a dash of grenadine to give it that reddish tint for which its namesake Titian is famous.

For lunch the traveling smart set favors the terrace cafe of the Gritti Palace on the Grand Canal or the restaurant on the roof of the Royal Danieli, which overlooks St. Mark's Basin and affords a magnificent view of the interlacing canals and bridges that tie a hundred islets into the loveliest of cities.

Gene Cavallero, who runs The Colony in New York, a favorite meeting place for the international set, has a villa at Garda, and many of his New York patrons drive up to have lunch with him when they are in Venice. Among the celebrities who made the trip from Venice to the Villa Colony on Lake Garda last year were Hedda Hopper, Cesare Siepi (the glamour boy of the Metropolitan Opera), New York socialite George F. Baker, Jr., and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

On "off" nights, when there are no dinner parties or masquerade balls—a Venetian invention—the places to dine are La Fenice, Alla Colomba, and the elegant Quadri on St. Mark's Square, one of the great restaurants of Europe, with prices elevated sufficiently to match its high reputation.

The Show Goes On

For entertainment there is the traditional ceremony of the historical regatta, with gondola races along the Grand Canal and a procession of huge, many-oared and gaily decorated gondolas looking like festive galleons. The Venice Film Festival at the Lido early the same month attracts famous stars from all over the world. Some even give impromptu performances. For example, when a news photographer attempted to take a shot of Linda Christian and Edmund Purdom holding hands in a back canal café, the English artist drew back his fist, causing a score of other cameramen to get into the act with their flash bulbs. In another spontaneous performance a slap on the back from an unidentified reveler at a ball sent Errol Flynn to bed for several days. Tradition to the contrary, however, there is no truth in the report that the Excelsior Palace management is planning to display a plaque with the legend: "Flynn Slapped Here."

Party in a Palace

But the greatest show Venice has seen since the days of the doges was produced in 1951 by Don Carlos De Beistegui, an immensely wealthy Mexican, shortly after he purchased the huge Labia Palace. Decorated by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo in the eighteenth century, the historic palace cost De Beistegui $600,000—

(continued)

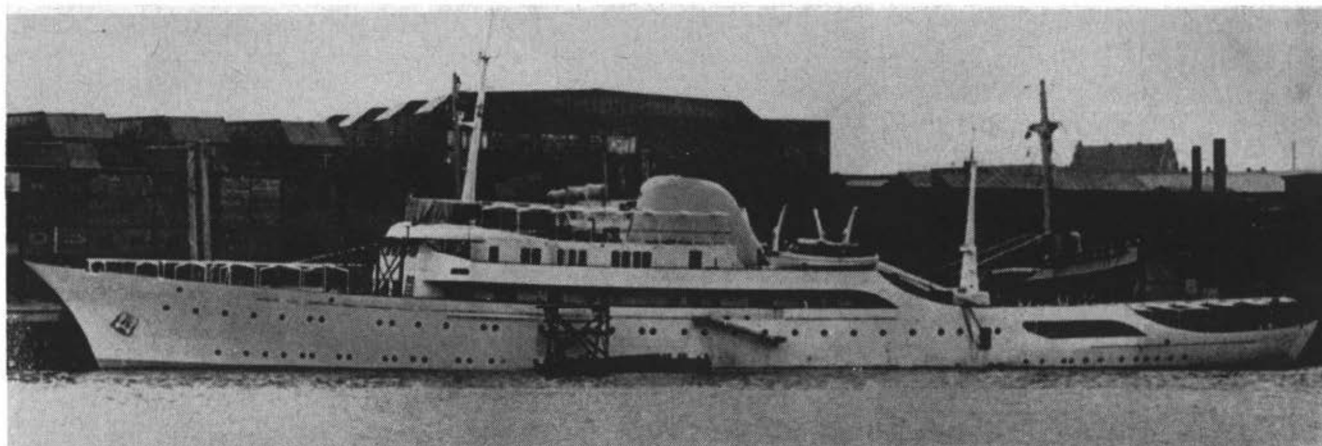
I.N.P.

DAUGHTER of a German cavalryman, Marlene Dietrich entertained U.S. servicemen from Anzio to the Aleutians during war. Renowned as actress and world's loveliest grandmother, she's regular guest at Monte Carlo.

Photos by I.N.P.

STAVROS NIARCHOS, Greek shipping magnate, has two yachts, keeps homes in London, Paris, New York.

BROTHER-IN-LAW Aristotle Onassis owns Monte Carlo casino never gambles. He's worth $300,000,000.



"CHRISTINA" is the pleasure palace of Onassis. Owner of the largest privately owned merchant fleet in world, Onassis wanted to buy casino in 1953, gave Prince Rainier III a smaller yacht (cost: $125,000) to cinch the deal.

plus another million spent redecorating and furnishing it with rare antiques and paintings.

Then De Beistegui decided to give a party. He spent more than a year compiling a guest list of 1,600 names drawn from the top drawer of nobility and notability. When word spread about the splendiferous shindig he was planning, *everybody* who ever aspired to be *anybody* scrambled for an invitation to rub fancy-costumed elbows with the *somebodies.* One desperate *nobody*, who had recently lost her husband, wrote the Mexican millionaire: "My painful grief over my husband's passing can only be softened by an invitation to your party."

Days before the event guests began arriving in yachts that turned the lagoon of Venice into a bottleneck; others packed the luxury hotels as tight as a tin of caviar. On the night of the great party thousands of gay Venetians lined up along the Grand Canal and cheered as gala gondolas, festooned with flowers and lanterns, ferried the 1,600 guests, dressed in colorful eighteenth century costumes, from their yachts, *palazzi* and hotels to the Labia Palace.

A Venetian Bottleneck

Among those present were Mrs. Winston Churchill, Irene Dunne, Gene Tierney, Cecil Beaton, Prince and Princess Chavchavadze, Salvador Dali, and the Aga Khan, who once gave a party for three thousand that cost $80.000. Arturo Lopez, the moneyed Chilean, showed up in a Chinese costume worth $56.000 ($2.000 more than the big blowout cost De Beistegui), and Barbara Hutton wore a little number that set her back only $16.000.

But De Beistegui stood out among his guests, thanks to sixteen-inch platforms on his shoes which elevated him from his normal height of five-foot-six to just a shade under seven feet tall. What his costume may have lacked in quality, he made up in quantity—with seven different changes during the evening. Which recalls the observation by Fitzgerald's wide-eyed lad: "Let me tell you about the very rich. They are different from you and me."

With one of Tiepolo's masterpieces, a great fresco appropriately named "Cleopatra's Banquet," as a background, liveried footmen served food and wine fit for Brillat-Savarin, while vintage champagne flowed like the Grand Canal at

high tide. When the guests weren't tripping the heavy fantastic (some of the ornate costumes were really quite weighty), they were entertained by twenty period tableaux, a troupe of tumblers, and a ballet company.

When the revels in the Labia Palace ended at dawn and the last guests glided away in their gondolas, De Beistegui had the satisfaction of having disproved, for one evening at least, those lines of Lord Byron, who once created a great stir in the Venetian social tide himself by swimming the entire length of the Grand Canal:

"Society is now one polish'd horde,
Form'd of two mighty tribes, the
Bores and Bored."

Rome

Rome is all things to all travelers: a date with history, the grandeur of the Caesars, the courage of the Christian martyrs, a mammoth art museum spread out upon seven hills, a place of pleasure since the time of Petronius, the city where Dante brooded on heaven and hell and Michelangelo created his Bacchus and the Pieta—the past, the present and the promise of the future, the Eternal City.

Members of the migrating elite, many of whom are *personae gratae* to the great patrician families of Rome, either rent villas or stay at the Hassler or the Grand Hotel. The lighter spirits of the international set generally gravitate to the Excelsior on the Via Veneto, the city's most fashionable street.

In the autumn, gadabout gourmets who patronize Le Pavillon or Chambord in New York dine at Il Passetto on the Via Zanardelli or the more elegantly decorated Hostaria Dell'Orso. The international celebrities who congregate at Il Capriccio make it resemble at times the Cub Room at the Stork Club after an opening night of a Cole Porter musical or a Noel Coward play.

When in Rome . . .

There is always something to talk about in Rome. The "set" still recalls the wedding of Linda Christian and Tyrone Power, when ten thousand Roman bobbysoxers became so boisterous that the couple couldn't hear each other's responses. Countess Dorothy di Frasso, colorful as the aurora borealis, and former flame of Gary Cooper, was a witness, and for eight hours after the ceremony (until Annabella's divorce from Tyrone became final in California) the new Powers were guilty of bigamy. The discussion moves into the present: Will Elsa Martinelli commit another "outrage against a police officer?" Will Pietro Mele, the rich Roman playboy, attack Italian cops the way he did New York's Finest when they tried to escort him out of Brenda Frazier Kelly's apartment? Why did Joanne Connelly Sweeney Ortiz Patino take sleeping pills on her honeymoon in Capri? Will there ever be a rapport between Anna Magnani and the Rossellinis? Which is the greater artiste, Gina Lollobrigida or Sophia Loren? Who was the man who claimed that Errol Flynn slapped *him* in Rome?

Almost every member of the international set sooner or later lands at one of the sidewalk tables of Doney's on the Via Veneto for an aperitif—usually a Negroni (1/3 Cinzano sweet vermouth, 1/3 Campari bitters and 1/3 gin) an after-dinner Italian liqueur (Aurum. Doppia Kummel, or Fior d'Alpi) or a Fernet Branca the next morning to steady the stomach and the nerves.

Sodden Segregation

Just across the way from Doney's is Rosati's, where the patricians of Rome go for a whiskey and soda, Scotch on the rocks, and occasionally, in the morning after a hard *nottata*, a Fernet Branca. As a rule, a sharp line is drawn between the foreign and domestic drinkers, with neither presuming to tipple in the other's territory. Doney's is for fashionable visitors, and Rosati's for the noblest Romans of them all.

There was one period recently, however, when the Roman and international sets made a move toward "togetherness" in their social drinking. The visitors, who believed that when in Rome one should drink where and as the Romans do, crossed over to Rosati's. By one of those freaks of fate and fancy, the noble Roman drinkers decided likewise to take a closer look at what was going on at Doney's and moved in a distinguished body to the sidewalk tables of the other café. For a few days there was a tense but well-bred Mexican standoff in the Italian city; then the Romans returned to their Scotch at Rosati's and the roamers went back to drinking Negronis at Doney's, and about the only thing the two swank groups seem to have in common carousal now is, alas, the Fernet Branca.

One day last fall a well-groomed young dandy at Doney's made this startling pronouncement: "Rome has replaced London as the fashion center for men in everything except hats and umbrellas."

While there'll always be a well-dressed England, it came as rather a shock to me that the splendid British tradition of sartorial superiority established by Beau Brummell now rests solely on the bowler hat and the bumbershoot. The lads will certainly have to spruce up quite a bit on the playing fields of Eton to win the wardrobe war, but until Britain waives the rules for making a proper topper and producing a firmer, more tightly rolled umbrella. she still stands supreme in adorning the head and hand of man. I say *hand* on the authority of a neutral Frenchman who always wears a hat from Locks and carries two English umbrellas which he seldom opens this side of a cloudburst—since, once it has been opened, he feels compelled to send it back to Swaine, Adeny & Brigg and Sons, Ltd., 185 Piccadilly, London S.W. 1, to have it properly rolled again. Excepting these two items, however, and at the risk of offending Saville Row, it must be admitted after careful investigation that all roads lead the international fashion plate to Rome for his suits, shirts, shoes, ties and gloves.

For late dinner and dancing, two chic night clubs attract the resident and roving celebrities. One is the Whip Club. next to the Hassler, tony headquarters for the polo and horsey set; the other is La Cabala, the most elegant night club in Europe. It is luxuriously furnished with priceless antiques and rich tapestries, and over the bar hangs Giorgione's painting, "Night," valued at $125,000. The carefully restored fourteenth century house where La Cabala now adds a gay and refined note to the night life of Rome was once the home of a man of whom Michelangelo said, "His equal or his better ne'er was born"—Dante Alighieri.

Rome is all things to all travelers. a city with a soul, a holy place. an appointment with antiquity, a modern metropolis. a rendezvous with the Renaissance, a pleasure dome.

Travelers on a Treadmill

But the flight from ennui never ceases, and the international set must always face the problem of what to do and where to go next. And so the search eternal—for a new resort, a quaint spot as yet undiscovered, a diversion untried and untired of.

Perhaps these whirling dervishes might profit by the advice once offered by a great queen, who was mad about grand tours but only in her own country, to her young traveling companion, who complained about never going anywhere else:

"Well, in our country," said Alice. still panting a little, "you'd generally get to somewhere else—if you ran very fast for a long time, as we've been doing."

"A slow sort of country!" said the Queen. "Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do. to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that."

Except in August because . . .

"There is simply no place to go in August." THE END

Nobility at Play Around the World

It's the Austrian Alps for skiing, the Cote d'Azur for sun worshipping, Vienna for music. And almost everybody, in the great tradition of French nobility, turns up at the Chantilly races

Like the Pied Piper, nobility pipes the tune, and the great, glittering world of international society goes dancing after it. Along the moneyed route is Biarritz, popularized by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; Cannes, where the Aga Khan has a villa; Paris, where the Prince of Paris gives tone to great balls; Kitzbuhel in Austria for skiing; Rome, where the attraction is not the Coliseum or the fountains, but personalities like Dawn Addams and her husband, Prince Vittorio Massimo.

The gay crowd that follows the royal leaders would have sent Queen Victoria into shock. Even the stuffy "royalty only" parties of the Edwardian era got the kiss of death in the 1920's when something called a "night club" started royalty hobnobbing with the rich, and with the new aristocracy of "interesting people." In a converted stable in London, the new society got its big boost when Elsa Maxwell threw a seven-dollar party for royalty, and Princess Helena Victoria, Queen Victoria's daughter, "sat on the floor... ate hard-boiled eggs and sausages . . . laughing at the antics of four music-hall troupers." Among the troupers: Noel Coward and Bea Lillie, now king-pins of the continent-hopping international set.

Though thousands of blue-bloods of the "upper ten thousand," some reigning, some deposed or otherwise on the loose, lead the flock (and not always using their own money—"Where would poor royalty get three meals a day if it were not for the snobs?" said Prince Christopher of Greece), other kinds of royalty help run the show: the aristocrats of the arts, the aristocrats of great family fortunes, dynasties in themselves. With the "places to go" established, the faces are familiar, the sports and games are almost religious rites, and the playground is the world.

Robert Capa—Magnum

POPULAR *with younger blue-bloods and their friends, the Casanova Night Club in Biarritz features games like this blindfold-feeding (with champagne) contest. In another game, ladies ride on gentlemen's backs.*

BOLIVIAN TIN HEIR *Antenor Patino invited four hundred guests to this ball at his Paris home, had an outdoor ballroom specially built, and canopied it with rose silk. Guests ate with eighteenth-century silver.*

Color Photo By David Seymour—Magnum

Among the expected: Queens from Asia, artists and heiresses from the Americas, members of Europe's ancienne noblesse

Inge Morath—Magnum

QUEEN SORAYA OF IRAN, *patrician beauty, like most royalty speaks fluent German, English, French. She is the daughter of a German mother, Iranian father. Educated at exclusive schools in Switzerland, Germany, and Iran that abound in daughters of noble houses of Europe, she made many of her present-day friends while in her teens.*

Inge Morath—Magnum

GLORIA VANDERBILT LUMET *in her New York City apartment. Niece of Duchess of Marlborough (now Madame Balsan) and of the noted sculptress Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, she was popular with cafe society, but shifted her interest to the international set when she married Leopold Stokowski. Now the wife of Sidney Lumet, the movie and TV director, she represents the third generation of Vanderbilts in the international set.*

ELEGANT BALL *at Vienna's famous* Musikvereinsaal *celebrated the re-opening of the Vienna Opera House, drew a thumping crowd of European royalty and nobility. Both intimate and grand parties went on all week, mingled dozens of countesses, barons, princes, musicians, and impoverished blue-bloods.*

Erich Lessing—Magnum

IMPORTANT SOCIAL EVENTS *are French Jockey Club races at Chantilly and the races at the Longchamps track. Luminaries like the Baron de Rothschild are always present, and some, like Aly Khan, bring their own strings of horses.*

TO AVOID BOREDOM, every *night is a gala night at the fashionable Deauville Casino in Normandy. Champagne is standard fare, the mood is gay, the evening ends with outdoor fireworks so brilliant they light up the room. Greatest event is the Jockeys' Gala, when horse owners raffle off donated items for the benefit of the Jockeys' Association.*

Robert Capa—Magnum

AT THE JOCKEYS' GALA, *Madame Volterra, one of the greatest horse owners in France, gets ready to draw a raffle number. Jockeys at the Gala wear the colorful silks of their owners, are the heroes of the event. Usual procedure when the gala is over: ladies and gentlemen rush for the Salle Dorée, the Casino's gambling room, stake millions of francs at the baccarat and roulette tables. More informal night clubs surrounding the famous Casino get the overflow of rajahs, princes, film stars. Deauville is considered an indispensable stop on the international circuit. Daytime activities: yachting, golf, and polo.*

Color Photos By Robert Capa—Magnum

Inge Morath—Magnum

HIGH-BORN SPANIARD, *Señora Mercedes Formica de Llosent y Marañon, in her fifteen-room apartment in Madrid. A famous hostess who mingles aristocrats with* avant-garde *painters, she is also a prominent lawyer. Her suit in behalf of a peasant woman who endured physical abuse from her husband for twenty years, knowing that under Spain's medieval laws she would lose children and possessions and become an outcast if she left him, became a* cause célèbre, *received the Church's endorsement, may bring a change in laws to give women legal protection.*

David Seymour—Magnum

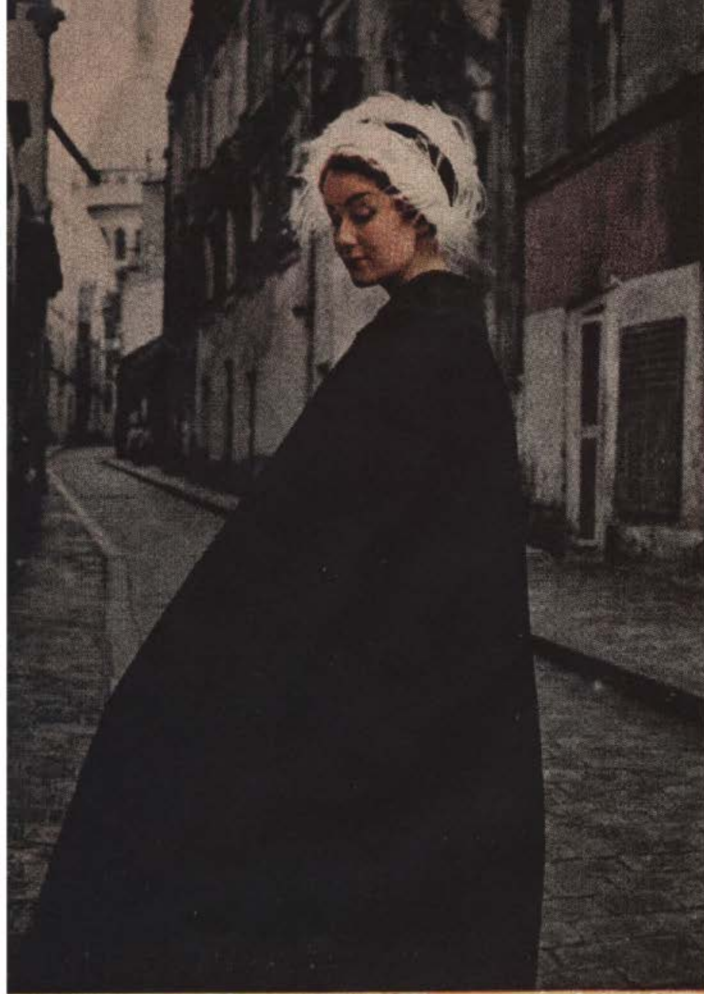
AUDREY HEPBURN AND MEL FERRER *(top, left) at their farmhouse outside Rome. Even before she gained stature in the theatre, Audrey, as the daughter of Dutch Baroness Ella van Heemstra, had entrée to society. With her husband, she lists many noble Romans among close friends.*

AT FASHION SHOW *(opposite) couturier gown is studied appreciatively by guests. To be dressed by designers like Balmain, Molyneux, Dior is a must in the international set. But famous designer Dessès supplies Elsa Maxwell with several dresses a year free, considers the publicity worth the cost.*

PEGGY GUGGENHEIM, *heiress to the silver and copper fortune, is a magnet that draws the international set to her Venice palace on the Grand Canal. With four dogs, a boat, and famous art collection, she moved into the Balbi Palace several years ago, has become a famous hostess.*

Top Color Photo By Philippe Halsman—Magnum

Bottom Color Photo By David Seymour—Magnum



MRS. REGINE BARRIE ROUMENGOUS, *gifted pupil of sculptor Zadkine, is popular with art-lovers.*
ODILE VERSOIS, *Russian aristocrat and a movie star, is married to the Italian Count Pozzo di Borgo.*

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR *have been acknowledged leaders of international set since Biarritz days.*
THE BEGUM, *wife of the Aga Khan and onetime French fashion model, at their villa in Cannes, on the Riviera.*

Blue blood and money rate high, but wit, beauty, and ability also open the fabulous doors

I.N.P.

THE AGA KHAN, *Oriental potentate with estimated fortune of $150,000,000 arrives at his Cannes Villa Yakimour. A patron of the arts, and the leader of eighty million Moslems, he remains a key figure in the international set in spite of his age (eighty). Recent reports say he has chosen twenty-four-year-old son Sadruddin (left) as his heir, in place of his eldest son, Aly Khan (right), well-known leader of horse-racing set.*

Color Photos By Philippe Halsman—Magnum

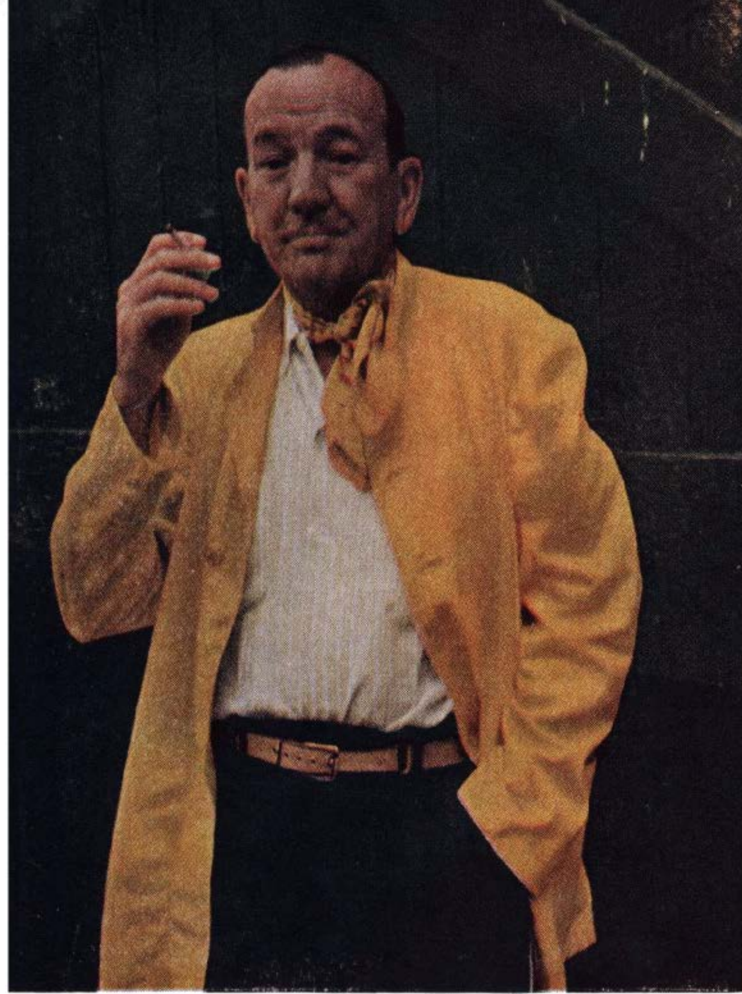
Moerath—Magnum

AT THE BAL D'HIVER *(Winter Ball) in Paris for the benefit of needy children, Princess Chavchavadze, as Catherine the Great, and Baroness Lo Monaco, as her coachman, prepare for a tableau rehearsal.*

THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES *is opened for a great ball, "Bal de Nuits de Versailles," for a French charity. Presence of nobility helps to draw the elite and the well-heeled to affairs for worthy causes.*

Robert Capa—Magnum

Nobility at Play (continued)



David Seymour—Magnum

NOEL COWARD, *playwright, was only twenty-five when he wrote "The Vortex" and became the all-time darling of the international set. He is still riding the social crest.*

Philippe Halsman—Magnum

Philippe Halsman—Magnum

DAWN ADDAMS, *English beauty and sometime film actress, is married to Italian prince Vittorio Massimo. The Massimo family claims descent from Roman rulers of twenty-four centuries ago, is part of the coterie that rules Roman society, figures importantly in the international set.*

CLAIRE BLOOM, *young British actress, was launched by Charlie Chaplin's movie, "Limelight," moved up the social rungs on the strength of her Shakespearean roles.*

THE ICE-BAR *(built of snow) at the Hotel Edelweiss at Zuers, a ski resort in the Austrian Alps, is a gathering place for the fashionable. Among his guests, bartender Max readily recognizes Indian potentates, American composers, South American heiresses, Greek magnates, social phonies.*

Top Photo By Philippe Halsman—Magnum

Bottom Photo By Robert Capa—Magnum

BRIGITTE BARDOT *on the Riviera. A leggy twenty-two-year-old movie star and the daughter of a French industrialist, Brigitte, along with former classmate Leslie Caron, is rapidly becoming a pet of the international set.*

SUNDAYS OFF, evenings of movies in the Palace's private theatre, cooking with electrical "gadgets" are necessary relaxations. Princess Grace chooses own clothes, but must wear tiara and ribbon of St. Charles on state occasions.

Princess Grace's Royal Obligations

What's it like to be a princess? Brushing up on her Philadelphia convent French, running a household staffed with 250 servants, playing hostess to foreign dignitaries, and being a mother are all part of Princess Grace's job

BY ELIZABETH HONOR

"It's a good thing *Son Altesse Sérénissime* is so beautiful, because when would she find time to powder her nose?" commented a Monegasque woman recently.

By *Son Altesse Sérénissime* (Her Serene Highness), the woman meant Monaco's Red Cross President (a slim blonde); Monaco's official hostess to foreign diplomats (a slim blonde); mother of a baby daughter, wife of a ruler, keeper of a two-hundred-room household—all the same slim blonde.

But far from being awash in the sea of royal responsibilities, Princess Grace, a believer in discipline (". . . the only genuine kind is *self*-discipline"), copes with obligations that would daunt a Philadelphia clubwoman and that have driven many a queen and princess to toss her royal duties into the lap of her nearest relative.

Regular responsibilities (as opposed to occasional duties) include: Either morning or afternoon visits to two orphanages, the old people's home, the hospital. Personal appearances at benefits, galas, openings. Public speaking (in French) over Radio Monte Carlo. Dealing with approximately one hundred letters a day.

Day dawns with deceptive peace: at 9 A.M., Princess Grace breakfasts with Prince Rainier in their private six-room apartment in the Palace. She then spends an hour in the nursery with Princess Caroline. From then on, things work up to a fast boil: with the help of two private secretaries, the Princess must answer correspondence, plan menus, take up household problems with the major-domo. Like Queen Elizabeth of England, she has official appointments before lunch, receives delegations. At one or one-thirty there is

(continued)

BREATHING SPELL in the garden. Then back to one of her daily tasks: a pile of some one hundred letters.

Photographs Copyright Howell Conant, N. Y.

Princess Grace (continued)

frequently an official lunch (some past guests: President Coty of France, Sir Winston Churchill). The Princess is then usually driven (she prefers not to drive herself—seldom drove a car in the States though she has a license) to her office at Red Cross headquarters.

To round out the day, there's tea with guests (sometimes official), a visit with Princess Caroline, shopping along the Riviera, an official dinner, or dinner with the Palace staff (twice a week). Saturday? Much the same, with an afternoon drive in the country, lunch along the Riviera coast or at friends' villas. Some privileges: wearing shorts, being seen at public beaches in a bathing suit, riding in a closed car, wearing large hats—though out of consideration for the public she chooses off-the-face hats.

How different is all this from her former life? With her strenuous schedule of movie-making, her desire to excel, her only-occasional vacations—not much.

WALKING POODLE, Oliver, is a rare relaxation. Princess is seldom alone, is accompanied on most walks by secretary. On trips outside the principality, when the Prince is unable to accompany her, she is attended by an aide or a secretary.

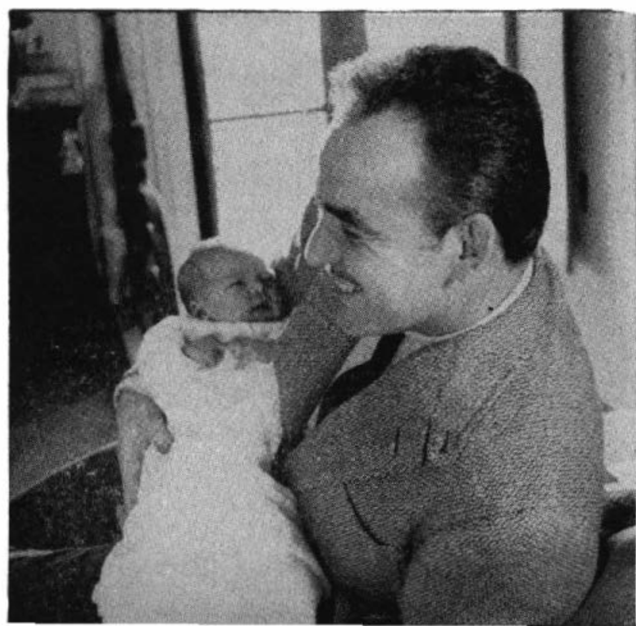
WITH SISTER, Peggy Davis, on Jamaica vacation two years ago, Grace became interested in skin-diving, Prince Rainier's sport. She now joins him on outings. Despite time-consuming obligations they also plan to ride horseback—sometime.

INFORMALITY like this is permissible for the Princess, but tradition still requires her to proffer her hand to be kissed or bowed over by gentlemen; ladies are expected to shake the Princess's hand and curtsy when presented to her.

NOT A FAR CRY from the obligations of a princess—being photographed in the garden of her house in Hollywood. Today, however, when Princess Grace is photographed, the profits from the pictures sold go to Monegasque charities.

(continued)

A PRIVATE MOMENT in the Princess's former apartment on Fifth Avenue, New York. Privacy is hard to come by; last summer the Prince and Princess sold their Cap Ferrat villa because sightseers parked in small boats off the terraces and gimleted them through binoculars. This summer they have taken a chalet in secluded Swiss resort, Gstaad, for two months, will take Princess Caroline, a nurse, and a staff of no more than eight. In the meantime, they are searching for a villa within an hour's drive from Monaco.



IN ROYAL BEDROOM, Prince Rainier holds Princess Caroline. Her future playmates will be children of the Palace and household staff and children of high government officials.

ALONE in the crimson throne room, a regal setting for a princess. So far, Princess Grace has had little time to make intimate friends but has a number of close acquaintances. One of her closest friends is the Prince's sister, Princess Antoinette, who lives in a villa near Palace.

THE END

THE RITZ

Madrid, London, wherever the international set cavorts, there is a Ritz Hotel. For fifty years the name has meant exquisite food and superior service. But of these symbols of elegance and splendor one surpasses all the rest—the Paris masterpiece, created by Cesar Ritz to "play host to the world"

BY VASCO DE B. DUNN

Since the year 1699, when France's luxury-loving monarch, Louis XIV, established Place Vendôme, the little square in the center of Paris has contained three great monuments. The first, an equestrian statue of Louis himself, was torn down by revolutionists and replaced several decades later by the second, a column, erected by Napoleon, made of bronze from captured enemy guns. Place Vendôme's third monument, built by a Swiss cowherd as the embodiment of his dream, is the hotel which has played host to the world for more than half a century—the Ritz of Paris.

The story of the hotel whose name became the synonym for elegance began in 1866 when sixteen-year-old Cesar Ritz turned over the job of caring for his father's three cows to a younger brother and set out into the world. From the primitive mountain village of Neiderwald in eastern Switzerland he went to the neighboring town of Brieg. There he began his hotel career as an assistant wine waiter at the Trois Couronnes inn, but at the end of a year his dream of becoming a great hotellier had turned into a nightmare. The proprietor fired him for incompetence and gave Ritz this parting advice: "You'll never make anything of yourself in the hotel business. It takes a special gift, a special flair—and you haven't got it."

But Ritz, who was also fired from his next two jobs, did have a special flair for sticking to his course. Years later, when international society flocked to his deluxe hotels in France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and England, his name was a household word for chic, elegance and luxury. Edward VII, gay monarch who considered solid comfort the divine right of royalty, dubbed Ritz "hotel keeper to kings and king of hotel keepers."

This royal tribute came after Ritz had served a long, hard apprenticeship as busboy, clerk, receptionist, food and wine buyer, and restaurant manager. All the knowledge he had acquired during those years—about the likes and dislikes of his distinguished guests and how to make them comfortable—went into his finest hotel, the Ritz in Paris.

In 1896 Ritz chose as the site for his new hotel a private home at 15 Place Vendôme, formerly the residence of a great nobleman, the Duc de Lauzun. Against the advice of his backers, who felt that the building was too small for a hotel that could be run profitably, Ritz set to work at once.

The Epitome of Elegance

"My husband did not want to create another 'grand hotel' in Paris," Madame Ritz recently recalled. "He wanted to create something new and different—a small, intimate, exclusive hotel that should be the epitome of elegance. He wished to build it regardless of cost and he wanted to make it a work of art."

In remodeling the Lauzun mansion Ritz retained its aspect of a great private residence, and he furnished the house throughout in keeping with the style of the handsome old building. Ritz and his young wife, Maria Louise, toured the former royal residences at Versailles and Fontainebleau time and again, then employed the best cabinet makers in France to duplicate the sofas, chairs, tables, and other museum pieces they selected for the Ritz. From the luxury shops of Paris they bought silver and crystal, damask table cloths and the finest bed linens. Madame Ritz went to Rome for embroideries, to Venice for three hundred hand-drawn lace counterpanes for the beds. Ritz ordered down for the pillows from County Cork.

As the hotel neared completion, Ritz and his wife inspected each apartment after the workmen and artisans had left for the day. If there were too many shadows in a room, the lights were changed. (One day, while experimenting with the placement of lights, he hit upon the idea of indirect lighting, which was introduced for the first time in Paris at the Ritz.) Madame Ritz sat for hours while her husband and an electrician studied the effects of different colored lamp shades on her complexion, clothes, and jewelry. Finally Ritz decided that a delicate apricot pink was the most becoming color for a woman.

"My husband felt it was most important that ladies feel at ease in the Ritz," explained Madame Ritz, "and he knew they would feel at ease only when they were looking their best. 'Nothing helps a lady to look her best so much as proper lighting,' he kept repeating."

The staff Ritz selected to run the hotel had worked for him in the past and had been carefully trained to carry out his concept of service: "Never bother a guest with too much attention. People like to be served, but invisibly. They like, when in hotels, to have some peace."

But although Ritz set great store by elegant decor and perfect service he knew that the success of his new hotel would depend on the excellence of its kitchens. So he placed in charge of his cuisine the greatest chef of his time, the famed Auguste Escoffier.

Escoffier, like Ritz, was an innovator. He was the first to eliminate the confusion which had previously characterized a great kitchen by organizing the

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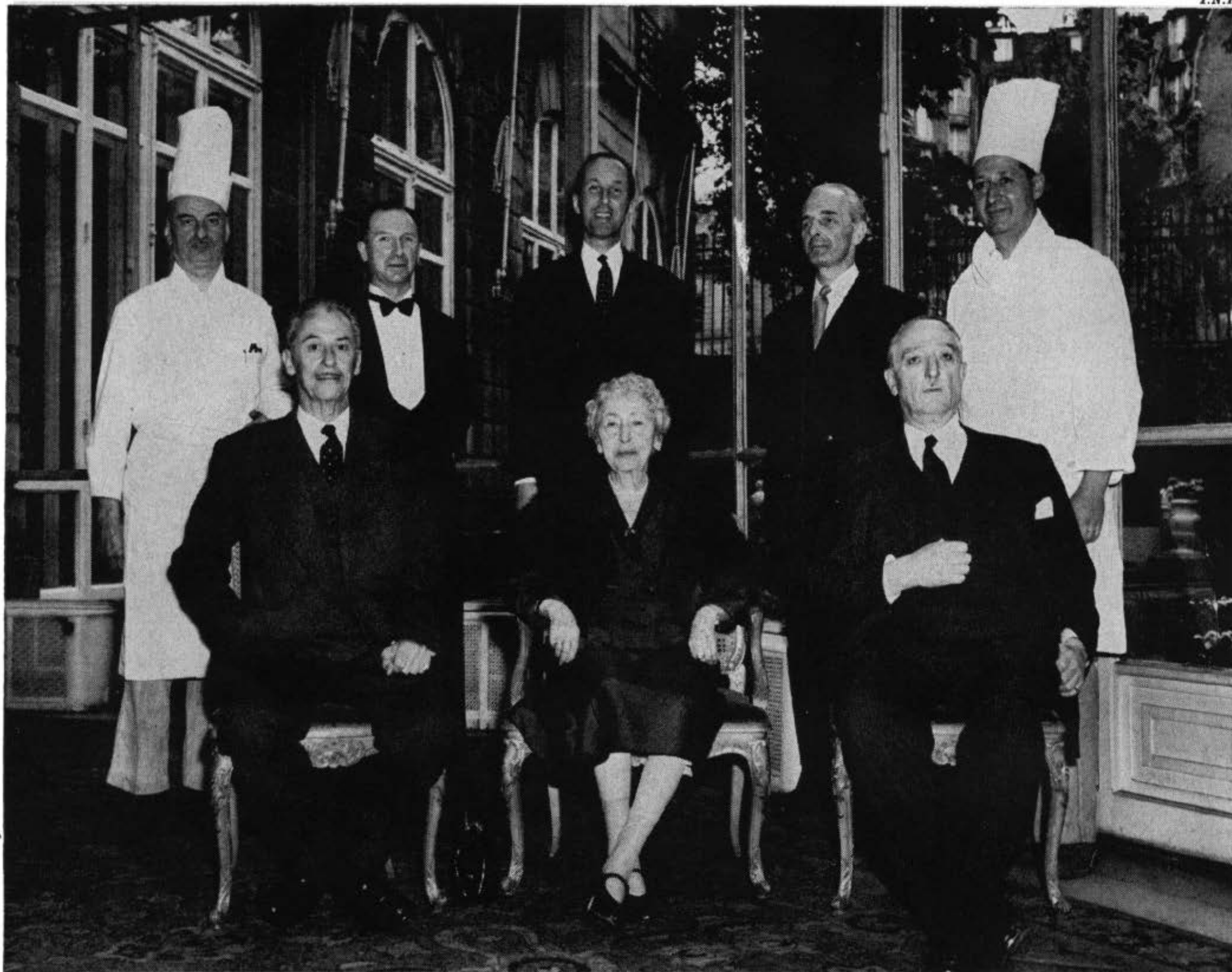
PLACE VENDOME *view of the Ritz Hotel. Seventeenth century mansion was designed by famed architect Mansard. Hotel retains look of a private home.*

Color photo by I.N.P.



I.N.P.

MADAME RITZ *and her "family" today. At left is son Charles, president; at right, manager Claude Auzello. In rear (center), Jean Zembrzuski, assistant manager; chefs Henri Lejour, Robert Meyer; maîtres d'hotel S. Robert, Paul Andre.*

staff into several departments under the supervision of specialist chefs. Believing that "food should look like food," he simplified menus and dropped the practice then in vogue of serving ornate dishes in the form of Greek temples and triumphal arches. Like Ritz, he felt that pleasing the ladies was of paramount importance, and he created dishes that appealed to women as well as men. The French word *gourmet* has no feminine form, and before Escoffier's time the great chefs of Paris did not believe that women appreciated good food. Escoffier thought otherwise.

When he was asked the secret of his art, he replied, "It is simply that most of my dishes were created for the ladies." His classic cookbook, *Guide Culinaire*, lists scores of original dishes, such as Melba Toast, Poires Mary Garden and Fraises Sarah Bernhardt.

When the hotel was as perfect as Ritz could make it, he set the grand opening for June 1, 1898. As he waited for the first arrivals, he anxiously asked his wife, "Will they come? So much depends on that. I have invited the most select people in Paris society—and my old friends in London, too. Are they still my friends? Will they come?"

A Pilgrimage to Pleasure

They came, all right—by the scores, in their coaches and fours with their liveried footmen, and the glittering procession gave the Place Vendôme a gala look reminiscent of the royal fêtes once staged there for Cesar de Bourbon and Peter the Great. The famous and the fashionable from all over the world filled the great public rooms—Boni de Castellane, Princess Murat, the de Rothschilds, and all the great leaders of Paris society; diamond millionaires from South Africa, pashas from the Middle East, maharajahs from India; the Vanderbilts, the Biddles, and the Goulds from the United States; the Russian Grand Duke Michael; Sarah Bernhardt and Madame Melba, then in their heyday; the beautiful Lady de Grey from London, bringing a thrilling message from the Prince of Wales: "Tell Ritz that wherever he goes, we shall follow."

The menu Escoffier created for the inaugural dinner was a masterpiece. After dinner the guests toured the hotel, marveling at the elegant simplicity Ritz had achieved and the many innovations he had introduced. But what most impressed them was that every apartment had its own bath, an unheard of luxury in those days. The Bristol Hotel, then its chief competitor, had only one bath on each floor. When guests wanted a private bath at the Bristol, they had to order it from the Bath-at-Home Service, a Paris company which delivered bathtubs

and tanks of water to customers' rooms.

As Ritz conducted a group through the royal suite, done in the style of the Empire and later cited by a Committee of the Beaux-Arts as a perfect example of its period, Harry Higgins, a famous English barrister, noting how skillfully the hotellier had combined pomp and comfort, said to him, "Kings and princes will be jealous of you. And they will copy you. You are going to teach the world how to live."

Birth of a Tradition

After nearly sixty years Madame Ritz's memory of the hotel's opening night is still sharp. "When the last guests had left, it was nearly dawn," she recalls. "Cesar and I walked out into the Place Vendôme, and standing by Napoleon's great column, we looked at the hotel my husband had created, and talked about its future until the sun came up. Just before we started back he said to me, 'Mimi, we have two sons. This hotel will be our daughter and if anything should ever happen to me, please take good care of her.'"

A few weeks after the opening, the Prince of Wales made good his promise and reserved the royal suite at the Ritz. The success of the hotel was assured: wherever the future king of England led, the elite of Europe and America followed. The demand for accommodations became so great that Ritz had to annex the adjoining mansion at 17 Place Vendôme which had grounds extending to the Rue Cambon, where he built an addition. Ritz had finally realized his earliest ambition and was, indeed, host to the world. Then in 1902, four years after he had established the Paris hotel and when his fame was at its height, Ritz suffered a complete breakdown and had to retire forever from active hotel life. A cloud, never to be dispelled, had passed over his mind and—as Madame Ritz observed at the time—"he who had taken an interest in everything, now took an interest in nothing."

Madame Ritz, then only thirty-five, had to assume three great responsibilities. She had to care for her sick husband, their two small sons, and their "daughter," the Ritz. Women in business were regarded with distrust and suspicion in those days, and she found it difficult to convince the Ritz board of directors that she could successfully carry on her husband's work.

"I had worked very closely with my husband, but I found I still had much to learn about running a hotel," said Madame Ritz. "I had to learn—and quickly, too—for I knew that any problems at the Paris hotel might seriously affect my husband's health. I learned. It wasn't always easy, but I had many loyal friends to help me."

High on the list of those who helped Madame Ritz maintain the prestige and popularity of the hotel was Olivier Dabescat, Ritz headwaiter from 1898 to 1940. In a city noted for great headwaiters, Olivier was the greatest of them all. Kings and connoisseurs consulted him, and when Olivier, who knew food and wine as well as Ritz or Escoffier, concocted a menu it was a gourmet's dream. When Escoffier created a special dish, Olivier knew how to serve it with appropriate ceremony so that it appealed to the eye as well as to the palate. Edouard Bourdet made him a leading character in one of his most successful plays, "Le Sexe Faible," and Marcel Proust liked to dine late in a private room so he could enjoy the hotel's fine cuisine served up with the witty conversation of Olivier.

At a time when fortunes were being spent by fabulous people in fantastic ways, nothing ever fazed Olivier. When Mrs. McLean, an American who traveled with a hooded falcon, ordered live pigeons for her fierce feathered friend, Olivier, with a straight face, asked whether a particular breed of pigeon was preferred.

One of Olivier's most difficult customers was the princess who caused a scene every morning at breakfast because she did not think the boiled eggs served her were fresh. Finally, Olivier bought a rubber stamp, and the following morning (after marking on them the approximate time the eggs had been laid) served them to the princess personally. Showing her proof of their freshness, he glanced at the eggs—then suddenly withdrew the dish. "I am sorry, Your Highness, but I cannot serve you these eggs."

"What is wrong with them this time?"

"They are too fresh," said Olivier, pointing to the dates stamped on the shells. "These eggs will not be laid for Your Highness until tomorrow morning."

The princess laughed, and there were no more complaints about the eggs.

One Offense Breeds Another

There was one occasion when Olivier, a past master at pleasing and placating difficult people, failed to satisfy a prospective guest. This occurred during the summer of 1914, when the restaurant

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RITZ MENU, *once planned by famed chef Escoffier, draws such crowds that tables are frequently set up in hotel corridor. Average dinner costs $9 to $11.*

CESAR RITZ *and bride, in 1882. He then owned one hotel, one restaurant.*

CESAR *called his wife "my little marquise," gowned her as one for ball.*

at the Ritz was crowded every night. A distinguished-looking man appeared one evening and, with an air of self-importance, demanded a table. Olivier, who had filled every available space with extra tables, had to refuse the request. The man became incensed and insisted that he be given a table. Olivier apologized for his inability to seat the guest, but once again he politely shook his head.

"But I am General Von Kluck," said the man, turning on his heel and marching angrily out of the hotel.

"For a moment, I was afraid he was going to make trouble," said Olivier to one of his waiters.

A few weeks later General Von Kluck did make trouble—but in quite an unexpected way. He led the German offensive against Paris.

When Parisians, in that famous cavalcade of ancient Paris taxis, stopped the Kaiser's troops at the Marne, Madame Ritz turned the hotel into a hospital, and for the first eight months of World War I wounded French soldiers were the only guests at the Ritz. When Zeppelins flew over Paris on the first bombing raids, the Ritz restaurant remained open for business; when that long-range German gun called "Big Bertha" was lobbing huge shells into Paris and causing panic, the hotel's staff functioned as though the war did not exist and the Ritz was a world unto itself.

Armistice Celebration, Sadness

November 11, 1918, was one of the most memorable days in the hotel's history. All day long and far into the night the public rooms were filled with joyful Parisians and soldiers of many nations. Impromptu parties, open to all, were held in every apartment except one—the small suite up under the mansard roof where Madame Ritz lived. Her young son, Charles, who had enlisted in the American Army, was still away from home, and she preferred to observe the Armistice alone. In March of that year she had lost her youngest son, René, and sixteen days before the Armistice, her invalid husband had died in Kussnacht, Switzerland. When word had come that Cesar Ritz was near the end, she had made every effort to reach him, but the war delayed her passport and the man who had played host to the world died alone.

In the decade following the First World War the Ritz was a sumptuous home-away-from-home for kings and queens (throned and throneless), Hollywood stars (who were then being recognized for the first time as visiting royalty) freshly minted millionaires on wild spending sprees, aristocrats with great titles and small incomes, well-heeled members of the Lost Generation, and society leaders of New York, London, Rome, and Ashtabula, Ohio. American fugitives from Prohibition made a bee line for the Ritz Men's Bar where the customers were as colorful as the many-hued layers of liqueurs which Frank, the famous barman, floated into a *pousse café*. Celebrated beauties appeared in the hotel each afternoon for tea and admiration, wearing their finest jewels. And the restaurant was the mecca for the world's gourmets.

Then the Roaring Twenties wound up in a crash, and the glamorous world of the Ritz ended with a polite whimper. People who could still afford to live in a luxury hotel became suddenly frugal, and the elegant apartments of the Ritz were as empty as the purses of many of its once prosperous clients. During the early Thirties, in an effort to attract the newly rich who might be awed by the hotel's reputation for enforcing the formalities of the *haut monde*, the Ritz ran ads in American newspapers and magazines carrying this headline:

The Ritz Isn't Ritzy

But the Ritz remained unchanged in a rapidly changing world, maintaining the same elegance, service, and cuisine for which it was famous. Even during that uneasy period in 1940 when Hitler's armies were preparing to invade France, Madame Ritz made sure that every member of the staff carried out her husband's concept of great service while she herself observed the same routine she had followed for nearly forty years. Here is how author Louis Bromfield saw Madame Ritz at that time:

"Each day she made a round of the whole establishment from kitchens to linen cupboards, visiting rooms to see that they were properly cleaned and in order. Beneath her was a whole staff of *officiers*—Monsieur Beck, Olivier, Alphonse, Georges, Frank and Edouard, who ran the restaurant and the grill, the bar and the kitchen. Some of them were nearly as old as herself, and all of them had been with her for many years because they felt as she felt about the Paris Ritz. It had always been and must continue to be the best, the most luxurious hotel in the world, the model for all the others."

Later when Bromfield mistakenly wrote that Madame Ritz had died, she sued him, complaining, "If people think I am dead, what is going to become of the Ritz?"

No Retreat for the Ritz

As the Nazis were preparing their triumphal entry into Paris, the Ritz restaurant remained open, every waiter at his accustomed place, even though there was only one diner. That one was Madame Ritz, whose earliest childhood memory is of some Prussian soldiers who entered her family's cafe in Alsace and threatened to cut her in two with a sword unless her mother gave them wine.

To the very end Madame Ritz held the hope that Paris and the Ritz would be saved. Then, twelve hours before the Nazis captured the city, she decided that she could not stay there under German occupation. Georges Mendel, an old

friend who had been Clemenceau's secretary, warned her that the Nazis might destroy the Ritz if it was completely abandoned. She called a meeting of her staff and explained the situation to them. When she asked for volunteers to run the hotel, all the old employees who had spent a lifetime at the Ritz raised their hands. A few hours after Madame Ritz left Paris for southern France, the Nazis entered the city. Immediately they commandeered the Place Vendôme side of the hotel as quarters for their top generals—Himmler, Boehrman, Goering, Hess, and other members of Hitler's hierarchy. Of all the employees, Emile, the barber, had the most ticklish job during the occupation. When Hermann Goering occupied the royal suite at the Ritz, Emile had to shave the Nazi leader every morning.

"I didn't speak and neither did he," said Emile, "except the first time, when he told me he wanted a close shave and laid his pistol on a chair near him. Every time I shaved him I was reminded of the story about the Spanish barber during the Napoleonic invasion. A French officer stuck a dagger into a table and asked for a shave, and the Spanish barber knew that if his razor ever slipped, he would have no choice but to finish the job."

Even with such unwelcome guests, the old waiters, porters, and maids—many of whom had been trained by Cesar Ritz himself—continued to uphold the hotel's tradition of service; but it was service without a smile and, for the most part, silent service. Ritz employees who were fluent in several languages, including German, were suddenly unable to speak or understand anything except French.

A Legend to Uphold

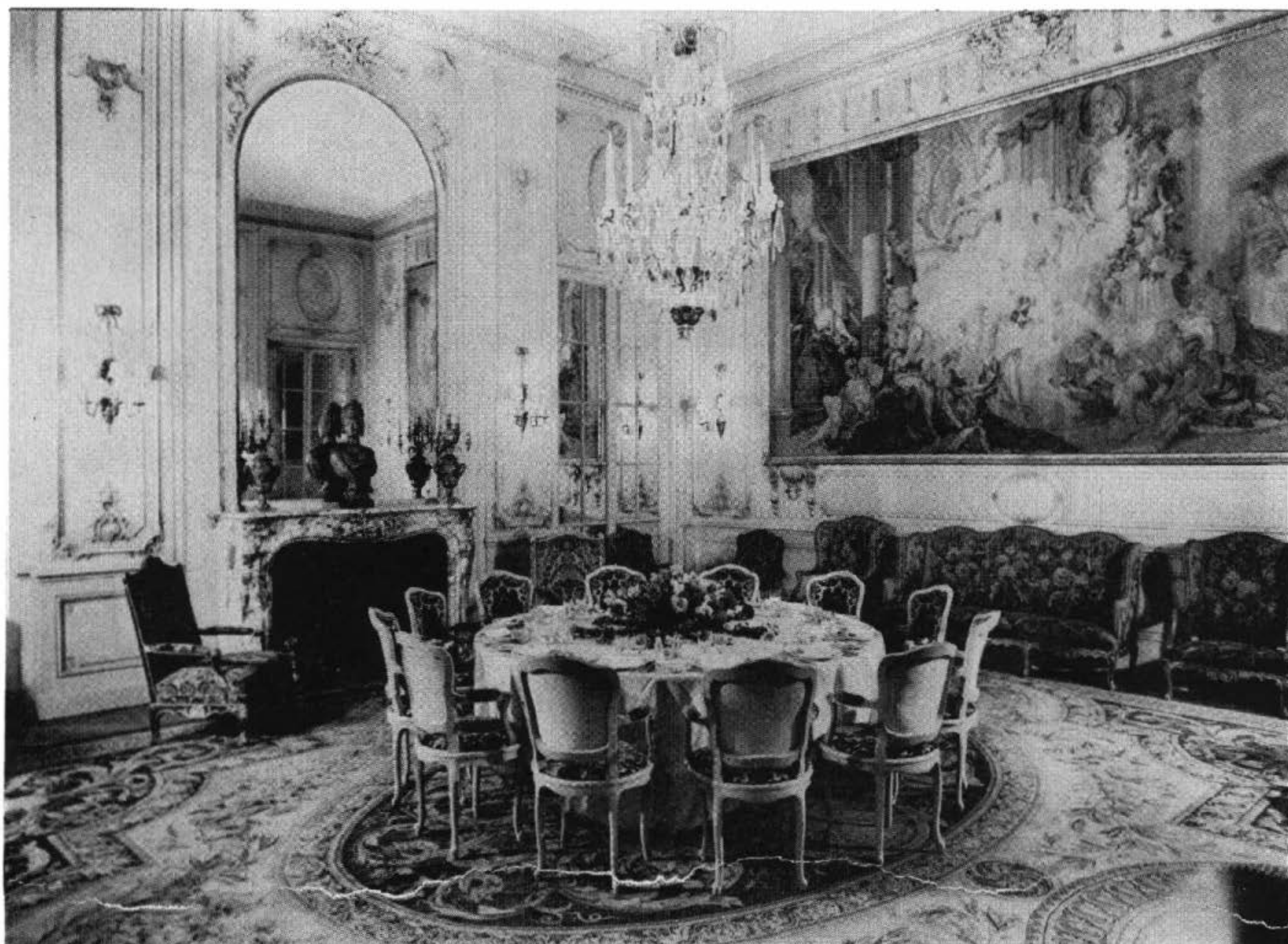
Madame Ritz remained in the south of France for five months, then returned to Paris. "I knew I belonged at the Ritz, my husband's masterpiece, which he had entrusted to my care," she said.

During the remaining years of the occupation, Madame Ritz once again made her daily round of the hotel, aided by a loyal staff. When the Nazis scurried out of the hotel just ahead of the advancing French and American forces which freed Paris, Madame Ritz and her associates anxiously awaited the appearance of the liberators, fearful that something might still go wrong and that the Nazis might return. Their fears were finally put to rest when an American jeep drove up to the Place Vendôme entrance. Out of it stepped an old client and a friend, Ernest Hemingway, one of the first men to enter Paris.

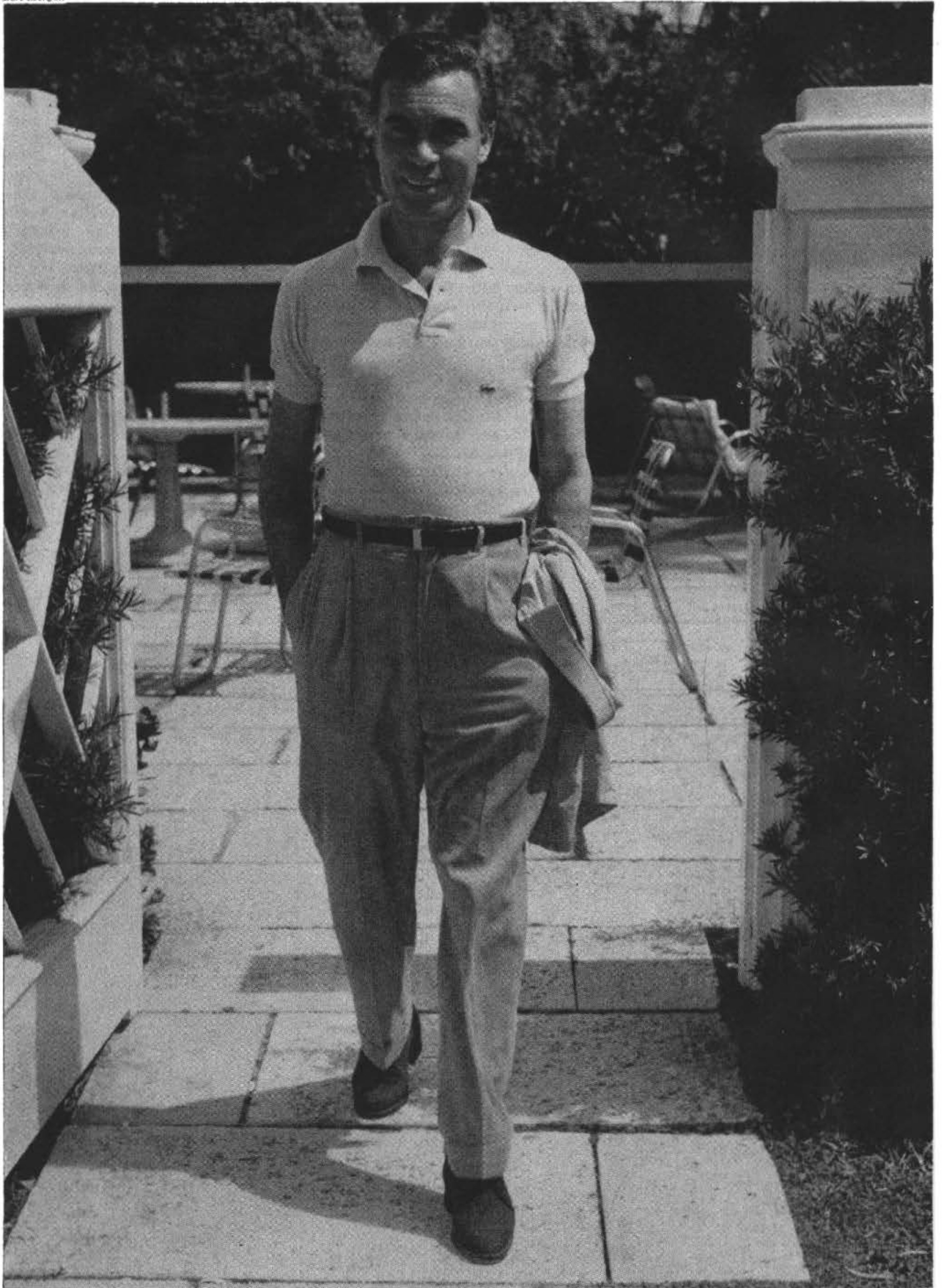
"No one has ever been more welcome at our hotel," said Madame Ritz.

Since the war Charles Ritz and Claude Auzello, two brilliant hotelliers, have faithfully carried on the traditions Cesar Ritz established. As elegant today as it ever was—with the restaurant which preserves the great cuisine Escoffier created—the Ritz is a deluxe landmark in the City of Light.

It is also the home of Madame Ri[illegible], the grand dame of the Place Vendôme, who, at ninety, is still playing hostess to the world in her husband's perfect hotel. THE END



PERIOD FURNITURE *at the Louvre and Carnavalet galleries were studied, reproduced for Ritz salons such as this. Double room with bath costs $30 a day, single $18, breakfast included. In Ritz advertisements prices are never mentioned.*



Bert Morgan

LITHE AND MUSCULAR, with only the slightest trace of a paunch, charming Rubi keeps himself in trim with a variety of exercises and activities that would tire a much younger man (friends say he's over fifty).

PORFIRIO RUBIROSA

A portfolio on Porfirio, the Dominican diplomat, the darling of the international set and the scandal sheets, not to mention the numerous ladies who, scorned or not, find him fascinating

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

Of all the members of the international set, that gilded insular body impolitic surrounded by champagne, loose of foot and morality, prodigal of time and currency and nervous systems—of all the members of that adventurous, jaded, handsomely caparisoned group, none stands so symbolically as Porfirio Rubirosa. Known to millions of readers of scandal sheets and keyhole magazines as Rubi, the sometime Dominican Republic diplomat is pilot, skier, boxer, sports car racer, dancer, guitarist, aspiring actor, and, in the classic phrase of the British journalist Donald Zec, prodigious husband and lover. At his present age, which is a matter of speculation even among those who know him best (his friends believe he is older than the forty-nine to which he admits), Rubirosa is such a perfect prototype of the global playboy, it is hard to believe he is real.

He talks like a character, too. "I have loved and been loved by some of the world's most beautiful women," Rubirosa once said blandly to Lionel Crane, a reporter for the *London Sunday Pictorial* (Rubirosa never has been noted for reticence in discussing himself).

"It so happens," he added, as though the thought had just occurred to him, "that two of them were also among the richest women in the world."

It may have been sheer modesty that kept Rubi from adding that he has been hated by some of the best husbands in the world. Twice he has been named co-respondent in divorce suits that made spectacular headlines. Twice he has been challenged to duels (which he declined with thanks). Once he was nearly killed by a woman who caught him with another woman; she charged at him, he says, with a sword, and it took all his diplomacy to disarm her. Another time he was shot from behind in the streets of Paris by an unknown would-be assassin, presumably a rival. Rubirosa discusses such matters with frankness; he seems to stand off and observe himself with enormous interest and amusement.

He Married Well

When he says that he was married to some of the most beautiful, and some of the richest, women in the world, he is not boasting. His five wives have all been exceedingly attractive, personally or financially, or both. So have most of his mistresses. Rubirosa's relations with his numerous lady friends have been chronicled avidly and extensively. And why not! The Rubirosa legend now makes him sound like the No. 1 Don Juan of the twentieth century, a lupine fortune hunter with a conscience as evanescent as the smoke from the cigarette he smoked with jaded nonchalance during his third marriage, a contract drawn with Doris Duke Cromwell, the rich little rich girl.

But there is good reason to believe that the picture of Rubirosa now being exhibited to the public is only a caricature, and a careless caricature at that. Curiously enough, Rubirosa's friends, while admitting that his charm is similar to that of a carnivorous plant, also hasten to declare their esteem for him. "He's a very nice guy," says Earl Wilson, the Broadway columnist. "I'm fond of him," says John Perona, proprietor of El Morocco, one of Rubirosa's favorite stopping places in New York. "Charming," says Gene Cavallero, of The Colony, another restaurant he graces with his patronage. A prominent and socially proper Wall Streeter recently said, "Rubi's got a nice personality and is completely masculine. He has a lot of men friends which, I suppose, is unusual. Aly Khan, for instance, has few male friends. But everyone I know thinks Rubi is a good guy." Doris Lilly, author of *How to Marry a Millionaire*, says, "Whenever I am in Paris with a free evening"—she pauses here, implying such occasions are infrequent—"I call Rubi. He's a wonderful escort."

Rubirosa's magnetism is not only pervasive, it is often lasting. Old flames become rhapsodic when they speak of him. They say he is sweet, they say he is kind, they say he is gay. They say he dances expertly and gives his undivided attention to any person he happens to be addressing. They say he "laughs well," whatever that means. They say he is courtly. Rubirosa himself says, "A woman does not like to be pawed. She likes to be—uh—liked." That is as close as Rubirosa has ever come to explaining the secret of his success. Miss Zsa Zsa Gabor, in a recent conversation in Hollywood, did not come much closer, but she was more detailed, spraying out conversational patterns like shots from a twelve-gauge gun:

"Rubee," said she, with a nostalgic sigh, "is a very, very nice person, one of the nicest men I know. (Be sure to put that down, dear, when you quote me.) He is a real gentleman; that is why he has so many women. Everybody in Europe adores him—*everybody*. When you are in trouble, he *comes*, wherever you are."

Her large eyes became reflective. "He is a gentleman who should have been born a hundred years ago—this century is too fast for him, too cold. He is misunderstood. He has very bad press. He's the nicest man I know. Wait, don't say that in print—I lose all my beaux. Say he is very nice. Oh, *very* nice. A wonderful, wonderful boy—his wife should feel very lucky."

She also added that her romance with

(continued)

Photos By I.N.P.

FLOR DE ORO TRUJILLO was Mrs. Rubirosa No. 1, started the young Porfirio on his career as a diplomat and husband.

FRENCH FILM STAR: Danielle Darrieux was wife No. 2. She crossed Nazi lines during World War II to be with him.

Rubirosa was broken off against her will. Shortly before Rubirosa married Barbara Hutton, early in 1954, Miss Gabor appeared at a press conference in Las Vegas, Nevada, and announced, with the slot machine bells clanging sadly in the background, that the black patch over her left eye covered an enormous mouse that Rubirosa had hung on her the day before simply because he loved her and she had spurned him. "Zsa Zsa did more for the eyepatch than the Hathaway shirt man," one reporter remarked. The patch did a lot for Zsa Zsa, too, but later, looking back upon the episode, she decided that the black eye had had little to do with the end of their idyl.

"I work too hard," she declared. "The trouble between Rubee and me, he wanted me to give up my career."

Actually, Rubirosa went back to Miss Gabor soon after his marriage to Barbara Hutton was rent asunder. "Was it callous of me," he asked rhetorically, "to rush at once to the lovely Zsa Zsa?" And, without waiting for his interviewer to volunteer an answer, the Hamlet of the boudoir replied, "I suppose so, but that's the kind of man I am. If a thing is over, it's over. That's how it is, whether it's a marriage, a love affair, or a business deal."

Not all of Rubirosa's ex-loves are as sentimental as Miss Gabor. Last March, Danielle Darrieux (his second wife) was asked to be the target in a trick shooting act that was to be put on by Fernandel, the comedian, at a Paris actors' benefit. Someone asked whether she was afraid.

"Nothing frightens me," said she. "Remember, I was married to Rubirosa."

A Businesslike Lover?

There are those who believe that Rubirosa's love affairs are all but indistinguishable from his business deals. One persistent rumor, circulated, as a wit has put it, by uninsourceable peaches, holds that he married one of his wives only because he had lost a large sum to some professional gamblers, who unfeelingly gave him the choice of putting up or shutting up permanently. That may be unfair and perhaps preposterous.

Rubirosa says, "I am not a millionaire. Most men's ambition is to save money. Mine is to spend it."

This certainly would seem to be the case. Rubirosa's permanent home is in Paris in the chic Rue Bellechasse. He occupied the house while he was married to Doris Duke; she may have paid for it, a friend says. Rubirosa designed it himself, he tells people proudly. The front door is electronically controlled, presumably to make certain that no irate husbands can force their way in. The foyer leads into a large reception salon, formally fur-

nished and dominated by a grand piano that serves as a pedestal for a silver-framed photograph of Rubirosa's current darling (one journalist has noted that the top of the piano is badly scratched, as though the photographs had been changed often). Upstairs is a bedroom upholstered in silk and satin: "the wife room," the owner calls it. There is also a small "husband room," complete with bar, phonograph, stacks of American jazz records (including, one might well imagine, the Jackie Gleason album called "Music to Make Her Change Her Mind"), guitars, ukuleles, and other instruments. On the top floor there is a gymnasium with a prize ring of regulation size, plus assorted punching bags.

The Spectacular Spender

A man who lives like this, flits hither and yon in his very own converted B-25, drives expensive sports cars and gambles like the Aga Khan, must be rich; or so one would suppose. Rubirosa does nothing to destroy such a concept. A friend tells of meeting him one night at the Casino in Monte Carlo, a casual meeting at the gaming tables, and of seeing him the next night at another club. "He came over to the table," this man says, "and shook hands all around. Somehow I'd got the notion that he was a freeloader. I thought, well, I'll have this suave bum on my hands the rest of the evening. But all he did was nod to everybody in my party and then go on to a table of his own. Later, imagine my surprise—and shame—when I called for the check and found he'd picked it up for my party."

The gesture was typical for two reasons. Rubirosa has the kind of memory that Emily Post wishes everybody had. He never forgets a face or a name. "He can meet you for a minute," says the photographer Bill Helburn, "and a month later remember you very well." Also, his grabbing the check was characteristic. Perhaps only the late Mark Hellinger, who never permitted a guest to get away with a tab, could have outdistanced him. Headwaiters and captains in the smartest spots on the international map testify to his magnanimous tipping.

The sources of Rubirosa's apparent affluence are nearly as mysterious as his origins, which, in turn, are as puzzling as the early chapters of one of those global-intrigue novels that E. Phillipps Oppenheim used to write. "I come from a farming family," he sometimes says—but his reticence about the financial condition of that family may stem either from the modesty of the rich man or the embarrassment of the poor one. One friend says his family made an immense amount of money in the sugar plantations that cover the Dominican Republic

WIFE NO. 3 was the richest girl in the world, Doris Duke Cromwell—she broke their contract after thirteen months.

BARBARA HUTTON, wife No. 4, was too fond of indoor life, Rubi says; this was the shortest of the Dominican's marriages.

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"RUBI EES NICEST MAN I KNOW," says Zsa Zsa Gabor. Miss Gabor had the world following her exploits when she pursued Rubirosa across two continents, only to lose him to the older—and richer—Barbara Hutton.

as densely as its tropical foliage. Another says the family was in merely moderate circumstances. That seems more likely.

In the early part of December, 1948, Cesar Rubirosa, brother of Porfirio, was nabbed as he was trying to smuggle $160,000 out of Greece. The authorities gave him six months in jail and a fine of $200,000. When he was unable to raise that much, they charitably cut the fine, but he still languished nearly a year and a half in various Greek pokeys. Eventually he was "exiled" to Corinth. Before his arrest, Cesar was mainly occupied in giving French language lessons. His income was reliably reported at around $50 per month. It is reasonable to assume that if the family were as wealthy as some people say it is, someone—even Porfirio—might have made a gesture toward bailing poor Cesar out.

Rubirosa's father was, he says, first a planter, then an army officer, and finally a diplomat stationed in Paris. The latter chore enabled him to educate Porfirio first in France and later in London. When the boy was seventeen, the old man sent him back to the Dominican Republic to enter a university. At one time Rubirosa had a vague notion of becoming a lawyer, but after one year in school he went into the army. His rise was rapid. He was a lieutenant at nineteen and a captain at twenty. Part of his success was due to his ability as a horseman. He was captain of the polo team that defeated Nicaragua in 1930, which brought him to the attention of Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo, the country's president and dictator. Trujillo made him an aide.

His Meteoric Rise

Shortly thereafter Rubirosa made himself a son-in-law. He met Flor de Oro Trujillo when she was sixteen. She invited him to a ball in her honor, and they scandalized everyone by dancing every number together. Trujillo, the story goes, was enraged. He locked Flor in her room and booted Rubirosa out of the army. Rubirosa later told Lionel Crane, "As in any good script, we found ways of getting letters to each other. Finally, my mother, sick of my mooning around the house, went to the President and explained that we really were in love. She persuaded him to give his consent to our marriage. I was twenty-three. I had no job and little money, but the President looked after us."

Trujillo returned Rubirosa's army commission and sent him to Berlin as a secretary at the Dominican embassy. From there he was sent to Paris, a city that appealed to his romantic nature. It did not appeal much to his wife, apparently —or perhaps its effect on him was what ultimately sent her packing back to her father. "As soon as I arrived in Paris,"

(continued)

Photos by I.N.P.

THE FORMER JOANNE CONNELLY was divorced by husband Robert Sweeney in suit involving Rubirosa as corespondent.

MARIANNE O'BRIEN REYNOLDS was another in long list of Rubi's girl friends whose mates were understandably indignant.

Rubirosa says, "invitations began pouring in. I was out every night, often alone. My wife objected . . . she could not keep up with me. She said she wanted to go to Santo Domingo on a holiday, and I agreed. Then I had a letter from her saying she did not think she would come back. Later she divorced me."

So much for Flor. That marriage officially lasted five years. Trujillo fired Rubirosa, but thought better of it shortly after Germany invaded France in World War II. Needing a reliable man there, he appointed Rubirosa *chargé d'affaires.*

Adventures in Love and War

The new official was not very perturbed by the invasion. Its chief irritation to him lay in the fact that it somewhat handicapped his courtship of the beautiful Danielle Darrieux, who was to become Mrs. Rubirosa No. 2. Along with other foreign diplomats, Rubirosa was slated to be sent to Vichy, seat of the unoccupied French republic, but as he was leaving he was stricken with appendicitis and hospitalized. The Nazis thought it was a ruse to stay in Paris; an officer charged into his hospital room and ripped off his bandages. When he recovered, he was shipped to Vichy, but he periodically found excuses to get back to Paris, where his beloved was. On one of his jaunts he was arrested and confined to his house, but after a few days there he began to chafe for the night life he loves so well. He took Danielle out to a restaurant where, carried away by champagne and gypsy music, they began to act like lovers. A Nazi officer made an insulting remark. Rubirosa belted him. For that chivalrous gesture he was sent off to an internment camp at Bad Nauheim, Germany. Again, love conquered. Danielle got to see him by joining a troupe of entertainers. Shortly afterward, he was freed in a diplomat exchange and sent back to Vichy, where they were married in September, 1942.

That marriage also lasted five years. It broke up in the spring of 1947, possibly because Rubirosa's wide-roving eye had fixed upon Doris Duke Cromwell, often referred to as the richest girl in the world. "It's love at last," he said, using a phrase he was to repeat often.

But was it love, asked the gossips, or money? Rubirosa hotly denies that it was the latter. He insisted, he says, upon drawing up a pre-nuptial pact with Doris which stipulated that he was not to receive a penny before, during, or after (!) the marriage. He was not embarrassed when this contract was widely publicized. Soon after they took the vows he and his bride went off to Argentina, to which Rubi had been appointed ambassador. They lived it up down there in what one columnist termed "the swinging social set." They did not live it up for long; the marriage lasted about thirteen months.

Wife No. 4 was Barbara Hutton. This misalliance came as something of a surprise to followers of Rubirosa's career, since just prior to it he had been carrying on his noisy, frenetic romance with Miss Gabor, and just prior to that had been named corespondent in a successful divorce suit brought against Joanne Connelly Sweeney by Robert Sweeney, her wealthy golfer husband. That was not Rubirosa's first guest appearance in a divorce court. He also had been listed as corespondent in an unsuccessful divorce case prosecuted by R. J. Reynolds, the tobacco tycoon, against his wife, Marianne O'Brien. These undiplomatic maneuvers had angered Trujillo, and he had de-frock-coated his former son-in-law. After the marriage to Barbara Hutton, Trujillo returned his portfolio to him.

"It makes me sad when I think of all the silly things I have done," Miss Hutton said at her wedding, apparently recalling her four previous marriages, "but I didn't think they were silly when I did them." She did not think this new marriage was silly, and she permitted Rubirosa to kiss her hand for the benefit of the photographers. Some rude reporters asked if Rubi expected to share in the heiress' fortune.

"I have plenty of money of my own," he said, somewhat loftily. "What property she has is hers, and what property I have is mine." And he added, with ineffable suavity, "Miss Hutton has brought something grand into my life."

Later he must have changed his mind. Or perhaps he had had too much champagne at the ceremony and was not thinking clearly then. He told Lionel Crane, "Barbara, apart from being one of the world's richest women, is also one of the most generous. I had a practically unlimited bank account. There was nothing I could not have had."

Well, there was one thing—a wife who was content to stay home while he was out of the house. Somehow, between the ceremony and the start of the honeymoon, a matter of a few hours, Barbara broke her ankle. "It's disgusting," she said to reporters. "My husband is going to play polo and I will have to sit and look at the sea." Rubirosa later permitted the Hearst newspapers to syndicate his own version of the breakup. He said that one of the reasons was the fact that Barbara preferred living an inactive life.

Love's Alchemy Fizzled

"Poor Barbara!" he later exclaimed. "I married her because I loved her. . . . It may have been conceit, but I really believed I was the man who could change her into the lovely, intelligent, elegant woman she can be. . . . Almost on the day of our wedding I knew it could not be. . . . There was nothing I could do to beat off the sickness and sadness that engulfed her . . ."

According to some acquaintances, Rubirosa was also unable to beat off the settlement with which Miss Hutton engulfed him. It has been reported as anywhere from one to five million dollars. Other, more loyal, admirers insist he did not collect a cent as the butler carried out his gear. "Rubi is actually quite well off in his own right," one says. "He gets around $25,000 a year, plus some expenses, as a Dominican diplomat. He owns a sugar plantation that brings him in $200,000 per year. And he has a fleet of fishing boats and a dried-fish business in Africa, in the Congo."

After saying his public farewell to Barbara, Rubirosa insisted, "Never again will I marry a woman of wealth. Perhaps it is better that I marry a poor girl. This is what I will do." True to his word, early this year he married the nineteen-year-old French actress Odile Rodin, who is rich only in physical endowments. This union is still in effect, but bookmakers everywhere are rubbing their hands.

What Makes Rubi Run?

The question that most fascinates everyone who knows Rubirosa is what makes him behave like Porfirio Rubirosa. There are several explanations, one of which is that he is just a great big boy who is out for a good time. Glib though that may sound, it has its roots in the works of Sigmund Freud and in Kierkegaard's *The Seducer's Diary*. Both describe the lady-killer as a person whose lack of belief in his own manhood spurs him on, each triumph only making him more eager for the next. Rubirosa constantly strives to prove his masculinity to himself and to others by skiing, by playing polo (he broke his neck in an accident last year), by driving in sports car races ("He is a fairly good, although slow, driver, for a fifty-year-old," says a fellow competitor), by piloting his own plane (gift of Barbara Hutton), and by continually importuning the favors of the most beautiful and glamorous women in the world he lives in. "I like to get seventy seconds out of every minute," Rubirosa has said, "and all I ask is energy enough to do it." That is his own way of explaining his character. Perhaps no one will ever understand him except Porfirio Rubirosa himself, and perhaps he is able to do it only in the middle of the night, when he can face himself in solitude in his room . . . an opportunity for self-examination he seldom has enjoyed during his wild, thrill-packed reign as one of the kings of the international set. THE END

I.N.P.

HAS RUBI FOUND HAPPINESS at last? He says so. Here he is with wife No. 5, the beautiful French actress Odile Rodin. "Perhaps I must not marry a rich woman," Rubi once said, just before Odile became his bride.

Your Cosmopolitan Movie Guide

BY MARSHALL SCOTT

Outstanding Picture to Come

A HATFUL OF RAIN—With the lifting of the Motion Picture Production Code's ban on showing narcotics addiction in films, it is inevitable that there will be a number of films dealing with that tragic condition. The lurid, nightmarish "Man with the Golden Arm" jumped the gun, and the Barney Ross story, "Monkey on My Back" and "The Jeanne Eagels Story," are in production. Subsequent films will have to do extremely well, however, to better this adaptation of Michael Gazzo's Broadway play of a season or two ago. The shock value of scenes showing an addict wrestling with his demon is not the only string to Gazzo's bow, though his hero's addiction is at the root of the troubles that beset his beautifully realized characters.

The people around Johnny Pope are his wife, Celia, puzzled by his rejection and coldness and looking for "lipstick on his collars"; his brother Polo, a bartender, who has reluctantly squandered $2,500 on Johnny's insatiable habit; and Pop Polo, a rolling stone and a small-time sport. Around them are the pushers, led by the weirdly malevolent "Mother." At the end of his rope, unable to hold a job, in debt to "Mother" for $500, Johnny tries a holdup and suicide, fails at both. The film offers no phony, sugar-coated solution—though there is hope for the hapless Johnny.

Director Fred Zinneman has done a splendid job, ranging Manhattan with his camera and drawing powerful performances from his cast: Don Murray as Johnny, Eva Marie Saint as his wife, Anthony Franciosa as Polo, Lloyd Nolan as Pop, and Henry Silva as "Mother." It is a powerful, gripping picture. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

The Best in Your Neighborhood

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—A splendiferous travelogue and at the same time a happy-go-lucky spoofing comedy, this picture won an "Oscar" as best picture of the past year. It is also probably the most publicized film of the past half-dozen years. Half the stars of Hollywood play bits in support of David Niven and the great Mexican Cantinflas, as they romp around the world in 1872 to win a bet. *(United Artists)*

THE BACHELOR PARTY—A bunch of the boys go whooping it up, ostensibly as a farewell-to-bachelorhood party for one of their number, actually as a desperate attempt to recapture for a night their own carefree bachelor days. Author Paddy Chayefsky's eye and ear are uncannily accurate in reproducing the man in the street (as "Marty" first proved), and a good cast headed by Don Murray, Jack Warden and Carolyn Jones give his script extreme credibility. *(United Artists)*

BEAU JAMES—A splashy, Technicolor remake of a Hollywood dramatist's version of the life and times of the late James J. Walker, Mayor of New York during the Roaring Twenties and chief fall guy of the Seabury investigation into political corruption. Bob Hope does a surprisingly good job as Walker, with Paul Douglas, Alexis Smith and Vera Miles prominent in support. *(Paramount)*

BOY ON A DOLPHIN—The abundant charms of Sophia Loren and the Greek islands are given extensive coverage, and emerge the chief virtues of this adventure yarn about the skin-diving search for a valuable, antique statue of a boy riding a dolphin. Clifton Webb, Alan Ladd and Jorge Mistral are the chief males involved. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

THE BUSTER KEATON STORY—Highlights of this film-biography of one of the great comedians of the silent screen are the recreations of some of the Great Stone Face's most hilarious routines, superbly performed by Donald O'Connor. Ann Blyth is lovely to look at as his one true love. *(Paramount)*

DESIGNING WOMAN—A slick, smartly designed and smoothly executed comedy about a rugged sportswriter type who marries a chic chick who turns out to be a leading fashion designer. In addition

to the incongruity of their separate worlds, the newlyweds run into trouble from a luscious musical comedy star with a yen for the sportswriter and a gang of prize-fight mob hoodlums with a yen for his scalp. Lauren Bacall and Gregory Peck are the lovers, Dolores Gray the singing rival. *(M-G-M)*

DESK SET—Katharine Hepburn is, as you might expect, more than a match for one of those awesome Univac-like machines which threatens to oust her from her job as head of a broadcasting company's research department. Spencer Tracy is a splendid vis-a-vis as the machine's chief keeper, and there is efficient assistance from Joan Blondell, Gig Young and the ominous Emmirac. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

A FACE IN THE CROWD—Another step in the "Great Man" direction is this Elia Kazan screen translation of Budd Schulberg's story about a rough-hewn type who scrambles to the top of the radio-TV heap, gets delusions of political grandeur. Andy Griffith (star of the stage's "No Time for Sergeants") makes a smashing debut as the "Arkansas Traveler" Great Man. *(Warner Bros.)*

FUNNY FACE—One of the most beguiling movie musicals in years, with Fred Astaire, Audrey Hepburn, the city of Paris, songs by George and Ira Gershwin and some of the most beautiful and imaginative photography ever filmed. Gay, light-hearted, altogether charming, it is a movie not to be missed under any circumstances. *(Paramount)*

GUN FIGHT AT O.K. CORRAL—The gunfight at Tombstone, Arizona, during which Wyatt Earp, Doc Halliday and friends wiped out the infamous Clanton gang, is one of the climactic chapters in the legend of Wyatt Earp and provides the basis for a superior Western. Burt Lancaster is a rugged Earp, Kirk Douglas a hard-bitten Halliday. *(Paramount)*

HEAVEN KNOWS, MR. ALLISON—Two-character movies are even harder to bring off than two-character plays on the stage, and the success of this one—about a Marine and a Catholic nun struggling to survive on a deserted Pacific island during World War II—pays high tribute to the talents of director John Huston and stars Robert Mitchum and Deborah Kerr. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

ISLAND IN THE SUN—Alec Waugh's sprawling, melodramatic novel of caste, race and ambition on a Caribbean island gives a solid base to this drama, and the cast headed by James Mason, Joan Fontaine, Harry Belafonte, Dorothy Dandridge and Michael Rennie does its work most effectively. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

ON THE BOWERY—A searching documentary look at New York's street of lost souls. A thin story line, built around a newly arrived and presumably savable derelict, is the framework for the close-up look into this harrowing world. An actual Boweryite, Ray Salyer, gives a good performance as the savable one. *(Rogovin)*

REACH FOR THE SKY—This is the story of the British World War II hero, Douglas Bader, who, despite the handicap of leglessness, fought his way into the R.A.F. and emerged one of its greatest, most inspirational leaders. Kenneth More is the legless hero. *(Rank)*

SAINT JOAN—Young Jean Seberg, whom producer Otto Preminger selected after a multi-thousand-test talent hunt, does not have the stature demanded by Shaw's great role, but she has been surrounded by a cast of experts, including Sir John Gielgud, Richard Widmark, Richard Todd, Anton Walbrook and Felix Aylmer, who hold up the Graham Greene screen version. *(United Artists)*

SOMETHING OF VALUE—Robert C. Ruark's long and violent novel of the Mau Mau troubles in Kenya a few years back has lost not a whit of violence in the screen adaptation. Sidney Poitier and Rock Hudson excellently incarnate the Mau Mau leader and the white man with whom he grew up. *(M-G-M)*

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS—To youngsters born and raised in this jet age, Lindbergh's flight across the ocean alone in a single-engine Ryan monoplane in 1927 must seem almost a legend of medieval history, but it remains one of the great epics of modern times. This Billy Wilder film, with James Stewart admirably enacting the great flyer, is a suspenseful, essentially accurate recreation. *(Warner Bros.)*

THE STRANGE ONE—A highly charged story of a sadistic cadet and the trouble he causes at a Southern military academy has been a successful book, a hit play, and completes the cycle as an acceptable movie, with Ben Gazzara a likely bet for future "big things" in Hollywood as a result of his biting portrayal of the vicious Jocko de Paris. *(Columbia)*

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—Cecil B. DeMille's outsized version of the story of Moses stars Charlton Heston as Moses, Yul Brynner, Edward G. Robinson and a host of others. *(Paramount)*

TWELVE ANGRY MEN—An expertly made picture of what goes on inside a jury room as twelve good men and true weigh the evidence in a murder trial. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, Ed Begley are among the raging dozen. *(United Artists)*

THE END

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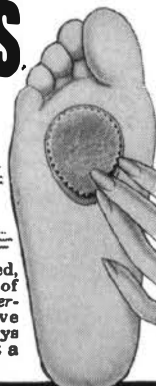

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PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE BY DON SHORT

Living in a white marble palace in Katmandu may not qualify **you** as a card-carrying party-liner in the international set, but it's a sure-pop conversation piece to kick around at the Saturday night bridge club. Or, tell them what Ingrid Bergman said as you two sipped champagne backstage at the theatre in Paris.

International set—Hah! Any rolling stone with a few thousand easy-go bucks to put in the pot can be an international setter and drop names like Elsa Maxwell. Honest. You don't even have to marry the Prince of Monaco. And it won't be necessary to hire a social secretary. All you need is a travel agent.

One group of plain Joe Taxpayers (even as you and I) recently took a seventeen-day trip during which they accomplished the following social fantasia without a single listing in Burke's *Peerage:*

Aisle seats at a performance of "The Entertainer," starring Sir Laurence Olivier, and bids to a backstage after-performance party; coffee with Lady Hermione Cobbold at Knebworth House on one of England's feudal estates; luncheon and plenty of bubbly at Woburn Abbey, home of the Dukes of Bedford; an evening at the Piccadilly Theatre's performance of "Romanoff and Juliet," a modern mirth-maker of the blimey dramatic school; champagne and conversation with Ingrid Bergman backstage in Paris after watching her performance in "Tea and Sympathy"; fashion shows (with clothes) presented by Patou, Dior and Givenchy; Paris fashions (without clothes) *à la nuit* at Folies-Bergère; cocktails with Maurice Chevalier and that "good to the last drop" lip, at Maxim's; luncheon at Tour d'Argent (numbered ducks and all); late supper and show at the Lido; putting-on-the-dog show at the suburban Palazzi near Rome; cocktails, dinner. and ogles with Italian movie stars at Osteria del Orso; on set with Mario Lanza and lunch at the commissary; the Negresco at Nice and the Côte d'Azur via the Grande Corniche; Monegasque reception and luncheon at Café de Paris; and, of course. just a touch of the brush at the Casino in Monte Carlo.

All this elbow-rubbing and hob-snobbing took seventeen days and cost each participant exactly $968, including round-trip air transportation from New York, tickets. tours. tips. hotel room, and parties. It could have been you!

The marble palace in Katmandu, in the once forbidden country of Nepal, is the former home of the Prime Minister, a member of the gang that held the kings of Nepal as prisoners until one daring monarch freed his land. The palace is now one of the most sumptuous hotels anywhere, and your accommodations there are part of a platinum-plated Cook's Tour around the world: seventy-seven days for $5.300.

The same tour takes its pampered participants to Rome and Villa d'Este. Athens, Istanbul, Beirut. Baalbek, Damascus. Jerusalem, Cairo and the Pyramids. Bombay, Ceylon. Kandy, Newara, Eliya. Madras, Delhi. Jaipur. Agra and the Taj Mahal. Faridpur. Sikri, Benares. Darjeeling on the Roof of the World. Calcutta, Bangkok, Singapore. Bali. Hong Kong, fabulous Macao. Japan. and Hawaii.

An even more chi-chi world tour is offered by Hemphill World Cruises. especially for the traveler who "has had it." This guaranteed cure for ennui. at $5.885 for ninety days, touches such spots as Saigon, wickedest city in the Far East: Augkor Wat in the jungles of Cambodia: the Shwe Dagon Pagoda in Rangoon: Katmandu; Anuradhapura in the Colombo jungle; Lahore. the Kingdom of Swat, of which Babe Ruth was never the Sultan; the Kyber Pass and Afghanistan: the ancient Persian city of Esfahan: Shiraz, home of the Persian poets; the ruins of Babylon; the great mosque in Aleppo; the Aegean Islands, Titograd. and Lake Bled.

Anyone interested in a bout with gout can win the first leg on a permanent case of indigestion on a 12.000-mile. twenty-three-day eating tour from Dallas, Texas. around South America via Panagra, for a mere $1.495.

These happy battle-of-the-belt warriors will tackle such bulgers as Panama's Ceviche (jumbo shrimp marinated in lemon juice with onions); Peruvian anticuchos (beef heart squares broiled over charcoal); Chilean Chupe de Mariscos (shellfish plate); Brazilian feijoada (meat. black beans and rice. spiced with herbs); and Argentina's baby beef steaks

Pan American World Airways

On hand to celebrate first Pan American "show plane" to Europe were actor Cliff Robertson ("Orpheus Descending"), Mrs. Leonard Lyons, singer Julie Wilson.

and sausages. Just for snacks, they'll be visiting, nibbling, and sipping at local gourmet clubs, kitchens of famous chefs, vineyards, farms, coffee mills, banana plantations and cattle ranches. And, at $65 a day, Panagra doesn't even throw in a stomach pump.

The Schneefernerhaus, atop Germany's 10,000-foot Zugspitze, adds a Lucullan touch to the world's loftiest bar by providing couches on which to recline while sipping schnapps.

A Barcelona hotel has installed a device to permit a guest to unlock his door without getting out of bed, and in France there's a hostelry which pipes red and white wine into all guest rooms.

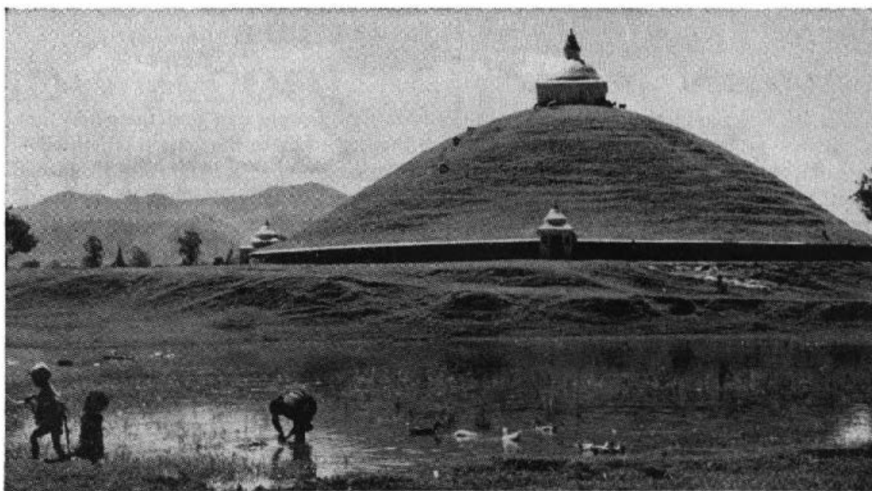
And if this isn't luxury on the loose, please stop me: The new La Venta de las Chapas, in Marbella, Spain, has a smart terrace-restaurant overlooking an eighty-foot bull ring, where you may become a matador between the soup and the brandy, if not rendered *hors de combat* in the interim. Professionals will give demonstrations and instructions, and the management promises that the bulls will all be young, hornless, and polite! Probably the only place in the world where you can eat your steak and have it too. *Olé!* Both ears and the tail for La Venta.

The fabled principality of Outer Baldonia, which came in for violent censure by a Russian journalist a few months ago, will not be found in any atlas. It exists, however, and may be seen by tourists who take the daily sightseeing boat trip through the Tusket Islands off Wedgeport, Nova Scotia. It is Outer Bald Tusket Island and is inhabited only by sheep. Its only building is a weather-beaten and deserted shack.

The Principality of Outer Baldonia was the creation of fun-loving sportsman Russell Arundel of Washington, D. C. Arundel, who came to Wedgeport for the fishing, bought the island shortly after World War II. He and his fishing pals created the mythical principality, designed an elaborate crest and bestowed dukedoms and other heraldic honors on themselves and their friends. All of the local fishing guides were made admirals in the Baldonian Navy and Arundel even arranged to have the "Baldonian Embassy" listed in the Washington, D. C., telephone directory.

Much to the amazement of the fisherfolk of Nova Scotia, who are still enjoying the joke hugely, the *Pravda* reporter wrote a scathing article about the attempt by American capitalists to subject the Nova Scotians to royal rule.

The sightseeing boat which passes near the island is actually engaged in its six-hour daily cruises from Wedgeport to give tourists a close-up view of the wild bird colonies—terns, petrels, and cider ducks—which inhabit the Tuskets.



Rice-growing in Nepal has changed little since 250 B.C. when this shrine was built. One of four in Katmandu Valley, it honors Buddha, is called a "stupa."

Nepalese, here bathing in sacred Bhagmati River, hope to be in temple's shadow when they die. Nepal, formerly a "forbidden kingdom," now welcomes foreigners.

Honolulu, Hawaii, introduces Americans to the Far East. "In a melon patch, do not tie your shoe laces," is an old Japanese proverb illustrated by one of more than two hundred brightly painted panels in a Christian church, which is an exact replica of a Japanese feudal castle. The proverb points out that if you bend down in a melon patch you may be suspected of stealing. The church is one of several unusual highlights on an "oriental" tour of Honolulu, conducted by a long-time resident of Chinese origin. The church has a golden dolphin on the pinnacle, a custom which goes back to the days of Nero, when a fish was the symbol of Christianity.

The entrance to a Chinese night club and restaurant visited on the tour is guarded by stone lions, and the Chinese characters over the door mean, "Beyond this world of ours is another, ideal world." Inside there is an oil painting of Shangri-La appraised at $30,000.

A Chinese Christian church is decorated with living trees and flowers in the oriental manner; a Japanese Buddhist temple contains giant gilded images, sacred drums and relics; an ancient, wrinkled Chinese woman serves tea, candied lotus roots and other sweetmeats to the tourists when they visit the temple of Lum Sai Ho Tong, pins gardenias in the hair of lady visitors and

distributes red candles, incense and paper money to those who wish to honor the Lum patron saint; at the temple of Kwan Yin, goddess of mercy, altars are devoted to the goddess and to the gods of money, medicine and the underworld, and the temple oracle tells fortunes with bamboo splints and Chinese dice.

The tour is all by limousine and costs ten dollars per person, including an oriental dinner which features Cantonese dishes and is served family style. It operates once a week, on Wednesdays.

Tourists to Jamaica, according to Pan American reports, may now climb 7.000-foot Blue Mountain on muleback. The trip takes about five hours each way and is broken with a stop at the pleasant oasis of Torre Garda, about 4.000 feet above sea level, where food and refreshments are available.

The "maze" in Hampton Court Gardens is one of London's unique attractions for tourists. Visitors cheerfully pay the "thruppence" (about five cents) admission price for the privilege of getting lost. Few people can find their way out, although a key to the puzzle is published in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. A special "exit gate" is maintained at the center of the maze for those who wish to be guided out. The maze was planted 250 years ago on the site of a still older version. No one knows exactly what its purpose was.

Helicopters now link Sweden and Denmark at two popular ferry points, making the trips between the two countries in a matter of minutes. The seven-passenger Sikorskis make sixteen round trips daily between Copenhagen, Denmark, and Malmö, Sweden. The fifteen-mile trip is made in fifteen minutes, and the 'copters land in the center of town, eliminating the long trip in from regular airports. Two- or three-passenger Bell helicopters operate a taxi service between Elsinore, Denmark, and Helsingborg, Sweden, making the trip in four minutes.

The Land of the Bible is becoming increasingly popular with American tourists who travel by automobile, since 1.350 of Israel's 1,875 miles of highways are rated as first class. Cars keep to the right, as in the United States, and traffic signs follow the European system of using simple pictures which require no knowledge of languages.

Old World festivals color the tourist picture of Europe in summer. From mid-June to mid-September visitors are entertained by music, drama, opera, folklore and pageantry. The European Travel Commission, 295 Madison Avenue, New York, publishes a free guide to them.

Nostalgic Westerners visiting Munich, Germany, will discover a touch of home (with a German accent) if they get in touch with the Association of Cowboy Clubs of Munich. The association has its own "ranch" done in U. S. Western style, a stable for its "cayuses" and a membership with nicknames taken from American Indians, frontiersmen, cowboys, and trappers. The names were culled from American Wild West fiction.

An Old Testament zoo, based on the animals in Noah's Ark, is one of the tourist attractions of Jerusalem. Founded in 1941, the zoo now contains about four hundred animals, birds, and reptiles, many of them gifts from distant places.

An "upside-down" map, designed especially for motorists driving to Florida along the Eastern Seaboard, has been published by Esso. New York is at the bottom and Key West at the top of this unique map, which makes it easier for a motorist to read place names and decide whether he should turn left or right at intersections.

A swimming pool fed by a waterfall and rooms with views of a volcano are features of the $1.600.000 resort-type hotel being built in San Salvador, El Salvador, by International Hotels Corporations and Salvadorean investors. The 125-room hostelry will be completed early next year.

Motorists who live in the big cities can save on their aspirin bills by starting vacation tours between noon Monday and noon Friday. Traffic experts are urging employers, whenever possible, to permit their workers to begin vacations at midweek in order to relieve weekend traffic congestion.

Another four-lane highway without a traffic light or stop sign has been added to the growing number of such roads throughout the nation. It is the 103-mile limited-access route of Highway 99, from Vancouver, British Columbia, to Washington's state capital, Olympia.

The route is as scenic as it is fast. Tourists enjoy spectacular views of Mt. Adams, Mt. St. Helens, and Mt. Ranier.

THE END

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How Much Do You Know About What You Drink?

1. You can buy eight-year-old bourbon for about the same price as eight-year-old Scotch, but twelve-year-old bourbon is considerably more expensive than twelve-year-old Scotch. Why?

2. What popular liquor must, by law, be as tasteless, characterless, and aromaless as it is possible to make it?

3. To be properly called rye, a whiskey must be distilled from 100 per cent rye grain. Bourbon must be distilled from 100 per cent corn. True or false?

4. All French wine grapes are grown on vines originally imported from the United States. True or false?

5. How long is the average gin aged? One year, three years, ten years?

6. If you ordered a Nebuchadnezzar of champagne, the waiter would bring you a bottle big enough to serve approximately how many people (figuring half a quart to a person)?

7. In the United States, where can you go to buy a barrel of whiskey?

8. There are two major kinds of wines, table wines and fortified wines. What is the difference?

9. It has been said that you can get liquor of one kind or another from practically anything that grows. Do you know what kind of liquor is produced from each of the following?
- **a.** Cactus
- **b.** Coconut palm
- **c.** Rice

ANSWERS

1. An American distiller has to pay the excise tax of $10.50 a gallon on whiskey he has in bond at the end of eight years, regardless of whether he wants to take the whiskey out of bond and sell it, or continue aging it. Whiskey evaporates in the barrel at the rate of about two gallons a year. So between the eighth and the twelfth year an American distiller loses eight gallons of whiskey on which he has already paid $84 in taxes. This $84 must be made up for in the price of the remaining whiskey in the barrel. Distillers of Scotch, on the other hand, pay a tax only on the amount of whiskey in the barrel at the end of the full twelve years.

2. Vodka.

3. Both statements are false. Rye must be made from at least 51 per cent rye, bourbon from at least 51 per cent corn. Actually, when most people ask for "rye" in a liquor store they do not mean rye at all. The biggest-selling whiskey in the United States today is a blend of bourbons of various ages with grain neutral spirits. Though it contains no rye, this blend is popularly called "rye."

4. True. In the 1880's the vineyards of Europe were attacked by a blight. In a few years all the great vineyards of France had lost their vines, and the only solution was to import American vines, which were resistant to the disease.

5. Gin is never aged. Its taste comes from flavorings (mainly juniper) which are unaffected by age.

6. A Nebuchadnezzar is a giant bottle containing five gallons, so you could serve up to forty people.

7. Nowhere, unless you are a distiller or know a moonshiner. Federal law forbids the sale of whiskey to private individuals in anything but a bottle.

8. Table wines (Burgundy, Bordeaux, Rhine, etc.) are simply grape juice that has been naturally fermented, and their alcoholic content (which derives from the sugar in the grapes) is about 10 to 14 per cent. Fortified wines (port, sherry, muscatel, etc.) have had their alcoholic content increased by the addition of a brandy distilled from the same grape, and the alcoholic content ranges from 16 to 23 per cent.

9.
- **a.** Cactus—Tequila
- **b.** Coconut palm—Arrack
- **c.** Rice—Sake

THE END

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The American Fashion Expert Who Saved a French Industry

BY JON WHITCOMB

Early this spring, in the small French town of Elbeuf in Normandy, a tall American ran his hands over a bolt of cloth in the textile plant of Blin and Blin. The fabric was black, with a furry texture and an intense luster. The tall American was intense, too. "We'll call it Ambrosia," he said appreciatively. "I want a thousand pieces."

The tall, intense American was a San Francisco manufacturer named Adolph Schuman, and the thousand pieces of cloth he had just contracted to buy would total thirty-three miles in length and represent an investment of $350,000. This order alone would keep several thousand French textile workers busy for months, a prospect that pleases Adolph no less than it does Blin and Blin. Schuman, who buys $2,000,000 worth of French weaving a year, is a Francophile, and his affection for France has not gone unrequited. Three years ago the Republic of France bestowed upon him its highest compliment, the Legion of Honor, an accolade founded in 1802 by Napoleon to reward individuals for outstanding service to France.

Adolph's outstanding service, which he performed as a private businessman, consisted of rescuing a whole section of French industry from oblivion. Unlike United States aid on the diplomatic or Marshall Plan level, the "Schuman Plan" involved no largess with the taxpayers' money. His contribution was an idea.

"AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINAIRE" Schuman with medals. In addition to French Legion of Honor, he has Star of Solidarity from Italy for applying the "Schuman Plan" to silk industry.

In his suite at Paris's George V Hotel, he briefed me on the situation. His company, Lilli Ann, needed quantities of luxurious fabrics for the manufacture of coats, suits, and dresses. France had some war-shattered mills and a supply of experienced, underpaid weavers, but their market was limited to very small orders from high-priced Paris designers like Balenciaga and Dior. In 1951 Adolph visited France on a shopping expedition.

"My competitors went to Dacron," he says. "I went to France. When I got to Elbeuf, I discovered that the mills were one jump from being scrapped. The region was going to change over to steel mills, and all that irreplaceable weaving machinery was to be junked. I was shocked. For centuries these people had been developing textile skills in wool, handing down tricks from generation to generation. The local water was just right. The local thistles made possible a secret technique with the brushing rollers. The looms were handmade, the fabrics unique. All they needed was volume, and I figured out a way to swing it."

Ambassador Schuman's plan was simple. He showed the French management how to increase output by using modern methods of production, merchandising, and distribution. Prices fell from $47 a yard to $7, yardage went from one-piece units to thousand-piece units, wages rose from forty cents an hour to seventy-five. With humming looms the shadow of bankruptcy faded from Normandy.

Having licked the wool situation, Adolph turned to silk. "We're doing the same thing in the Milan area now," he told me. "Our Italian operation now stands about where the French one did three years ago." Italy also has hastened to kiss our back-door ambassador on both cheeks, pinning on him the Italian Star of Solidarity.

In 1955 France—not to be outdone by her neighbor to the south—added a second accolade to the ambassador's gold and white Legion star: a three-inch diamond-encrusted gold statuette, an "Oscar" for the foreign buyer who "has done the most for French fabrics." The occasion this time was a Paris showing of Schuman fashions made of Normandy wools and

mohairs. It was the summer Dior was suppressing hips, waistlines, and bosoms, and the New York *Herald Tribune's* Paris fashion reporter had this to say about the Lilli Ann creations: "It's startling to be confronted with garments where everything is where it used to belong."

Schuman recalls with a smile his first attempt to show California styles in the French fashion capital. As president of the Manufacturers' and Wholesalers' Association in 1947, he sent out invitations to startled Parisians—and descended upon the ballroom of Hotel George V with two plane-loads of clothes, models, and 1,600 pounds of fresh California chrysanthemums.

Doing Business in Style

Boycotted at first by uneasy couturiers, the showings turned out to be a success with Paris department stores: the price-tags, from $15 to $79.95, did the trick. The Dior-Schiaparelli-Fath crowd, whose prices begin at $500, changed their minds about the invaders and began throwing parties for them.

Schuman believes that brains will always outrank dollars. His business philosophy he calls "enlightened self-interest," and points to the fact that his European ideas have been equally profitable at home. With steady supplies of lustrous French fabrics, Schuman's California plant has steadily expanded. Adolph's lofty position in the industry represents a neat trick of logistics when you consider that his raw materials travel across an ocean and a continent for fabrication in San Francisco and that the finished product must re-cross the Mississippi to reach the markets of the East.

Adolph told me how he began business in San Francisco in the best rags-to-riches tradition. Married to a pretty girl named Lillian, after whom his business is named, he was earning $15 a week as a shipping clerk in 1934.

"I didn't want Lillian to kill herself with housework," he says. "I used to do a little boxing, and the $25 fights I got on weekends paid for a maid. We borrowed $800 from a pal named Rudolph Kutsche who drove a laundry truck. (He's a Lilli Ann vice-president now.) Another friend, Jean Miller, designed the clothes and modeled them. We had a basement workshop in Chinatown, lavishly equipped with six Chinese workers and two sewing machines, and our product was $3 dresses. We had no credit—we bought materials for cash, then had to sell the dresses in a hurry before we could make more. We stayed in Chinatown three years, always just one jump ahead of the finance company."

As he spoke, Schuman gazed out the hotel window at the Avenue George V below. A man who visits Europe twice a year in February and August, he finds

(continued)

IN WAREHOUSE of French textile plant Schuman plucks a sample of baled wool, soon to be woven into specially brushed luxury fabrics for Lilli Ann fashions. Centuries-old process is secret; mills admit no photographers.

BACKING UP his line with large-scale promotion, Schuman buys first-page ads in leading fashion magazines, has frequent showings in San Francisco, New York. In 1947 he boldly displayed his California fashions in Paris.

BILLIE DUGAN, often mistaken for Esther Williams, began as Lilli Ann model, now designs four lines each year, heads company's dress division.

CROWN PRINCESS is Schuman's daughter, Cynthia Benatar. She and her husband met at Stanford; both design for Lilli Ann.

that his status as ambassador-without-portfolio requires an efficient communications center as a base of operations. His desk holds a dictaphone, from which recording belts are airmailed back to the plant; he talks to New York and San Francisco by phone several times a day.

Schuman never got past Chinatown in his reminiscences. At this point, San Francisco called, so I took an inventory of the embassy's other visitors. Besides a bi-lingual secretary waiting with her dictation pad, I found three of Adolph's French partners—Roger Soufflet, Charles Beck, and Hugo Blau—drinking coffee across the room. Nearby sat a Rue de la Paix jeweler, Rudy Gerder, waiting to show Schuman a present for his daughter. A number of unidentified Frenchmen wandered in and out like characters in a play. Schuman's door is never shut: his life is lived in a sort of controlled pandemonium. A gregarious man, he likes crowds around him.

Later that afternoon, Schuman took me—along with Billie Dugan, an attractive Los Angeles girl who designs Lilli Ann dresses—to see the Guy Laroche fashion collection. A six-footer who weighs 190 pounds, Schuman fidgeted uncomfortably on the tiny gold chairs that pass for seating in French salons. As the mannequins paraded past us, Schuman and Miss Dugan pointed out some of the numbers they had bought to take back to California. Fortunately, the show was a short one, and on the way back to the hotel Schuman stretched out his long legs in the car and sighed.

"God has been good to me," he said. "Twenty-three years in business and I've never had a strike or a losing year. Strange I should feel so much at home in Paris. I don't speak a word of French. Sometimes I think that's an advantage—I always have to wait for an interpreter to translate, and that gives me time to think what I'll say next."

"Always Play to Win"

"Did I tell you about my racehorse? I've got a stable of only one right now—a black stallion named Brisemaille. Wins about six out of nine races. Got rid of several horses because they couldn't win consistently. When I first got interested in French racing, I found that sometimes horses here are 'held in'—that is, if an owner feels an animal is not ready, or undertrained, or inexperienced in some way, the jockey is instructed to hold back during the race. When the trainer did this to one of mine at Deauville, I was horrified. I tried to get the track people to make an announcement over the loudspeakers: 'My horse can't win—don't bet on him.' The track refused.

"Well, later on I had a horse named Fina Rosa. The trainer said she didn't

have a chance. I told him any horse of mine runs like hell and goes to win. I bet $500 on her nose and went around the club staking waiters and anyone I could find to 5,000-franc bets. The jockey didn't hold her in. She came in first and paid 40 to 1. Those waiters love me."

Not Very Pacific

Now forty-seven, Schuman has never forgotten his days as a boxer and is still ready and willing to back up his opinions with his fists. At twenty-four, when he was selling clothes on the road, he stopped for gasoline in Santa Cruz and went up to pat a chained bear on the head. The bear mistook his motives and swung on Adolph, who automatically punched him back. "I fixed him good," Adolph remembers. "I can still see that bear backing into his cage with both paws over his nose."

More recently Schuman played an engagement in a New York night club. "Some gangsters jumped me," he says. "I let one of them have it and broke his jaw. I poked the next one so hard he crashed into a mirror and broke it. Boy, I was a tiger! But next morning I discovered I had somehow collected two black eyes."

Schuman thrives on violence, and the life of calm holds no appeal for him. Happiest in time of crisis, he is inclined to stir something up if no excitement seems imminent. He is given to sudden rages which are just as quickly over, and although his business associates sometimes remain shaken for hours, Adolph forgets his indignation instantly. He says he is a medical curiosity because his low pulse rate, low blood pressure and low thyroid output offer no clue to his excess energy.

Schuman is perpetually on some sort of diet. He can get by, he says, on four hundred calories a day. Occasionally he goes on work binges, knocking off sixteen to eighteen hours a day for as long as a month. A man who requires little sleep (five hours at the most), he rises at six every morning no matter what time he gets to bed. At six o'clock San Francisco time the New York Stock Exchange is open, and he can telephone his broker. He says, "Life is too interesting to spend in sleep."

Adolph once fired an advertising agency because it proposed a campaign based on plant efficiency. "Who cares about that?" he demanded. "Our customers don't. Let's sell them on glamour. Tell them our clothes are made at the top of Montmartre out of moonbeams and cobwebs. Say the designer cut her hands off at the wrists so that the creations would never be duplicated."

Whether or not the moonbeam appeal did it, the fact remains that Lilli Ann clothes have been a smash hit with what the firm refers to as "Young, Exciting Women of All Ages." Among the movie and television stars who wear them are Doris Day, Joan Caulfield, Mona Freeman, and Esther Williams. Lilli Ann clothes have been featured on the stage and on television screens. A New York play about the garment industry, "The Fifth Season," had a successful run in 1955, using models dressed by Lilli Ann.

COSMOPOLITAN'S Jon Whitcomb interviews Schuman at Paris hotel.

Adolph's progression from $3 dresses to his current volume of $15,000,000 a year has included only one small detour. Project Perfume. Although not abandoned, it has been temporarily shelved. When Schuman had the idea of branching out into cosmetics, an executive named Ed Van Dervort was dispatched to Egypt to comb the hieroglyphics for information on the scent used by Cleopatra. When Ed came back with literally nothing, Adolph was philosophical. "Maybe we'll try again. There's always Madame Pompadour."

Adolph Schuman is a nationwide celebrity in France, but he is an institution in his own San Francisco. A practicing Democrat, he is active in political affairs and believes that social betterment begins at home. He is on a first-name basis with most city and state officials, and derives special satisfaction from his work on the Citizens' Advisory Committee on Crime Prevention. "I helped get life for the Heroin sellers," he says, proudly.

A Profit in Friendship

"Any civic improvement is more important to me than money I might pile up to leave my daughter," Schuman feels. "I think that businessmen can do more than Secretary Dulles can to restore peace between nations. Look at France and Germany. They'll never go to war again. Nobody declares war on his best customer." THE END

SCHUMAN'S RACE HORSE, Brisemaille, in paddock at Deauville. He has no patience with French custom of coddling lazy horses, deceiving bettors. He bets on his own entries, gives standing instructions to "run like hell."

The Romance of Precious Stones

Van Cleef and Arpels, a firm as French as Paris itself, is the bauble-maker for the international set, with prices running anywhere from $100 to $1,000,000

BY MARTIN SCOTT

The Duchess of Windsor was in a semi-royal pet, piqued by one of those trifling problems that occasionally divert grand ladies of the international set from other, more important matters, such as where to seat Noel (Noel is easily bored), and what to give Cole for his birthday (Cole has everything). The Duchess had grown tired of wearing the crass, inelegant zipper that all ordinary women were wearing—that utilitarian, but hardly chic, anti-gaposis machine that even the best Paris designers were building into their one-model frocks. Yet the Duchess was loath to return to the simple button or to the hook and eye. When she faced the tiresome truth, she had to admit that a zipper was just about the most perfect fastening that the mind of man had yet devised for sealing in a woman of fashion. Such a dilemma could easily have given a lesser lady a case of the shingles, but the former Wallis Warfield was equal to it. Without hesitation she marched into the Paris establishment of Van Cleef and Arpels, the firm that calls itself, proudly yet objectively, "World Famous French Jewelers," and laid her woes in the lap of the late Mme. Puissant, daughter of Alfred Van Cleef.

Mme. Puissant was both sympathetic and practical. She forthwith designed for the Duchess an all-platinum zipper with diamond baguettes as fastening-pins. The Duchess was delighted. Also, she was undisturbed by the necessity of sending the dress back to Van Cleef and Arpels to have the zipper removed every time the dress went to the cleaners. Van Cleef and Arpels was happy, too. Mme. Puissant's novel zipper gave someone in the firm the notion of converting the gadget into a bracelet that could be unzipped, pulled out to twice its length, and worn as a necklace or choker. The New York branch of the firm, at 744 Fifth Avenue, now offers a limited number of the zipper-bracelet-necklace pieces, studded not only with diamond baguettes but also with rubies and emeralds, selling for around $7,600.

I.N.P.

JILL CORY, *left, wears tiara Napoleon gave Empress Josephine; Shirley Harmon models the one he gave Marie-Louise. Both are in Van Cleef and Arpels vaults.*

An Exotic Inventory

That may seem a pretty penny for an extraordinary zipper, but it is puny compared to the prices of some of the baubles in the shop's vaults. There is, for example, a pearl necklace, "enhanced," as the company's catalog says, "by round and marquise diamond motifs," which may be had for $105,000 (tax included). There is also an unpretentious set—a pair of pearl shaped blue-white diamond earrings (the two stones together weigh 40 carats), plus a 25-carat pearl shaped diamond pendant —which has not yet had a house price set upon it. Louis Arpels says he never knows, offhand, the exact value of the pieces that lie in the vaults of the Fifth Avenue place, since the stock constantly rotates from the mother shop on the Place Vendôme in Paris to its various offspring shops, which are located in Palm Beach, Dallas, Deauville, Monte Carlo, Cannes and Caracas (Caracas,

Venezuela, where the oil money is, that is). Louis estimates, however, that there must be over $10,000,000 worth of jewelry in the New York shop alone. And, compared to the main store, the New York branch is a modest one.

Van Cleef and Arpels' pieces are priced so high mainly because they all are original, single models. In recent years a line of "low-cost" jewelry—priced between $100 and $2,000—has been introduced; a small pin called "the winking cat" has been made over and over again (it sells for around $250). Still, each "winking cat"—and every other piece—is different in some way from its predecessor, generally because it is set with stones of different size and quality.

"A piece of our jewelry," says Claude Arpels, grandson of one of the founders, "starts as a twinkle in one of the Arpels' eyes. Who knows what might give him the inspiration? The one who originates the idea discusses it with our chief designer, and he in turn has his assistants make many sketches to transmit the idea to paper. Hundreds and hundreds of sketches may be made before we are satisfied. Then we select perhaps a dozen sketches, and after discussing those, discarding, taking back, discarding again, we finally pick the one that comes nearest to expressing the original inspiration.

"Then we start making wax models. Out of those we choose the one we like best and make that in copper or wood, to make the conception more solid—to see how it will look in firm, hard material. Then we put fake stones on it to see how they set. We experiment constantly. We don't just set a stone in any old piece, nor do we set a piece with any old stone. We have to arrange and rearrange because we are thinking of structural and aesthetic qualities.

"Many times, after a piece is near completion, we tear it apart and begin all over again. Finally, when everyone is satisfied—when everybody involved has had his say—our craftsmen make the finished piece. It may take two weeks from design to final product, it may take two years. Who," Claude concludes, with a vague wave of both hands, "knows?"

Trials of a Treasure Hunter

Nobody knows—and nobody knows the trouble the Arpels boys (the original Van Cleef's widow is still alive, but today only Arpels family members are active) go to, to get perfect gems. This is the second reason for their jewels' costliness. Representatives are continually roving the world seeking stones. Of late, the gem-hunters have fallen upon harder and harder times. The world's diamond mines are still yielding treasures, but most of the known emerald, ruby, and sapphire veins have long since been mined out.

Nevertheless, there are still fine gems to be found, especially in the pieces that have been passed down from generation to generation by dynasties of Hindu maharajahs. For decades, all the Arpels have thought yearningly of those unobtainable stones. Claude has written,

"Some people dream of tiger hunts, others dream of conquering Everest, but my childhood dreams were to discover for the European world the beauty of the jewels of Hindustan . . . the fabulous necklaces and collars of precious stones, the bracelets and anklets and tiaras of magnificent jewels and intricate enamel work that adorned the many-veiled wives."

Gems from Eastern Crowns

Since India gained her independence, Arpels explains, more and more of the ruling princes have found it necessary to convert their inherited jewels into currency in order to keep their countries running. "Word came to us last year that certain maharajahs and other nobles would be pleased to have us visit them at their palaces with the idea of buying some of their most precious possessions. I needed no persuasion and even volunteered to make the trip as soon as I could be spared from my duties in New York."

With his attorney, John Keesing, Claude flew first to Benares, where they picked up an Indian colonel to act as liaison man with the Hindus, who refuse to discuss specific prices with buyers. "The first stop was a palace near Rewah," Claude wrote, "where we were met by various relatives of His Highness, who proceeded to show us the utmost hospitality. Nothing had been overlooked for our convenience. The cuisine was the finest, served on the family gold plate."

Next day, after lunch, the Maharajah invited Arpels into his garden to see a pure white tiger, the only one known to have been captured in India for many generations. Then the Maharajah's representatives got down to business. "They showed me the jewels in the back yard of the palace," Claude says. "There was a sea of glistening rubies, emeralds and sapphires, bracelets with anklets to match, amulets and garlands of precious stones and tiaras for coronations."

After much deliberation, Claude finally chose what he describes as ". . . an uncarved emerald of enormous size and quality, which would have to be cut down for resale. My next choice was a garland, an immense interlacing of emeralds fringed with diamonds and pearls at the center of which hangs a wondrous emerald pendant, the whole piece so large it hangs to the waist." He also selected several smaller pieces. Then: "Our party left the next day much as we had arrived, with no word spoken of the sale. In Delhi two days later the bearers from the palace arrived with the jewels of my choice, and the deal was made and closed."

From Rewah, Claude went to Jamnagar, and from there to Lunavada. He subsequently bought stones from the maharajahs of Baroda and Cooch Behar, as well. He was in a veritable jewelry-maker's nirvana, and throughout the trip he felt a little drunk.

All told, Claude bought more than $1,000,000 worth of stones in India. "Weren't you afraid you might be robbed, carrying them about?" a friend asked him after he got back. "Not at all," Claude said. "I didn't carry any—I sent them all back through the mails, the safest way." Packed in rough cloth bags, all the gems arrived at 744 Fifth Avenue in perfect condition.

By then, having heard that Claude had gone like some modern Marco Polo to bring back the riches of the mysterious East, the customers already had begun to line up. As might be supposed, the roster-books signed by customers in the Van Cleef and Arpels offices contain the most famous names in the world. With customary tact, and perhaps with some regard for customers' relations with the income tax people, none of the Arpels will rattle off a customer-list, but one day not long ago Claude did go so far as to say, after two drinks: "People from the most illustrious families in America—Mellons, Vanderbilts, Whitneys, Astors—have bought from us. The rich Greek shipowners come regularly. The oil men from Texas—and Caracas. Perle Mesta—I don't believe she will mind if I mention her name. Gary Cooper. Paulette Goddard, when she was Mrs. Charles Chaplin—once she called us from the hairdresser and bought one of our pieces while she was under the dryer."

Lodestones for Swindlers

Not all the customers have been as affluent as those Claude mentioned. Along with the well-to-do have come some swindlers, not the least of whom, in recent years, was Robert Schlesinger, a young man of indeterminate means but determinate origins (he was the son of Mrs. Harrison Williams, one of the wealthiest women in the United States). One day Schlesinger turned up with Linda Christian, flung his arm about the place expansively, and ordered her to order. Miss Christian, who may quite possibly have been born with jewelers' glasses in both eyes, chose a diamond necklace, bracelet, and ring worth, all in all, around $130,000. Schlesinger wrote out a check. The company accepted it. The bank upon which it was drawn did not. Neither, evidently, did Mrs. Harrison Williams feel eager to make it good. Schlesinger ultimately went to jail for his various capers, and Van Cleef and Arpels eventually got the jewelry back—after paying Miss Christian.

The sale had been made against the better judgment of Louis Arpels, who in the opinion of his relatives has an uncanny ability to decide who can be trusted and who cannot. "I *know*," Louis says, sniffing and pointing to his nose, "who smells of the police. An honest

(continued)

man, I know too. In Cannes, last year, there was an important American I had never seen before and did not know by reputation. He bought something for his wife for $40.000. I took a check. It was Saturday, and all the banks were closed. He said, 'How can you take this check from me when you don't know me?' My answer was this," Louis continues, shrugging: "'You wish to take twice more than $40,000 worth? Go ahead.'" He learned later that the man was one of the richest in the United States.

A Hard Man to Cheat

On other occasions, Louis' perspicacity has saved his company tremendous sums. Once, when he was operating a branch shop in Lyon, a man came in with a male secretary and asked to see some jewelry. He selected a ring and a bracelet worth 1,000,000 francs, then turned to the secretary and ordered him to pay. The secretary opened an attaché case. "*Fantastique!*" Louis cries in recollection. "Not one million francs, not two, not three . . . but millions and millions! And this was in the mid-twenties, before francs were devaluated! So, I thought, I must not let him stop with only a ring and a bracelet. I said, 'Perhaps you would like to see other things?' He said he wanted a beautiful large ring, a diamond necklace, and a bracelet. Then he left. I called the Paris shop and had them send the stuff down *quick*. Next day he came in again. He was pleased with the jewelry. He said, 'Will you take a check?' I smelled something. It was Friday afternoon. The bank would be closed next day. I said, 'I am so sorry, I cannot take a check.' Then he left. Next morning the *chef de police* called. 'Did you do business with this man?' 'Yes.' 'Did you accept a check?' 'No.' 'Lucky man you are.' He had stolen several million francs with bad checks, then disappeared; the secretary was left to be captured by the police. The secretary was innocent."

The firm has suffered only one big robbery and that was thirty years ago. In July, 1927, three masked thieves marched into the branch at Deauville. They wore coveralls with huge pouch-pockets which they proceeded to fill with jewels. Then they got in a car and drove to a hill where there was a little pond. They put the coveralls in the water. "But they were *stupid*," Louis recalls. "In one pocket they left the biggest diamond. Also, in the show window they forgot to take the biggest bracelet. Next day they robbed the Aga Khan in Cannes. Never caught. But the insurance company paid us—like that!"

It is a matter of wonder to the Arpels that they have not had more robberies, for at various times they have owned some famous and highly publicized pieces. One such was the Liberty Necklace, made of thirteen each of pear-shaped emeralds, square-faceted emeralds, and square-faceted diamonds. In September, 1777, when Philadelphia was captured by the British, a Polish noblewoman living in Paris was alarmed by the news; she feared for her lover, Kosciuszko, who had rushed to America to help Washington in the campaign for liberty. She gave the necklace, her most prized possession, to Benjamin Franklin as a contribution to the American cause. Franklin disposed of it and sent the money back to Washington. The necklace eventually turned up at the Mont de Piété in Paris, the municipal pawnshop, from which Van Cleef and Arpels bought it thirty years ago. The craftsmen remounted it and sold it to a wealthy Frenchman, but kept the original mounting. "One of these days we will reset it," Louis says. "Ah! *Quelle sensation!*"

The firm also has owned the tiaras that Napoleon gave to his two wives, Josephine and Marie-Louise. The tiara belonging to the latter was made of diamonds and emeralds; a few years ago, the Arpels decided to remove the 135 emeralds and remount them in rings. No sooner had they announced their intention than they were deluged with orders. "Every woman," says Claude, "*had* to have a stone that had belonged to Napoleon's wife." Regretfully, they returned thousands of dollars. This response has thus far kept them from breaking up the tiara that belonged to Josephine, Napoleon's first wife. Josephine's crown, which is often displayed in the window at 744 Fifth Avenue, contains 880 diamonds, weighing about 260 carats, set in a butterfly motif and curved to a widow's peak. "We would like to break it up to make into rings," says Louis, "but so many people would be disappointed, we wait a while."

The costliest piece the firm has ever had was an original creation. It was a pearl necklace, made up for an English lord to give his wife. At the time that the English pound was worth five American dollars, this trifle cost £1,000,000.

Curiously enough, it was the English who first were responsible for the international reputation of the French firm. Leon Arpels, a young Parisian who started life as a jeweler's apprentice, opened a small shop in the Place Vendôme in 1870. Around the turn of the century he was joined by Alfred Van Cleef, who came from a family of Dutch gem-cutters. Van Cleef had no sons, but Leon sired Julian and Louis, both of whom are still active. Julian spends most of his time in the Fifth Avenue shop. Julian had three sons, Claude, Jacques, and Pierre, who live in Paris. Louis, the *bon vivant* of the family, shuttles between New York and Paris; he has a daughter who as yet has shown no inclination to become associated with the firm. According to Louis, the Duke of Westminster was the firm's first major customer; the Duke, in turn, told many other British noblemen, and before long the little establishment began to grow. When European royalty had money to spend, Van Cleef and Arpels' customer-list read like a condensed version of the *Almanach de Gotha*.

Rich Americans touring Europe in the twenties also discovered the shop, and before long some of them began urging Louis and Julian to open a branch in America. For a long time, they refused—but Julian, sensing that he might ultimately make such a move, sent son Claude to Harvard Business School. Claude is now the most Americanized of the family, and the most businesslike.

In 1939 he brought a few choice pieces to the New York World's Fair to show, and after that the firm was unable to resist pressure to open a branch. Relatively speaking, the shop, on Fifth Avenue, is a modest one. There are two tiny display windows flanking a door guarded by a man in uniform, and just inside is a small showroom with a few private rooms behind. The clerks are beautiful girls and suave, dark-suited men. The Arpels themselves also wait on customers; the customers insist upon it.

Artists and Innovators

The accomplishments of the firm are far from modest. "We have won so many prizes in international competition," Claude says, proudly, "we are now barred from entering." Many innovations in the jeweler's art are credited to the family. "We were the first to make invisible settings," says Claude, "the first to use wood in jewelry, the first to bring gold back into popularity." (Gold had been replaced in favor by platinum around the turn of the century.) The firm also invented the *minaudiere*, a small, flat, bejewelled box that a woman carries instead of or inside her handbag; Barbara Hutton once ordered one in woven gold. From time to time the craftsmen have been called upon to execute difficult designs originated by customers; one of their favorites is a replica of Goya's "Red Boy" as a pin, made for Mrs. Gilbert Miller, the wife of the theatrical producer, who owns the original painting. When Prince Rainier married Grace Kelly, his wedding gift to her, a set of pearl-and-diamond necklace, bracelet, ring, and earclips, was purchased at Van Cleef and Arpels. That came as no surprise to Louis Arpels. "Naturally, a princess must have only the finest," he said not long ago. "*Et alors*, the Prince came to us. Where else?"

THE END

Color Photos by Caesar Minarelli

CLAUDE ARPELS *shows Lily Pons "treasures of Hindustan" he bought on recent trip. Miss Pons wears pieces made for her by firm. Below: stones purchased in India, and bags in which he mailed them home. These gems, which are among the most perfect ever mined and cut, came mainly from crowns of maharajahs. Blue diamond eighth from left in fourth row down is one of the rarest of all precious gems. Total worth of stones in this box: over $1,000,000.*

Cosmopolitan's Special Fiction Section

For Better and for Worse

They all said George was no good, so Jane, the stubbornest girl alive, married him. Then everyone said the marriage wouldn't last, but Jane was stubborn about that, too

BY HARRIETT PRATT ILLUSTRATED BY MORGAN KANE

The whole family was gathered in the living room. They were all talking at once, and they were all saying the same thing. They were all telling Jane that she simply couldn't marry George Holmby.

"George Holmby is no good," Jane's mother said. "He drinks too much and he runs around with that Edith Cameron and he's never done a lick of work and one of these days his father's going to get tired of supporting him. I don't care who you marry if you pick someone halfway reasonable, but you can't marry George Holmby."

"Oh, can't I?" Jane said. She was a small girl with brown eyes and light brown hair and a neat, wiry body. When she got mad, her face turned red and her lips curled in until they disappeared. Besides being fierce, she was stubborn.

"Jane's temper will be her ruin," her grandmother had once said.

"No," her father had replied. "Temper you can get over. Jane's stubbornness will be her ruin, because she'll never admit she is wrong."

"I *will* marry George Holmby," Jane said defiantly, glaring at her assembled family. "And he isn't either no good."

Jane's married sisters, Helen and Isobel, exchanged a glance.

"She always was stubborn," Helen said, as if Jane had left the room.

"She never would listen to us," said Isobel. "We've *tried* to tell her." She turned on Jane. "Remember when you fell off the horse? Remember when you bought that awful purple taffeta dress? Remember when you got pneumonia from wearing your Easter outfit in the snowstorm?"

"She wouldn't listen then, and she won't now," Helen said darkly.

"Maybe that's what's wrong," Jane's grandmother said. "Too many people trying to tell her."

"Look," Jane's father said, "I'll take my vacation now, Jane, and you and your mother and I can go on a trip and you can think it over."

"Thanks," Jane said, "but there's nothing to think over." She stood up and headed for the door.

"Where are you going?" her mother asked.

"To see George," Jane said. She didn't slam the door. She closed it with quiet

Suddenly she wanted to hold him tight. "George," she said, "I love you." "I'm not the guy for you," he muttered.

dignity. It was a triumph over her nature, because what she felt was loud indignation. When she got to the sidewalk she realized that she had forgotten the car keys. She simply couldn't go back to get them. It was a warm May evening and George's house was less than a mile away. She decided to walk.

She started at a fast clip, making indignant mental speeches to some unidentified, sympathetic listener. "I wouldn't have gone out with him in the first place if Helen hadn't been such a pill about it," she declaimed. "Telling me he was a wolf. Telling me I couldn't handle him. Ha! And I might not have kept going out with him if they all hadn't gone on and on about it. Honestly! I'm twenty years old. I'm holding down a job in the bank. They treat me as if I were an idiot. It makes me so mad."

The unidentified, sympathetic listener clucked sympathetically. "*My stubbornness will be my ruin,*" she went on. "That's what they all say. You'd think I didn't have anything in my head but walnuts."

She found that she was almost running, and she slowed down to catch her breath. Her anger began to fade. She walked more and more slowly. They were all wrong. George *didn't* drink. Well, except sometimes. She remembered one or two evenings. . . . And he didn't go out with Edith Cameron. At least, not any more. At least, she didn't *think* he did. Edith worked at Holmhy's store. She was a divorcee, about thirty, glamorous, and years older than George. Four, anyway. Jane put her out of her mind. They said George was lazy. It wasn't his fault that he didn't want to go into his father's store. Of course, he didn't seem to want to do anything else, either.

By this time she had come to a halt. She stood under an elm tree, staring at her thoughts. Was she in love with George? Yes, she was. Naturally. He was fun, he was crazy about her, he was very good-looking. He had straight, thick brown hair and wonderful hands and he was a good dancer. And there was something else about him, too—a quality she couldn't give a name to. It came through, sometimes, in a particular expression on his face, and it always made her *want* to love him.

Oh, she was in love with him all right. But now, at this moment, she could not have sworn that she loved him in that other way, the father-of-my-children, Golden Anniversary way. And then she didn't really know him. They had grown up in the same town, but they had discovered each other only a month ago.

She leaned against the elm tree. Her stubbornness would be her ruin. Could they possibly he right? It would be pretty silly to go so far as to marry someone just to be difficult.

She stood there for half an hour. Then she walked slowly to George's house. She had said yes to George in the golden glow of romance, and bucked her family in the red glare of anger. Now, in the clear light of reason, it was obvious that she would have to turn George down.

George was on the front porch, waiting for her.

"Dad's got the TV on," he explained, "and I thought we could talk better out here."

They strolled out into the yard.

"Would you like a lemonade or anything?" he asked.

She shook her head, wondering how to say it, where to begin.

George took both her hands in his. "Janie," he said, "you know how much I love you, don't you?"

She nodded. She felt awful. Turning him down was going to be the hardest thing she had ever done.

"Well," he said, "people in love do things they don't mean to do. They lose perspective, I guess." He took a deep breath. "Janie, I didn't mean to propose to you."

She felt as if she had fallen into a hole. She was speechless with shock.

"It slipped out," George went on, sounding miserable. "I didn't mean it."

She jerked her hands from his so violently that he almost fell backwards.

"What do you mean, you didn't mean it?" she snapped.

George looked away, at the sky, at the grass. "Let's face it," he said. "I'm not the guy for you."

She could feel her lips curling in. "I don't know," she said in a steely voice. "You're considered quite a catch around town."

He shrugged. "For some girls, maybe. But not for you. There are plenty of guys you could marry. Joe, or Vince, or Charles. All nice guys, dependable, with good jobs . . ."

"I don't care," she exploded. "You say you love me. Then you say—I'm sick of people telling me—Doesn't anyone think I have a mind of my—If you don't want me, say so. But don't make up a lot of excuses just to get out of—"

"Hey now, wait a minute," he said.

"Do you want to marry me, or don't you?"

"Sure," he said. "Yes. I do. But—"

"Well, all right. Then don't try to talk me out of it." She burst into tears of rage and confusion.

"Hey," George said, in alarm. "Okay. Janie, we'll get married. Only stop—I said we'll get married. Jane?"

He put one cautious arm around her. She bent her head and pressed the top of it against his chest and went on crying. When she was finally able to focus she looked up at George. He had that strange expression on his face, the one she couldn't describe or understand.

She ran her fingers across his lips and his cheek, as though touch might tell her what her eyes could not decipher.

"George," she said, "I'm in love with you."

"Are you?" he said, and the expression did not change.

It made her want to put her arms around him, kiss him, hold him tight. So she did. It was wonderful. When she was close to him, everything seemed all right, and she couldn't imagine doing anything but marrying George.

They decided that the wedding would take place in June.

"I give it a year," her mother said. Jane wasn't meant to hear, but she was standing on the stairs, in her wedding gown, and she did hear.

"I blame myself," her mother went on. "I really do. We shouldn't have crossed her. But how could I stand by and let my youngest child throw her life away and say nothing? How could I?"

"Of course you couldn't, dear," Jane's father said. "None of us could."

Jane stood silently, leaning against the stair rail. I could still get out of it, she thought. Nobody'd blame me. Not even George.

She went on down the stairs, making enough noise to alert the family. When she entered the living room, everyone looked up.

"Oh, honey," her mother said, starting to cry, "you look just beautiful."

Everyone made noises of agreement.

"I'll bet you haven't got the nerve to back out now," Helen said.

Jane gave her sister a keen glance. Reverse tactics, she thought. That did it. The last wavering doubt was shot dead.

"Come on," she said, straightening her spine. "This is one wedding I don't want to miss."

The reception was in the back yard. While George was receiving congratulations and condolences from some of his friends, Jane's new father-in-law came over to talk to her. Mr. Holmby was a stocky, dapper man. He owned the biggest department store in town. It was named Holmby's Dry Goods, and George was, officially, the assistant manager. He had a desk in his father's office. He didn't have an office of his own because he wasn't around enough to need one.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Holmby. "I can't tell you how happy I am. George needs a woman's hand. I've often thought much of the trouble was because he lost his mother when he was so young."

"Oh, I won't mother him," Jane said.

"He has too much mind of his own for that."

"Hm," Mr. Holmby said. "Well, love is a wonderful thing."

Jane could feel herself getting pink in the face. "I hope," she said sweetly, "that you'll be able to get along at the store for two whole weeks while George is away."

"Good Lord," Mr. Holmby began. Then he made a recovery. "We'll—uh—manage," he mumbled, and went off for more champagne.

Jane added her father-in-law's name to the increasing list of People Who Would Have to Be Shown.

Jane and George had their first quarrel during the second week of their honeymoon.

They were lying on the beach by the lake, hand in hand, drowsy with sun.

"Janie," George said suddenly, "why did you marry me?"

"Because I'm in love with you," she said automatically.

"Oh, well, sure, I know," he said. "But why did you *marry* me?"

She rolled over on her stomach, propped herself up on her elbows, and looked down at him. "Isn't that a good enough reason?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Lots of people fall for lots of people, but they don't marry them."

"Why did *you* marry *me?*" she said.

He smiled faintly. "Because I fell for you. But that's different."

He was right. It was different. He must have guessed that Jane's family disapproved of him. But he couldn't know what her reaction to this would be. He didn't know her that well.

"We don't know each other very well," she said aloud.

"I knew you before you could talk," George said.

"Oh well, that's not what I mean."

"Remember the time I was teasing you and you punched me in the stomach? You were only about three feet tall, but you packed quite a wallop. Do you still pack a wallop?"

"Well, hardly."

"You were a stubborn little kid, too. I remember once Helen had a birthday party and you wanted to come, but you were too young for our crowd. Your mother had to unwind you from the piano leg to get you out of the living room. Are you still stubborn?"

He was getting uncomfortably close to some sort of truth.

"Good grief, but that was fifteen years ago," she said, annoyed.

"I know," he said. "I sort of lost track of you for fifteen years. Did you know I went with Helen for a while when we were at the university?"

Jane had a quick mental debate, decided she couldn't get by with a fib, and said, "Yes, I remember."

"I wondered if she'd said anything to you about me. We didn't exactly hit it off."

"All right," she said. "Helen said you were a wolf. Now are you satisfied?"

George frowned. "If she said that, how come you went out with me?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Jane flared. "I went out with you because I like wolves. I'm fast, that's why."

"Jane, I didn't mean . . . I'm just trying to understand what—"

"You're going to understand yourself right into a fight," she said. She picked up her towel and got to her feet. "I'm going in before I *really* get mad."

She expected George to follow, but he didn't. She took a bath and dressed for dinner. And waited. An hour went by. Two hours. George did not appear. She sat there seesawing between fear and fury. They'd had a fight. Sort of. It was all George's fault. He had to know why she married him. What kind of a question was that? She frowned out of the window. Brief scenes flicked through her mind. George off with a blonde. George catching cold on the beach. George swimming out too far, and—oh, no, she thought. She was about to go back to the beach when George turned up.

"All ready for dinner?" he said thickly. "Good girl." He weaved across the room. "Oh, brother," he said, and fell on the bed.

Three hours later, he woke up.

"Janie?" he said.

"I'm here," she said. She went over and sat on the bed beside him.

He sat up, holding his head. "Wugh," he said. "What time is it?"

"After nine."

"Oh, Lord. Did you get any dinner?"

"I wasn't hungry."

He put his arms around her and leaned against her. "I'm sorry. I'll bet you're mad as blazes."

"No I'm not," she said tremulously. "It was all my fault."

"*Your* fault!"

She nodded. "You got—you did it because you weren't happy. And from now on, when you're not happy it's my fault."

He leaned away from her, and put his hand under her chin. "You take too much upon yourself," he said.

She shook her head. "No I don't. Because it's true, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," he said, and his face took on that odd, familiar expression. Then he smiled. "I suppose I'll never be able to get drunk again."

She began to smile too. "I suppose not," she said.

They sat there beaming at each other.

And somewhere in the back of Jane's mind a triumphant voice said, Score One. George does *not* drink too much. Not any more.

Jane and George set up housekeeping in an apartment. It took them a while to get settled. In the middle of the third week, when everything was put away, hung up, tacked down, and painted, George said he supposed it might be a good idea if he dropped in at the store.

"Can I go along?" Jane said. "I'd like to see where you work."

Everybody at the store was glad to see them. Edith Cameron was especially glad. She was the buyer in better dresses, and she was very chic. She had smooth black hair and elegant eyebrows and a wise, world-weary smile.

"Hello, Jane," she said. "My, you look pretty. George dear, congratulations."

"Thanks, Edith," George said. There was a silence which Edith survived with aplomb, using her smile.

"Well," George said, "how did the summer sale go?"

Edith told him, but though she spoke of business, Jane had a feeling her voice carried another message, something that George seemed to understand. It reminded her of the days of her childhood when the grown-ups had frustrated her by resorting to spelling.

One thing was clear—Edith had not given up. Jane stood there looking pleasant, mentally sticking pins in Edith—directly in Edith. She was not in the mood merely to stick them in a doll.

After their chat with Edith, they went up to Mr. Holmby's office.

While the men talked, Jane looked around for George's desk. It was over in a corner, a brand new desk, terribly bare and clean and unused. A small stack of letters was placed neatly on one side of the blotter—proof that George existed, but just.

After she had digested the fact of the desk, she studied her father-in-law objectively. He was not a bad-looking man. A trifle portly, but dignified and vigorous. Her mind swung back and forth between the desk and her father-in-law. She began to get several good ideas.

George read his mail, and Mr. Holmby showed Jane around the other offices.

"What's that?" she said, pointing to a door they had missed.

"Just a storeroom."

"Can I peek?" Jane asked, opening the door. It was not a bad room—small, but it had a window.

"You know," she said thoughtfully, "this isn't any of my business, exactly, but it seems to me that if George had an office of his own—"

"He's got a desk," Mr. Holmby said. "There's not a scratch on it."

"I know, but that isn't the same. If you could fix this room up—you know, move the boxes out, and paint it—I think George—well, it would give him a feeling that you have confidence in his ability."

"Um," Mr. Holmby said.

"I know you don't have *much* confidence," Jane said, interpreting the "um," "but a hundred dollars' worth isn't a lot. And who knows, it might work."

"Um," Mr. Holmby said.

"Well, if you do it, don't tell him it was my idea. I mean you might just—uh surprise him with it some day."

"Um," Mr. Holmby said again, but it sounded like an open-minded "um."

When she and George left the store, they ran into Edith Cameron again and Jane said blithely, "I'm cooking my first company dinner tomorrow. George's father is coming. Why don't you come too, Edith?"

Edith's eyebrows flicked, but except for that she was smooth about it. "Love to," she said.

Jane was too busy watching Edith to catch George's reaction. She was pretty sure what it was, anyway. Surprise.

The dinner was a success. Jane had become an extremely good cook after her sister Helen had said, five years earlier, "Jane can't even boil an egg."

Edith Cameron thought everything was perfectly wonderful. She adored the food, the apartment, Jane's dress, Mr. Holmby's tie, and George's Martinis. After dinner they all sat around and talked about the store for a couple of hours. It was a pleasant evening.

Edith had come in a cab, so Mr. Holmby took her home.

"Fine party, Janie," George said, emptying the ashtrays.

"Well," Jane said doubtfully. "I'd never have done it if I'd known. I had no idea."

"No idea about what?"

"Edith Cameron."

George spilled the contents of an ashtray all over the coffee table.

"I mean I think she's awfully nice, but I can't see having her in the family, somehow."

George blinked. "What do you mean?"

Jane threw up her hands. "Men! Honestly, didn't you notice? Buttering you and me up, just loving everything. She's after your father."

"My *father*," George said.

"Don't look so shocked. He's very eligible. Attractive, quite young—"

"My *father?*" George said.

"Well, Edith's no child. Besides, now that you're gone, your father's lonely, and she's a very good-looking woman, and—"

"Oh, no," he said. "It's impossible."

"Is it? She has a car. How come she came in a taxi?"

"She said her car was in the shop."

"Um," Jane said. "Well, possibly." She gave George a kiss. "Never mind. I shouldn't have mentioned it. I don't think anything'll come of it, anyhow. And even if it does, Edith's not so bad, really."

George followed her out to the kitchen. His face was thoughtful. They started in on the dishes.

It was pure luck about the taxi, Jane thought. As for the rest, her father-in-law, she hoped, would never know she had used him for this little fiction. It wasn't fair, maybe, but if it worked, it was worth it.

By the time they had finished the dishes, George had come to a conclusion. "You know," he said, "it's crazy, but you might just be right about Edith."

Score Two, Jane thought. George does *not* run around. Not with older women who are after his father. Not any more.

A week later, George came home from a visit to the store. He was smiling. "Say," he said, "guess what happened?"

"What?" Jane said.

"You are now looking at a man who has his own office."

"Office?" she said. "You *have?*"

George nodded. She had never seen him so pleased. He was beaming, he was shining. "It isn't very big, but it's all mine. How about that?"

"Oh, George," she said, and gave him a giant hug. "Tell me about it."

He rubbed the back of his neck, grinning. He looked almost shy. "The thing that gets me," he said, "is that Dad really went to a lot of trouble. Carpets, drapes, the whole bit. I mean, he wouldn't have done it if he hadn't thought I'd—well, come through. He never throws money around, you know."

"I know," Jane said.

"It's funny, I was never interested in the store. But this afternoon I sat in that office, with my name on the door, and I started getting all sorts of ideas. Isn't that crazy?"

Jane shook her head. "I know how you feel. I was never interested in housekeeping till I got my own place. There's something about its being *yours*—"

"That's true," George said excitedly. "Since he's given me an office, he may really let me *do* something. Men's sportswear, for instance. We've never had a decent men's sportswear department. I was thinking—"

He went on talking about men's sportswear. Jane listened, nodding. Her mind said, *Score Three. George is* not *lazy. Not any more.*

The rest of the year was wonderful. George went to work every day, and worked hard. He never had more than two drinks at a time, and he treated Edith Cameron like an aging friend of the family. Mr. Holmby was impressed. Jane's parents were impressed, Helen and Isobel were impressed.

"I must admit," Helen said, "marriage, or you, or something, has certainly straightened George out."

"I guess we just didn't understand him," Jane's mother said.

"Fine boy," said Jane's father.

Jane and George gave a lot of parties, and bought a new house with Mr. Holmby's blessing and loan. Jane was too busy to spend much time worrying about the quality of her love for George. She was happy with him. George had stopped asking her why she'd married him, and that odd look was appearing on his face less and less frequently.

Jane invited the whole family over to celebrate her first wedding anniversary. It was to be a double celebration, because that very night, at eleven o'clock, George was flying to New York on a buying trip. It was his first trip, and he was going all alone, crowned with responsibility. It was, for Jane, the final triumph.

The morning of the party, she was helping to pack George's suitcase when he said, "Janie?"

Something made her look up. He was standing still, holding a couple of neckties, and that peculiar expression had come over him again.

"Janie," he said, "you never told me it was your idea about my office."

"Oh," she said. She had a feeling that this was some sort of crisis, but she wasn't sure. "I didn't think it mattered."

"I guess it doesn't. Dad told me yesterday. It's just that I thought *he* thought I could do it. This way—he's crazy about you. He'll do anything for you."

"Oh, George, he wouldn't have done it if he hadn't believed in you."

"Well," George said, unconvinced. "I'll be spending a lot of money in New York, you know. I wonder if I can really bring it off."

"You can," she said. "I know you can."

"Sure," he said, "you're just full of confidence. But you're not the one who's going."

"All right," she said. "What's wrong?"

He looked straight at her. "You talked Dad into an office for me. Is this trip to New York your idea, too?"

"Of course not," she said truthfully. "For heaven's sake."

He didn't say anything.

"Well, what's the matter now?" she said. She was getting irritated. "Don't you believe me?"

"Sure," he said. "No. I don't know." He threw down the ties. "The hell with it. You finish packing, will you?"

"Now look here," she said, "aren't

you acting a little ridiculous about this?"

"Okay, so I'm ridiculous," he said. "I've got to get down to the store."

He left without kissing her goodbye.

Jane spent the day in a flurry. George was supposed to come home early, but at six, when Helen and Isobel and their husbands arrived, George had not turned up.

"He has so many last minute things," Jane apologized.

Helen's husband mixed the drinks.

Jane's parents and her grandmother and Mr. Holmby came together.

"Where's George?" Mr. Holmby said. "He left the store at five."

"He had a lot of errands," Jane said, smiling over her terror. It wasn't really very late, but she had a peculiar conviction that George was not going to turn up. She joined in the conversation, smiling, while her temper bubbled in her brain. He wouldn't. Not now. He couldn't ruin everything this way. He didn't dare.

At seven-thirty they went ahead and ate the overdone roast.

At nine, everyone quit pretending.

"If anything had happened, we'd have heard," Jane's mother said.

At nine-thirty, Mr. Holmby stood up. "I'll have to go home and pack," he said curtly. "I'll have to catch that plane myself. It's too late to get anyone else. I'm bitterly disappointed, but I'm not surprised. If George turns up, tell him to forget about it. That boy doesn't belong in business. He has no sense of responsibility. Whatever you decide to do, Jane, remember, I'm on your side. I'll see to it that you get the house."

Jane took him to the door, and then she went back and sat on the sofa. She was furious. She decided to pack and move home immediately, without even leaving a note.

"I wasn't going to tell you," Isobel said, "but we saw George and Edith Cameron. We passed them on the way here. I thought maybe he was just taking her home, but—"

"Oh, honey," Jane's mother said, "I'm so sorry. It's so awful. You come home with us right this minute."

"We'll call our lawyer in the morning," Jane's father said.

"I knew it," Helen said. "Oh, Jane!"

Jane stood up. "I'm not going home," she said loudly. "Thank you very much. But I *am* home."

She stomped into the bedroom and slammed the door.

There was a silence in the living room.

"I'm going in there," she heard Helen say.

"Better not," said her grandmother.

"We shouldn't have crossed her," her mother wailed.

After a while, they left.

Jane went back in the living room. She dusted and swept and did the dishes. She kept going until midnight. Then there was absolutely nothing left to do but cry. She cried for an hour or so, and then she took a bath and made up her face and put on her best negligee. She would not, she would *not* give up.

She stretched out on the bed, wide awake, with the light on, and prepared to be understanding if it killed her.

George came home with the dawn. She heard him close the front door, turn off the living room lights, bump into the coffee table, curse, and open the drapes. Then he came down the hall to the bedroom.

He was surprised to see her. "Jane?" he said. "Janie? You're *here*?"

He leaned in the doorway. He was, as far as she could tell, on the way to being sober. He looked awful. His hair was rumpled and his tie was loose and he had that strange expression on his face.

"You're here," he repeated. He looked as though he was not at all sure that he should come the rest of the way in. "I missed dinner," he said. "Our anniversary."

"Yes."

"I missed my plane, too."

She nodded.

"Janie," he said miserably, "I took Edith Cameron out to dinner."

"I know."

"You *know*?" There was a silence. "That isn't all," he said. "I took her home and then I went out and got plastered—really plastered."

"I know."

"Well," he said, and waited, although it wasn't really a question.

"Mother says I can come home," she said.

"Um."

"Helen says she knew it."

"Yeah."

"My father's going to call the lawyer for me, and your father's going to see that I get the house."

He didn't move. "And you, Janie?" he said, after a while. "What about you?"

She looked at him, standing in the doorway, George Holmby, who was no good—her husband, with the thick brown hair and the worried eyes and that strange expression on his face. And suddenly she realized what that expression was. It was nothing mysterious, nothing obscure. It was hope. Plain, pure, old-fashioned hope. He hoped that she loved him. He had never managed to do the right things. Nobody had ever approved of him. He hoped that his wife loved him. It was as simple as that.

"George," she said. "I'm here. And George, I love you."

She meant it. She had meant it all along, but now for the first time she realized that she meant it.

They met in the middle of the room.

"George," she said, into his chest, "I love you." She liked saying it. "I love you," she repeated. "Do you believe me?"

"I do now," he said. "I never did, before. I must have been crazy. But I do, now."

They kissed.

"How did I get you?" George said. "How was I so lucky? You're beautiful. You're wonderful. You're sweet."

"George," she said, pulling away from him. "I'm not sweet. I'm willful. I'm stubborn. When you didn't come home last night, and left me with the whole family—and our anniversary—and then Edith—George, I could have—I was so mad, so *mad*. I could have—I could have—"

Before she knew what she was doing she had punched him in the stomach.

"Oof," George said, and sat down abruptly on the bed.

Jane clapped her hand to her cheek. "George," she cried, "I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. Oh, *George*!"

He was making a peculiar, gasping sound. It was a moment before she realized that the sound was laughter.

"You may not be a kid any more," he said, "but you still pack quite a wallop."

She looked at him ruefully. "I guess I haven't changed since I was four."

"Don't," he said. "I'll do the changing. I've got you. Now I can do anything."

"I *know* you can."

"I'll work hard," he said. "Be good. Bring home the bacon. Show them. And," he added, "any time I get out of line, you can punch me in the stomach."

She shook her head. "I won't have to. Not any more."

Then she smiled. They were wrong, all wrong. Her stubbornness had not been her ruin, after all. It had made her marry George, and it had made her stay with him. And she had been absolutely right.

THE END

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SISTER OF DIVORCE

For the first time they were face to face—heart to heart—and alone with the ugly truth of what divorce had done to one of them

BY STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT WEAVER

Dolly looked out the living room window and said, now wasn't that the limit? It was going to rain. Wasn't that just like up-North weather? But when no one answered her, she turned around and saw that Barbara had stepped into the kitchen and was out of earshot. With great care, Dolly took a cigarette out of the silver box on the coffee table, lit it, and inhaled deeply. Then she picked up the box and examined the hallmark on the bottom. "Sterling!" she murmured appreciatively.

"Of course," said Barbara, coming in again with two bottles of beer and glasses. "Jeff picked it out. Want a beer?"

"Oh, you know I don't drink, dear!" said Dolly.

Barbara set the bottles down. "You don't? Since when?"

"Oh, since a long, long time. No, you wouldn't know your big sister these days, Barb. She's gotten so *proper!* No stimulants."

"Not even a beer? To celebrate your arrival?"

Dolly lifted her left wrist and glanced at the tiny egg-shaped watch that dangled among the bracelets. "W-e-e-ll," she said, extending the vowel, and punctuating it with a sharp stream of smoke. "it *is* three o'clock." She laughed nervously. "It's *almost* the cocktail hour. I'll have one. Just one."

Barbara emptied the bottles into the glasses and handed one to Dolly. Dolly took her glass, and skirted the coffee table to the sofa. Barbara crossed the room to a small, pink velvet chair; with one hand, she fished inside the pocket of her pale gray shantung shirt. "Got a cigarette?" she asked.

"Why, Barb, there are thousands of them here in this box." She reached for the box, opened it, and tossed a cigarette to her sister. *"Catch!"* she yelled, and screamed hysterically as Barbara grabbed for it and missed.

Barbara reached down and picked up the cigarette from the floor.

"Hey," she said, "take it easy."

Dolly sat back in her chair, her shoulders shaking. "Sorry, Barb," she said.

"You seem kind of nervous," Barbara said, looking at her.

"Do I? Maybe I am. Seeing you again and all."

Barbara picked up one of the table lighters and lit her cigarette. "Stale," she said. "Jeff likes to keep cigarettes around in boxes. He thinks it's *classy*, or something. He doesn't mind if they get stale. He doesn't smoke."

For a moment or two, the two sisters sat smoking, studying each other, saying nothing. Dolly fidgeted with a silver charm bracelet. She was the older girl, but the soft afternoon light in the living room flattered her and softened her features, so that she might easily have been mistaken for the younger. Her hair, which was not its own color, was drawn back from her face more severely than Barbara's, which fell in natural blonde waves. And her skin, clouded now under make-up, was pale. Her eyes were deepened with mascara. Barbara, who was just twenty-five, had a fuller face and figure. Her mouth was possibly a bit too wide, but she did her best to correct this feature by holding her lips in a manner that might have suggested a pout—a pout on a pretty face. Still, if someone had walked into that room at that moment, he would have seen, at first glance, two emphatic young women. But this impression would not have been final. Dolly's pallor would have emerged later; Barbara's wide, friendly smile would have erased the sulky look and replaced it with a look of unaffected naturalness.

"Well," Barbara said, smiling now. "How've you been? You look fine, just fine."

"Me?" Dolly asked. "Oh, I'm just blooming. Just blooming. The Florida sunshine was just what the doctor ordered." She picked up her glass and sipped from it. With the toe of her black pump she began a little rhythmic tapping on the rug. She crooked a fuschia-tipped finger and scratched the monogram that had been traced on the side of the glass. "Expensive," she said.

Barbara laughed dryly. "Sure, everything here's expensive. Look at my shoes." She extended one foot. "They were *very* expensive. Jeff likes things that way. Did you expect to find me living in squalor?"

"Oh, no," Dolly exclaimed. "Of course not. But it's been such a long time. Three years, actually, since I've seen you. And when I last saw you, Jeff was—you know—just getting started. Just struggling along." She paused a moment. "I suppose he must be making all sorts of money now."

"He does all right," Barbara said. "We get along."

"Your home is—well, it's *beautiful*, Barb. Really, from the way you described it in your letter, I thought—"

"You should see some of the houses around here," Barbara said. "This place is nothing. I'll give you our twenty-five-cent tour of Bronxville tomorrow."

"Men swarm around divorcees," she said. "But they don't marry them."

"Well, I'd certainly like that," Dolly said absently.

"You'd turn green."

"Yes."

"How was your trip?"

"My trip? Up here? Dreadful. All the way up in the plane, I sat beside some terrible little I-don't-know-*what*, with a bag of sandwiches!" She laughed. "And I think he must have taken a shine to me, Barb, because he kept offering—oh, well! Never mind the dreary details. Suffice it to say I'm here. And tired!"

"It's wonderful to see you again, Dolly."

"Yes. Now, why did you ask me to come?"

"Pardon me?"

"Why did you want me to come? I mean, I'm delighted to see you, Barb. And it was sweet of you to send me the ticket. But I mean, why so suddenly—after three years? You sounded so urgent in your letter—"

Barbara stood up and flipped her cigarette into the fireplace. Then she went to the sofa and plunked herself down beside Dolly. "I need your advice," she said finally.

"You need *my* advice? About what?"

"I'm thinking about divorcing Jeff."

Dolly gulped her beer. "*What?*" she asked.

"Yes. It's—well, it's a long story. It just doesn't seem to be working out, that's all. And you—you've been through the mill, Dolly. You've been divorced. I thought maybe you could give me some pointers."

"Pointers?"

"Yes. How. Where. How much. Et cetera."

"Are you serious, Barb?"

"Sure I'm serious."

"Barb!"

"What?"

"I don't know what's come over you. You sound so—so callous. You sound as hard as nails."

Barbara laughed. "Maybe I'm in with a bad crowd."

"Well! I don't know, I just don't. I'm shocked, actually."

"You never really expected it would work out, did you? Me, married to Mr. Suburbia, U.S.A.? A knight in shining blue serge? Give me credit for a little—"

"Don't talk that way," Dolly said. "Please." She paused. "Don't you love him?"

Barbara picked up her glass and held it in front of her face, staring through the amber liquid. "Love him? Oh, I love him, I suppose." She looked sharply at her sister. "You loved Danny, didn't you?"

"Is there another woman?"

"Ha!" said Barbara. "I doubt it. He's too busy for me. I'm sure he's too busy for another woman."

"Busy?"

"Yes. He's always busy. 'That's how you get ahead,' he says. By being busy. Work all day—come home at night and work some more." She turned and looked at Dolly. "Do you realize," she said, "that it's been weeks since he and I have had an intelligent conversation? About anything? He's so wrapped up in his everlasting business deals that he doesn't have time for anything else."

"Doesn't he take an interest in this house?"

"This house! Oh, yes. That's another story. Do you know why he takes an interest in this house—why he likes things like silver cigarette boxes? Like all this stuff?" she gestured around her. "I think it's because he thinks they're an asset to his business. I think he thinks this is the way we *ought* to be living."

"Oh."

"And I've got a feeling that's what he thinks I am—an ornament. That's why he takes such an interest in how I dress. Oh, he's generous! But it can't be *me* he's thinking about—"

"But you do love him."

"Well, I just said. You loved Danny, didn't you?"

Dolly took a swallow of her drink. "Oh yes," she said softly.

"So you see?" Barbara stood up, her glass in her hand.

"Where are you going?" Dolly asked.

"We're out of beer. I'm going to fix us something stronger to drink."

"Barbara, do you think you should? I mean it's only three o'clock, and—"

"Quiet. I'm getting us a drink." She walked out of the room and banged open the kitchen door in the distance.

"Oh, dear," said Dolly to herself, looking again out the window. "It *is* raining." She got up and walked over to the chair where she had left her bag. She took out her compact and started to powder her cheeks. "A fright, a fright," she whispered to her image in the tiny mirror.

In a few minutes Barbara came back. Dolly was sitting on the sofa, stroking a cushion with one hand. "I love your slip covers, Barb," she said. "Where did you get them made?"

"I don't know," said Barbara. "Somewhere."

"They're lovely."

"Here's your drink," said Barbara, handing her a glass.

Dolly looked up, innocently. "Oh, did you fix *me* one? I couldn't touch it. Really, honey, I never take anything stronger than beer."

"Never mind. Take it."

Dolly hesitated, then took the glass and tasted the liquor. "Well," she said, "it *is* refreshing. What is it, Scotch?"

"Bourbon."

"Oh. Well, you can see I'm no connoisseur. Now, if I say or do anything silly—"

"I'll forgive you" Barbara said. "You can do no wrong. Blood is thicker than water."

"Or bourbon?" Dolly asked, and giggled. She took another sip.

"I suppose it is funny," Barbara said.

"What is?"

"Me. Getting a divorce. I suppose it doesn't strike you as being very serious."

"Now, Barb," said Dolly. "Don't get scoldy. You said you wanted my advice. Now, please, just let me think about it for a minute or two. I want to have time to mull it over." She began the tapping again, with her foot.

"Mull away," said Barbara. She went back to the sofa, sat down, and kicked off her low-heeled sandals. "And stop that," she said.

"What?"

"That tapping. It drives me crazy."

"Sorry," said Dolly. "Well, as you say, I got a divorce. But I was only twenty-two then. I'm twenty-nine now. If I were getting a divorce now, I might do it differently."

"Oh? How differently?"

"Well—*differently*. Like, maybe not get a divorce at all."

"You mean you wish you hadn't?"

"Oh, no. No, I'm glad, I suppose. At the time, it seemed like the right thing to do. Danny was—oh, you know how Danny was."

"A stinker."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"You mean you've had regrets."

"Oh, I don't know about regrets—" She broke off suddenly. "That plant," she said, pointing. "It's huge—what is it?"

"Huh? Oh, I don't know. A begonia."

"It's beautiful. Does it blossom?"

"Sure. Sure it blossoms. If I remember to water it. Guess who brought it home with him one afternoon. And set it right here—for me to take care of."

"It's pretty!"

"Don't change the subject."

"Well, I keep thinking—you have this pretty house. All these expensive things. They must count for something—" She broke off. "Barb," she said, "there isn't—some other man for you, is there?"

Barbara spoke earnestly. "Look," she said, "do you remember when you came home that time in Cleveland, after being with Danny? Do you remember what you told Mother? Oh, I know I was still pretty young—but I remember. You said, 'Mother, I'm bored. I'm bored with being

"Jeff," Barbara said chokingly. "I called just to hear your voice."

married. I want to be a free agent.' Well, that's exactly what I want to be. A free agent. I want to—well, I know it sounds silly—but I want to have fun. Like you've had. You've been to Europe—Florida—California—"

"Oh yes, yes," Dolly interrupted. "Yes, of course it's fun. And gay. No, don't think I haven't had my little flings. But it's kind of—tenuous. Is that the right word? What I mean is it's uncertain. Don't think that because I live in Florida I have a mansion or something on Lincoln Road. I've been living in a greasy little walk-up apartment where all the smoke from the freight trains comes right up through my window—and—" She stopped abruptly. "Oh, I've had *fun*," she went on. "I go to parties all the time. Remember how popular I was in Cleveland? Well, I'm still popular. I have lots of friends. Lots of men. When you get your divorce, Barb, you'll find there are lots of men. They'll *swarm* around. They'll take you out, buy you drinks. But do they want to marry you? No. Ha-ha." She sipped her drink. "Now I've got to go somewhere else."

"What are you talking about?"

"I didn't tell you this, Barb. I wasn't going to mention it right away. But I'm not going back to Florida."

"Oh, really? Why not?"

"Well," Dolly said, "it's funny the way things work out. You see, just before I got your letter, asking me to come up—just before that, I was going to write you. I was going to ask you if I could come."

"Why?"

"Difficulties. No, not financial difficulties. I've got about three hundred dollars saved. But—well, I had to quit my job."

"But I thought—"

"My employer—remember the man I told you about before? Well, your sister was called a home-wrecker." Dolly laughed. "Imagine! A home-wrecker! At least that's what his wife called me. Oh, sure, he and I went out on dates. We went to parties and things. He—he misled me a little. I thought he was separated, or something. But he wasn't."

"Oh."

"So—if you want the whole, ugly truth, I was *persona non grata*. She was actually threatening legal action. So when I got your letter—and your plane ticket and all—I thought, what a stroke of luck! Isn't that a riot?" With a little nervous gesture, Dolly pushed her hair back, away from her temples, with one hand.

There was a silence, and Dolly looked at her sister. Barbara sat, gently sloshing the ice cubes to and fro in her glass. "So I thought I'd swiftly and silently steal away before little Mrs. Simpson really decided to bare her fangs."

Barbara remained silent, frowning slightly, apparently deep in thought.

"You're shocked, aren't you, Barb?"

"No."

"I can tell you are! But it's not as though you were harboring an actual criminal. I have a friend who's a lawyer down there and he said that an alienation of affections, or whatever it is, is awfully hard to prove."

"I'm not shocked. You're one of the family."

Dolly laughed suddenly. "Yes," she said. "I guess we're two of a kind, Barb." She held up her empty glass. "Say," she said, "that drink was pretty good. I think I'll have another if you don't mind—"

Barbara looked at her hard. "You bet," she said. She stood up, a little uncertainly, and tried to push her feet into her shoes again. Then, unsuccessful at this, she walked barefoot into the kitchen.

"Lots of ice!" Dolly yelled after her, and when Barbara came back with the bottle in her hand, Dolly curled her feet up under her on the couch, and held her glass out playfully. Her mood had changed. "Don't let's be gloomy!" she said. "Let's not sulk. Let's let bygones be bygones. After all, this isn't so bad.

is it? Back in Cleveland, we were both rather naughty little girls now and then. weren't we? Remember, Barb? After Cynthia Henney's party—"

"Please be quiet," Barbara said sharply. "I'm trying to think."

"Oh, you'll love being divorced," Dolly said. "Go to Florida where I got mine. and—"

"Please, *please!*"

"Barb?" Dolly said. "What's the matter? Are you shocked about me? Are you going to scold me—just because there was a little legal action threatened—?"

"Maybe Jeff could help you out."

"I don't need a lawyer *now*. I ran away! They can't do a thing to me."

"No, I suppose not."

"Besides, you're divorcing Jeff. Don't forget that."

"Yes."

"Oh, don't worry about little Dolly. She can take care of herself." Suddenly, she stood up.

"What's the matter?"

"I—I don't know. I feel feverish. I—I may have caught cold on the train. And these drinks—they seem to be affecting me. I'm not used to—" For an instant, she tottered. "I think I'll take this upstairs with me and lie down. I'm tired." She put one foot quickly forward and caught her balance. "Do you mind, Barb? You can bring my things up later—"

Barbara stood up. "Of course I don't mind," she said. "I'll show you where your room is."

"Yes—I think I'd better."

Together they went out into the hall. Dolly started up the stairs first, her drink shaking and sloshing a little in her hand. "Isn't it funny," she said, "the way things work out?" She spoke fuzzily now. as if she were losing her memory. "This lovely house," she said. "This extensive—I mean this *expensive*—everything—" She climbed the steps slowly, one by one. and at about the fifth step she started to fall, clutched at the bannister for support, and then fell, haphazardly, awkwardly, face forward. The glass fell out of her hand onto the carpet and bounced, spilling crazily, down the steps. "Oh, oh, oh," she said.

"Here," Barbara said. reaching for her arm. "Here. Are you all right?" She pulled Dolly to her feet again, and, with her arm around her, helped her to ascend the stairs. At the top of the stairs, Dolly stopped, hesitated, and caught her breath. "If I can just lie down," she said.

"This way."

Barbara led her sister down the hall and opened the door to the guest bedroom. The wallpaper there was new, patterned with huge floating butterflies, and the Venetian blinds were down, tilted to keep out the sun. "Here we are," Barbara said. "Lie down and get some rest."

"Your carpet? Did I ruin your beautiful carpet?"

"Never mind about that." She led Dolly to the edge of the first twin bed and eased her onto it. Then she went to one of the windows, raised the blind, and turned and went over to the bed and sat down on a corner of it. Dolly sat silently beside her, clutching her purse. "I shouldn't have given you those drinks," Barbara said.

"Beer and whiskey, mighty risky. Isn't that what we used to say?"

"Something like that."

Suddenly Dolly turned and gripped her sister by the shoulders, pressing her head hard into the curve of Barbara's neck. "Oh, Barb!" she sobbed. "Something's happened. Something's dried up! I'm all changed. Don't believe me! Don't believe anything I say! You think I don't drink? I'm a liar. I drink. All the time. Look—" She pulled back, and reached down. She fumbled with the clasp on her purse. "See?" she said, pulling out a small flask. "See? Want one? I've got more." She unscrewed the cap. "Want one?"

"Oh, my dear!" Barbara took the flask gently away from her, replaced the cap, and laid the flask on the bed between them.

"Look!" Dolly said. She was sobbing now, violently. "Look at me, look at what's happened to me! Maybe I was right to divorce Danny. But being married was something *certain*—the only certain thing I had. But then, afterward—I just hope you're sure, awfully sure. I was only twenty-two! And ever since—things keep sliding, sliding. Do you know what I'm like?" Dolly sobbed. "I'm like —I'm like the old woman who bought a pig. Remember the story Mother used to tell us? About the old woman who bought a pig? And the pig wouldn't go? Remember?"

"What? What?"

"Remember? The old woman told a dog to bite the pig—to make it go? Then she told a stick to beat the dog? She kept going, going backward, to the next thing, and the next thing, further and further? Finally, she called to the butcher—'Butcher, butcher, kill ox! Ox won't drink water . . . water won't quench fire . . . fire won't burn stick . . . stick won't beat dog . . . dog won't bite pig . . .!' That's me. That's *me!* I can't find anyone to punish!" She fell forward across the pillows.

Barbara stood up. "Lie here," she said. "Just lie here. I know. I know."

"I keep going from one thing to another, and I'm getting farther and farther away from anything that makes sense! Just slide . . . in a circle, you come back to where you started. I can't—"

"Hush, hush." Barbara stood up and rested her hand for a moment on Dolly's shoulder.

Then, softly, on tiptoe, Barbara left the room and, closing the door gently behind her, went down the stairs.

For a moment Dolly lay, her face buried in the satin bedspread, sobbing. Then she sat up and looked around her. "No good, no good," she said. The flask lay on the bed beside her. She picked it up. "Water won't quench fire," she said. She unscrewed the cap again and drank what remained quickly, all at once. Then, with the empty flask still in her hand, she lay flat across the bed, on her back, and closed her eyes.

Downstairs Barbara wandered aimlessly through the rooms, doing little things, picking things up and setting them down again. In the living room, she picked up the bottles and the glasses and carried them into the kitchen and set them in the sink. When she passed the stairs again, she noticed the dark stain of whiskey on the carpet, and Dolly's glass on the floor. She returned to the kitchen, dampened a cloth, and went back to the foot of the stairs. For several minutes she worked on the stain, scrubbing it gently, fluffing up the damp nap of the carpet with her fingers. In the corner of the stairs, there were several ice cubes dissolving into puddles; she picked these up, and then, after holding them a moment cold and dripping in her hand, she went into the living room and placed them carefully in the pot of begonias. Then she made another trip to the kitchen and filled a pan with water, and went back to the plant again. She poured the water slowly, a little at a time, until the soil was soaked. Then she set the pan down.

She wanted a cigarette; she went to the coffee table and picked up the polished box and held it for a moment in her hand, studying it. Then she lifted it quickly and pressed it to her cheek. The surface was smooth and cold; tears ran down. "Sterling," she whispered. She set it down again, unopened.

She tried to remember where she had had the phone installed last; then she remembered, and went into the study. She dialed a number, and when a man answered immediately—after the first ring —she forgot for a moment what it was that she was going to say to him. Suddenly her voice was choked, and she could only make indistinguishable sounds into the mouthpiece. Finally, she said. "Jeff, I just called you up to hear your voice . . ."

THE END

A Romantic Courtesy

In the years since she'd rejected him he'd achieved everything else a man could want. Now in this sudden meeting, he saw his chance to get even

BY JOHN D. MacDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

When the plane's port engine developed oil pressure trouble, John Raney's pilot, Sammy Dowd, informed Raney that he was going to alter course and set the Twin Beech down at San Antonio and get it checked. Raney felt a mild annoyance at the delay. He was anxious to get back to his ranch north of Fort Worth early enough to take a long swim in the pool and horse around with the kids and relax from the tension of the past few days.

It had been a business trip, one of the important ones. Two days in Corpus Christi dickering with the bankers on the new oil deal had been wearing, but he had got precisely the terms he had hoped to get. On the way back, yesterday morning, he had stopped off at Lee Guthrie's spread near Charco to select some new breeding stock for Lee to ship up.

He had changed to khakis and Lee had taken him on a jeep tour of the ranch after they'd decided about the stock. When they got back to the ranch house they found that mutual friends had flown in for an evening of poker.

After breakfast next day Raney had a strong urge to head back home. Because the trip was from ranch strip to ranch strip, there seemed no point in changing and shaving.

After Sammy had put the aircraft down, John Raney stuffed the oil deal papers he had been studying back into the briefcase and went off and found a phone and called Betty at the ranch and told her about the delay.

"Now don't you let Sammy take off with that thing until it's fixed up right, you hear, honey?"

He pictured her at the phone, wearing that worried look that put two vertical wrinkles in her pretty forehead, and he grinned fondly. "If you'd rather, I'll walk, but it'll take up quite a chunk of time, puss. Couple of months."

"How did everything go?"

"Smooth and pretty, puss. Like I told you it would. Now I'm going to stake you to that new patio you got all drawn up."

She squealed with pleasure, then gave him a report on the kids, and asked about the stock and when it would come. After the call he sauntered back to where Sammy was watching two mechanics working on the motor.

"How does it look, Sammy?"

"They've located it. I'd guess it'll take about forty minutes."

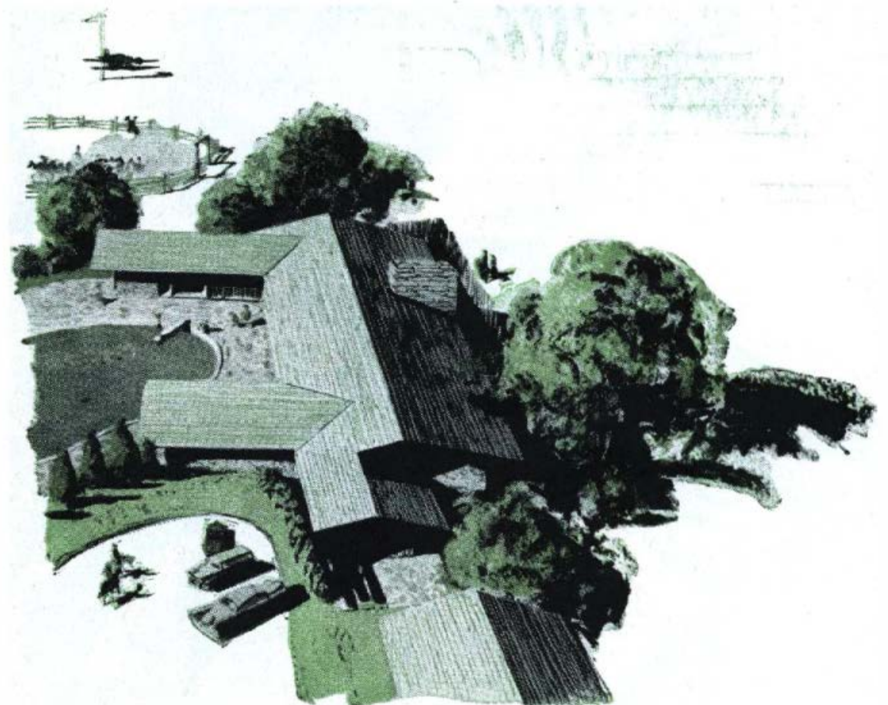
"Want to come get some coffee?"

"No thanks, John. I'll stick here and see how it comes along."

John Raney ambled over to the coffee shop in the main terminal building. He was a tall man, close to forty, lean and angular, slow-moving. His khakis were sweat-stained, and he wore his ranch hat tipped forward as a protection against the glare. There was tough ginger stubble on his jaw, and dust on his boots. He wanted a long soak in the big pool, and then some tall cool drinks and later, after the kids were in bed, a long spell on the patio watching the night and the stars. He would rest up over Sunday, tend to ranch business on Monday and Tuesday, and be off to El Paso on Wednesday with Betty to Dick and Dusty Fremont's house-warming.

The money was piling up, much faster than he had ever dreamed. A few breaks, and a lot of hard work, and now he was in the clear and moving fast. No regrets.

He sat at the counter and ordered coffee. While he was waiting he looked in the mirror and saw the woman alone at a small table against the wall behind



The ranch had everything: a pool, big cars, a plane, thoroughbred stock. Which picture should he show her?

him. And he felt as though his heart had stopped. She had not changed. Not at all. Funny to have been thinking about no regrets, and then the next moment see her and have the sight of her take the lid off this one little hidden regret. Betty was all he wanted. She was good and honest and pretty. But Gloria had come first, and he had lost her.

When his coffee was served, he carried the cup over to the table where the woman sat alone. She looked up from her magazine with that very cool expression a handsome woman uses to fend off the unwelcome advance. Then her eyes widened with sudden recognition and she exclaimed, "John! John Raney! How wonderful!"

"Join you, Gloria?"

"Of course! But they'll announce my flight any minute. I hope it's going to be late. It's been a long time. How long? Fourteen years! Isn't that dreadful?"

He hung his hat on the wall hook and sat opposite her. "A long time ago and quite a way from here, Gloria. You look wonderful."

"I must say you're looking very fit, John."

"But not very presentable. I wasn't figuring on running into any old girl friends."

"Were there so many of them?" she asked archly.

"Not many. Just the one. I guess."

In a silence that had become suddenly awkward he sipped his steaming coffee. They had met when he was an infantry second lieutenant with a division training at Needles, California. She had been working in Riverside. Three of them, John and two of his friends, had been dating her. John bad finally gained the inside track. They had planned marriage. But though Gloria had been in love, she had also been ambitious—and John Raney had had little to offer her. When Christopher Kimball, Major Christopher Kimball of the Philadelphia Kimballs, had come into the picture, Gloria had been quick to break the engagement.

"How is the Major?" John asked.

She made a face. "Ancient history, John. Unfortunately. He got to be a colonel. After the war he got some very curious ideas. He wanted to retire from life and hole up in some grim little mountain town in Colorado that he thought was delightful. We were divorced, and I went to New York. I might as well tell you the whole grim story, darling. I married a very sweet boy named Jerry Cobbler, but that was all he was, a very sweet boy who utterly refused to grow up. So number two went kaput too, and he went back to his mother. But don't think I've made an utter botch of everything. I'm married to Wendell Cowliss now, and have been for three years. Surely you've heard of him."

"Sorry."

"He's a very talented and wonderful man. He's quite a bit older than I am, but he's young in spirit. He's the producer and director of some of the biggest television shows in the country. It makes a hectic life, believe me. We're on the run every minute. Wendell likes to get out and get the feel of the country. I'm meeting him in New Orleans tonight. It's a fabulous life, John. It's like being in the heart of things every minute. I'm really happy."

John Raney, looking at her more closely, did not think she had the look of a happy woman. There were tiny lines of tension at the sides of her mouth and under her eyes. There was a nervous brittleness in her voice. The dark hair was as glossy as ever, the soft mouth as provocative, but she seemed to be under a strain.

"But I do want to know about you, John. Did you get the little ranch you used to talk about?"

He grinned at her. "I sure did." He was about to tell her it was twenty-six thousand acres but she interrupted him.

"Married? Children?"

"A little blonde wife named Betty and three husky boys."

She looked at him wistfully. "Gee, you know, sometimes I wish . . . " She made a face. "I've gone this far. I might as well say it. Sometimes I wish you and I had . . . done what we planned before Chris came along. Wendell can buy me almost anything in the world I want . . . but if I could have been with you on some little ranch, working hard, raising kids, entering stuff in the county fair, riding into town on Saturday night in the pickup. . . . I think I would have made a good ranch wife, don't you?"

John Raney realized, with sudden amusement tinged with annoyance, that he was being patronized. Until that moment it had not occurred to him that she would regard him as a sort of grubby semi-failure. He was used to being recognized at once as John Raney, no matter how he happened to be dressed.

"Hard work," he said, "being a woman on a ranch. Chop wood, run the tractor, feed the hogs. Lonely life." He knew just how he would set her up for the revelation of a success which at times seemed, even to him, to be gaudy and incredible.

"You work hard," she said, "but you can see the results of your work. It's something concrete. And you look happy, John. I'll bet your wife is happy too."

"Want to see a picture of her?"

"I'd love it, really."

He took out his wallet and held it under the edge of the table to make the selection of a picture. He was grinning inside with anticipation. There was a little folder of color photographs. He looked through them quickly. Betty in that Dior thing in front of the enormous fireplace. Betty and the kids the day the Mercedes was delivered, with the big ranch house in the background. He decided on the one of the barbecue, with Betty and the kids, and the plane parked off the strip near the horse barn, and the flamboyant bar under carnival canvas. Anticipating her embarrassment, he looked across at her and saw in her eyes an unexpected warmth and vulnerability.

So he put that picture back and dug into the wallet and found the one he had carried for so long, a black and white one, creased and cracked. Only one kid, the first boy. A toddler. Betty, in faded jeans, leaned smiling against the corral fence, squinting into the sun, with nothing in the background but the drab contour of the land. He handed that picture to Gloria.

"She's pretty, John. And she looks awfully nice."

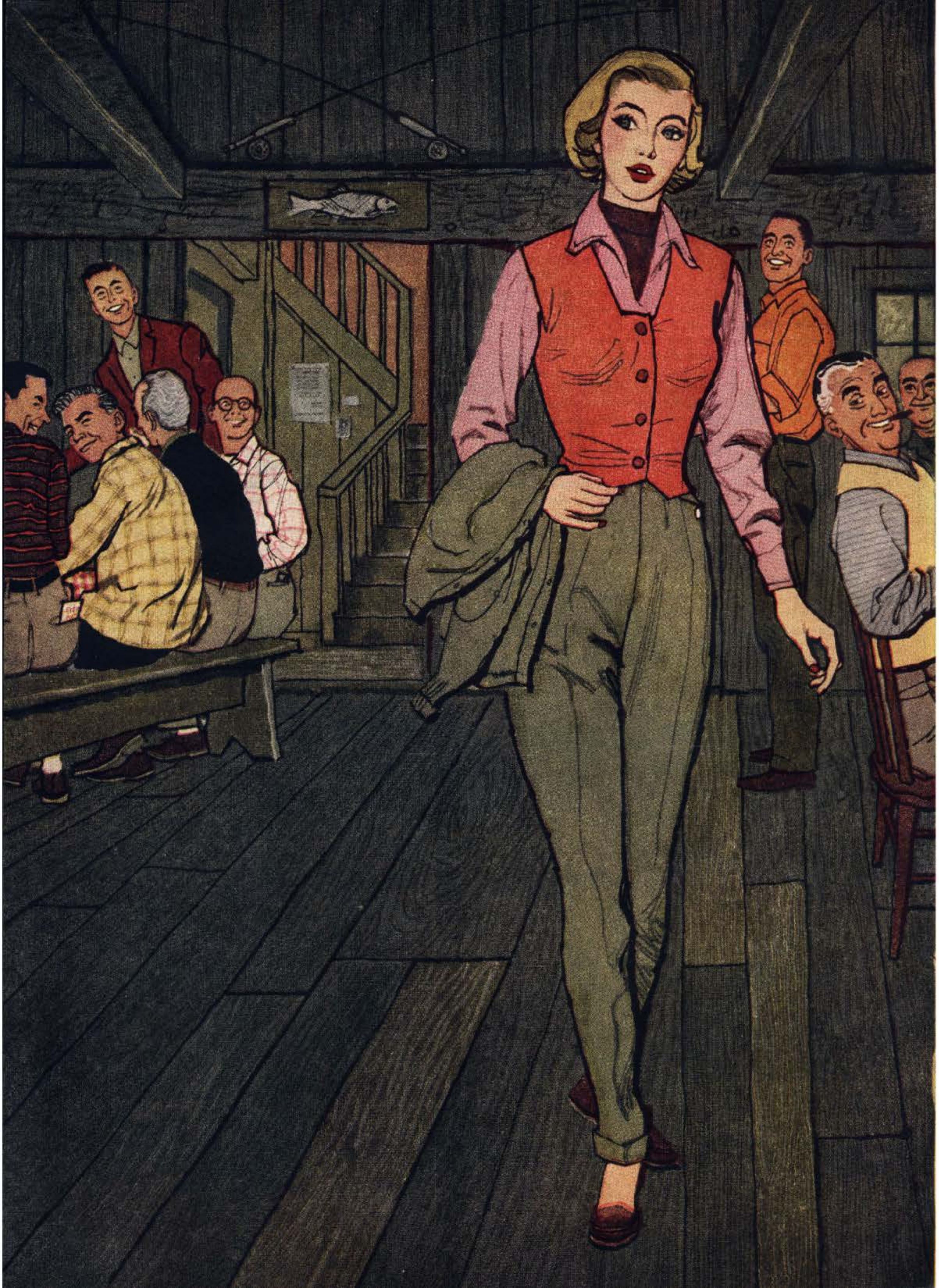
As she handed it back, her flight was announced. He walked out with her into the white heat of the sun, and he stood with his thumbs hooked in his belt, hat tilted forward over his eyes, and watched her climb the stairs and turn at the top and wave at him, a dark, slim, handsome woman, smartly dressed, hurrying back into her fabulous life, tense and brittle and not fully aware of her own discontent.

After her flight left he sauntered back to the repair apron and found they were bolting the cowling back in place. After the take-off he sat and looked west at the hill country and the silvery loops of the Guadalupe River. He felt a deeper contentment within himself. The last buried regret wus gone. The dark girl of Riverside was now a poised and superficial stranger.

He decided he would tell Betty about meeting her, tell Betty tonight as they sat on the terrace under the starry sky. And in telling her, he would be telling her something else, something beyond words. He knew Betty would understand about the picture.

THE END

She looked up coolly, then exclaimed, "John! How wonderful!" "Didn't think I'd run into any old girl friends," he said.



The Lucky Strike

She was a lovely fake—masquerading as an angler but casting only for a mate. But love, like fishing, is full of surprises. For when you bait the hook there's no telling what you'll catch

BY BAIRD HALL ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

For his friends, Sol Bendel could get it wholesale. Anything. An air-foam mattress or an imported French Bikini. So on her lunch hour, Barbara Rourke stopped in at Sol's office.

"Sol, can you get me a fish pole?"

"A fish—are you crazy?"

Bobby shrugged this off as beside the point. "I've decided to go to a Maine fishing camp for my vacation."

"Maine! Fishing!" Sol's mouth hung slack. But only for a moment. "Look now, chickadee, Maine is country! You never go to the country, except maybe once in a while to Coney Island."

"Oh, I've been to the country," said Bobby grimly. "Crystal Lake Lodge, for two weeks last summer. Ten girls to every man, if you could call them men. Let's face it, Sol, I'm twenty-three." This seemed an advanced age to a girl who had been an efficient private secretary before her eighteenth birthday.

"Maybe I'm no dream girl," she said. "But I'd like to meet a guy I felt like angling for. The only nice men at the office are married. A girl doesn't meet the kind I'm looking for unless she goes where they are."

"But you're not out to catch a *fish*, are you?"

"Who goes fishing, Solly?"

"Nobody in his right mind, that's for sure."

"Men. Practically one hundred per cent men. I read a magazine article. About fishing camps in the Maine woods. And the magazine had pictures. Solly, there wasn't a woman in any picture. Not one single female."

"Maybe they don't allow women . . ."

"Bet I make it. I need a fish pole and whatever is supposed to go with it."

Sol had bought baseball gloves for the whole team of Brooklyn Little Panthers from Boone Brothers Wholesale. But his conversation on the phone with Ernie Boone was discouraging. Sol stared somberly at Barbara as he hung up. "Sure they got fish poles, but Ernie says you've got to know what kind you want. There's different kinds." Sol scribbled on a menu sheet, tore it off and handed it to Bobby. "Go to this place, Ernie says. It's a swell retail store. They'll show you the best, and tell you what's what. After, Ernie will get you anything you want."

The next Saturday, Bobby stepped from the noise and confusion of a New York City street into the almost perfect silence of Gordon Willis Sons. The place was big and dim and still, like a church or a library. A few men—customers and clerks—sat at tables here and there, murmuring in hushed tones. The young man who came toward Barbara was dressed in a dark flannel suit, white shirt and black knitted tie.

"I want to look . . ." began Bobby, in a tone just above a whisper. She drew in a breath. "To buy a fish pole," she finished. "A good one . . . I think."

"Fine. What sort . . . that is, what is it to be used for?"

Barbara looked at the clerk, hard. "To make a rich young man think I can fish."

The clerk's eyes crinkled at the corners. "So the rod is for yourself. Did you have in mind a fly rod or a spinning rod or . . ."

"I want a *fishing* pole," said Bobby.

The clerk smiled. "Sure thing," he said. "I think this will take a little explaining. Shall we go over to a table where we can sit down?"

"Well look, if it's a lot of trouble . . ."

"A fisherman never finds it any trouble to talk about fishing. There's a free table right over there."

Bobby was wise in the ways of the world. She knew the difference between genuine quality and cheap snobbery. This clerk and this store were the genuine article.

"Now. To begin with. Where does your young man do most of his fishing, and for what kind of fish?"

"Well . . . uh . . . there isn't any particular man. Yet. That is, I'm going to a fishing lodge in the Maine woods, and—"

"In Maine?"

"Well, yes. A girl could go to one, couldn't she?"

"Why sure, yes. Women often—"

"Oh no!" wailed Bobby.

The clerk laughed aloud. "Well, not too often. And not too many women, it's true. I see your point, I think. What lodge are you going to? I ask because, you see, the waters fished from many of the camps in Maine are open to . . . that is, allow fly fishing only. That would mean that the rod—the fish pole—you need is a fly rod. *And* a fly line, *and* a single action reel, *and* tapered leaders, *and* some flies."

"Well, I was going to ask a travel agency about lodges. But maybe you would know more . . ." Bobby set her small jaw firmly. "Look. A friend of mine was going to get the fishing things for me wholesale. But if you'll help me, I'd rather buy the things right here."

The clerk looked into Bobby's face for a moment. "Well, we know many of the good camps, of course. And I think you can trust us to recommend tackle we honestly believe is a sort of minimum for your . . . uh . . . purpose. But—are you

She'd timed her entrance carefully. There was stunned silence from thirty men.

quite sure you want to get into all this?"

"Yes," said Bobby, "I'm sure."

Famous last words.

John Marshall was the name of her Gordon Willis Sons clerk. Monday and Thursday afternoons after five he let her in at a side door and they went up to the second floor above the store. Barbara and Mr. Marshall were not the only ones who used this gymnasium-like room. There was apparatus along the wall for testing the power of spinning rods. There was a plug casting target range. Bobby's area, Mondays and Thursdays, was a long strip of violently green artificial grass.

"We don't have a casting pool," apologized Mr. Marshall. "And this strip isn't long enough to let you work out much line. But it will give you the feel."

It wasn't altogether easy. But hard work and long practice were familiar to Barbara, and she applied herself with vigor. Much more appalling was the cost of everything.

"Thirty-five dollars for this skinny little pole? And it's *glass?* And hollow?"

"Wait now, Bobby," protested the harassed clerk. "Practically all the rods we sell cost from ninety to a hundred and fifty dollars. But this is a good serviceable rod. And it's a rod, not a pole."

"Spare the rod and spoil the pocketbook," muttered Bobby. "And this hunk of fishline . . . seventy-five measly feet. Ten bucks. Now *there's* a bargain."

"Well, it's—"

"I know, I know. Torpedo taper. I read the book. But gosh!"

Barbara had read the book, several books, in fact, which John Marshall had lent her. And by the time John let her begin thinking about artificial flies (instead of the piece of pipe cleaner he made her practice with) it was Bobby who leaned toward extravagance.

"But I don't *want* to stick to a few plain bi-visibles," argued Bobby.

"Hadn't you better capture your rich young man first and then let *him* foot the bill for all these fancy flies you hanker after? You stick to a few *dry* flies."

"You think I'm not going to find the man, don't you? And if I find one, you think he won't look at me because I'm a phony."

Mr. Marshall studied Barbara a moment, thoughtfully. She was dressed in suntan trousers because this was the evening he was going to fit her with wading boots. "I'd expect him to look at you," Marshall said, and grinned. "As to your being a phony, you're coming along fine. I've seen worse fly casting at some of the best camps in Maine. Which reminds me, we were able to get you a cabin to yourself for the single rate, at Bear Pond Camps. You can fish Bear Pond itself and a mile or so of the Upper Bear River without hiring a guide. Guides, you see, get ten dollars a day, plus a tip."

"Ten . . . holy . . . well, trout fishing is certainly no game for pikers. It better pay off, or our Barbara will be on short rations all next winter."

Bobby took the State of Maine Express out of Grand Central Station. Mr. Marshall came to put her on the train, and offer some parting advice.

"Remember to get your rod tip up the instant—"

"Oh, John! Here I go on the big gamble—all or nothing—and you talk about my rod tip."

"Well, I've seen the big one get away because the tip didn't come up," he said.

Miss Rourke's arrival at Bear Pond Camps was a shock. To everybody. This, in chronological order, meant first the management, second Bobby, and finally the other guests.

Somehow the management had received the reservation in the name "Bobby Rourke." Old Mr. Perkins at the lodge office had not expected a young woman five feet one.

She met the old man's eye squarely. "Mr. Perkins, if the fishes look at me the way you're looking, I'm wasting money on this license."

Mr. Perkins handed Bobby her nonresident fishing permit. His eye did not soften in the least, but he said, "Trout don't get to be my age. You'll catch plenty, is my guess. Harry, take this lady's baggage to cabin four."

When Bobby stood alone in cabin four, she set her chin firmly. For the right to stand in this board shack she was paying sixteen dollars a day. "Shack" was the correct word. Raw boards and open studding. It was not what the pictures had led her to expect.

But this was what she had asked for. John Marshall said it was one of the best fishing camps, and Bobby believed John knew. "Okay, let's see you make something of it, sister," growled Bobby.

Only at the dinner hour in the evening were the guests of Bear Pond Camps together in one place. So it was Bobby's entrance into the dining hall that evening which provided the third chronological shock—thirty men's awareness of Miss Rourke's arrival. There were no other women guests at Bear Pond.

Bobby timed the entrance carefully. Late. After the hall was full. She came into the doorway with old Mr. Perkins. He pointed. She walked quietly across the room to the side table he had pointed to. She sat quietly down. Stunned silence reigned. And this perfect tribute continued for the full twenty seconds it took Bobby to unfold a large white napkin, lay it across her lap, and look up—not boldly but with direct friendly interest in her fellow fishermen. Heads snapped back to normal position and the murmur of talk began to rise again.

Bobby was almost through her meal when Bebe, the big, friendly French-Canadian girl who waited on Bobby's table, among others, came up giggling.

"Oh those men! They keed. They keed Mistaire Killingsworth so much." Bebe leaned down confidentially. "About you," she hissed.

"Oh-oh, is that bad?"

"No! No! Good. They keed Mistaire Killingsworth he is the only man not married in theese whole place. They say not fair he is the only one got any chance for you. See, he is the one there at the end of the table." Bebe pointed frankly.

"Hey, don't do that," laughed Bobby. "He'll think you're putting the finger on him for sure."

Later, a scraping of chairs gave Bobby an excuse to glance at the table to the left and slightly behind her. She looked quickly enough to see who got up from the end chair. Austin Killingsworth was not strikingly handsome. But he was the tallest of the six men rising from the table. And the youngest. And his rather stern face, as he listened to a jolly older man gesticulating up at him, was intelligent. Distinguished, Bobby told herself.

Camp guests did not gather in the office lounge next to the dining room. So Bobby had plenty of time to think about Austin Killingsworth's face during a long evening alone in cabin four. And it was not the sort of face, she realized, that there was any difficulty in remembering. It was lean and aristocratic. "The only man not married in theese whole place," Bebe had said, and that was not quite the field of choice Bobby had planned on. But wasn't Austin Killingsworth *exactly* the type she *had* seen in her mind when she had thought of gentlemen sportsmen?

Bobby's first thought, the next morning, was of Mr. Killingsworth. But John had outlined exactly what she must do the first day. Also, Bobby realized that, with Mr. Killingsworth being "keeded" by all the others in his party, contact with the man would require extreme caution.

She went to breakfast promptly at seven o'clock. Only two men were in the dining room. Not Austin Killingsworth, but two of the other men who had been at his table the night before. One was the jolly round one.

He nodded to Bobby. "Right up and at 'em, eh?"

Bobby smiled and nodded.

"Perk fix you up with a guide? Fish aren't biting too well for some reason."

"Well, I'm just going over to . . . to work Upper Bear River for a while. I need some practice before I can expect to do much anyway."

This speech was certainly the truth, and Bobby felt it had come off very well. The jolly man nodded and the other man, too, glanced at her with respect. Nice modest girl. Serious about her fishing. Bobby decided not to push her luck and ate buckwheat cakes in silence.

Upper Bear River was a terrifying body of water. It looked all right from the bank, but as Bobby waded into the flow, it seemed to grow to a rushing torrent. Gasping, she struggled on toward the spot she had decided on for casting to the pool above. She planted her feet wide and, closing her eyes, murmured the routine of John's instructions. Then she opened her eyes and began her false casts to work out line.

Somewhat to Bobby's surprise, the flyline behaved out-of-doors much as it had in the store in New York. While it was in the air, that is. When the fly and line dropped onto the pool, Bobby immediately discovered the first difference between Bear River and the grass rug in New York. The rug stayed still. The river moved. The line moved. The fly dragged. Drag! The most awful word in John Marshall's vocabulary.

Bobby set her chin and tried again. And again. She was here, on this water, to fight this thing out. Drag, drag, drag.

Then she got one good float. Then another. Then abruptly Bobby learned the second and most important characteristic of real water. No fish lurked in the New York rug. But up from the dark depths of the Bear River pool came a monster native squaretail trout. The flyrod in her hand simply went crazy.

The first thing she did was fall flat on her back. No, not the first thing. "Get that tip up. Get it up." She got the tip up, *then* fell flat into the water. But she kept the tip up. With water rushing over her face and pouring into her boots, she held one arm and eight feet of rod pointed stubbornly toward the sky. With sheer primitive instinct, Bobby floundered to get two knees and one clawing hand onto the slithery stream bottom. On hand and knees she crawled desperately toward her native element, dry land, while her other arm remained stiffly upright . . . "keep that tip up, keep it up."

When Bobby's mind began to function again, she found she had somehow gotten to her feet in about four inches of water. Out in the pool, whatever was on the end of her line was weaving to and fro, but slowly now. Bobby looked up along her aching right arm. The long limber flyrod bowed and bowed to the weaving pull. It was just as John Marshall had said. "Keep that tip up and the rod will tire *any* fish." She had kept it up! She had caught a fish! Almost. Slowly and gently she began to strip in line.

So far as she knew, Bobby had never seen a trout, dead or alive. Now in the shallow margin of Bear River they eyed each other, Bobby and the big trout. Bobby did remember that a landing net was hanging on her somewhere, if it was still there. She knew, however, that she was going to sin. John Marshall was not here to see. *She was going to get that fish.* With a spring, she went stomach down onto the exhausted squaretail.

Late that afternoon, Bobby trudged wearily home along the path to camp. "Work hard," John Marshall had said. "Get at least that first full day's practice off by yourself. All day."

The path approached camp past the ice house. Old Mr. Perkins and two young guides were there, cleaning fish on a long board table.

"Any luck?" asked one of the guides.

"Well, these." Bobby opened her creel and dumped six plump brook trout onto the board table. She then unwrapped the plastic rain jacket John Marshall had told her always to carry. "And this one wouldn't get in the basket."

"Key-ri-mus!" breathed the two guides in slow chorus.

Bobby had been told nothing about the size of trout except that they had to be eight inches long or be put back into the water. That her four-and-a-half pound squaretail would be a real triumph in any sporting camp Bobby certainly didn't know.

The guides began calling to other guides and men began coming from cabins along the path. They came to look at the trout, of course, but Bobby was also present, and when she saw Austin Killingsworth coming she had to decide whether to take off down the trail or face it out. By the grace of heaven, her hair was naturally curly and close cropped, so it had dried in approximately normal shape. Not so her costume. Her shirt was a rumpled mess. Her pants were bloody *and* bowed. Bug oil gleamed on her short nose.

If Austin Killingsworth noticed the bug oil gleam he was too polite to show it.

"Took him on a dry," said Old Perk. "She don't carry nothing but dry flies." How Mr. Perkins knew this Bobby had not the slightest notion.

"I'm a dry fly man myself." Austin smiled down at Bobby. "We take quite a ribbing, don't we? All that 'purist' business. But see, there's the proof. That's the first decent fish anyone's taken here since I came. We'll stick to our dries, eh?"

"I have so far," said Bobby truthfully.

Luck of the Irish. Bobby, soaking her tired right arm under a hot shower, was darned if it was *all* luck. It was a good float that had taken that squaretail trout. And she could get quite a lot of good floats now, too. Of course it was fortunate that one of them had come in sight of the particular squaretail who could introduce her to Austin Killingsworth.

Austin definitely *was* distinguished-looking. And dinner that second evening was gay, with lots of banter back and forth between Bobby and the table of six at her left.

It was surprising how much Bobby learned about Austin during that dinner, prolonged over coffee and cigarettes. By the time she returned to cabin four for a long evening of solitary contemplation, she knew that Austin came from a Boston family, was now connected with a New York publishing house, didn't have to live on his salary, and was thirty-one years old.

"Jeepers creepers, gal," Bobby muttered to herself. "That's the guy we ordered, isn't it? Point by point."

He thought she was very pretty. His eyes had kept coming to her even when he tried to look away. But of course Bobby *was* pretty, had been for years, and didn't count on it too much. Well-to-do bachelors past thirty have seen pretty girls before. The point, Bobby

"It's all in the timing," he said. "If you're after trout, that is."

realized, was that she would get nowhere with a reserved man like Austin as long as there was a crowd around.

The oldest trick in the world served Bobby's purpose.

"There's just too much I don't know," said Bobby at breakfast. She had managed to hit breakfast while Austin was at his table. Not alone. Not that much luck.

"Hey now," laughed the other man with Austin. "Leave a few of the big ones for the rest of us."

Bobby shook her head sadly. "Anybody can have luck. I want to learn to *fish.* So up and at it." She rose from her table and walked out of the dining room. Slowly.

Austin Killingsworth succeeded, without being too conspicuous, in catching up with her on the path outside. Bobby saw his Adam's apple rise and lower once; then he said, "I'm no expert, you know, but sometimes watching another person fish gives you a pointer here or there. There's a pool just under Maidenhair Falls. All my crowd believe it has to be fished with wets. What do you say you and I try it for a bit tomorrow?"

"Oh golly, that would be wonderful!"

Bobby practiced frantically all morning on her stretch of river. No waterfalls. There was probably something special about a pool under a waterfall. She would probably look a fool and disgust Austin in the first three minutes. If she could only ask John Marshall . . .

Abruptly Bobby realized she could do exactly that. She made tracks back to the lodge. Nobody ever came in for lunch.

On the antique wall telephone next to the office, Bobby put in a person-to-person call for John Marshall in New York. While she waited she tried to remember the few bits of description Austin had given about Maidenhair Falls. John would know *something* to tell her.

Then the impersonal voice of the operator said, "Mr. Marshall is away on vacation. Will you speak with anyone else?"

"No," said Bobby. "No, nobody else will do any good."

Her chin set in its not unaccustomed clench. Okay, she'd manage on her own.

Bright and early next morning, she and Austin Killingsworth climbed into the Rangeley for the trip down Upper Bear Pond. "It's brave of you to take me on as a pupil, Mr. Killingsworth," she said.

Austin flushed but smiled. "Today I'm the envy of every man in camp."

"I know you hate that. And I'm grateful to you. I . . . I really do want to learn to fish well." This was, Bobby reflected silently, true enough so that she wouldn't be struck by a bolt from heaven as she sat in the Rangeley's stern seat.

Where Lower Bear River flowed out of the lake, Maidenhair Falls spilled down a twenty-foot cliff into a shaded pool. It was a romantic and beautiful spot. They anchored the boat and waded into the water.

"Look at those ferns, Barbara. Really a sort of fairy glade, isn't it?"

She was already staring at the ferns which grew up the slope, and trying to calculate her back cast. This wasn't as open as her spots along the upper river. Was she going to be able to stay out of trouble? She tried to keep the anxiety out of her eyes.

"It's lovely, Mr. Killingsworth. You . . ."

"Here now, if we're going to be fishing buddies, you'd better make it 'Austin.' "

"All right. Austin. And Austin, I think you are—gee! Look!" The tail of Bobby's eye had caught a dimpling out on the pool.

"Right. And surface feeding. I told you, Bobby. He'll go for a dry as sure as you're born."

Bobby's arm itched but she beamed up at Austin. "Get him."

Austin was a magnificent caster. Bobby, watching critically, saw his line work out in two effortless false casts. Then the fly settled to the pool. The trout took it instantly.

"Small one. We'll hustle him out with no ceremony, so we don't stir up the pool. See?" Austin smiled.

Bobby nodded. "There ought to be a good one over by that rock."

"Good girl. Looks very likely."

Again Bobby restrained herself, and merely pointed. "Can you reach it?"

"Oh, that's not much over sixty feet." Austin's line sailed out.

Bobby watched the floating fly intently. She said, "Your leader isn't sunk."

Austin glanced at her. "In the shade over there that won't make too much difference." He lifted the line and cast again.

"It's still not sunk," said Bobby excitedly. "I'm sure I saw a fish turn under it. You've got to get that leader down!"

Austin looked at Bobby, rather sharply. "Oh, I guess we'll manage. If there is a fish . . ." He lifted and cast a third time.

"Not that way you won't. I *know* I saw a white belly."

"Well, perhaps you'd better have a try," said Austin.

Bobby missed the inflection in Austin's tone. She was gripping her rod and was ready with a leader she knew would sink. Her false casts were awful because she was shaking all over, but she didn't notice these finer points. Her fly lit beside the rock where her eyes were riveted. The leader sank. With a slow audible *slurp* a large brookie drank in the tiny fly.

Austin netted the fish. "Very nice one. But don't attach too much importance to that leader business. We mustn't make a fetish of . . ."

"Hey now." Bobby was looking at Austin and, mistakenly or not, decided the smile on his face was a sneer. "I may be lucky, but it is *so* important . . . I mean John said . . ." She turned to John Marshall, standing back by the foot of the slope. "You *did* say the leader should *always* be sunk. You said that, didn't you?"

John nodded, and Bobby turned to Austin.

"There! It *is* import—" Bobby strangled to a stop, spun on her heel, and stared at John Marshall. "You! You *are* standing there!"

"Well I . . . think so, yes," said John. "Hi, Austin."

"How do, Marshall. Come on to the pool. I was just going on along the river a bit."

"Oh, no. I don't want to—"

"Help yourself, man. I don't care much for crowding." And Austin Killingsworth stalked rapidly and firmly away.

John looked at Barbara. "Now you've done it. Rich young men are inclined to be touchy and your sporting manners are inclined to be—"

"John Marshall! What are you doing here? Are you . . . you . . . oh, John!"

"Now wait. No. I'm not one of the rich young men you had in mind. In the first place, I was born a few miles from here. Secondly, Perk is my uncle and gives me a rate. Thirdly, fishing is my business. These are only indirectly connected with my being here this trip, though. This time I came because, just as I suspected, you are no fit companion for rich young men. You need some simple soul you can boss around. Like me, for instance."

For several seconds they stood staring at each other. Then Bobby stamped her booted foot.

"Oh, for crying out loud! If I was going to fall for some New York counter jumper, why did I have to come dragging all the way up here?"

"Well, the fishing is good."

Bobby considered this. She even turned and looked across the pool toward the stone. "I think there's another one there. I think I saw another swirl when mine took. See if you can get him."

John came forward, false cast, then dropped his fly. The leader sank. A trout took the fly.

"Get that tip up!" snapped Barbara. Then, just to see how it sounded, she said, "Darling." She grinned slowly. "Keep that tip up, darling. Keep it up."

THE END

FOREVER

Old Doc's years of work seemed useless until an eerie accident gave him the incredible power of life and death. One last test was all the proof he needed

BY HARRY M. MONTGOMERY ILLUSTRATED BY THORNTON UTZ

John Hermitage eased himself down to the splintered top step of his front porch, making clucking noises the way grown-ups do when they talk to babies. The squirrel leaned forward and jerked the breakfast toast from his fingers. John unfolded the newspaper.

In the blackest type since wartime, the words slapped against his eyes:

POLIO CONQUERED

> Ann Arbor, Mich., April 12—A new anti-polio vaccine has been hailed as one of the greatest medical developments of the century . . .

"Wonderful, wonderful . . ." he murmured. But his stained, knotty fingers shook as he pushed the bifocals back on his ears. This was what he had been dreading. They'd beaten him.

In his forty-odd years as small-town doctor turned research scientist, he had never worked harder than during the past three or four. And now, for what?

He got to his feet and, without purpose, followed the path to the barn.

Now, John. The voice was a light touch on his arm, a fragrance of cologne. *You mustn't let things get you down. There's still work to be done.* The voice was Emily's. It was as clear as if she'd been walking with him. He'd heard her like this lately, more often than at any time in the eight years since she'd died.

He crossed the cluttered ground floor of the barn, climbed the open stairs and unlocked the door to the laboratory.

Acrid odors bit through the daze that muffled him. Instinctively, he went to the refrigerator and began checking the tubes. He held a bottle against the light, and an amber film shone in his eyes.

A nice crop of virus . . . almost ready for harvesting. Then with that new weakening solution he'd figured out, this might be—this could have been it. His—not Salk's. His . . . Of course, a man didn't go into this kind of work for the personal gain—for financial rewards or for honors. But you did hope for the satisfaction of leaving something behind you—some reason for having lived.

The clock said nine minutes to the hour. Might as well finish up this batch and then junk it. Thirty cc's of the solution . . . over the burner . . . if only he could turn the clock back. And if only Salk had come through with his vaccine a year earlier he wouldn't feel so badly. A year might have made all the difference in saving young Matt Willoughby. Twelve-year-old Matt who used to sit here in the laboratory and ask questions, intelligent questions, too. Matt, who wanted to grow up to be a scientist and "help people like you do, Dr. John." Well, mighty little help he'd been when Matt needed him.

It had been a Sunday afternoon, six months ago next week. Matt's father had called him. The boy had complained of a little stiffness in his neck and a fever. Now the doctor was saying it was polio!

He'd gone right over to meet the hysterical pleas of Matt's mother, the eager trust of young Harvey Travis, the doctor.

Watching the paralysis take hold of Matt's left arm, John had been tempted to take a desperate step. What would happen if he inoculated the boy now with some of his almost-but-not-quite vaccine?

"Oh, *do* something," their eyes said. But he reasoned that it was too late to take a chance on the vaccine. He decided not to use it. On Tuesday Matt was dead. And, though no one ever said so, there seemed to be a feeling that John was somehow at fault—"letting a kid hang around a place with all those germs."

It had been lonesome enough with Emily gone. Then Matt. Now he had no one but old Zete, the dog, for company.

His hands and mind moved mechanically through his work: Let's see. Type

"Now John," her voice said softly, as if she were alive and beside him.

One virus . . . incubating since four-nine . . . the kidney cells nicely speckled . . .

Buried in the screech of tires on the road outside, a cry of pain looped up.

Zete was lying at the side of the road when he knelt by her, looking smaller and younger in death. The car was almost out of sight. She probably hadn't even known it touched her.

He sat by the silent figure, slowly twisting and untwisting the dusty hairs. Then he carried her into the barn and up the stairs. The stethoscope told him what he already knew. Gently he lowered the stiffening body into a large white porcelain tub where so many of his helpers had lain—monkeys, rabbits—helpers and friends.

The room was growing chilly. He began to walk up and down, his pipe a faint glow in the gloom. Suddenly his eye caught the row of cages along the back wall. The rabbit! Great Day! He'd almost forgotten the rabbit. Durable Arabelle. She was due for a shot. He scratched on the chicken wire door, then reached in to pull her out.

Poor Arabelle. Beneath the white fur her pink hide must be a polka dot pattern of needle pricks. Maybe she'd finally had one too many. Under the lamp he listened for her breathing. It was obviously too late. But he let the syringe suck deep from the new batch of liquid. "Goodbye, Arabelle," be whispered. And, then, because there was nothing to lose by it, he slid the needle home and squeezed the contents into her. He laid her lifeless on a towel in the sink.

In the thin light by the mortuary tub, he sat down, brushing a pile of medical journals from a chair. He relit his pipe and watched the night take hold beyond the window pane.

A sharp thump inside the sink aroused him. He turned his head. Something was moving. He held his breath, straining, as a shadowy profile rose into view. The rabbit. The rabbit was sitting up, snuffling its nose. Alive! The hands that picked her up and carried her to her cage were trembling.

From the house Mrs. Boddin was calling. Supper! Mrs. B., who came in to tidy things up and get his evening meal, had baked his favorite dish, meat pie. Tonight, though, he was too excited to eat. He wondered if he might just have a cup of weak tea.

That rabbit. Now how in the dickens had she done that? Durable was right. Only this time be had been *sure* she was through, gone (he was tiptoeing around it), *dead!*

The more he thought about it, the screwier it seemed. Half expecting to see Arabelle lying lifeless again, he went back to the laboratory. No, there she was in her cage where he'd put her, cleaning up the food pan, very much alive. This one needed figuring out.

The syringe lay on the table. Here was the beaker from which he had filled it. Let's see, ten cc's.

Holding the needle like a sword before him, he strode to the big tub and Zete's body. As he plunged the syringe into her, tense in the compulsive act, he felt a sense of shame. Sweat trickled down his arms and hands as he sank into a chair. A silly thing to do. Well, he'd wait awhile anyway.

Nothing happened. Now he *was* tired. He locked the door and went across to the house to bed.

Toward morning, he was aroused by barking—sharp, demanding. The sound came from the barn. It was Zete's bark.

Slowly he dressed. As he mounted the stairs to the laboratory, he heard a leaping and scratching sound coming from the other side of the door. Inside, he braced himself as Zete rushed against him, circling in panting excitement.

"Old girl, old girl." He took her head in his arms.

It was mad, yet undeniable. A rabbit had died and come back to life. A dog had been killed and was now licking his hand. He had inoculated them both after they were dead—against what? Against death? On the table was the flask of vaccine. What was in it? He had made it.

Awkwardly, self-conscious in the presence of Zete, he got to his knees.

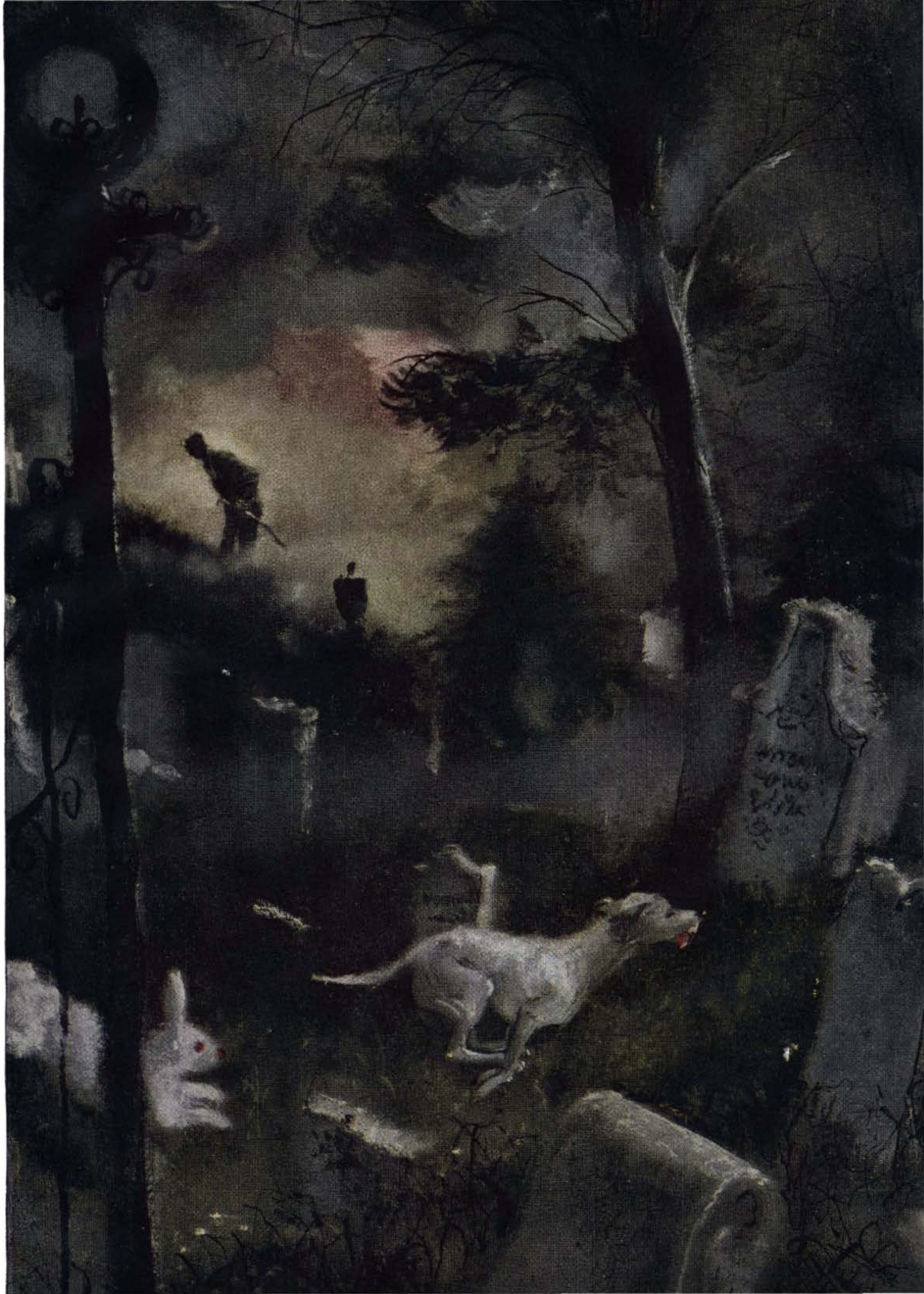
"Dear Father," he began, "in some way You have given me the power, the means to restore life. Show me, oh Lord, what I should do. Amen."

It would be simple just to do nothing. He could keep quiet about the whole thing. No one else knew about the rabbit's death. And the driver who had hit Zete had been in such a hurry he probably hadn't realized he'd bumped her. So he could go along as if nothing had happened. But could he?

Having gained this sudden power, or whatever it was, to restore life, had he any right to withhold it from the world? He guessed not. Well, then, whom should he tell about it first? The local medical society? The county, maybe?

Whoever it was, they'd want proof, of course. Two kinds of proof: first, testimony of witnesses that each animal had in fact been dead; second, proof that these same animals, inoculated with this serum, were now alive. And what about the formula?

Few people visited the grave. But the white rabbit and the old dog were always there.



Witnesses . . . proof . . . he had none.

The formula? . . . This liquid in this cone of glass on this table was all he had. Enough to fill a syringe. Enough to prove . . . wait a minute now. Wait. Suppose he began all over again—started out with a subject that was officially dead. The tangle of weariness was sorting itself out in his head . . .

He went back home to bed. After some hours of tossing, he was still restless with indecision. He thought of calling a veterinary to ask what arrangements might be made for obtaining bodies of dead animals. But as he started toward the phone he knew he was stalling. He was past that stage.

Almost from the beginning a shadowy idea of the way to go about this had crossed his mind. Quite simply, it was that he himself should be the subject.

He would write a note for young Dr. Travis; then he would take something that would stop his heart. He would officially die. Travis, following the instructions, would inject him with the serum. And when the serum had done its part and he had returned to life, he'd stand up before the medical society boys as "living proof"—he liked that—"living proof" of the success of the experiment.

This way there would be none of the endless legal red tape that would be necessary in order to get permission to experiment on the dead. No offending the public on moral or religious grounds. And much less risk of irresponsible publicity. He wanted to avoid all that.

On the other hand there was the risk. The serum might not work. Was he willing to take the chance? You could call it one life risked for—well, how many—thousands? Millions?

Well? Yes? No?

He needed to get out and get some air, stretch his legs to steady his thinking. He went downstairs and crossed the road to the cemetery.

The fresh, clean fragrance of spring filled the evening shadows about him. The path wound soft and familiar to the top of the ridge. On the far slope toward the darkening valley he stopped by Emily's grave. Rusty lichen gave the stone a lived-in look, as if she were comfortably settled. He never could stand here without remembering the open earth and the green tapes, under the disguise of flowers, slipping her away from him.

"Oh, Emily . . ." He ran his fingers along the cut edges of the BELOV . . . "Someday . . ."

Someday, a soft voice echoed his. *Someday* . . . The side of a laurel leaf lifted and was still again.

Circling back toward the gate, he passed the Willoughby plot. Small, perhaps ill-at-ease beside his ancestors' monuments, stood the gravestone of young Matt. Matt who might have been saved.

There was no more doubt in John's mind. He quickened his pace and reached the laboratory, breathing rapidly.

He'd do it tonight, if he could catch Harvey Travis. At first the telephone was busy. When he finally got through, Dorothy answered, saying Harvey had gone out to the Windham farm. He'd be calling in soon.

John sat drumming his fingers all through supper. It was close to seven when Harvey Travis returned the phone call. Yes, he could drop around. Any special time? He might be going out to the Windhams' again.

He calculated quickly. "Make it about eight-thirty. No, later would be better. Nine-thirty, ten." His voice evidently was sounding pinched. "Oh, no, I'm all right. It's just that I'd like to talk with you. And, Harvey," he added, "the door will be open; just come on in."

John looked at his watch. He had over two hours. Plenty of time to do this right. In his head he began compiling a check list. Mrs. Boddin was through in the kitchen and leaving. Good.

Now he must compose a note for Harvey. If he wrote out the truth—the whole story—it would sound too unbelievable, as if he'd gone off his rocker, and Harvey would take no action.

There were two points he must make absolutely sure of:

First—Harvey must inject the serum into him.

Second—and almost as important—Harvey must pronounce him dead. If he failed to do this the risk would have been in vain.

It wasn't easy. He tore up several trials before he wrote carefully, printing to make sure the words would be clear:

Harvey:

I have been having some more of those chest pains. I am leaving this note in case my heart doesn't hold out until you arrive.

After you have certified me dead, please indulge an old friend's whim and do me one last favor: inject the contents of this flask into my arm.

He hated lying to Harvey even in this emergency. The part about the chest pains was true, though the implication that this was a heart attack was, of course, misleading.

He wasn't entirely pleased. However, it sounded as normal and sensible as he could make it. Maybe too casual. He was tempted to add a final warning: "It's a matter of life and death." But that seemed melodramatic. He let it go with:

Do not fail me.

John

All this had taken longer than he'd expected. Now he hurried out to the laboratory, where he collected the flask of serum, two hypodermic syringes, and a bottle of morphine.

Back in the house John made his final preparations. On the coffee table next to the worn black leather couch he spread the note, weighting it with the flask of liquid and the larger syringe. Then he adjusted the reading lamp so the light fell across the table.

It was five minutes to eight. Time to take the morphine. He removed his coat and rolled up both sleeves as if he had been working. This would be the dickens of a time to forget something. Let's see: front door unlocked; note, serum and larger syringe on the table under the light; his old instrument bag open on the floor behind the couch; pillows at the left end of the couch so he would be lying with his right arm towards Harvey. All right.

Sweat gathered in cool beads on his forehead. His chest felt bruised from the pounding of his heart.

Now he loaded the smaller hypodermic from the vial of morphine. Glancing slowly around the room, he drew a deep breath and drove the needle into his left arm. Steadily he pushed the plunger. Then he sat down on the couch, dropped the empty syringe and the morphine bottle into the bag, snapped it closed and lay back on the pillows. He looked at his watch. There was an hour and a half to wait before Harvey Travis would be there.

An hour . . . well, over an hour. The pressure was lifting from his chest. How did he feel? . . . he'd remember this in writing his report . . . Why, he felt fine, better than ordinary. He smiled. It had its humorous side, too. Out for an outing . . . be back in an hour or so. With Zete it had taken what?—six or seven hours to return to life after the injection? Well, let it take longer if it wanted to . . . give him more time with Emily . . .

John was smiling in peaceful composure when Dr. Harvey Travis trudged wearily into the living room after midnight. He'd been delayed at the Windhams'. Now he saw that John had apparently fallen asleep waiting for him. He started to go, thinking it would be better to come back the next morning. Then he saw the carefully arranged note, the syringe and the flask of liquid.

He came closer. The note was addressed to him. Now he was leaning over the couch, alert, feeling for a pulse. There was no doubt. John was dead, had been for some time.

Drawing up a chair, Dr. Travis picked up the note again. There was a lot he didn't understand.

John had wanted him here around nine-thirty or ten. Apparently no special hurry. It was now a lot later, but John had said he wasn't sick, had made a point of it.

Then there was this note. He pressed his eyes to read it better. "In case my heart doesn't hold out . . ." John wasn't having a heart attack when he phoned. Why had he thought he was going to have one—why all this elaborate preparation? True, John had complained lately about some pains in his chest. But they were due to tension as much as anything. John had had a tendency to get overexcited and to keep long hours.

Dr. Travis studied the figure before him. It was difficult to avoid the suspicion of suicide. But what could his motive have been? Discouragement because Salk had got there ahead of him? Sure, John was bound to feel it keenly, but not that way. Was it something about Matt's death? Had the gossip finally got to him?

The doctor twirled the syringe in his stubby fingers, replaced it on the gauze pad and gingerly lifted the flask of liquid, amber in the shaded light. What was in it? Some kind of polio vaccine? Had John been experimenting on himself with a series of polio shots and been afraid he might not be able to give himself the next inoculation? "So he asked me to drop by to give him one—and I was too late?" No, that was no good. The note said, "After you have certified me dead." He certainly had expected to die.

The clock in the hall struck one. He had two choices, as he saw it:

Follow the "book" and turn the whole thing over to the coroner in the morning, note and all. But that would be risking the verdict of suicide. And, of course, it ruled out any possibility of giving John the injection he'd asked for.

Or, he could stretch a point with his conscience and the law and declare John dead of natural causes. Probably there was enough history of potential heart trouble to justify it. This way he'd be covering up the suspicion of suicide. He'd have to destroy the note and other evidence.

All right, that's what he'd do. Then how about the injection—indulging the whim of his old friend? No, he still couldn't take a chance with an unknown liquid. How did he know what it might do to mess up his certificate of death by natural cause? "No, I'm doing the best I can for you, John, by protecting your name. God bless you, old boy, you deserve the best." He pulled an afghan from the back of a chair and covered the body.

Crumpling the note in his pocket, he gathered up the flask and syringe and went outside to his car.

The moonlight flashed rhythmically through the trees as he drove along the road. He wondered what would happen to old John's laboratory. Probably a lot of dangerous samples and cultures standing around. Well, the health inspector would see that they were disposed of.

He glanced at the flask swaying beside him. Perhaps he'd better drive around tomorrow and leave it in the laboratory to go out with the rest of the stuff. But that might lead to questions. . . . He stopped the car, took the flask and emptied it on the road.

He yawned violently and shivered in the early morning air. Then he drove on. . . . Someday, if he ever could find time, maybe he ought to offer to go over old John's notes and papers. There was a lot of work represented there.

The dav of John's funeral was chilly with a ground fog. But the sun came out just before the services at the house, throwing a path of warm color across the front parlor floor.

After the ceremony the assembly crossed the road to the cemetery, where John was buried on the far slope next to Emily. It was an isolated spot where most of the mourners had never been. Before they turned to go, many stopped to look out over the misting valley. Then they were gone and John and Emily were alone.

And after that no one ever visited John's grave. No one, that is, but a white rabbit and an old dog. Month after month they were there. Seeing the pair of them race down the fields together, people sometimes wondered. And, as the years went by—1956, '57, '60, '65—"Seems like," the neighbors said, "seems like that dog and rabbit are going to live forever." THE END

He had done everything else. He loaded the hypodermic with morphine.

Cosmopolitan's Complete Mystery Novel

THE ABSENCE, THE DARKNESS, THE DEATH

I woke without feeling or memory of the past. All I knew was that someone had hated me enough to cut my throat and leave me for dead

BY BILL S. BALLINGER ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

". . . and I am re-begot
Of absence, darkness, death: things
which are not."
John Donne

Is it true that time can stand still and a person relive a life in an instant of eternity?

When I awakened, I stared straight above me at the ceiling—a large oblong shape painted a drab white. Someplace in the room a small hooded bulb threw a pale light into the darkness. After a moment, I could hear the moving of bodies, the rustling of clothes in the room, and I attempted to turn my head.

Then I realized that my throat had been cut.

The pain ran down both sides of my neck, burrowing hotly within my chest. I gasped, choking for air. . .

It was the next day when I regained consciousness. A large glass jar of glucose hung above my bed, and drops of it flowed slowly through a transparent plastic tube into my arm. Soft muted footsteps approached my bed and a face, capped in nurse's white, peered down.

"Ah," she said; her hand appeared suddenly and her fingers touched my lips. "Don't try to speak. Just keep quiet; I'll be right back with the doctor." Her footsteps hushed away and I continued to lie there, feeling my pulse throbbing against the needle in my arm.

Within a few minutes, the nurse returned, trailing a step behind a doctor. They stopped at the foot of my bed, and the doctor glanced over a chart which was attached there.

"You're a lucky man," he said, his voice professionally serious. "You've had a close call. At present you're unable to talk." He looked at me. I looked back at him.

In an attempt to soften the blow the nurse said, "Well, we must hope for the best."

The doctor nodded. "In the meantime," he said, "you will have to lie very quietly. Don't try to speak, don't even attempt to move your head . . . if you do, you may begin hemorrhaging. For the next few days we'll keep you under sedation." The nurse approached the side of my bed. I felt the sudden bite of a hypodermic. After that I went to sleep again.

Perhaps it was the morphine which made it begin, but I found myself in a recurring nightmare. At first, there wasn't much to it; it was only that the hospital room was no longer the same room. It was another room, darkly lit

except for a light in the far corner. I kept waiting for something to appear from behind that spot of light. That was all. But the terror of waiting was paralyzing.

I must have waited in this nightmare for three days, because it was three days later when I again recognized the doctor. Once more he was standing at the foot of my bed. He said, "You've had a long sleep—seventy-two hours." I began to nod. "Don't do that!" he commanded sharply. "Hold your head just as still as you can."

Tentatively, I raised my left hand and lifted a finger at him. He watched me thoughtfully. I lowered the single finger, then raised two. I repeated this several times. Then he smiled and agreed. "That's a good idea . . . excellent! Raise one finger for 'yes' . . . two fingers for 'no.' All right. There was no identification on you when you were picked up by the ambulance. Do you have any identification?"

I raised two fingers: no. The doctor looked puzzled for a moment. "Are you listed in the phone book?" he asked.

I tried to remember. Was I, or was I not, listed in the phone book? Then it came to me that I didn't even know my own name. I didn't know how to answer. Desperately I turned the palm of my hand upward in a helpless gesture.

The doctor grasped my meaning. "You don't know who you are?"

Yes, I agreed, raising one finger.

"You've lost your memory?"

Yes.

"You've forgotten your name and address?"

Yes.

He ran his hand over the top of his short brown hair. "Did you try to take your own life?" he asked me, finally.

Once again I raised my hand, palm up.

Turning away from the bed, he absently pushed the sections of the floor screen together, shoving it to one side. "Tomorrow," he said, "you'll be well enough to see the police. Perhaps they'll be able to identify you."

He left the room, and for a few minutes I stared ahead of me, thinking. My name. What was my name? Who was I? Then names began to run through my mind, coming from nowhere, without effort . . . Aly Khan . . . Duke of Windsor . . . Gary Cooper . . . Colonel Horstman . . . Adlai Stevenson . . . Goethe . . .

My mind stopped as if I had slammed a trap-door. The names had flooded into my mind; but did I really know them . . . or had I only heard about them?

In my excitement, I began to struggle to a sitting position, and I choked, gasping for air. I fell back against the pillow. From across the room I heard a voice say, "You'd better take it easy. You heard what the doc said."

When I could breathe again, I ran my eyes past the foot of my bed, searching for the voice. The end of a second bed came into view. I couldn't see who was in the other bed—only the two white pyramids which the feet made beneath the sheet. The voice began again. It was a man's voice . . . high, with an unpleasant quality. "I heard the doc talking to you. We're sort of roommates . . ." Into my mind flashed a fleeting picture of another room . . . a university room . . . with a heavily raftered ceiling and rough, plastered walls. Another roommate . . . but the scene fled immediately under the cascade of words in the room. "My name is Merkle . . . Edward Merkle. My friends call me Ed." I closed my eyes and his words washed over me, smothering me under an avalanche of sound. Just before I fell asleep, however, there was something that I wanted to recall. But I couldn't remember it right then . . .

The nurse paced into the room carrying a jar of glucose. "Time for an intravenous," she said. When she placed the needle in my arm, Merkle said to me, "It was just a week ago today they brought you in."

"It was in the morning," the nurse corrected him, "about two o'clock in the morning. It was very fortunate for you that Dr. Stone was still in the operating room when you arrived." I threw her a question with my eyes, and she read it correctly. "Dr. James Stone," she told me, "is one of the finest throat surgeons in New York City. He'd just finished an emergency case when you arrived, and he agreed to do what he could."

This was the first that I had heard of Dr. Stone. This man, a stranger, had saved my life; I didn't know whether to thank him or not. Perhaps I had a good reason for wanting to die, and didn't know it.

Merkle seemed to have picked up a number of medical words and phrases which he enjoyed using. He asked the nurse, "Was he in bad shock?"

Miss Pierson glanced at him. "Certainly he was in shock."

I could count clearly, although I had no memory extending beyond the four walls of the hospital room. Three days of shock when I had first been received; another three days of sedation and drugs; then today. Seven days—one week. That was my complete life, and I was one week old now. My mind wandered back to the previous day: my name. What was my name? I tried to recall what I had been thinking when I thought of the Duke of Windsor . . . but my thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of Dr. Minor.

Minor studied my chart. "How are you feeling? Good?" I signaled, yes.

Miss Pierson looked through the doorway and Dr. Minor signaled to her. She disappeared and returned with a short, dark man. He had a still, watchful face. "Okay, Doc?" he asked.

"I guess so," replied Minor, "but as I've warned you, he can't speak. Don't try to force him or you'll have to leave."

The dark man nodded and turned to look at me. Removing a cigarette from his pocket, he put it in his mouth, but he didn't light it. Finally, he said, "My name is Santini. I'm a detective from the Eighth Precinct and I got to ask you a few questions. The doc says you can signal answers—yes and no. Okay with me. Now, do you know who you are?"

No.

"You don't remember anything?"

No.

"You don't remember who did it to you?"

No.

"You don't remember if you did it to yourself?"

No.

"You don't remember where you got that thousand bucks?"

No. I didn't know that I had possessed a thousand dollars. It explained several points, however . . . why I had a semi-private room, why a specialist like Dr. Stone agreed to do an emergency operation.

"Well, it's not often some guy is found in the street, with his throat cut, only wearing a pair of shoes, and otherwise as naked as the day he was born." He stared at me with eyes hard and brown, set close together. They gave the impression of intense emotion—curiosity, ruthlessness, and repressed bitterness.

Sensing an animosity I could not understand, I stared back. He said, "We've tried to trace the shoes . . . nice expensive shoes . . . with a grand bill hid in one of 'em. But not handmade. Too many of 'em sold each year . . ."

"What about fingerprints?" asked Minor. "And that scar on his back?"

Santini pretended sudden recollection. "Well, I'll tell you. We checked with our own files and we don't have them. Then we checked with the F.B.I. and they don't have them. Now we're checking with the Army, Navy, Air Force, and all the ships at sea. Maybe they got 'em, but we'll just have to wait to find out." He turned his face to me and his eyes were hot on my face. "I think you're bluffing," he said softly. "I got to take the doc's word that you can't talk, but I won't take it that you can't remember. You're covering up something."

"I don't think so," Dr. Minor corrected him. "It's very difficult to fake amnesia successfully."

"It is?" asked Santini sarcastically. "If he can't say anything, it's hard?" He shoved his hands in his pockets wearily. "Oh, hell! If a guy wants to knock himself off, I say okay. Let him do it just

so long as he don't mess anybody else up. But if he doesn't pull it off, then I got to take time to run it down. Or take it the other way, somebody else gives him the knife . . . and he knows it, why not say so? There's enough other things for me to do . . ."

I could see Santini's point, although it didn't particularly interest me.

"The woman, of course, says she never saw you before," Santini continued.

Woman? What woman? The detective again was watching me closely. I set my lips and noiselessly mouthed, "Who?"

"Who?" repeated Santini. "You mean the woman who found you?"

Yes.

"Well," said Santini, "there's this woman by the name of Bianca Hill. Does her name mean anything to you?"

No.

"Nice, decent woman as far as we know. You were bleeding all over her doorstep. She called the cops, then sat down and held her thumbs to your throat till the ambulance arrived."

Santini finally lit his cigarette. He said, "I'll see you again. You won't be going anywhere for a while."

That afternoon the hospital discharged Merkle. Before he left, he wrote out his address, and told me to look him up sometime. I lay in my bed, motionless, and permitted my mind to wander. There were many things I could remember . . . things which were in my mind, but which I couldn't connect with anything. For instance, I knew details about New York, although I couldn't recall if I'd lived in New York.

This chain of thought eventually led me to wondering about my name again . . . Bing Crosby . . . Pablo Picasso . . . Charles Lindbergh . . . Colonel Horstman . . . Very slowly, I went back over the names . . . Crosby, an entertainer; Picasso, painter; Lindbergh, public figure; Horstman—? The name Colonel Horstman was familiar to me, but I couldn't identify him. It almost seemed as if he existed in another dimension, separated by time, space, and memory.

That night I dreamed again. It was the same dark room with the spot of light in the corner. I stood within the room, waiting for someone to appear in the light. In my dream, I waited all night for someone, or something, to appear. Whoever . . . whatever . . . it was, didn't show up. But when I awakened I knew that sometime it would appear.

Santini followed Dr. Minor into the room. "Take it easy with him again today," the doctor told him.

Santini said, "I'll take it easy, but before you go, Doc, give me a little rundown on how his throat is doing. Will he ever be able to talk again?"

"Sometimes," Minor replied, "patients recover the use, or partial use, of damaged vocal cords, and through practice learn the use of other muscles for compensation. But it is never normal speech."

"Maybe yes, maybe no, huh?" Santini pulled a slip of paper from his pocket and studied it. It seemed to me that he was pretending, and that he already knew very well what was written on the slip. Finally he said to me, almost indifferently, "Well, we know who you are."

Minor asked, "Who?"

Santini went through the motions of reading from his report: "Name, Vic Pacific . . . Victor, No-Middle-Name, Pacific. Age, 36. Home, New York City, which is a lie." Santini looked at me for a contradiction. I didn't give it to him.

The doctor asked, "Where did you get the information?"

"The Army had his prints on file."

"What information did the Army have?" Minor inquired.

"Pacific claimed he was an orphan. The address he gave, I checked up on and found it is still occupied by some gas pipes off East River Drive."

"Was he in the war?"

"Sure. World War II. Good record. Tanks. In Africa. Master Sergeant. Wounded . . . that's where the scar in the back comes from. Hospitalized over there; discharged here." Santini folded his paper and returned it to his pocket. "No relatives," he continued, "and he wasn't married. No police record, either. After his discharge, he drew his terminal pay and disappeared. Never applied for veteran benefits or medical attention. He wasn't heard of again, until more than twelve years later with his throat cut." He looked at me. "What the hell you been doing all this time?"

I held up the palm of my hand. I didn't know.

Santini asked the doctor when I would be able to leave the hospital, and Minor told him, "Probably in a week or so."

After Santini left my room, Minor remained by the foot of my bed. "Did anything Santini said have any meaning for you?" he asked.

No.

"Perhaps it'll come back slowly," the doctor continued. "One moment, a certain key memory will return and everything else will fall into place."

Minor didn't permit me to leave the hospital in a week. It was two weeks. During that time I tried desperately to recall what kind of trouble I'd been in. Sometimes I could almost remember, it seemed, the night it happened. Mixed up in my memory was a dark room, a spot of light, and faces. At this point, I'd think, Am I really remembering this, or is it only my nightmare, which I now take for reality?

I felt that I couldn't trust anything I tried to remember. What Santini told me about being an orphan, for example. Some instinct told me it wasn't true. Obviously, I had also been lying about my address; it's impossible to live in a gas pipe. Why had I lied?

The day I was released Dr. Minor and Miss Pierson saw me off. The hospital had furnished me with a suit of used clothes and bought me some linen. In my pocket there was sixty-three dollars, all that remained of the thousand which had been found in my shoe. Minor shook hands with me; Miss Pierson walked beside me to the main entrance and then said goodbye. I walked to Sixth Avenue and, turning a corner, began to stroll south.

After walking several blocks I came to Parnell Place. I remembered that Santini had mentioned it as a street running into Newton Mews, where Bianca Hill lived. The Hill woman had found me on her doorstep. Abruptly, it occurred to me that I would like to see her.

Newton Mews was even shorter than Parnell Place—very narrow, and paved with cobblestones. Two-story stone houses leaned heavily against each other, and one carried the name "Bianca Hill." The house, just wide enough to accommodate two windows and a door, had been painted a light gray. The single stone step was flanked on either side by a delicate piece of ironwork painted white.

After pressing the doorbell, I waited for several minutes before the door swung open. The woman stared at me before recognition reached her; then her face lighted up. Impulsively, she said, "Why, you are the man who was hurt!"

I nodded. At this time, I was forming the habit of carrying a small pad of paper and a pencil which I used to write messages. I wrote out my name and the single word "Thanks."

"You can't talk?" she asked. I nodded. "What a pity! That's awful! Well, come in . . . come in, and we'll have a drink. Can you drink?" Again I nodded.

She led the way into the house, past a tiny front living room with a carved marble mantel, into a considerably larger room which was both a kitchen and dining room. She seated me at a round

They had a woman, blindfolded, between them. "Vic!" she cried out.

baroque dining table and, hurrying to the stove, removed a pot of coffee. "I was just stopping for my afternoon coffee break," she said, lightly, "and I'm delighted to have company. Perhaps I'll have a pony of brandy with it. How about you?"

I shook my head and wrote, "Just brandy, please." Hot coffee would have hurt my throat, which was still tender.

Placing glasses and a bottle of brandy on the table, and filling a cup with coffee, she joined me. She was a small woman, not over five feet two or three, with a nice figure, somewhere in her middle twenties.

Her face was not beautiful, but it was striking . . . and delicate . . . and in it I could read a ready sympathy and friendliness.

She lifted her cup to her lips, and her eyes smiled. "I've wondered about you. Once I called the hospital, and they told me you were doing fine."

Nodding, I tasted the brandy. Her hands caught my eye. They were red, with scars and burns all over them.

She asked, "Do you live in New York?"

I wrote out the facts: I had lost my memory completely—I had only my name, no family, no address.

Then she inquired slowly, "You have no place to go? None at all?"

I shook my head.

"Do you have any money?"

Reaching in my pocket, I showed her the sixty-three dollars. She understood. Quietly, she asked, "Is there anything you can do to earn a living? Do you remember any kind of job?"

I wrote, "Nothing."

"Is there a chance that you will remember someday?"

"Possibly."

The sudden whiteness of her smile animated her face, and her words began to tumble out eagerly. "I have an idea." She explained rapidly. "Perhaps it's a crazy one . . . and wouldn't work out very long. But I think it's . . . impossible for you to wander around the city, not remembering anything . . . without any help! What do you think?"

I shrugged.

"Everyone would say I'm foolish," she continued, "not knowing you . . . or anything. But I believe people should help others, don't you?" She held out her red, disfigured hands. "Look at these . . . I can't afford to hire someone to help me." She hesitated for a moment, then continued more slowly, her voice a little embarrassed. "Perhaps you'd like to work for me?"

I scribbled, "Doing what?"

She laughed. "Oh . . . I make jewelry; hand-made silver jewelry. I have my workroom down in the basement. I sell everything I make through just three shops uptown on Fifth Avenue. My big problem is that I can't turn out many things because it takes so long." She laughed. "Consequently, I don't have much money."

My note to her explained I knew nothing about silverworking.

"Don't worry," she reassured me, "you can take care of the silver furnace, do the firing, the smelting, the pouring . . ." She added, looking at her scars, "That's how I keep burning my hands."

She smiled and went on, "Upstairs there are only two bedrooms, and I have a friend living with me who pays rent. But downstairs in my workshop I have a big leather couch which used to belong to my father, and there's a shower too. You could sleep down there and have your meals here. In addition, I'll give you what I can . . . a percentage of what I make." She looked at me inquiringly.

I didn't know.

"At least it will give you a chance to look around . . . and find something better." The sound of the front door opening reached us. Then I heard the light tapping of a woman's heels along the hallway. In the doorway of the kitchen appeared the figure of a tall, striking blonde. When she saw me, she stopped as suddenly as if frozen in motion, and I realized her eyes were cold. She asked, "Where'd he come from?"

Bianca laughed. "Rosemary," she said, "may I present my new partner, employe, house guest, and the man who owes me his life . . . Mr. Victor Pacific."

Rosemary merely stared at me and slowly seated herself. "Please tell me," she said, "what this is all about." Bianca told her in detail. When she had finished, Rosemary turned to me and asked, "You mean you've completely lost your memory, and you can't speak a word?"

I nodded.

Rosemary turned to Bianca. "You must be out of your mind. You know nothing about this man. He might even be a criminal."

"If Victor were a criminal, the police would never have permitted him to leave the hospital," Bianca replied.

"Maybe the police haven't discovered it yet," Rosemary said angrily. "Frankly, Mr. Pacific, I don't like the idea."

"Rosemary works hard," Bianca explained. "She's one of the busiest high fashion models in New York, and tonight she's tired. Sometimes she says things—tomorrow she'll be sorry . . ."

"I won't either!" Rosemary was obstinate.

"But I need help . . . and he'll work hard," Bianca said. "Oh, Rosemary, where's your sense of . . . fun . . . adventure?"

"I don't have a sense of humor about some things." Abruptly, Rosemary's tone softened. Affectionately, she patted Bianca's hand. "All right, Bee," she said, "go ahead. Try it." Rosemary's cold blue eyes turned on me, calculatingly, and she said very deliberately, "But no funny business, do you understand?"

Writing on my pad, I quoted, "If you enquire what the people are like here, I must answer—the same as anywhere." I handed it to Rosemary.

She read it, raised her brows and asked, "Where's this from?"

"Goethe," I wrote automatically. This surprised me, as I had no idea where the quotation came from, and I had made no special effort to remember it. She arose from the table and walked into the hall. I could hear her footsteps ascending the stairs; her steps sounded halting.

Bianca drew a deep breath. "Follow me, Vic," she said pleasantly, "and I'll show you around my factory."

The basement ran the length of the house, forming one large room, which held a number of wooden benches with tall stools behind them. On the benches were racks holding neat rows of hand tools. Anchored firmly against one wall was a heavier bench containing small anvils, the largest the size of my hand, an automatic metal saw, a buffing wheel with a variety of attachments, and a metal container of acetylene gas with a torch.

Bianca pointed to a small brick furnace. "That's going to be your main job," she said. "It's the smelting furnace where I melt my silver and copper. The bellows are down there." Her foot touched a flat, black board which projected from the furnace a few inches above the floor. "You operate that by foot, and it keeps the bellows going inside the furnace."

Turning away, she walked to a corner of the room which contained an aged, leather lounge. "I'll get you some blankets and a pillow and you can keep them in that chest." She indicated a tool chest, about the size of a footlocker. "It has only a few tools in it, and I'll clean it out right away."

I shook my head.

"All right," she agreed, "you do it then." I nodded, and she smiled.

That evening, with difficulty, I managed to eat a little food and drink a glass of milk. Rosemary lounged languidly into the dining room, drawing on a pair of white gloves. She was dressed in a smart black dress and wore a mink stole. "You look lovely," Bianca complimented her. "You're going out to dinner?"

Rosemary replied, indifferently, "I'm supposed to meet some people at the Acton-Plaza." She looked at me and asked, "Do you know where that is?"

I'd recognized the name but couldn't remember its location. "It's a hotel . . .

uptown on Fifth Avenue." Bianca said.

I nodded.

Rosemary said. "He certainly sparkles with conversation."

"That's cruel!" exclaimed Bianca.

Rosemary doubted it. However, she replied, "I'm sorry. I'm running along now . . . and I won't be late." She left, and I heard the front door slam shut.

I wrote to Bianca asking Rosemary's last name. "Martin," she told me. "Rosemary Martin. She's beautiful, isn't she? I've known Rosemary quite a while. We first met at a style show where she was modeling. We liked each other immediately, and kept in touch, meeting once in a while for lunch.

"She had an apartment uptown off Fifth Avenue, although I never visited her there. I thought she was doing very well, and then one day she called me and said she was moving, and wondered whether she could move in with me. I was delighted to have her . . . and the rent money helped, too."

"Why did she move?" I wrote out the question.

"She said she'd been spending too much money. Down here we live very inexpensively. Rosemary is very popular, and goes out nearly every night . . ." Bianca smiled.

"Don't you go out?" I queried.

"Not often. Many times I work at night, and even if I don't, by the end of the day I'm very tired. Usually, I prefer to stay home . . . read . . . or just loaf around."

That night when I was asleep the basement lights flashed on. I didn't know what time it was. Rosemary's legs appeared on the cellar stairs, as she very cautiously made her way down in her high heels. She stood at the foot of the steps, swaying slightly. I propped myself on one elbow and watched her.

"I don't know what your plans are," she told me, her voice flat and low, "but be careful. I don't want to get hurt. Do you understand?"

I shook my head.

"Drop the act," she said. "Good night." She returned upstairs.

That night I dreamed about the dark room with its spot of light again. All night, after Rosemary's visit, I stood waiting in my nightmare, bathed in a dripping fear, for whatever it was to appear.

One afternoon, later that week, we were working. Bianca walked over to a table and picked up a clipboard on which there was a sketch of a bracelet. The drawing was crisply executed and showed a heavy, simple silver band. Through the center of the bracelet was a single light, wavy design which I, at first, thought to be a stylized thick-and-thin line.

"How do you like it?" she asked.

I took the drawing and examined it. Immediately into my mind flashed the words, *Allah ma'ak*. Standing motionless with astonishment, unable to understand my thoughts, my eyes dropped to the drawing again, and the words repeated themselves, chainwise. *Allah ma'ak, Allah ma'ak, Allah ma'ak*. The stylized design through the middle of the bracelet was Arabic writing with the phrase *Allah ma'ak* repeated over and over.

Suddenly I knew it meant "God be with you," and then the rejoinder popped into my memory: "*Allah yittawie omrak*—"May God lengthen your days." Before I could think about it longer, Bianca asked, "Well, do you like it?"

I nodded. Then I walked over to the bench and began writing, "Where did you get the idea for this center design?"

Bianca explained, "Rosemary had a bracelet . . . Arabian. I've never particularly liked eastern design, but this line of writing gave me an idea. I narrowed down the line, straightened it out, until it nearly formed a design itself. I think the result is rather interesting."

I felt my memory stir. Walking into the shower-room, I turned on the light with growing excitement. Building within me was a conviction that I was on the verge of discovering something important about myself. I had the feeling that I was thinking, working in this world—the present—but that behind me, lost in memory, was another world, another way of thinking, speaking, living. It seemed that if only for a moment I could pierce the mist surrounding me. I would find myself.

Looking into the mirror, I examined my face. I wasn't dark; there was nothing unusual in my appearance. I didn't look as if I were of eastern descent. Why, then, should I be able to read Arabic? Turning away from the mirror I said, within my mind, *ma'alesh*—"no matter."

The next day the front doorbell rang while we were at work, and Bianca asked me to answer it. Opening the door, I saw Santini. "This is nice and cozy," he said. "Who are you, the maid?"

Bowing slightly, I stood to one side and waited for him to say something else. "I wish I could make up my mind about you," he said. We walked through the short hall to the kitchen and I pointed to the stairway leading to the basement. Santini called down to Bianca Hill.

Within a few moments, she appeared in the kitchen. "I'm sorry to bother you, Miss Hill," Santini said, "but this is the first time we've all three been together since the night Mr. Pacific was . . . indisposed." He turned to me. "Why did you head for this place as soon as you got out of the hospital?"

"He wanted to thank me," Bianca explained.

"And he was so grateful he moved right in?"

Bianca flushed. "Not at all!" she replied indignantly. "He had no place to go . . . and no job. So I hired him to help me."

Santini glanced at me for confirmation. Instead of nodding my reply, I merely looked at him. Finally, he faced Bianca and asked, "Did you ever see this man before that night?" Bianca denied that she had ever seen me. "All right," said Santini, "what about Rosemary Martin?"

"Not that I know of. She didn't even want me to hire him."

"Smart girl," Santini remarked.

I began to scribble. "Question: Do you know how I got here that night? Walk? In car? How?"

After reading it, Santini said, "You probably were in a car. No one can walk around the streets nude, even in Greenwich Village. We never found your clothes, so you must have been knocked unconscious in a car, and your clothes cut off."

"Why do you say his clothes were cut off?" Bianca asked.

"Because it's hard to remove clothes over shoes, especially if a guy's unconscious, and shoes are hard to take off. Pacific was stripped to prevent a quick identification." Santini began walking to the front of the house. He continued, "But what I can't figure is why he was dumped out on this street . . . there are plenty of other places which are quieter and darker. Why not unload the body someplace where it'd take a few days to find it?"

"I don't know," Bianca said quietly.

"I don't either," Santini agreed, and departed.

I knew. Not that I remembered anything about it, but I knew the reason why I had been dumped from a car on Newton Mews. It was a warning to someone who would recognize me, but not have to identify me publicly. I didn't believe it was Bianca Hill. She had found me by accident when she came home. Where had Rosemary been at that time? I scrawled the question to Bianca. "Rosemary," she told me, "was working out of town. She was in a style show in Chicago."

We returned to the basement. Bianca picked up a chasing tool and began to work on a pair of earrings. "You know, Vic," she said, "you might be able to get some information from the Army, or the Veterans' Administration."

I doubted it. Santini must have tried

both agencies already. But what about Colonel Horstman? His name had been one of the first to come back to me at the hospital. My instinct urged me strongly that I had once had a close identification with the man. If I could locate him, he might help me.

Drawing my pad to me, I asked Bianca if the name Horstman was familiar to her. "No," she replied. I asked her to call Santini later. and ask him to secure information from Washington concerning an officer named Colonel Horstman under whom I might possibly have served.

At dinner that evening. Bianca and I sat at the round table. Rosemary Martin was. as always. away for dinner. She seldom remained out late; usually she returned to the house around ten or ten-thirty.

I walked to the front door. Bianca asked if I was going out and I nodded. "Do you want me to go with you?" she asked. I indicated that I didn't wish it. Within several blocks I found a drugstore.

In the telephone directory I located a restaurant which specialized in Arabian cooking. The address was about midtown. I found a taxi and handed the driver the address. While he was driving me there. I again felt the sensation that I was on the verge of discovery. The feeling of having. at one time. existed in another time and place and person was stronger than ever.

The Garden of Plenty was located on a side street. Customers climbed a craggy set of stairs from the street to the second story of the building. It was past nine o'clock. and there were only half a dozen persons having dinner.

Several waiters were grouped along one side of the deserted room. One approached me and attempted to seat me near the center. I moved along to another table near the lounging waiters. On the menu. I pointed to the items of coffee and melon. The waiter dropped his sullen air and looked at me more closely. *"Mit ahlan wa sahlan,"* he said. He was welcoming me.

I wrote on the paper. *"Moutta shakker,"* thanking him. He quickly returned with a small cup of thick Turkish coffee. very sweet. and a thin slice of Persian melon. Placing them before me. he retreated to rejoin his confreres.

Sipping my coffee and toying with my melon. I listened to the waiters. The Arabic language is deep. earthy. explosive sounding. I could understand little of it—only words here and there in the conversation. which seemed to be a series of complaints against the proprietor.

I realized that I had only a rudimentary knowledge of the language. but could understand conventional words and phrases if they were spoken slowly. The colloquial tongue and rapid conversation were beyond me. I wondered why I had ever tried to learn Arabic.

According to my Army record, I had served in Africa. spent some time in the desert. and been hospitalized. But so had thousands of other American and English soldiers. They hadn't learned Arabic, beyond a few words; I wondered why I had. Motioning to the waiter. I received my bill and left him a good-sized tip. He bowed and said, *"Hallet el-baraka."* With my paper I replied, *"El-baraka aleikum."* At the door. I paid the cashier and descended the stairs to the street.

From Bianca I learned the names of the families living on Newton Mews. She had lived her entire life there and knew them all. having inherited her house from her mother. They had all lived on Newton Mews for years and were quiet, respectable and well-to-do.

"I'm the financial black sheep of the street," Bianca told me. "After my mother died. I had practically no money. Just this house. One year. when my family was still alive. we lived in Mexico and I learned a little about silver working . . . just for fun. I decided I'd try to see what I could do with it. It's been difficult to get established. although my business is getting better all the time."

From her description of the families on Newton Mews. I doubted that I had had any contact with them before the night she found me. And yet I was convinced that my attack had been intended as a warning to someone living on the street.

Santini came over another day. He stayed only a very short time. "You think you remember the name of a Colonel Horstman? Washington said there was never a Colonel Horstman in your regiment."

I wrote asking him if he'd checked the records of any Colonel Horstman connected with any part of the Army.

There was irritation in his eyes. "Of course I checked it," he told me. "No Colonel Horstman anywhere since the turn of the century."

Although this seemed to end Santini's interest in Horstman. it did not finish it for me. I knew that at some time I had known a Colonel Horstman.

Santini asked me, "When're you going to start trying to learn to talk?" I shrugged. as I didn't know. After he had gone, however. I thought it over. Dr. Minor had told me that there was a free speech clinic for laryngotomy patients. Bianca made the arrangements for me. and I began to go to the clinic two afternoons each week.

The course taught me to make sounds which resembled the vowels—a, e, i, o. and u. Bianca didn't object to my oral exercises. and I continued to practice them while working. During this period of time. I had a feeling of passiveness. It was a time of waiting.

The relationship between Bianca and me was changing. She became less impersonal. and began to ask about my likes and preferences. Occasionally. she suggested that we attend the neighboring movie. and although I did not object to this I did not encourage it either. realizing that I was dependent on her generosity.

Rosemary, on the other hand, became more irritable. She began to stay away from the house more. and never exchanged more than a few words with me. I saw her only in Bianca's presence, until one evening when Bianca made a hurried trip to the grocery. As soon as she had left the house. Rosemary came down to the kitchen.

I was having a drink. "Where did Bee go?" Rosemary asked.

"Ow-t," I replied. By now I could manage a few distorted single-syllable words. Each of them had a mechanical sound.

"Out?" she repeated.

I nodded.

"Look, Vic." she said. "I've got to talk to you. I'm getting scared!"

"Me?" I asked in surprise.

"No! I'm not scared of you." she replied impatiently. "But you know who does frighten me!" Nervously she lit a cigarette.

I felt a surge of anticipation. This woman did know something. "Listen." she said. "they know I'm here."

"Wh-y?"

She continued rapidly. "By now they know you're not dead. With both of us together. they've got their answer . . . they'll grab us. I'm not waiting around any longer." The sound of the front door opening announced Bianca's return. Quickly. Rosemary thrust a long flat key in my hand. "Here it is." she whispered. "You keep it." Turning away she added. over her shoulder. "You know how to reach me."

She put the length of the room between us as Bianca entered. "I'm late for dinner." Rosemary said, "and I'm not even going to bother to change tonight." Rosemary looked directly at me. and said, "Good night." Her steps echoed down the hall. and in a moment the front door closed.

"How odd!" Bianca exclaimed.

That same night. the telephone rang. The call was from Rosemary, and she talked to Bianca. When Bianca hung up the receiver. her face was both hurt and puzzled. "Did you and Rosemary have

a fight while I was gone?" she asked me.

I told her no.

"On the phone just now, Rosemary said she was going away for a while. She isn't even coming back tonight to get her clothes."

I wrote on my pad, "She can't go very far in one dress."

"She has some other clothes in storage which she can get tomorrow." Her face became thoughtful, and she gazed levelly at me across the table. "Tell me honestly, Vic, is there anything between you and Rosemary?"

"No."

"It's occurred to me that you might've known each other . . ."

Writing on my pad I told her, "I don't recall having ever seen Rosemary before I came to this house."

"It doesn't seem likely that if she did know you she'd pretend not to."

Via my pad, I asked, "The night I was nearly murdered are you sure Rosemary was in Chicago?"

"Oh, yes," Bianca assured me. "She called me from Chicago earlier that afternoon. She wanted me to air-mail her some things she'd forgotten."

"Why?"

"The day the fashion show was ready to leave for Chicago, one of the models became sick. At the last moment, the fashion director asked Rosemary to take her place. Rosemary had to rush like mad to get the plane."

"Oh." One event fell sharply into place. I had been meant as a warning to Rosemary. Unexpectedly, she had not been present when my body had been delivered.

I handed a slip of paper to the locksmith, together with the key Rosemary had given me. He read my question, "What kind of key is this?" It was two and a quarter inches long, but less than a sixteenth of an inch thick. There were no grooves on its sides, although the lower edge of the key had the usual notches cut from the metal. On one side, stamped into it, were the initials KCLSK. The locksmith said, "This is a key to a safety deposit box." He pointed to the initials. "It was made by the Kingston Company. Lock Safe Key." Looking up at me, he asked, "Where'd you get it?"

I wrote that I'd found it. Then I asked if there was any way to identify the box, so I could return the key to the owner. "Not that I know of," he replied. "You might ask at a bank about it."

After I left the locksmith's shop, I walked uptown on Sixth Avenue to Fourteenth Street. I entered the first bank I found, The Merchants and Chemists Exchange, and located a vice-president. It took some time to explain to him that I had found the key and ask whether there was any way to locate its owner. He said there wasn't and explained, "A boxholder is given two keys when he rents a box, and as soon as he loses a key he has another made from the remaining one for only two dollars. It would hardly seem worth while for you to make much effort to return the key."

I was trapped. Rosemary obviously knew where the box was located and to whom it belonged, but several days had passed and Bianca had not heard from her. Even if I should locate Rosemary Martin there was no way I could force her to talk.

I decided that I must continue to try to locate the owner of the box. Pulling away the muffler which I wore as an ascot from around my throat, I pointed to the scar. It was still very red and ugly. The banker looked away.

Taking my pad, I wrote my name and explained that I had no family and had been in a very bad accident, and that I could not speak. As a result of the accident, I had lost my memory. This deposit key was my own, but I did not remember where the box was. "It was probably in the same bank where you did your personal or business banking," he told me. "Do you remember that?"

I shook my head. On his desk was a small sign which read: C. K. Swan. I wrote, "Mr. Swan, do you have any suggestions?"

Swan thought about it for a moment. "Well," he said, "first you might try to find out through the banks if you are a depositor at one of them. If you locate your account, you will probably find you have a safety deposit box in the same bank. If that doesn't work, there's a publication in New York called *The New Amsterdam Safety Box News* which circulates through most of the safety deposit departments of the various banks and box companies. I'll give you the address, and you might get them to run an ad for you requesting information."

"Yes," I agreed.

Picking up his phone, Swan called the bank's vault department. "Can you give me the address of *The New Amsterdam Safety Box News?*" Cradling the receiver to his ear, Swan reached for his personalized memo pad. It was printed with:

. . . from the desk of
C. K. SWAN, vice-pres.
Merchants & Chemists Exchange Bank

As a voice on the phone spoke in his ear, Swan began to scribble on the pad, but his pen was dry. He tore off the sheet and, reaching for another, wrote the address with a pencil. He handed the slip to me and rose from his desk. "Good luck," he said. "If I can help you further, let me know." We shook hands, and I walked out of the bank.

That evening I told Bianca that I'd had a thousand dollars in my shoe when I had reached the hospital, and that it was probable I had maintained either a savings account or a checking account at a bank.

In Manhattan there are between four and five hundred banks, including their branches, listed in the classified telephone directory. Bianca began at the top of the list the next morning, but it soon became obvious that she would have little success. The banks refused to give information over the phone.

Then I remembered Merkle. That night I took the paper with his address and set out to find him. He lived in an apartment in the basement of an old brownstone house.

The door to his apartment was beneath a flight of stone stairs to the first floor, protected by a wrought-iron grill. Merkle recognized me at once and asked me in. The living room held a collection of cast-off furniture littered with plates bearing the remains of half-eaten meals.

"Well, well, well," exclaimed Merkle, his face contorted in a too-friendly smile. "my old roommate! How are you? All right?"

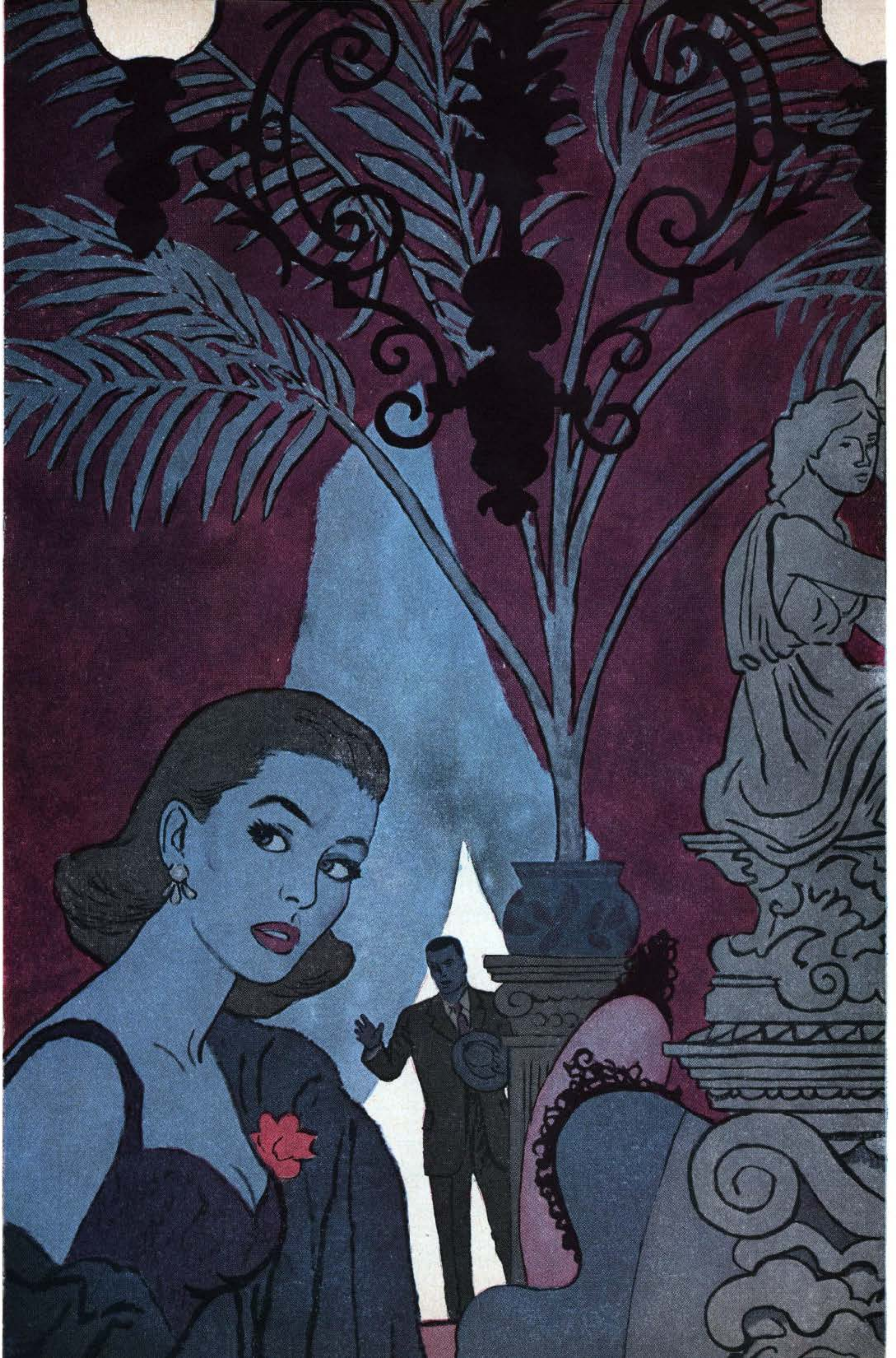
" 'Ess," I told him.

"Oh . . . you mean yes! So you've gotten your voice back?"

I sat down and began writing. My original pad and pencil had been exchanged for a small permanent pad which was covered with a heavy sheet of transparent plastic. I wrote on the plastic with a wooden stylus. Lifting the plastic sheet away from its dark background I removed the writing and made the pad ready for use again. I attempted to explain to Merkle that I was trying to find out whether I had had an account in any New York City bank.

Merkle was anxious to be friendly. I was ready to accept his help, but I did not care for his friendship. Finally, he said, "I think I told you that I work for Sampson, Smith and Tobler . . . it's a big wholesale hardware supply house. They've got a sort of credit investigation system worked out on double post cards . . . all printed up, stamped and everything. So why don't I swipe a supply of them from the mail room? You can address them to the banks, fill in your name as the guy to be reported on, and then see what happens."

I pointed out to Merkle that the cards would be returned to Sampson, Smith and Tobler. He waved away my objection. "I'm head clerk in the mail room and I get the mail first. Any cards coming with your name on 'em, I'll just tear up and throw away—unless it says 'yes' or has something about you."



It was not late when I returned to Bianca's house. When I entered the kitchen I found her seated at the round table, deep in thought, a glass of brandy in her hand. She rose and, hesitating for a moment, came and threw her arms around me. I could feel the shaking of her body. "There was a phone call for you while you were out."

"Yes-s?"

"But no one except Rosemary and Santini knows you are here."

That was true so far as I knew.

"It was a man's voice. When I said you were out, he left a message."

"What?"

"He said just to tell you one word—that you'd understand. I wrote it down." She walked to the table and removed a sheet of paper. On it were the letters *a-t-t-l*. I stared. "Vic," Bianca said softly, "I'm frightened."

Attl, in Arabic, means "kill."

"Who was that man?"

I shrugged. I didn't know.

"Why don't you sleep upstairs tonight in Rosemary's room?" Bianca asked. "I'd feel safer . . ."

I agreed to move to the top floor, because I had been waiting for an opportunity to inspect Rosemary's room since the night she had left; however, I had not wanted to be surprised in the act by Bianca, so I had done nothing.

A narrow staircase ran to the second floor. At the far end of the short hall was a bath; the two remaining walls of the hall, opposite each other, contained doors leading to bedrooms.

Switching on the light in Rosemary's room, I looked around. The room was small but attractively furnished, and everywhere there was evidence of a woman's former occupancy.

Undressing quickly, I turned out the light and stretched out on the bed. "Good night," Bianca called. Deliberately, I forced myself to sleep for a while.

I awakened from my nightmare with the room and the spot of light. According to the bedside clock, it was three in the morning. Cautiously, I raised myself from the bed, so my arising might not be announced by the springs.

I turned on the light. Opening the top drawer of her chiffonier, I noticed the scent of sandalwood. For an instant, I had a feeling of nostalgia . . . the sense of having blundered upon a forgotten moment of delight. Then the impression disappeared as suddenly as it had come. But, according to Nietzsche, blessed are the forgetful, for they get the better even of their blunders.

Systematically I began to search her room. This took some time as it was necessary to move quietly to avoid awakening Bianca across the hall. An hour later the only object which I had not examined was a large mirror. It was an extremely heavy one, and I ran my finger along the edges on the underside. A folded piece of paper was attached to the back with Scotch tape. Returning to the chair, I carefully unfolded the note.

Dear Vic:

Knowing you, I have no doubt that you will find this after I leave. I'm writing only in case I don't have a chance to see you alone tomorrow. You must have good reasons for your pretense of amnesia. I don't know what your plans are, but I've gone along with them. And I've taken enough chances for you that I still expect my cut, as you promised.

I'm sure I saw Amar yesterday and I'm getting scared. You can contact me under the old name at the same place.

R.

The note meant nothing to me.

The next morning, I remembered Bianca had once mentioned Rosemary's former apartment. Bianca gave me the address, and late that afternoon I went up to see if Rosemary was there. The apartment was situated in the East Sixties, and the small building was somewhat pretentious. There was no doorman and I examined the names on the polished mailboxes carefully. The names were meaningless. Roache, Townsend, Curtis, Levy, Wainwright, and O'Brien. I jotted them down for my own reference. Catching the bus down Fifth Avenue, I got off and walked over to the subway, where I took a train to Merkle's neighborhood.

By the time I arrived, Merkle had returned home from work. "I've got the cards," he said, letting me into his apartment. He gave me a cardboard box which held the double postcards, all of which had been pre-stamped. I thanked him for them. "How about staying and having dinner with me?" he asked. I didn't care to stay, but he appeared so pathetically anxious for company that I agreed.

We went around the corner to a restaurant he had in mind. When we parted, Merkle assured me that I need not worry about the cards. He would be sure to let me know if I received replies of any value from the banks.

As I turned down Parnell Place, I had a sensation of being watched, followed by a sudden flash of memory. For an instant of time, I was returned to the cab of a truck. Throwing the truck into gear, I raced the motor; the truck lurched forward, and behind me there was a tremendous explosion. A piece of metal bit into my back. Then the memory snapped off. That was all I could recall.

But I had the same sensation now, as in my partly forgotten memory. I looked down the street. It was dark and I could see no one. As I continued on my way, I remembered that Rosemary Martin had seen someone named Amar. My attackers had known that Rosemary was living in Newton Mews, and she had said that they knew I was still alive. This had been confirmed by the telephone call which Bianca had taken. Quite obviously, someone was watching me now.

Suddenly, I again turned in the street, reversing my direction, and walked toward Sixth Avenue. After several blocks, I came to a hardware store which was still open. Entering the shop I purchased a carving knife of excellent Swedish steel. Not wanting to have the knife wrapped, I slipped it into my pocket while the clerk watched. He didn't say a word.

When I returned to Bianca's she had gone to bed. Quietly I descended to the basement. Placing the knife on my finger, I found the balancing point in it. The handle was much too heavy, and with a chasing tool I hollowed a hole in the bone until the blade, at that point, only slightly outweighed the handle.

Keeping my mind entirely blank, I followed the pattern of a forgotten skill. Instinctively, I held the point of the blade lightly between the thumb and index finger of my right hand, and swung my hand in an overarm throw, releasing the knife. It arched cleanly through the air and made one complete turn before burying itself in the wooden stairs. I had known it would happen so.

Prying the knife from the wood, I turned off the lights and made my way upstairs. Placing the knife on the table by the side of my bed, I went to sleep. This night, when the nightmare returned it had altered slightly. While I was waiting, I kept trying to reach the knife which was inside my jacket and to call to someone. It seemed that my fingers could not quite reach the knife, and the words on my lips were strange ones. . .

Next day, I addressed the cards from the list of banks in the telephone directory. When I went down to the basement, Bianca said, "I thought I heard you down here in the shop last night."

"Yes . . ."

She waited for me to make some explanation. I did not feel like making one.

Once I glimpsed her in the lobby, but before I could reach her she disappeared.

After a moment, she continued. "Is there anything I can do to help you?" I told her no, there wasn't.

But I queried Bianca again concerning Rosemary Martin. This was a slow process, although Bianca had become expert in interpreting my nods and the few words which I could pronounce to supplement my writing. I wanted to know the places which Rosemary might possibly attend again at some time. "Well," Bianca told me, "lots of girls have favorite clubs where they love to go on dates . . . but Rosemary never liked night clubs very well . . ." She paused and glanced quickly down. "Why are you so interested in Rosemary?" She asked. "First you wanted the address of her old apartment. Now, you're trying to find out where she might be having fun."

I wrote on the pad, "I don't think she's angry with me, but I'd like to find her to apologize in case she is."

"If she's angry, she'll get over it," said Bianca. "Why don't you forget it?"

"No." I continued with my questioning.

"Rosemary," she told me rather reluctantly, "always liked smart places for dinner. The best restaurants."

"What was that hotel she seemed to go to often?" I wrote.

"You mean the Acton-Plaza. It was one of her favorite places. It's rather old-fashioned, you know, in the sense of . . . well, good service and tradition."

I decided I would try to pick up the trail of Rosemary Martin at the Acton-Plaza Hotel.

After two weeks, most of the cards had been returned from the banks; they were negative. Merkle seemed as disappointed as if he had been gathering information for himself. I told him it didn't matter.

One day, while I was using my key to Bianca's house, I remembered a Lock-Aid. This memory slipped into my mind, and with it the knowledge that the possession of one is illegal and that it is impossible to buy one. I also realized I could make one.

A Lock-Aid is an ingenious, spring-driven device which plunges a needle between the tumblers of a lock, forcing it open. The contrivance is remarkably simple, although using it requires great practice. Skillfully handled, it can open nearly any locked or double-locked door.

I made up a list of the supplies I needed to make one, and next time I saw Merkle I gave it to him. The supplies, in themselves, meant nothing and were ordinary pieces of hardware, so I did not have to explain their purpose, and shrugged off his questions. He finally said, "Well, okay. This junk won't cost you nothing. I'll lift it out of stock." I was indifferent to this petty generosity.

In the meantime, I had established a pattern, watching the Acton-Plaza twice a day . . . at noon, and in the evening at dinner. The hotel was honeycombed with small lobbies and it was impossible to watch all the entrances at the same time. Returning day after day, I would wait patiently in one or another of the lobbies, and after a reasonable length of time had passed, I would leave.

Once I had Bianca call the hotel to inquire if Rosemary Martin was registered. She wasn't. Bianca had appeared disturbed by my request, so after that I had Merkle call at intervals of several days. "Who is she," Merkle asked me, "a girl friend?" I indicated that she was.

Writing out an advertisement asking for information concerning a safety deposit box in my name, I gave the ad to Merkle to place in *The New Amsterdam Safety Box News.* Merkle took it to the newspaper, paying for it with money I had given him. As the magazine was published only once a month, there was a delay before the advertisement appeared.

Bianca and I continued to work each day on her jewelry. At times, when I had an opportunity to be alone in the shop, I would remove the Lock-Aid and work on it too. When I had it completed I found it took me many hours of practice before I regained the skill necessary to operate it.

Bianca, little by little, began to wear clothes which made her appear more a woman—and less an artist. At first I was ill-at-ease when confronted by her change in appearance; it was not impersonal, and this circumstance disturbed me. I wanted no ties of sentiment, but I found myself being bound by this woman, who seemed to desire it. She was attractive, affectionate, amusing and had offered me her help when I needed it. In accepting her help, however, I did not wish to assume any personal obligations with it. I realized that soon I would have to move from Bianca's home.

That time had not yet arrived, but it would come—when, depended on Amar. Although I would not have recognized this implacable man, the day would arrive when I would want to escape his surveillance. Then I would disappear.

My time and patience were eventually repaid when I picked up Rosemary Martin's trail in the Victorian Court, a bepalmed rendezvous in the Acton-Plaza. As I approached along one corridor which runs parallel to the Court, Rosemary was leaving from a door situated opposite a bank of elevators. I was unable to reach her before she had stepped into one of the lifts. I watched the indicator hand as it stopped at the third, ninth, and fifteenth floors. Rosemary Martin had gotten off the elevator on one of those three stops.

When the elevator returned to the main lobby, I looked closely at the operator, so I would recognize him again. It was impossible to question him about the woman as his elevator was constantly in use.

Rosemary Martin, I felt sure, was living in the hotel. When I returned to the house, I asked Bianca whether she had a photo of Rosemary. She told me that she didn't. I explained to her what had happened at the hotel, and why I wanted it. "You might get one from her model agency," Bianca suggested. In the morning she called the Gaynor Agency. They had not heard from Rosemary Martin for some time. There were professional pictures in the agency's files, and Bianca received permission to borrow one of Rosemary Martin. Bianca said on the phone, "I'll have it picked up, if that's all right." The agency said that it was.

After securing the photograph, I returned to the Acton-Plaza. Before contacting the elevator operator, I wrote on my pad, "Does this guest of the hotel live on the 3, 9, or 15 floor?" When the elevator descended, I waited until it had emptied of passengers, and then, approaching the operator, I handed him a five-dollar bill. He stuffed it into his pocket. I gave him the photograph of the woman and the question I had prepared. He said, "Yes—the ninth."

Quickly I wrote, "Do you know her room number?" He told me, "No!" An elderly couple entered the elevator, followed by several other persons. There was time for only one more question: "Do you know her name?"

"Nope," he replied, shutting the elevator door in my face. I walked back to the registration desk. I showed the picture to the clerk, and inquired whether this woman was registered on the ninth floor. After reading my inquiry, the clerk shook his head and asked for her name. As I couldn't tell him that, we were at an impasse.

However, I took an elevator to the ninth floor, and after leaving it, I stood for a moment attempting to impress the plan of the floor on my mind.

That evening I visited Merkle and he told me that he had called *The New Amsterdam Safety Box News* and they had a reply for me. He seemed to be extremely pleased. "I'll go over there tomorrow,'" he said. "The office isn't far from my job, and I'll pick up the reply on my lunch hour."

I thanked Merkle for his offer.

The following night, when I arrived at his apartment, the heavy grilled door was ajar. Ringing his bell, I pushed open the door and walked into his rooms. Merkle was seated in a shabby chair with a gaping wound in his head. A battered clock, on a cluttered

table, pointed to a little past nine o'clock. As Merkle usually arrived home around six-thirty, he had been dead probably for a maximum of two and a half hours.

His shirt collar was disarranged roughly, and his stringy tie had been pulled very tight. It appeared that he had been grasped by the throat, pushed down into the chair and then given a tremendous blow on the side of the head.

Fingerprints cannot be left on a body or its clothing, and I did not hesitate to search Merkle's pockets to find the letter from *The New Amsterdam Safety Box News.* But it was not there. I explored the littered apartment, working with the thickness of my handkerchief wrapped over the fingers of my right hand.

However, my search did not turn it up. Before leaving the apartment, I switched off the lights and wiped the door knob and iron grill.

I did not feel much sorrow for Merkle, nor did I feel responsible for his death; I had not asked him to run this last deadly errand for me. He had been human, weak, a bore, and a fool and—like every other man—had to die sometime.

I wondered whether the letter of reply had been found by his murderer. The knife in my sleeve seemed to come to life; it burned against my wrist.

I debated my next step. Merkle had picked up a reply to my ad in *The New Amsterdam Safety Box News,* and there was a possibility that the envelope had carried a return address which the magazine might have kept as a record. With the discovery of Merkle's death, the police would attempt to trace his actions during the last day of his life. I did not want to be connected with Merkle's death in any way, but if there was even a remote chance of finding the source of the reply, I did not wish to miss it.

I decided I would risk calling at *The New Amsterdam Safety Box News.* The office was in a shabby building filled with mercantile jobbers. The editor and sole member of the editorial staff was a man named Holcombe. After I had explained to him that I had come to pick up answers to my ad, Holcombe called to his typist, "Any replies to ad P-61?"

She bobbed her head. "Yes, one. It was picked up yesterday."

I wrote that probably it had been picked up for me by a friend, then added, "I may not see him for a few days. Have you a record of a return address?"

"Sorry, we don't," said Holcombe.

The next day I read in the papers that Merkle's body had been discovered. The story was brief and was carried on the fourth page. The police merely theorized that Merkle might have been killed as a result of a burglary attempt. Merkle was a nobody. The authorities could not waste much time on this unspectacular man.

It became increasingly important for me to talk to Rosemary Martin. I would need help to locate her. I selected a detective agency at random and went to its office. A young woman at a switchboard introduced me to a Mr. Delton, who seemed to be in charge of Bell, Investigators. We went into his private office; I introduced myself as Kenneth Sloan, and showed him the picture of Rosemary Martin. Then, slowly, I pieced together a story. When I had finished I put my pad to one side, and he summed it up, briskly.

"You say this young lady is a friend of yours, but is registered under a name other than her own? I assume this is not a matrimonial case?"

"No."

"We don't handle matrimonial work," he continued. "I think we can locate this woman for you, if she is still at the hotel. If it takes half a day it will cost you fifty dollars; if we spend a full day, the fee is one hundred."

I could afford only the fifty dollars, but I decided to gamble. I nodded agreement.

"Thank you, Mr. Sloan," said Delton. "Now, can you give me a check?"

Instead, I placed five ten-dollar bills on his desk. "I'll call you as soon as I have anything," he told me. I shook my head and wrote that I would get in touch with him.

There were no follow-up stories in the papers regarding Merkle. I was relieved, although there had been little for me to worry about. If the police had traced Merkle to *The New Amsterdam Safety Box News,* they very probably would have questioned me, but I could have denied all connection other than a superficial acquaintance.

I told Bianca about my visit to Bell, Investigators.

She phoned Delton the next day, and he told her that Rosemary Martin had been located; she was occupying room 944 in the Acton-Plaza, and was registered under the name Nell C. O'Hanstrom from St. Louis. After relaying this information, Bianca remarked, thoughtfully, "What a peculiar name to use." It meant nothing to me; yet, obviously, Rosemary Martin had expected me to remember it.

Bianca asked suddenly, "Vic, what *was* there between the two of you?"

I shook my head.

"You mean you don't remember? Or do you prefer not to talk about it?"

Both.

Bianca took my hand and held it. I could feel the heat of her palm, the warmth of her skin as she pressed it, and the awareness made me uneasy. I attempted to withdraw my hand, but she clung to it, saying, "There's something awful going on. I can feel it." Abruptly, she dropped my hand. More composedly, she added, "Forget Rosemary . . . forget everything except that you're starting a new life. I have a little money saved, and I'll lend it to you. Go away from New York for a while."

I tried to tell her I couldn't leave.

"Why?" she asked. "Is it because you love me?"

I told her no, I didn't love her, didn't love anyone.

"I'm sorry," she said. Her voice was very low. "I shouldn't have asked you that. But you see—I love you." She turned her head away. "You don't love me. You don't love anyone. You've never loved anyone . . . in your whole life!"

I wanted to tell her that I was grateful for her help, but she continued before I had an opportunity to order my thoughts. She said, "The time you came here from the hospital, I really believed you needed help. You were terribly thin and looked so sick . . ." She shook her head, as if clearing it of the memory. "A man who is sick and thin and needs help is irresistible to a woman who's sentimental. Then having you around, being with you . . ." She shrugged, leaving the sentence unfinished.

I felt embarrassed, and a little angry. By forcing a rather commonplace sentiment into our situation, Bianca had made my position untenable. I wrote on my pad that I thought I should look for another place to live.

She answered slowly, "I suppose so. Because now I know you don't need my help. Within you there's an unbreakable will which protects you from everything . . . and everybody . . . except yourself. Whatever you're looking for, you'll find it without me."

I waited until evening before going to the hotel to find Rosemary Martin. I believed that at seven o'clock she would probably be dressing for dinner. However, when I knocked at her door, there was no reply. I listened intently, but could hear no sounds within the room.

The corridor was vacant, and, shielding the Lock-Aid with my body, I released the spring, and on the third attempt, opened the lock. I entered, closing the door behind me. My hand flicked the switch by the side of the door and the lights jumped on.

On one side of the room stood a large double bed whose spread was mussed as if someone had been lying on it. Across from the bed was a chest of drawers, a dressing table, and a chaise longue. A door opened into the bath.

I sat on the side of the bed and lit a cigarette. In a short time, I needed an

ashtray and looked around for one. I walked to the chest of drawers, and opened them. They contained neat stacks of lingerie. In the bottom drawer were three handbags.

They all contained scraps: sales receipts, match folders, bobby pins. One held a creased post card, a brightly colored scene of the New York skyline. There was no address and no postmark on the back of it. Written on it, however, were the words, "Ten o'clock Tuesday morning." I was returning the card to the bag, when I suddenly realized there was something very familiar about the writing. Then I saw why this was so. It was my own handwriting. I put the card in my pocket.

The dressing table disclosed nothing except a complete line of cosmetics, but in the clothes closet I found something else of importance. Another purse of Rosemary Martin's was there; this one was evidently the one she was carrying. It held a compact, room key, billfold containing nearly six hundred dollars and other items. Tucked into the billfold was a corner from a newspaper clipping which read:

"*. . . early college rowing races on Lake Quinsigamond near Worcester, Mass., and on Saratoga Lake, N. Y., but the intercollegiate Rowing Association in 1895 settled on the Hudson at Pough . . .*"

That was all the torn clipping contained, except that the date 1895 had been underlined in pencil. I slipped the clipping into my pocket and returned the other articles to her purse, placing it in the closet.

As I left the closet. I heard the sound of scraping from the bathroom. Immediately the sound ceased, resumed after a moment, then lapsed into complete silence. When it recommenced, I thrust the door open, knife in hand.

Rosemary Martin was hanging by her neck in the shower stall.

The body rotated slowly, and the heel of one slipper scraped gently against the side of the stall. I turned on the light and in the glare of the white tiles. I watched as she turned on the end of a leather belt. Her neck had not been broken. This point, combined with another, interested me. She had not tied her hands. It is difficult for a person to strangle himself deliberately. Even against his will, a person fights to tear free. I was sure that this point would not be overlooked by the police.

Returning to the bedroom, I observed the mussed bed, and it seemed certain that she had been strangled there, then removed to the other room. In the closet, I removed the laces from a pair of shoes and knotted them together. With this cord, I tied her hands loosely behind her back, using a knot on one of her wrists and a slipknot on the other, as a person tying it herself would be compelled to do. Carefully, I wiped away my fingerprints from both rooms with a towel. In the closet, I opened her purse again and removed five hundred dollars from it. I needed the money now, and it was evident that Rosemary Martin needed it no longer. With the post card and clipping in my pocket, the dead cigarette flushed down the drain, I looked out into the corridor. There was no one in sight. Once I was on the street I took a deep breath of the evening air.

Rosemary Martin was dead, and because she was dead it was logical that I leave Bianca's house at once.

When I told her that I was leaving, she began to cry. "Vic . . . Vic," she asked, "what will you do? Where will you go? Whoever tried to kill you before will certainly try again!"

I pointed out that I could have been killed many times over, but had not. Someone wanted me alive—at least for a while.

Then she said, "Rosemary . . . poor Rosemary . . ." I touched her shoulder, a gesture of sympathy which I thought might help her, and she stopped her crying to say, "I don't believe that she killed herself!" Then I saw her eyes begin to cloud with doubt as she looked at me, and I knew she was thinking that I might have killed Rosemary Martin. Her doubts and fears passed, and she attempted to regain her composure. "Rosemary knew something that you've forgotten. She knew you from the past . . ."

I nodded. Leaving her, I went upstairs to pack a suitcase, which I had to borrow from her. As I prepared to go she said, "But why go now?"

With my pad, I attempted to make plain that Rosemary Martin would be identified, and that very soon the police would be checking with Bianca. When they inquired about me, Bianca was to say she did not know where I was staying. This would be true.

When she had agreed to this, I asked her not to tell the police that I had called on Rosemary Martin at her hotel. I did not ask her to lie about this, because Bianca was a very poor liar. I merely told her not to volunteer the information to the police.

With my suitcase, I walked to the door. As I stepped over the threshold Bianca called to me. "Vic! If you need help . . . always call me!"

"Yes." I told her. For an instant, something about her touched my heart.

On Fourth Street there was a Spanish hotel named The Castillo, a shabby place with a linoleum-covered lobby containing a few chairs, scattered tables, and a travel agency which specialized in flying native labor back and forth—and fleecing them. An emaciated room clerk with jaundice-tinted skin spoke to me in English. I registered under the name of Harold Rocks and paid for my room in advance. The room was what I had expected, and I left my knife on the floor beside the bed when I went to sleep. About two in the morning, however, I awoke.

During my sleep, I had found the key to the name Rosemary Martin had used at the Acton-Plaza: Nell C. O'Hanstrom. Subconsciously I had worked it out, and all that remained was to write it on my pad. I put it down:

Colonel Horstman
Nell C. O'Hanstrom

If I accepted the premise that the apostrophe in O'Hanstrom represented a second letter "o," then the name Nell C. O'Hanstrom was a simple anagram for the name Colonel Horstman.

But I did not know who Horstman was. Was it possible that Rosemary Martin had been Colonel Horstman? This seemed ridiculous; the name did not belong to her . . . this I knew instinctively.

I sat, in the night, smoking cigarette after cigarette. It is in the predawn hours that facts sometimes become blown up to a new importance, inflated with despair and emotion. The connotation of the name Horstman was not an unpleasant one; I felt that at some time he had been my friend, and I was anxious to find him again to secure his help. I decided that Rosemary Martin had used his name, in an anagram, because it was a name filled with meaning and good intent for me, and I was expected to know it.

After reaching this decision, I returned to bed. My nightmare began with my sleep. When I awakened, my knife was in my hand, my body was covered with sweat, and daylight was pouring through the dirty window of my bedroom.

I had breakfast at a bar and grill in the neighborhood. As I drank the poor coffee, I examined the post card again. It remained a cheap, gaudy, lithographed scene of the New York City skyline, but I observed something which I had not noticed before. Near the top of one of the buildings, a tiny hole had been punched with a pin or needle, and it had been punched there deliberately.

Its reason seemed clear—to indicate a building where I was supposed to meet Rosemary . . . on some Tuesday, in the past, at ten o'clock in the morning. At one time both Rosemary Martin and I must have known the address well, and an indication had been sufficient for her to determine my intention. But now it was only a small colored area on the card, rearing slightly over other similar

colored areas. Taking the card, I went to the public library, but the maps of the city offered me no help, as I knew neither the name of the building nor its exact location.

The evening papers demonstrated the importance of an efficient publicity department. Rosemary Martin's body had been found at the Acton-Plaza and she had been correctly identified, although she had registered under an assumed name. It was believed that she had committed suicide. That was all, brief, short, proper.

I could only speculate on how much information the police were going to dig up . . . or how much they already had. However, I was sure that I knew the reason Rosemary Martin had been murdered. Amar, or the group with which he was working, had located the safety deposit box through the letter forwarded to me. The next step was to secure the key. As I had been searched thoroughly the night I had been taken for a ride, Amar was sure that I did not have it. He reasoned, then, that Rosemary Martin had the key. It took him a while to locate her at the Acton-Plaza, and when he did it was no longer in her possession. I had it. Furthermore, Rosemary Martin had been calculatingly murdered. Even if Amar had been convinced that she no longer possessed the key, he had a reason to believe that I couldn't use it—if Rosemary Martin was dead. So, she was dead.

Amar could be expected to call on me in the near future. In the meantime, I attempted to merge into the colorless background of the Castillo. Several nights later, I called Bianca. It was difficult to make myself understood on the phone. I repeated several times, "See . . . you?"

"You wish to see me?" she asked finally.

"Yes."

"Shall I meet you?"

"Yes."

"Where? Oh . . . let me think . . ." She finally named a small restaurant a few blocks from her house and I agreed to meet her there.

She appeared tired when she arrived. She smiled when she saw me. "How are you?" she asked. I told her I was fine. We sat down and ordered coffee.

"The police came to see me," she said. "They asked me nearly a million questions."

"Me?" I asked.

"Yes, about you, too. I told them that you worked for me for a while, then became tired of the job and left. I didn't know where you had gone."

"Thanks," I said.

"The police asked if I'd ever met a man named Howard Wainwright," she said. "When I told them that I hadn't, they asked me next if Rosemary had ever mentioned his name. She never had.

"It seems that he was a wealthy broker, near Wall Street. Rosemary was supposed to be seeing a great deal of him at one time."

She continued, "The police went to see Wainwright, but his office was closed, and he'd disappeared." Bianca opened her purse and peered into a tiny mirror. Without glancing up, she asked, "How do . . . do you have enough money to live on?"

I assured her I had enough.

She closed her purse and rose. I accompanied her to the front of the cafe but permitted her to leave by herself, in case she was being followed by the police. "Call me again, Vic," she said.

I told her I would.

After Bianca Hill had gone, I continued to turn the matter over in my mind. I sensed that there was a connection . . . Pacific, Martin, Wainwright! Merkle had been insignificant, a pawn caught out of position. But Wainwright—and suddenly I remembered the name—had been important!

It was raining and the rain was cold. I walked to the subway to catch a train to Forty-second Street and Broadway. Nearby I located the office of Panoramic Photography, Inc.

Inside, a man with a lantern jaw sat and watched patiently while I wrote out my request. "Do you have any pictures of the New York skyline?"

"Sure," he said. His name was Donlan, and his company specialized in aerial photography for maps, survey work, and other commercial projects.

Placing the colored post card on his desk, I pointed to the minute pink building in the skyline, then wrote that it was important to identify that building. Donlan examined the picture very carefully, and finally identified several buildings. "Let me see what we've got in the way of shots of this particular area," he said. He walked into the next room and returned with a thick pile of photographs. "Here's the Empire State Building. The building you're trying to identify is uptown in relation to the Empire State . . . and to the west . . . " After studying the pictures he said, "I think the building is either the Amco or the National Federated. They're separated by a distance of two blocks. That's my guess . . . and it doesn't cost you anything."

I thanked him and left the office. As it wasn't far, I walked down to Thirty-eighth and looked at the National Federated building. In the lobby, I read the directory list carefully, but failed to recognize any name. A little later, two blocks away, I studied the directory of the Amco building. When I left the Amco lobby I had something to think about. Among its most conspicuous tenants, located on the ground floor, was the First International Export Bank.

It had become increasingly obvious that I needed help to find out more about Wainwright. I had remembered that his name had been one of those listed in the apartment building where Rosemary Martin had lived formerly. An attorney, I decided, might be the best source of help. I returned to Union Square and wandered down Broadway in the direction of lower Manhattan. The first three offices I visited were closed for the day, but the fourth was open, and a short pudgy lawyer named Bozell was ruffling papers at a battered desk.

He stared at my throat constantly, which made me uncomfortable, and when I did speak a word, he seemed startled that I should do so. Finally, I stopped trying to talk at all and relied entirely on my pad. I explained that I wanted to get as much information as possible concerning Howard Wainwright and his brokerage business. Bozell agreed to do this, and it was understood that I would return to his office the following day.

The newspapers, that night, carried little additional information concerning Rosemary Martin, except a hint that an unhappy love affair might have caused her to take her own life.

By now, having become an accepted resident of the Hotel Castillo, I had little difficulty in securing any illicit comforts that I might require. There had been developing within me a pressure, a craving for something which I must have known at one time, and which, subconsciously, I was anxious to acquire again. It was not liquor or women. I remembered hashish.

At the Castillo, I slipped the room clerk a twenty-dollar bill and urged him to get me some. He said, "I can't get it for you. They don't peddle it around here." I felt a terrible rage begin to rise within me, and I leaned across the desk to stare at him. He read my anger in my face, and hastened to explain, "I can get you some sticks of marijuana, though." As marijuana is the western cousin of the eastern hashish, I agreed and went up to my room to wait for the cigarettes to be delivered.

Eventually there was a knock at the door, and when I opened it a very thin girl smiled at me. "You wanted some sticks?" she asked. I nodded. Stepping into the room and opening her purse, she removed half a dozen tightly rolled cigarettes. As she handed the cigarettes to me, her black eyes covered me without interest, and she smiled mechanically. "Would you like me to stay around a while?" she asked. I told her no. It was obvious that the desk clerk had sent her

along to earn himself an additional commission.

The girl shrugged indifferently. "Okay," she said. "Later . . . if you do, call me yourself. My name is Margarite." She gave me her number and left.

Stretching out on the bed, I lit a cigarette, dragging the smoke deep into my lungs, holding it until it had been filtered into my blood. And it came to me that in the past I had done this many times. As the drug began to take effect, I felt my indifference vanish and I regretted this result; it seemed to me better to feel nothing, to lose nothing, than to feel emotions again intensely.

Imperceptibly, my mind began to tighten, drawing taut as if by a garrote of the thin gray smoke. I thought of Amar, lucidly, with a refreshing, cool hatred stinging my senses.

In the morning I returned to see Bozell. "I have a few facts for you," he told me. "They were rather difficult to gather." He rubbed the middle nail of his left hand, thoughtfully. "I had to give the impression that I was representing a creditor with possible action against Wainwright and his company," he continued.

I sat on the chair and waited.

Bozell said, "As you know, his name is Howard K. Wainwright. He was head of his own small company, and was not a member of the Board of Exchange. Wainwright claimed to be only an investment counselor. No one seemed to know who his clients were. No client has come forward to press a claim against him since his disappearance. His office is small, but located on Wall Street; he had a girl secretary, a foreign one, working for him. She was the only staff he had. Sara something or other. He lived on Sixty-third Street . . . just off Fifth Avenue."

Bozell gave me the address, and it was the same building where Rosemary Martin had once lived.

Bozell explained that the authorities were looking for Wainwright to question him regarding the death of a woman he had once known. He had been gone for at least six months.

"What about his apartment and his office?"

"His rent is paid by an annual check."

I let Bozell know that I'd contact him if there was any additional information I needed and returned to my hotel. There I had another smoke and attempted to evaluate the situation. It was probable that Wainwright had been killed. It was more than a coincidence that he and Rosemary Martin had lived in the same building. I wanted to look around Wainwright's apartment, although, undoubtedly, the police had already searched his premises, and it was possible that they might have it under guard still.

However, with Wainwright absent for a number of months, it seemed reasonable that the police would make no more than an occasional check-up on his apartment and not maintain a twenty-four-hour watch as a matter of routine. I decided that I would wait until very late and then visit Wainwright's place.

At two o'clock in the morning, Sixty-third Street seemed to be deserted. In the lobby of the apartment building, I found out that Wainwright's apartment was number 3-A. Again carefully checking the other names, I could discover nothing which might be connected with Rosemary Martin—or O'Hanstrom.

There were only two apartments on the third floor, 3-A in the front and 3-B in the rear. Using my Lock-Aid, I opened Wainwright's door. I pulled on a pair of gloves, turned the knob, and walked in. I stood for a moment, listening, but I could detect no signs of life. Closing the Venetian blinds, I placed the lamp on the floor and piled several pillows on it to dim the light, so it could not be detected from the street.

The apartment consisted of several rooms, one of which had been equipped as a small office. As soon as I opened a file, I realized that someone had searched the place before me.

The desk disclosed little. One drawer was filled with unused stationery printed with "Howard Wainwright, Investment Counselor." Before closing the drawer, I riffled the stack of stationery and a memo page dropped out. On it had been typed the notation:

Mecca. Al Suweika. Sept. 2241
Oct. 4333
Nov. 8781

There was nothing more to be found in the desk. The rest of the room, too, had been cleaned out.

In the bedroom I opened each of the four drawers of the dresser and found them empty, except for one thing: the scent of sandalwood!

The memory of the night when I had searched Rosemary Martin's room at Bianca's house returned; the same odor of sandalwood had clung to her dresser. At one time she must have been living here in Wainwright's apartment. Yet, after all the months, why had the scent of sandalwood not disappeared, or why had Wainwright not put his own possessions in the dresser?

I remembered that when Rosemary Martin had moved, she had told Bianca that she had clothes in storage. Undoubtedly she had been referring to the clothes she had left here in Wainwright's apartment, and had returned to pick them up. Wainwright had been gone for months. Had Rosemary Martin known where?

Pondering this question, I stepped into the darkened living room. Immediately I felt the snout of a revolver in my back, and a voice said, "Sir, the waiting was not in vain. I am a patient man, and patience is repaid. *Khlas.*"

Khlas: "the end." A hand dipped cautiously into my pockets and threw their contents on the floor. "The key, if you please," the voice said after it was obvious I had no key in my possession.

I felt the revolver move slightly away from my body. Quickly I stepped back against the barrel of the revolver, turning it aside, while my knife jumped into my hand from the sleeve of my jacket. Thrusting over my shoulder I plunged the blade into the arm behind me. The revolver fell to the floor.

I pivoted and held the point of the knife against the man's stomach. I motioned to him to turn around. He was short, very slender, a man of middle age with intense black eyes and heavy dark hair, dressed in loose-fitting American clothes. I hit him over the ear with the revolver. He dropped to the floor and lay without moving. I emptied his pockets and, gathering up my own possessions. I left the apartment.

Hurrying back to the Castillo, I packed my suitcase and carried it outside. Without money, the man would be unable to follow me without a delay. I rode back uptown in a cab and passed a desolate-appearing hotel on Broadway. It was called the Arena and would do as well as any other.

In my new room I spread out the contents of the man's pockets. There was a short letter addressed to Amar Al-Kariff which reported the sailing of a vessel some two weeks before to a port in Africa. The letterhead was "The Tajir Transportation Company," with offices in Damascus, Mecca, and Cairo. It was typewritten and in English. The Arabic word *tajir* means wholesale-import-export merchants.

In the billfold were Amar's driver's license, which listed his address as a Y.M.C.A.—an amusing piece of fiction—some business cards bearing his name and that of the Tajir Transportation Company, and ninety-one dollars.

I put the money in my pocket, tore up the letter and cards, and threw the billfold into an air shaft.

The morning brought me a new activity. I phoned Bianca and asked her to meet me at the Amco Building. Then I took out the memo slip which I had received from Swan at his bank, with the heading:

. . . from the desk of
G. K. SWAN, vice-pres.
Merchants & Chemists Exchange Bank

On it, Swan had jotted in pencil the

address of *The New Amsterdam Safety Box News.* I erased his writing and with a pen wrote: "This will introduce Mr. Victor Pacific, one of our depositors who, recently, has been ill. Any information you can give him will be appreciated."

I signed it C. K. Swan—with a flourish.

At the Amco Building, I found Bianca already waiting. I told her my plan, as it had been impossible for me even to attempt an explanation over the phone. Entering the First International Export Bank, we went to the desk of Mr. Jackson, one of the vice-presidents. I handed him the memo from Swan and he read it, answering courteously that he would do what he could.

Bianca smiled. "I'm Mr. Pacific's nurse. It's difficult for him to speak, so with your permission, I'll speak for him. Mr. Pacific, before his illness, was in the importing business. However, because of his accident, he has suffered a partial loss of memory and can't remember all the details of his business."

She gently shook her head and smiled slightly, pretending to hide the gesture from me. "It's possible Mr. Pacific put his files away—suddenly—just before his sickness."

"Oh." Jackson shifted his eyes to me, then back to Bianca. "Well, I'll help you if I can. What do you want to know?"

Bianca told him.

Jackson requested the information from the bookkeeping department. He held the phone for a few moments before turning back to Bianca. "There's an account here in the name of Nell C. O'Hanstrom," he told her. "Nothing for Pacific."

I printed on my pad, "How about Tajir Transportation Company, and a man named Horstman?" Jackson shrugged, and again spoke into his phone. After a wait, he said, "There's an account for the Tajir Transportation Company, but there is no record of a Horstman. These accounts seem to have no connection with Mr. Pacific." But I wasn't satisfied. I scribbled another request. "Is there any objection to our asking some questions in your safety deposit department?"

"None at all," Jackson assured us.

Downstairs we were told that Nell C. O'Hanstrom had a safety deposit box, but there was none for Horstman, Pacific, or the Tajir Transportation Company.

Bianca Hill asked the officer in charge a question, a good one, which had escaped me. "Did Miss O'Hanstrom authorize anyone else to open the safety deposit box?"

The officer examined his records. Yes, a Howard K. Wainwright had been issued a key.

On the street again, I wrote a question for Bianca on my pad. Did she have any samples of Rosemary's handwriting?

She replied that she might have a few notes that Rosemary had left behind. I asked her to send them to me in care of general delivery, the third zone. She promised to do so immediately.

I now knew that Rosemary Martin and Wainwright had held a joint safety deposit box. I was equally sure that somewhere in New York I had held one of my own; there was the reply to *The New Amsterdam Safety Box News* ad to support this conviction. And suddenly I realized that Amar had not found that reply in Merkle's apartment. The night we met in Wainwright's apartment, Amar had been looking for Rosemary Martin's key, the duplicate of Wainwright's, and not for the key belonging to me, Victor Pacific. There was time, I decided, to trace down my own safety deposit box later. First I must examine the O'Hanstrom box.

Bianca kept her word and sent me two short notes which Rosemary Martin had written her. I had photostatic copies made, and, cutting out individual letters, combined them to form the words "Nell" and "Hanstrom." I lacked the middle initial "C" and the prefix "O'."

I decided not to try forging the middle initial, as I had nothing to follow; I could not drop the "O'," however, and this caused me some difficulty. Finally I had a specimen of the name.

Because Bianca had been to the bank with me, she could not return as Rosemary Martin. Yet I needed help. I knew no one except Margarite, the girl who had brought me the marijuana at the Castillo. I did not trust her, but I felt that her temporary loyalty could be purchased. And because of her own activities, she would hesitate to turn to the police. She had given me her phone number, and I asked a bellboy at the Arena to call her.

Margarite knocked and walked into the room. "You wanted to see me," she said, lounging indolently in a chair. I looked her over carefully: clothes too tight and too gaudy, heavy make-up, a brazen, defiant air. She looked not at all like Rosemary Martin. But I had no alternative. I could only hope that Rosemary Martin's appearance might not be remembered at the bank.

I explained to Margarite that I wanted her to forge a signature and that she must learn to sign it quickly and easily in public in order to gain access to a certain safety deposit box. I told her that the box had belonged to my wife and contained important papers which I needed badly. There was no other way to get them.

"How much is it worth to you?" she asked warily.

I said it was worth a hundred dollars.

"All I got to do is go down to the bank with you and sign a card?"

Yes, I nodded. She hesitated, frowning.

"And there's no chance jamming up against the cops?"

No chance.

Although she had agreed reluctantly, once she gave her consent she entered into the scheme heartily. I gave her the paper on which I had carefully copied the compiled signature of Nell O'Hanstrom, and she promised to practice it.

After she had gone, I examined the items I had collected from Rosemary's past, among them the clipping concerning the early collegiate rowing races. The date 1895 was important, evidently; the number might be a reminder of something. I decided it might be an excellent reminder for a safety deposit box. It would be necessary for Margarite to give the bank attendant a number for the safety box; she could use 1-8-9-5, and if it was wrong, she could pretend she had forgotten.

When Margarite returned the next day, I handed her a sheet of paper and she wrote the name.

"How's that?" she asked.

I shook my head, and wrote, "You must do better."

"All right," she said petulantly. "When do you want to go to the bank?"

Tomorrow, I told her. I explained to her how I wanted her to dress.

When we appeared at the bank, Margarite looked almost like a lady. I had insisted that she remove most of her make-up. She wore a plain casual coat and medium pumps; her hair was groomed, glistening, beneath a small hat. We had rehearsed the procedure to be followed at the bank.

We walked down to the lower level, and outside the grilled door I pressed the electric bell. For this trip, I had purchased a pair of glasses, with plain lens, and a hat which I wore solidly on my head. I hoped that no one would recognize me from my previous visit. No one did. The attendant who had talked to Bianca Hill was occupied with another client. To another attendant Margarite said firmly, "I want to get into box 1-8-9-5."

The attendant gave her a card and a pen. "Please sign here," he said.

Casually, Margarite scrawled the signature of Nell O'Hanstrom, and handed the card, together with the key, to the attendant. He stepped over to a file case and checked the signature. For a moment he hesitated, and I could feel myself tense. Then he asked Margarite, "What is your middle initial?"

"C," she replied.

"Thank you." He motioned us to follow him within the heavy round door to get the safety deposit box, then led us into a corridor which had a number of private rooms opening off it. He placed the box

on a desk in one of the rooms and left. I could hear the door lock behind him.

"Here we are," said Margarite.

"Yes." I handed her a hundred dollars and motioned for her to stand in the far corner of the room, facing the wall. When she had done this, I opened the box, shielding it with my body.

Inside was a stack of thousand-dollar United States Government bills. Ten of them—a hundred thousand dollars. In a Manila envelope was a series of Bankers' Acceptances varying in amount from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars. They were made out to Howard K. Wainwright and were good for credit in any bank in the world. These acceptances were issued by several banks, for a total of nine hundred thousand dollars. As issued, the acceptances would not show up in the books of any bank as an account. I put them in my pocket.

Margarite returned the box to the attendant and we left the bank. "Well, honey," Margarite asked me, "did you get what you wanted?"

I didn't know. I now had a million dollars which had belonged to Wainwright, but to cash such bills a person must be known at a bank.

"It must have been awful important," Margarite continued. I didn't reply, but walked faster, and she hurried to keep step with me. She said, "If it was really so important, a hundred dollars isn't much money. Maybe you could give me a little more . . ." Her voice carried a professional whine.

We were passing a subway entrance. I stopped and drew her to one side, so we were concealed by the covered doorway. I reached in my pocket and withdrew a twenty-dollar bill. Margarite looked at the bill, then slowly turned her eyes to see the hilt of my knife nestled in my other palm. She trembled and drew the coat closely around herself. There was no need to say anything; she understood. There would be no blackmail. Taking the twenty dollars, she ran down the steps of the subway and disappeared.

Back at the Arena Hotel, the phone rang, which surprised me. I picked up the receiver and said, "Yes?"

"Hello, Pacific?" It was Santini's voice. "I'm down in the lobby, and I'm coming up to see you. Don't try to run!"

I had no intention of running. I replied "Yes," and hung up the phone. Within a few minutes, I heard the elevator door slam, and his footsteps approached my door. I opened it.

Detective Santini came in and sat down on the bed without removing his hat or coat. "Nice place you got here," he said. "Mind if I look around?"

"Yes." On my pad I wrote rapidly, "Do you have a warrant?"

Santini read it and smiled. "A warrant between two old friends?"

I nodded and wrote, "That's exactly what I mean!"

Santini rose to his feet; I stood facing him. We were less than two feet apart and I had no fear of the man. Before he could reach for his gun, my knife would be in him. After a pause, he shrugged and reseated himself on the bed. "All right," he said steadily. "I can always come back if I got to."

I nodded, but I remained standing within arm's reach of him.

"I got the idea you're not a very nice operator. Take a little, inoffensive guy who shares a hospital room with you. Somebody knocks off the side of his head. Or let's take that dame who lived down at the Hill woman's when you were working there. Did you know she was strangled, and after she was dead, somebody hung her up in a shower stall by her neck?"

"Pa-pers . . ." I told him.

"Yeah," he agreed, "there was something about it in the papers. I guess somebody didn't like that Martin dame very well. Did you like her, Pacific?"

"Yes."

"There were no fingerprints in her room, but we discovered this Martin dame had a boy friend, a rich guy named Wainwright. Wainwright's missing, been gone for months. We go up to take a look around Wainwright's apartment, and do you know what we find?"

I shook my head.

"This time we find plenty of fingerprints, and some of them belong to Victor Pacific." Santini leaned forward and searched my face. "Maybe you were a friend of Wainwright's, too, huh?"

On my pad I wrote, "I don't know Wainwright!"

Santini nodded. "Keep it up. Doc Minor is fooled by your act; I'm not." He walked to the door. "Don't try to take a powder on me, Pacific. I can always find you again." He stepped out into the hall and was gone.

After a while I phoned for a bell hop. I wrote on my pad that I wanted him to go to the drugstore and buy me a plastic bag and a roll of waterproof tape. When he returned I took the materials and locked my door.

In the bag I placed all the bills except one, the acceptances which I had taken from the safety deposit box, and the key, gun and papers which I had got from Rosemary Martin and Amar. I sealed the bag carefully with tape. Outside my window were two rusty hooks which had been used for the safety belts of window cleaners. On one I hung the bag, tying it securely; then I closed the window. No one would see it hanging high and colorless against the wall, and if Santini should return to search my room, he would not find the bag.

The building on Wall Street was tall and very narrow. The lobby stretched along one side of the building—a marbled alley—to the two elevators. On the directory board I located Wainwright's office; it was on the eleventh floor. When an elevator arrived, I stepped into it . . . and waited for the greeting I expected. The operator, an elderly man, said, "Mr. Wainwright! You're back."

"Yes." In the enclosure of the elevator, my voice sounded extraordinarily guttural and harsh.

The old man seemed to take no notice of my reticence. "You been gone quite a while. Have a good trip?"

"No. Sick," I told him.

On the eleventh floor, I found the office at the rear of the building. I had no key, but I did have my Lock-Aid. I had no recollection of ever having seen the office, but, as Howard Wainwright, I must have spent a lot of time here in the past.

It did not take me long to discover that all the important books, ledgers, and correspondence had been removed. Sitting down behind my desk, I tried to recapture some memory from the past. I wondered whether Horstman had ever come to this office.

On one side of the room, there was a tall mahogany bookcase containing many titles—among them a matched four-volume set entitled *Rommel's War in The Desert*, by General G. K. Henry. Leafing through, I found a detailed history of Rommel's campaigns, together with topographical maps. The presence of the books in my office could only be explained by a personal interest in them.

I left the office, closing the door but not locking it. When the elevator reached the street level, the operator detained me as I prepared to step out. "Just a minute, Mr. Wainwright," he said. "I happened to think of something. Your secretary was anxious for me to give you this whenever you came back." He reached a thin hand up to the mirror in the elevator and removed an envelope.

"Thanks." I handed him a bill.

On the street, I opened the envelope and withdrew a sheet of paper. The message read, "If you get this, call me at once. J." After the initial was a telephone number.

I had no recollection of J. Evidently she had been my secretary, and I wanted to see her. I made another visit to Bozell's office. Patiently, I wrote out the information I wanted him to relay over the phone. Then he dialed the number. My former secretary seemed worried about the call.

"How do I know this isn't a trick?" she asked, after a pause.

"Trick?" Bozell seemed puzzled. "I'm an attorney," he repeated. "My name is Bozell . . . Frank M. Bozell . . . and I'm listed in the telephone book. Look me up, and call me back at the number listed." The girl followed this suggestion. She agreed to meet me on the corner of Fifty-seventh and Fifth Avenue at five o'clock that afternoon. I was to be standing by the curb in front of Tiffany's.

About ten minutes past five, I felt a hand touch my arm. Turning, I looked down at a slender girl with black eyes and hair bleached to silver gilt. "Mr. Wainwright," she said softly, "it is you after all." I nodded.

She glanced around anxiously and said, "You have been followed, no?"

I didn't know. However, there was nothing to be gained by standing on the corner, so we walked down Fifty-seventh Street until we came to an antique gallery. Entering it, we pretended to examine a cabinet filled with objets d'art.

With my pad, I explained to her that I didn't remember anything at all, not even her name. She regarded me for a moment, then said, "My name is Juahara."

I urged her to tell me everything she could and this she did. One morning I failed to appear, and after calling my apartment and receiving no answer, she began to be concerned. She next discovered that the check and bank books, ledgers, and other confidential business papers had been removed. At first, she had intended to call the police, but then she had decided that I would not have wanted that.

"Why?" I asked.

She looked away from me. "The police, too much might discover."

"What?"

"Truth."

She continued with her story. That night, leaving the office, she had returned to her apartment to find two men awaiting her—Amar and a great black man named Ghazi. "They asked me many questions to which I could give no answer," she said, and rolled up her sleeve. I looked at the scars. "They threatened to kill me if I reported their visit," she added, "so I ran away and hid."

Why had she taken the risk of meeting me again?

"Because," she explained simply, "I need money. I want to go far away. My hair, its color I change; I hide. I hope you will give me money."

Outside, the five o'clock traffic rush had subsided and it was now possible to find a taxi. We took one back to the Arena Hotel. There in my room, the Arabian girl continued her story.

She had come to the United States as a student. Then, not wishing to return to her own country, she had taken a job with me, translating and writing letters to Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, Egypt, and Saudi Arabia. "About provisions . . . animals," she explained. "Always quantities of such things to Mecca . . .to Al-Suweika market in Mecca."

"What was wrong with that?"

"Nothing. Merchandise goes on dhows through Red Sea. Many times whole cargo lost because of British gunboats." She turned her eyes away. "Gunboats never sink dhows, but merchandise lost anyway."

That meant something was being smuggled. Drugs?

"No drugs," Juahara replied. "I swear by God I do not really know. It is not my business." She rose. "Now I go."

I wanted to detain her. What about the provisions . . . and animals?

Juahara looked at me strangely. "In the world, there are many strange things . . . could not animals be made of metal?" She clutched her hands desperately. "Wainwright, Khawaja, I have been afraid to work for a long time. Perhaps . . . your generosity . . . will give to me money to go away?"

I told her I would give her the money, and then I asked her where I had done my usual banking. She named a bank near the office on Wall Street. I told her to return to the hotel around noon the next day for her funds.

The bank presented no problem of identification. It was the National Security & Trust, and I had maintained my company account there. There was a modest balance. Cashing the bill, I deposited eight thousand in the account, took one thousand dollars in a single bill, and the balance in twenties and fifties. While I was at the bank, I made inquiries concerning safety deposit boxes in the names of Pacific, Wainwright, and O'Hanstrom. There was no box under any of the three names.

Juahara returned the next day, and I gave her five hundred dollars. It was not generosity; I was anxious to have her out of the way. She could be a dangerous witness if Santini found her. After accepting the money, Juahara thanked me and prepared to leave. I asked her again if there was anything more she could tell me.

Her black eyes regarded me impassively beneath her garish silver gilt hair. I thought I detected in their expression a fleeting moment of sympathy . . . and then it was gone. She shook her head. "It is strange," she spoke slowly, as if recalling thoughts she had long considered, "that around some men violence is carried like a cloak. I did not believe you were dead . . . even after Amar and Ghazi, the Sudanese, to me swore that you were. I did not protect you because of friendship—for you were not my friend—but because, so long as I denied them what they asked, there was a chance . . . through God's grace . . . that I might live."

What was the information they wanted?

"Did you hold strong boxes of hidden safety?"

That was all?

"Not all. They asked of a woman named Rosemary Martin. And of keys. But always they would ask again of banks where you kept money."

Had a man named Colonel Horstman ever called on me at my office?

Juahara was becoming impatient; she walked to the door. "Him I never met. Sometimes a letter would come addressed to you and another sealed envelope within with the name Hans Horstman. You would tell me you would give it to him."

She turned the doorknob. "Goodbye. Wainwright Khawaja," she said. "Often I have remembered, when I was a small girl, stories of what happens at the market of Al-Suweika in Mecca . . ." The door closed behind her.

I left the hotel and went again to the office of Howard Wainwright. This time I searched the office very carefully, looking for a lead to Horstman, but without success. The door opened and Santini walked in. "I'll help you," he said.

At the bookcase, I removed the four volumes of *Rommel's War in the Desert* and carried them over to the desk. Santini picked up one volume and thumbed through it carelessly. "Reminds you of old times, huh, Pacific?"

I shrugged.

He sat in a leather chair and lit a cigarette. "I promised to look you up again," he said.

I wrote on my pad, "One must have a good memory to be able to keep the promises one makes." It was a quotation from Nietzsche.

Santini said casually, "I wondered how long it'd take you to conveniently remember you were Wainwright."

It had been Santini, himself, who had tipped me off to this fact when he told me that Wainwright's apartment had been covered with my fingerprints. The night I had broken into the place, and been intercepted by Amar, I had been careful to wear gloves.

"I still can't figure out your racket," Santini continued. "This wasn't a bucket

shop or anything like that. You interest me, Pacific-Wainwright, and I've been working along on you. I got an idea I'm not going to have to nail you with a technicality."

He stood and indifferently touched the four stacked books. "Pleasant reading," he said quietly, walking out without looking back.

Carrying the books under my arm, I took a cab up Broadway to ask Bozell if he knew anyone with contacts in Saudi Arabia. He agreed to call another attorney who had handled a legal case for Maxwell Claussen, a former foreign correspondent, and try to arrange for me to see the newspaper man. I gave him my address. "I'll phone you as soon as I can arrange something," Bozell told me.

I remained in my room at the Arena reading the books by General Henry. I read the description of the Afrika Korps' retreat, studying the detailed maps and marking with increasing excitement the routes of Rommel's withdrawal.

Late that night, lying in bed, I had a smoke and went to sleep. The old, familiar nightmare began again. But now it seemed that the faces were beginning to approach the light and that I could nearly identify them while I waited to hear a voice. The voice, I knew, would sweep away the veil of terror. The scene hung suspended in time, revolving slowly.

I was awakened in the morning by the phone. It was Bozell, calling to tell me that he had arranged for me to meet Maxwell Claussen at the International Press Club.

I met Claussen at twelve o'clock. After ordering drinks, he said, "I understand you're interested in Saudi Arabia."

I nodded and wrote a question.

"Yes," Claussen replied. "In Saudi Arabia about 15 per cent of the population are slaves. About ten thousand slaves a month are run through the Red Sea past the British gunboats and dropped in Arabia near the Asudi Desert. The main route to Mecca, which is the chief slave market, is through Yeman."

In reply to my next question, he explained, "The British can't stop the running because before their ships can overhaul the slave boats, the slaves are tossed overboard in irons and drowned.

"Why . . . slaves . . . now?" I asked.

"Well, Saudi Arabia and a few of the other Arab states have made millions through their oil. The countries are underdeveloped and they need slaves for construction work and for the coffee and sugar plantations. The biggest market is Al-Suweika, in Mecca. The largest slave market for women is in Jidda."

To my next question Claussen said, "Certainly, all this is well known. It's on an international scale, too."

"Thanks," I told him, and we finished our drinks.

I decided to move back into Wainwright's apartment. I had sufficient funds, and there was no reason to remain out of sight now. Santini had found me, and I knew that eventually Amar would find me, too.

I removed the contents of the plastic bag and packed them, together with my clothes, in the suitcase. At the Midtown Moving and Storage Company I put the suitcase in storage, using the name of P. Victor.

For two days I lived quietly in the Wainwright apartment, not leaving except for meals. Although I had a fortune in Wainwright's bankers' acceptances, I could not cash them in another town or country without good identification. Only here in New York could I prove that identity.

I now understood part of my past. Undoubtedly, I had been acting as banker and investor for the Eastern syndicate represented by the Tajir Transportation Company. The profits from this company were smuggled into the United States for re-investment as a protection against political changes in the East. Tajir dealt in the slave traffic. But on what was based the company's original capital?

In his retreat Rommel had cached guns, ammunition, half trucks and remnants of his arsenal under the sands of the desert. This was the basis for the slave trading. Moslem peoples all over North Africa needed arms for their insurrections, and were willing to trade slaves for guns. Someone . . . at one time closely connected with Rommel . . . knew where the arms caches were, and had organized a vast and lucrative business built on that knowledge. He had lieutenants in strategic spots around the world. I had been one of them; Horstman, undoubtedly, had been another.

Part of their funds had been channeled through me, and I had been robbing them. I felt no guilt about it; a thief may with good conscience rob other thieves. I was sorry only that I had not been more clever.

Rosemary had helped me set up false accounts, and had been paid with a percentage. My attempted murder had been intended to frighten her into closing out the accounts, but she had been unable to convert the bankers' acceptances into cash, and she had frozen into inaction. Amar and the syndicate had waited too long. I had recovered and Rosemary Martin had returned the key to me.

This theory I worked out slowly, over a period of several days. It seemed to me that the syndicate and I had reached a stalemate. I had the money, but if I was killed, it could not be recovered. There was no reason why we couldn't reach a compromise.

Amar appeared the third evening. He stood quietly at the door, his hand in his pocket holding a revolver. I stepped aside and he edged past me, into the living room, where he crossed to the far side. "You were expecting me, of course."

"Yes."

He regarded me intently. "You are sure of yourself."

I shrugged. Finally he said, "You have caused concern. El Saiyid made a trip especially to see you . . . an honor not often conferred."

I thought, *El Saiyid*—in Arabic, the principal tribal sheik. I was not sure whether Amar meant the title literally or was using it colloquially to mean "the boss."

"He has arranged a meeting for tomorrow night. Eleven o'clock at the office."

"Where?"

Amar regarded me impatiently. "Tajir."

"No! Here."

Amar smiled unpleasantly. "It was anticipated," he said, "that you might not approve of the place of meeting. So El Saiyid has arranged an inducement for you. Miss Bianca Hill will be waiting. By then she will be greatly comforted to have you appear."

"Bi-anca?"

"Yes. In case you doubt El Saiyid's generosity, Miss Hill will be in front of the office. When you appear, she will be released." He slipped through the door and was gone.

Immediately, I dialed Bianca's number. No one answered.

I would be a fool to invite disaster because of her, I decided. I told myself that it was too bad, but that I would not meet their terms. I must bring El Saiyid to my apartment where, on my own ground, I would be safe.

But that night I could not sleep. I kept thinking of Bianca Hill. These memories, I told myself, were sentimental. Only two things mattered: my own safety, and retaining as much of the money as I could bargain for. The rest was not important.

Still, I could not erase my memories of her. She was in danger because she had been loyal to me. Sleep was a long time coming.

I alighted from the cab near Markham Street and slowly walked the last block toward the offices of the Tajir Transportation Company. The street was paved with stone blocks, and an occasional truck rumbled heavily in the semidarkness of the poorly lighted streets.

For a minute I stood concealed by one of the pillars of the overhead highway, while I watched the car parked

before the Tajir building. In the distance, a clock struck eleven. I stepped away from the pillar and walked toward the auto. Amar watched me approach. "You are prompt," he said. His hand moved to the door of the automobile and when he opened it, two men stepped out. Reaching behind them, they guided a blindfolded woman. "Bi-anca?" I asked.

"Vic!" she said. "Oh . . . Vic! Let me take this blindfold off."

"No!" I took her arm and moved slowly down the street. If she removed her blindfold her life would be in danger forever. Amar and his two men fell in silently behind me.

"Vic," Bianca asked, holding my arm as she stumbled in the darkness, "are you all right?"

"Yes," I told her.

I patted her hand, as we turned the corner. The cab was still waiting where I had left it. I helped Bianca into the taxi and removed her blindfold. The three men stood apart, faint silhouettes in the night. "Home," I told her.

Bianca nodded. I could see her eyes wide with fear. "Will you come over later?"

"Yes," I said. She leaned forward and kissed me. Then I closed the door of the cab, and it drove away.

Amar stepped quietly to my side, with the other two men behind him. We turned, retracing our steps to the Tajir building. The rhythm of our strides met, fused and became one sound along the dark deserted street. After moments of silence, Amar said softly, "There are many things in this life, which it is not given to understand. That woman is worth five million dollars to you?"

Calmly I walked beside him, only half hearing his words. I was filled with a composure I had never known before. In the world out of which I had come there must have been many things that money could buy—including women, and luxury, and power. And now I was about to exchange all these things for the safety of a woman I didn't love. Bianca Hill represented a world I had never known. I had accepted the gifts she offered, taken them, used them without pleasure because I had not known their worth. Her love and compassion had enabled me, for the first time, to see into another world as she saw and believed. It was a world of men and women, and not phantoms; a world of deep sleep and pleasant dreams, not nightmares; a world where words have meaning and a man need not live in the waste spaces of his desolate spirit.

Beside me, Amar spoke again, shaking his head in wonderment. "Five million dollars!" he said. It was then that the implication of his statement burst over me, washing me in fear. I had a million dollars in Wainwright's name. Somewhere, then, I must have four million more . . . Tajir's money converted first to Wainwright, and then reconverted to Pacific! I had concealed it carefully—too carefully—behind names and words and places.

We turned into the building. Inside it was dark, and the dampness of the waterfront wrapped a shroud of cold sweat around the metal stairway as we climbed to the second floor. A terrible dryness spread in my throat, making it impossible to swallow. Because now it is too late . . . I can't make a deal on Wainwright's money alone. This is big, too big.

I have one chance . . . Horstman! If Horstman is at the meeting there is hope. Undoubtedly we have much between us . . . know it . . . I've always known it. Horstman is a friend of mine! A man I can trust! If he's there, Horstman may be able to make the council see that I don't remember where the money is concealed. If I'm dead . . . I can never remember it! I'll return all of Wainwright's holdings without argument. I'll do it! Horstman, I pray, be there! Please! Help me!

And here is the door. Amar is opening it politely, too politely. I know what I'll see . . . I've seen it all too often before in my nightmare.

But this is no nightmare. My mind is numb and I can't think . . . because this is no dream from which I'll awaken. Yes, there is the desk, way down the length of the room. And the bulb, I remember, it hangs from a cord and throws its light on the desk. The darkness is gathering together, to materialize into the forms of the council. First . . . yes, here he comes . . . big, black as Satan, with his white porcelain eyes. Ghazi! In his hand—it flashes—the short scimitar. Turn your head, Ghazi, and wait a moment more . . .

Yes, El Saiyid . . . step forward to pronounce it. I had forgotten you were tall, and growing old. Your face is lined with the bitter running of the years across your cheeks, and the ten times ten thousand lives you have stolen and wrecked and destroyed. You have sold the human spirit by the pound, and turned human dignity into furry shapes.

El Saiyid, your mocking bow is not lost. And now, of course, tell me—tell me in our own German. We're blood brothers, you and I . . . but I spit the blood back in your face. It will run from your lips for a long time, because . . . this is the longest minute of my life.

Santini finished his report and took it into the small office of Lieutenant Scott, head of detectives in the Eighth Precinct. Santini placed the report on the desk and said, "Well, now all I got to do is start in all over again to find out who did it."

"It's the same man all right?" asked Scott.

"Sure," replied Santini. "The first time I saw him, about a year ago, he was in the hospital with his throat cut, but he recovered. I just got through looking at him again, this time in the morgue . . . and he's not going to get well from this one."

"Who was he?" Scott leaned back in his chair.

"He was an alien who entered this country illegally, a German officer with Rommel. His name was Hans Horstman, alias Victor Pacific, alias Howard Wainwright. He was no good—never gave anybody a break in his life.

During the war, the real Pacific was killed, Horstman was wounded and exchanged identity papers with Pacific. He was hospitalized in the field in Africa, sent to England to recover, and then discharged in the United States."

"What about the Army identification of Pacific's prints?" asked Scott. "What made you doubt the Army records in the first place?"

"I kept asking myself," replied Santini, "why this so-called Victor Pacific would completely disappear after the war? He made no effort to cash in on any benefits, and he lived for fifteen years without leaving a trace. So this guy Pacific had to have one of two motives—either he'd been in trouble or he wasn't Pacific."

"He hadn't been in trouble?" asked Scott.

"No. No record at all. So then I figured something had happened about the identification. I decided that if Pacific had been wounded, he might've been killed, too. During the war, with three million sets of prints going through, this guy's identification prints were taken in the field and forwarded to Washington. The prints were put on the original Pacific's record, but weren't checked back against his induction prints . . ."

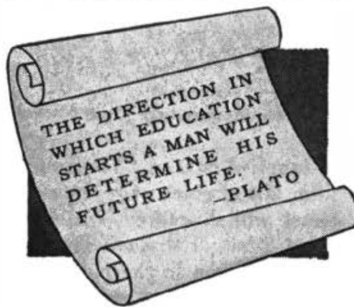
"What'd the Army say?"

"They checked up at my request and admitted right away they'd goofed. Mathematically speaking, they had to make a mistake once in a while . . . the human element was too strong. They used the new set of I.D. prints instead of the original, thinking they were the same," said Santini. "Then when the two sets weren't the same, the Army checked the German files and found them."

"Anything else?"

"No," said Santini, turning to leave. "It's a funny thing . . . this woman who first found him, Bianca Hill, she's taking it pretty tough . . . But," he added, shaking his head as he stepped from the office, "who the hell can understand a woman?"

THE END



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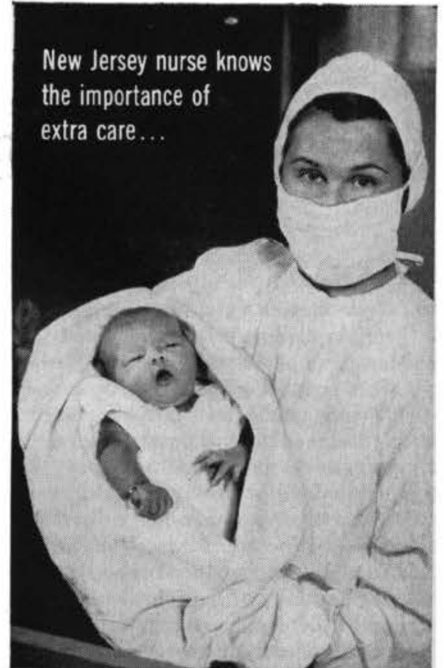

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The Last Word

MALE CALL

Bard, New Mexico: My heart bleeds for the poor American Male as depicted in the May issue of COSMOPOLITAN. "He is losing his rightful place as head of the house," one article states. Who placed him at the head of the house, anyway? In regard to the myth about hen-pecked men: fiddle-faddle! I do not subscribe to the idea that it is all our fault that husbands die before wives. The Lord made us of more rugged stuff so we could stand the brutality of man, bear his children, and still have the strength to coddle him as his dear little ego demands. (Please use initials if you print this letter to prevent reprisals from the males in my life.) —P. L. B. C.

BLOOPER

Los Angeles, California: The swimsuit credited to Coletex on page 70 of your April issue is in reality a Caltex of California swimsuit. The price of the suit is not $19.95 but $25.00.

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VICE-PRES., CALTEX

Lionel Wiggam

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—MRS. JOEL PITTAWAY

FASCINATING INSTINCT

Oak Lawn, Rhode Island: Re: your article on "The Fascinators" in the May issue of Cosmopolitan. Fewer than half of them would get a second thought from some of us. You have forgotten one of the most important characteristics of woman: the mother instinct. Ask any woman; she'll tell you. The shy and self-effacing male is, to a woman, the most fascinating and lovable of men.

—MRS. LILLIAN MALMBORG

We included Liberace.

—The Editors

BRYNNER BUFF

Amityville, New York: Your splendid article on Yul Brynner in the May issue makes fascinating reading. As a loyal fan of this dynamic actor, I constantly scan magazines for write-ups on him; however, I've found most of the articles about him amazingly similar in form and content. By contrast, it was very refreshing to get a new approach to Yul Brynner as seen through the eyes of Jon Whitcomb. —MRS. DOROTHY MURPHY

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Let's Have a

CHICK-N-QUE

with Barbecued Broilers...

CHICK-N-QUE MENU

CHICKEN BARBECUED
CRANBERRY SAUCE
CHEF'S SALAD
POTATOES BAKED IN REYNOLDS WRAP
COCA-COLA

CHICK-N-QUE SAUCE

½ cup Mazola Oil
¾ cup lemon juice or cider vinegar
¼ cup water
1⅓ tablespoons salt
3 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons Tabasco Sauce

TO PREPARE SAUCE:
Measure Mazola Oil, lemon juice or vinegar, water, salt, sugar and Tabasco into saucepan. Heat to boiling. Keep hot for basting chicken. Mix thoroughly before each basting. If you prefer a highly seasoned sauce increase Tabasco and add mustard and Worcestershire sauce.

TO BARBECUE CHICKEN*:
Select two or three broiler-fryer chickens split lengthwise, quartered or breast and leg parts. If using halves or quarters, hook wing tip behind shoulder joint onto back. Brush with the barbecue sauce. Place on grate set 12 inches or more from heat—skin side away from heat. COOK SLOWLY until tender, turning frequently and basting each time. Allow 1 to 1¼ hours total cooking time. Drumstick should twist easily out of thigh joint. If parts are used, thickest pieces should be fork-tender. Just before serving brush chicken with any left-over sauce or use for dunking.

*Excellent results depend on slow cooking . . . glowing coals (not flame) and proper distance from heat.

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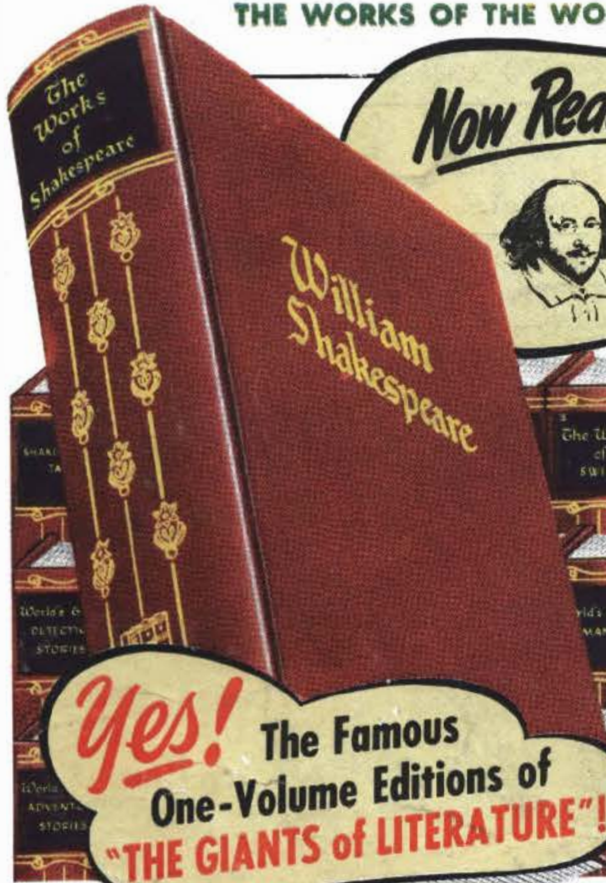

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